

Monday  
25 Bedford Square

27

Dear Cunningham—

This evening or tomorrow morning  
I shall send you a dramatic scene — which  
I shall entitle "The Temptation" ~~in The Impression~~  
as I think. It is not the one I designed for you — indeed  
~~I intended~~ I intended, till within this day or two, to keep  
it for myself. If I am to be a judge of my own  
scribbling, it is ~~very~~ about (if not quite) the  
best thing I have ever done — and on the score  
of its quality only I must stipulate to have the  
liberty of reprinting it — if ever I print another volume —  
or perhaps I may imbed it in a drama. Let me  
know (after you have seen it) whether I may do this or not.

The scene I began for you, is a Hindoo  
Scene — <sup>It requires some amendment.</sup> I shall ~~in~~ perhaps it will I make it as  
tolerably as I can — but it is not in its nature  
susceptible of the same character which I have  
endeavour'd to impart upon the ~~others~~ <sup>one of them</sup>. I hope you  
have no other "Devilry" in your book — <sup>otherwise</sup> you  
may have too much.

Pray read my rhodomontade  
not when you are tired with chiselling — but after your  
tea or coffee in the evening shall dispose you to  
look at things through an agreeable medium — and above  
all admire the industry of my amanuensis (my wife)  
who has laboured so much in your service. You ever  
are love to Wm Cunningham.

R. W. Procter





Let me hear from you at your earliest  
 convenience. I intended to have sent this by  
 the post this morning; but I now send it with  
 the m.s. as you perceive. I must prose of course.

To: Allan Cunningham Esq<sup>r</sup>,

27 Lower Belgrave Place

Imlico



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Proven  
 10/10/18



No. 3

with  
A.L.S.

The Temptation.

by Harry Cornwall

To be printed as it  
written with the names  
of the pages & spaces

"Stand up, thou son of Cretan Daedalus,  
And let us tread the lower labyrinth."

Middleton.

[Scene 1. A Street in Murcia]

The Count of Ortiz & Morday enter, as from a tavern.

Count (singing)

Wine! Wine!  
The child of the grape is mine:  
We'll nurse it again & again,  
Until it array the brain  
With wit, or until it expires  
In hot desire,  
and then — we'll drink again, &c.

Mord. Count!

Count. I am well, quite well: the air blows fresh.

Mord. If ever you should go to Lapland, (mark,  
To Lapland where lean witches sweep the moon,  
I'll lend thee — a broom to ride on.

Count. Ha, ha! — well?

Mord. I will, by Satan! You shall be equipped  
With expedition for a northern journey.  
But speak, — and ere the morning stars look pale  
We'll breathe above the Baltic.

Count. Ha, ha, ha!

Mord. I'll take thee there upon a goat's back flying,  
Look! amongst all those lights: dost see 'em twinkling?

Count. Away! — I could not do an impious deed  
Before the eternal splendour of the stars!

Mord. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Now 'tis my turn to laugh.  
By Thomas, you jest well: your graver folly  
Kills my slight humour, <sup>Count</sup> — Didst ever hear  
Of Agaberta, — that most famous witch?

Count. No.

Mord. Thou shalt see her. She shall give thee philtres,  
So thou mayst change to air, or walk in fire —

Count. Peace, peace! — no more: the place seems full of frenzy:  
Millions of sparks go dancing through the air:  
My brain grows sick & dizzy — ~~hark! — I stop? (aside)~~

[Diego & Lopez enter, from the Tavern.]

Diego (calling) ~~hark!~~ More wine! — I'll fill thee with red courage, Lopez.

Mord. (calling) ~~let it be rumour, rumour, as rich as blood!~~



Lopez. Ha, ha! well said: - here's dust upon my lips.

Diego. Hurrah! my head turns like a water wheel.

Mord. <sup>(to himself)</sup> Count, it is time <sup>to</sup> go: ~~(to the Count)~~ The evening wears.

Diego. ~~Go? - Why, <sup>no</sup> and drink!~~

Count (to himself) There is a horrid panting at my heart.

Shall I go on?

Diego. Didst taste that lusty liquor?

Lopez. Ha, ha! O mighty juice!

Diego. I wonder whether

They grow such grapes <sup>in</sup> the moon?

Lopez. Ha, ha! well said.

Mord. <sup>(aside)</sup> Count, let us leave these fools. The sky grows dark,  
and fit for incantation. Farewell, sir! <sup>(going)</sup>

Diego. Where are you hurrying, Count?

Mord. We're going to see  
His grandson, sir, - a very pale old man,  
who lives in a small lodging. Now, my Senor.

Diego. We'll not go, Lopez. Pah! - I hate old men.

Lopez! - My friend! - We'll slay that flask of wine.  
Didst mark him, <sup>friend</sup> ~~that~~ that broad big-bellied thing,  
who nodded at us throughout dinner time?  
Willst taste his scarlet blood?

Mord. With all my heart.

We'll drink & drown our liking: Lead the way!

We'll follow straight: - <sup>(Dieg. & Lop. exit.)</sup> Now, Count!

Count. Dost thou not see,  
There - a huge thunder-cloud, jagged, & shaped  
Like a camel's back, stretch right across <sup>the sky?</sup>  
Hark, how it roars! - It splits in twain: <sup>how's that?</sup> ~~what, these?~~  
An armed phantom leaning ~~on his spear~~ <sup>seems</sup> to gaze upon us.

Mord. That is my master.

Count. What, - you piece of cloud?

Mord. Ay, sir, you lofty gentleman. Folks say  
He was a gambler once, & dared a stake  
Such as before or since was never won.  
~~He played - & lost.~~ He lost, indeed, -

Count. Fi gone!

Mord. He came to show  
How tenderly he watches over us.

- Hark! there are footsteps coming. This way, sir.

They must not track us. - Hark! <sup>(Count)</sup>

Count. ~~How the wind whistles!~~ <sup>[see back]</sup> <sup>(Count)</sup>

~~###~~ Back ⊕





[Don Ferrand & Inez enter.]

Don F. Look! where ~~he goes~~ they go, well-mated, rake & knave,  
The tavern brawler, & his crooked friend!

Inez. Oh! spare him, Uncle.

Don F. If the fierce devil still  
Sends out his brood to blacken <sup>fair world,</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>good world</sup>  
~~That slave is one - he with the~~ <sup>dusk bute visage,</sup>  
~~That fellow & me - he with the~~ <sup>dark crooked visage,</sup>  
And shuffling gait, & glittering <sup>scorching</sup> ~~hell~~ black eyes, -

Inez. But Manuel, Sir, has nought in common with him.  
The Count of Ortiz, be whose ~~friends~~ <sup>mates,</sup>  
~~has~~ <sup>grows</sup> something still, methinks, which asks respect.

Don F. Soh! - Soh! - you love him still? You - Melchior's daughter,  
With half a kingdom for your dowry! Good!

Inez. I love him? Well, - I love him. What must follow?

Don F. Nothing; all's said: The worst extremity  
Of baseness, & enduring grief is touched.

Inez. Speak gently, Sir, - & speak more nobly too,  
Of one who (though fall'n now) was good & wise.  
Valiant he is, Sir, & a peer of Spain,  
And on his brow wears his nobility!  
Why do you scorn him, Sir? He ever spoke  
Kindly of you: and when my father's fame  
And tottering greatness asked for some strong arm help  
He went ~~up to the king, & pled for him,~~  
~~He stood, & pled his cause, when all fell back.~~

Don F. That story wants but truth. If time be given -

Inez. If time be given he'll force the world give back  
Its bright opinion, Sir, & shew him honour.  
Oh! then - (if he return, & stand redeemed  
From his wild folly - & be what he may be.)  
Soon shall the poor maid cast her mask of pride,  
And look, once more, love upon Manuel!

[Exeunt.]



Scene II. An underground Cemetery <sup>tery.</sup>  
The Count and Mordax are <sup>dimly</sup> seen descending  
a broad flight of steps in the distance.

Mord. (entering) Adieci si, Phosphor! <sup>For thy light take thanks!</sup> ~~How well it is without thee~~  
~~and now thou barst the world out bravely, noble~~ Count. (1)

Count. Where are we? What, is this the road? - tis dark.

Mord. Ay, but as fire is dashed from out cold stone,  
We'll pluck bright wonders from this world of night.  
One of earth's wisest sons, tis said, taught men  
That they should seek her subtle secrets - not  
In their near likeness, but in <sup>opposite</sup> foreign shapes.

Count. Ho, speak! who goes? I thought - but no, tis nothing.

Mord. Tis naught. Look up! This is a cemetery.  
Take care, - else you may stumble on a king.

~~Count. What then? he's dead~~  
~~Mord. Hark! you'll offend the proverb~~

Halloo! Methought I trod on a fool's skull,  
This is a learned spot, perhaps a college bed  
Of full blown doctors; - they are harmless now!

Count. You are a nice observer.

Mord. Oh! I am used  
To choose 'twixt knave & fool. Dost thou not see,  
There, - a pale stream of light run to & fro,  
Threading the darkness? - tis a madman's wits.

Count. Where are we? Let us go. The air is close:  
And noises as of falling waters, mixed  
With strange lament, & humming's of fierce insects,  
Take my ears captive.

Mord. O fine harmony!  
Faith, they have dextrous fiddlers here. Who blows  
The trumpet honeysuckle in mine ear?  
Speak out, ser gnome. Hush! - hark! - That gentleman  
Who beats the drum must be a cricket.

Count. Tis one.

Mord. Right, - on a death-watch. Now sir, what's the matter?

Count. I felt a clammy touch, as cold as death,  
Flap on my cheek, & something breathed on me  
An earthy odour - Faugh! - as though the tongue  
By which it had peep'd had fed on worms and dust.



I'm safe - 'twas a wild struggle - but I'm safe.

Friend! I abjure thee - Coathe thee - (falls down.)

Officers (without) open the doors,  
In the name of the <sup>most</sup> Holy Inquisition!

Mord. Ha, ha! the holy ropes! - (~~the ropes~~) You still may choose;  
Life, Love, or Wealth? ~~Or~~ the rack & scaffold? Quick!

Officers (without) Burst through the doors!  
(The doors are broken open, & Officers &c.  
of the Inquisition enter.)

Who! Seize upon him - Ha!  
<sup>my Lord</sup> ~~The Lord~~ of Ostiz? Sir, Count Melchior heard  
you were beset by some fierce enemy,  
and sent us here to save you. Raise him up!  
Now, there's your foe? Seize on him! - ~~There is naught.~~

A voice laughs. Ha, ha, ha! ~~heed~~  
Officers I hear a horrid voice, but nothing ~~see~~.  
~~Search~~ Haste, & let none escape.  
Haste, & let none escape.

Count (faintly) 'Tis vain: - he's gone!  
Wherefore he came - or who he is - or was -  
Offic. We do not ask. Our master bade us say  
He'd speak in private with you.

Count. He is wise,  
wise, good, & gentle, as a great man should be.  
Bring me before him: I will try to thank him.  
I'd go - but cannot.

voice laughs again. Ha, ha, ha!  
Offic. ~~Lean on me,~~ ~~let us haste;~~ ~~for we bring~~ ~~to you~~ strange Sir! Horror  
~~let us haste;~~ ~~for we bring~~ ~~to you~~ strange Sir! Horror  
let us haste; for we bring to you  
strange Sir! Horror

Watching the couches of the wicked Dead!  
Come, let us go. To the Count's house, my Lord?  
Count ay, straight - straight - straight - <sup>(aside)</sup> and straight to Sney bosom,  
which was (~~must~~ ~~again~~ once more be) my sweet home!