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DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS

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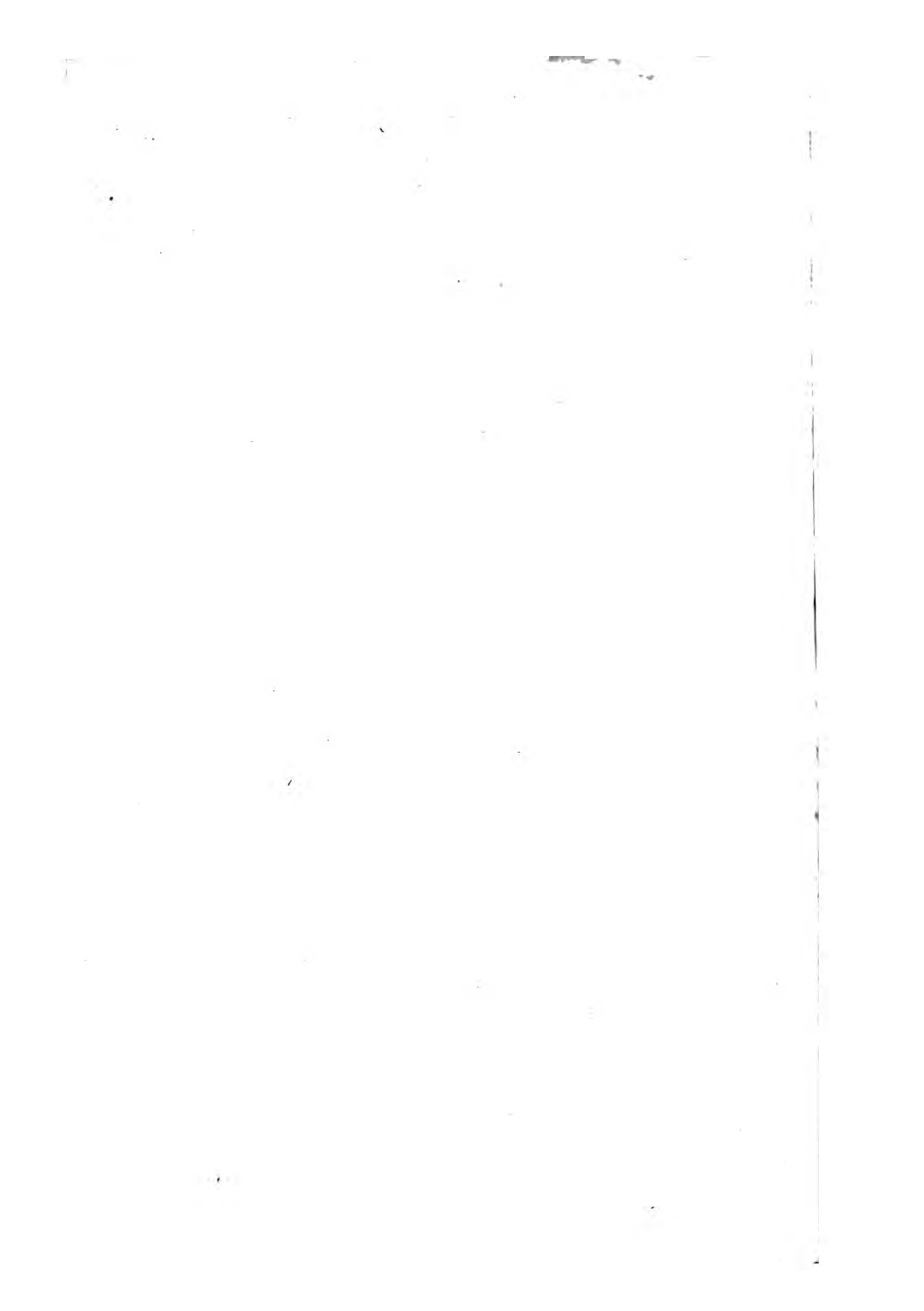


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Fixed Leigh Eye.
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

AN OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY JOHN GAY.



Macheath —“ HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER.”—Act ii, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

CAPTAIN MACHEATH.
FILCH.
PEACHUM.
LOCKIT.
MAT-O'-THE MINT.
BEN BUDGE.

CROOK-FINGER'D JACK.
JEMMY TWITCHER.
WAT DREARY.
NIMMING NED.
HARRY PADDINGTON.
ROBIN OF BAGSHOT.

DRAWER.
MRS. PEACHUM.
POLLY.
LUCY.
MRS. COAXER.
DOLLY TRULL.

MRS. VIXEN.
BETTY DOKEY.
JENNY DIVER.
MRS. SLAMMERKIN.
SUKEY TAWDREY.
MOLLY BRAZEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Peachum's House.*

PEACHUM sitting at a table, with a large book of accounts before him.

AIR.—PEACHUM.

*Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother;
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife;
All professions be-rogue one another.
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat;
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.*

A lawyer's is an honest employment; so is mine. Like me, too, he acts in a double capacity: both against rogues, and for them: for 'tis but fitting, that we should protect and encourage cheats, since we live by them.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll has sent word, her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

Peach. Why, as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gag, sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! When I took him, the time before, I told him what he would come to, if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve. I may venture to book him (*verites*); for Tom Gag, forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know, that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods to our lock this year, than any five of the gang; and in truth, 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off, she may, the common course of business, live a twelve-



month longer. I love to let women 'scape. A good sportsman always lets the hen partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward: there is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

Filch. Without dispute, she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education. To say a bold word, she has trained up more young fellows to the business than the gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, Filch, thy observation is right. We and the surgeons are more beholden to women, than all the professions besides.

AIR.—FILCH.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind!

By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;

Her very eyes can cheat; when most she is kind,

She tricks us of our money, with our hearts.

For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,

And practise every fraud to bribe her charms;

For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,

And beauty must be fe'd into our arms.

Peach. But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy, one way or another.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in suspense, penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another, without fear and scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleasure to be a messenger of comfort to friends in affliction. [Exit.]

Peach. But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogne, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A register of the gang. (*Reading.*) *Crook-finger's Jack, a year and a half in the service—* let me see how much the stock owes to his industry: one, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! Sixteen snuff-boxes, five of them true gold; six dozen handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half-a-dozen of shirts, three tie periwigs, and a piece of broadcloth. Considering these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow; for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road.—*Wat Dreary, alias Brown Will—* an irregular dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods; I'll try him only for a session or two longer, upon his good behaviour.—*Harry Paddington—* a poor, petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius! That fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit.—*Slippery Sam—* he goes off the next sessions; for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment.—*Mat-o-the-Mint—* listed not above a month ago; a promising, sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions upon the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder.—*Tom Tipple—* a guzzling soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand; a cart is absolutely necessary for him.—*Robin of Bagshot, alias Gordon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty—*

Enter MRS. PEAHUM.

Mrs. P. What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine—'twas he made me a present of this ring.

Peach. I have set his name down in the black list that's all, my dear; he spends his life among women, and as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us for ever!

Mrs. P. You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women, indeed, are bitter bad judges in these cases; for they are so partial to the brave, that they think every man handsome who is going to the camp or the gallows. But really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all these seven months; and truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always whimpering about murder for! No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do? So, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here, this morning, for the bank-notes he left with you last week?

Mrs. P. Yes, my dear; and though the bank hath stopped payment, he was so cheerful, and so agreeable! Sure, there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the Captain! If he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour, he hath promised to make one this evening, with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolate-houses are his undoing. The man that purposes to get money by play, should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. P. Really, I am sorry, upon Polly's account, the Captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! what a plague doth the woman mean? Upon Polly's account!

Mrs. P. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. P. If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? you would not be so mad as to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highwaymen are, generally, very good to their mistresses, but they are the very devils to their wives.

Mrs. P. But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl! I'm in the utmost concern about her.

Peach. Lookye, wife, a handsome wench, in our way of business, is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood, to grant every liberty but one. My daughter to me should be like a court lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. P. Mayhap, my dear, you may injure the poor girl: she loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the Captain liberties, in the view of interest.

Peach. But, 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the

girl against her ruin; and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the meantime, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs; for I can dispose of them, this afternoon to a chap in the city. [Exit.]

Mrs. P. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband. Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her husband? and why must Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

Enter FILCH.

Mrs. P. Come hither, Filch: I am as fond of this child, as though my mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble fingered as a juggler. If an unlucky session does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your pest, last night, my boy?

Filch. I plied at the opera, madam; and, considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. These seven handkerchiefs, madam. (Taking them from different parts of his dress.)

Mrs. P. Coloured ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff, among the seamen.

Filch. And this snuff-box.

Mrs. P. Set in gold! A pretty encouragement this to a young beginner!

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Plague take the tailors, for making the fobs so deep and narrow! it struck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that every now and then, since I was pumped, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

Mrs. P. You should go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour; these are the schools that have bred so many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time, thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little does he know yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact, I'll insure thee from being hanged: and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough upon a sentence of transportation. But, hark you, my lad,—don't tell me a lie; for you know I hate a liar:—do you know of any thing that hath passed between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

Filch. I beg you, madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a lie to you, or to Miss Polly; for I promised her I would not tell.

Mrs. P. But, when the honour of our family is concerned—

Filch. I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly, if ever she comes to know I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour, by betraying anybody.

Mrs. P. Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial, that I keep for my own drinking. [Exit.]

Enter PEACHUM and POLLY.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself, and of my man,

too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court, or at an assembly. We have it in our natures, papa. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch, and other visible marks of his favour, to show for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

AIR.—POLLY.

*Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the gardens enamels the ground;
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around:*

*But when once pluck'd 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.*

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer, in the way of business, or to get out a secret or so; but if I find out that you have played the fool, and are married, you jade you! I'll cut your throat, hussy. Now, you know my mind.

Enter MRS. PEACHUM, in a very great passion.

AIR.—MRS. PEACHUM.

*Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught
her,*

*I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops, to
swell her pride,*

*With scarves and stays, and gloves and lace, and she
will have men beside;*

*And when she's dress'd with care and cost, all tempting,
fine, and gay,*

*As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself
away.*

You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! had you been hanged, it would not have vexed me; for that might have been your misfortune; but to do such a mad thing for choice!—The wench is married, husband.

Peach. Married! the Captain is a bold man, and will risk anything for money: to be sure, he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married, baggage?

Mrs. P. I knew she was always a proud slut and now the wench hath played the fool and married; because, forsooth, she would do like the gentry! Can you support the expense of a husband, hussy, in gaming and drinking? Have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander most? If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, you foolish jade! thou wilt be as ill-used, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency; for the Captain looks upon himself, in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy! are you ruined or no?

Mrs. P. With Polly's fortune, she might very

well have gone off to a person of distinction: yes, that you might, you pouting slut!

Peach. What! is the wench dumb! Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? (*Pinches her.*)

Polly. Oh! (*Screaming.*)

Mrs. P. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them: they break through them all; they have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother, as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married, by Macheath's keeping from our house.

AIR.—POLLY.

*Can love be controll'd by advice?
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kiss'd me, so sweetly he press'd,
'Twas so sweet, that I must have complied,
So I thought it both safest and best,
To marry, for fear you should chide.*

Mrs. P. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion), coolly and deliberately, for honour or money—but I love him.

Mrs. P. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh, husband! husband! her folly makes me mad! My head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—Oh!—(*Faints in a chair.*)

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant! How the poor woman takes it to heart! (*Polly goes out and returns.—She gives the bottle and glass to Peach, who hands a glass of it to Mrs. P.*) Ah, hussy! now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is in this way. This, you see, fetches her. (*He fills the glass.*)

Mrs. P. The girl shows such readiness, and so much concern, that I almost could find in my heart to forgive her. (*Drinks again.*)

DUET.—MRS. PEACHUM and POLLY.

Mrs. P. O Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd;
By keeping men off, you keep them on.

Polly. But he so teased me,
And he so pleased me,
What I did, you must have done.

Mrs. P. Not with a highwayman, you sorry slut.

Peach. A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear.

Mrs. P. Yes, indeed, the sex is frail; but the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune: after that she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make yourself a little easy; I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, Polly? since what is done cannot be undone, we must endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. P. Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

Polly. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. P. A mighty likely speech, in troth, for a wench who is just married!

AIR.—POLLY.

*I like a ship in storms was toss'd,
Yet afraid to put into land,
For seiz'd in the port, the ves-el's lost
Whose treasure is contraband.
The waves are laid,
My duty's paid;
O joy beyond expression!
Thus safe ashore,
I ask no more;
My all's in my possession.*

Peach. I hear customers in t'other room. Go talk with them, Polly; but come again as soon as they are gone.—But harkye, child! if 'tis the gentleman who was here yesterday about the repeating watch, say you can't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent it to Sukey Straddle to make a figure with to-night at the tavern in Drury-lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword, you know Beetle-browed Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tuesday night, so that it cannot be had till then.—(*Exit Polly.*)—Dear wife, be a little pacified; don't let your passion run away with your senses: Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. P. If she had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excused and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fuller's-earth for reputations; there is not a spot or stain but what it can take out. I tell you, wife, I can make th's match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. P. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already; and then, if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

Peach. That, indeed, is a point which ought to be considered. The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way; they don't care that anybody should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned: he brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a perrivig; and one silk stocking, from the fire that happened last night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair; for matters must not be as they are. You are married, then, it seems?

Polly. Yes, sir.

Peach. And how do you propose to live, child?

Polly. Like other women, sir, upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. P. What! is the wench turned fool! A

highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, sir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly. But I love him, sir: how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! why that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable state of a widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peach. Secure what he hath got; have him 'peached the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow

Polly. What! murder the man I love! the blood runs cold at my heart at the very thought of it!

Peach. Fie, Polly! what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say that the Captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows that 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers. Every man in his business: so that there is no malice in the case.

Mrs. B. To have him 'peached is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR.—POLLY

Oh, ponder well! be not severe;

So save a wretched wife:

For on the rope that hangs my dear,

Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. P. But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood, to me? I know my heart; I cannot survive him. Thus, sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. P. What! is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex.

Polly. But hear me, mother—if you ever loved—

Mrs. P. Those cursed play-books she reads have been her ruin! One word more, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief; and consider of what is proposed to you.

Mrs. P. Away, hussy! Hang your husband, and be dutiful [*Exit Polly.*] The thing, husband, must and shall be done. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear, if grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagems, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have a hand in his death: I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. P. But in case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then, indeed, we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest: he shall be taken off.

Mrs. P. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

[*Exeunt Peachum and Mrs. P.*]

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Now I'm a wretch, indeed!—Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand! I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity!—I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears! What then will become of Polly? As yet I may inform him of their designs, and aid him in his escape.—It shall be so.—But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! that too will distract me. If he keeps out of the way, my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy. If he stays he is hanged, and then he is lost for ever! He intended to lie concealed in my room till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad, I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him. (*Knocks.*)

Enter MACHEATH.

DUET.—MACHEATH and POLLY.

Mac.

*Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray,
To some newer lover?*

Polly.

*Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doating eyes,
My constant heart discover
Fondly let me loll!*

Mac.

O pretty, pretty Polly!

Polly. And are you as fond of me as ever, my dear?

Mac. Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect anything but my love. May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder, while I am pursued, if ever I forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear, I have no reason to doubt you: for I find, in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were false in love.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

*My heart was so free,
It rov'd like the bee,
Till Polly my passion requited;
I sipp'd each flower,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.*

Polly. Were you sentenced to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mac. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from quadrille—but to tear me from thee is impossible!

DUET.—MACHEATH and POLLY.

Mac.

*Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass,
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half-year's night would pass.*

Polly.

*Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.*

Mac. *And would love you all the day,*

Polly. *Every night would kiss and play;*

Mac. *If with me you'd fondly stray*

Polly. *Over the hills and far away.*

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh! how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee! We must part!

Mac. How! part?

Polly. We must, we must! My papa and mamma are set against thy life. They now, even now, are in search after thee: they are preparing evidence against thee; thy life depends upon a moment!

Mac. My hand, my heart, my dear, are so riveted to thine, that I cannot unloose my hold!

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mac. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not absence change your love?

Mac. If you doubt it, let me stay, and be hanged.

Polly. Oh, how I fear! how I tremble! Go; but, when safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for, till then, Polly is wretched.

DUET.—MACHEATH and POLLY.

Mac. *The miser thus a shilling sees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.*

Polly. *The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But as soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Tavern near Newgate.

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOK-FINGERED JACK, WAT DREARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT-O-THE-MINT, BEN BUDGE, and the rest of the Gang, discovered at a table, with wine, brandy, and tobacco.

Ben. But pr'ythee, Mat, what is become of thy brother Tom! I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

Mat. Poor brother Tom had an accident, this time twelvemonth, and so clever a made fellow as he was, I could not save him from those stealing rascals, the surgeons; and now, poor man, he is among the otamies at Surgeon's-hall.

Ben. So, it seems, his time was come.

Jemmy. But the present time is ours, and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levelled at us? Are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own, by the law of arms, and the right of conquest.

Jack. Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers; who, to a man, are above the fear of death?

Wat. Sound men and true!

Robin. Of tried courage, and indefatigable industry.

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him for his interest?

Mat. Show me a gang of courtiers that can say as much.

[*All laugh.*]

Ben. We are for a just partition of the world; for every man has a right to enjoy life.

Mat. We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the free-hearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of?

[*All laugh.*]

Jemmy. Our several stations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all! Fill the glasses.

AIR.—MAT.

*Fill ev'ry glass for wine inspires us,
And fires us,
With courage, love, and joy.
Women and wine should life employ;
Is there aught else on earth desirous?*

Chorus. *Fill ev'ry glass, &c.*

Enter MACHEATH.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met: my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you.

Mat. We were just breaking up, to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, sir, this evening upon the heath? I drink a dram, now and then, with the stage-coachmen, in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that, about this time, there will be passengers upon the western road, who are worth speaking with.

Mac. I was to have been of that party but—

Mat. But what, sir?

Mac. Is there any one that suspects my courage?

Mat. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mac. My honour and truth to the gang?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mac. In the division of our booty, have I ever shewn the least marks of avarice or injustice?

Mat. By these questions, something seems to have ruffled you? Are any of us suspected?

Mac. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all, as men of honour, and as such, I value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

Mat. Is he about to show us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head.

All. And I.

Mac. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mac. Business cannot go on without him: he is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference: and, till it is accommodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You must continue to act under his direction; for the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruined.

Mat. He is, to us, of great convenience.

Mac. Make him believe I have quitted the gang.

All. How?

Mac. Which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week, or so, will probably reconcile us.

Mat. Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so, till the evening, at our quarters, in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Mac. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.

(Sits down melancholy at a table.)

AIR and CHORUS.

MAT-O'-THE-MINT and Gang.

Let us take the road;

Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,

The hour of attack approaches,

To your arms, brave boys, and load.

See the ball I hold!

Let the chemists toil like asses,

Our fire their fire surpasses,

And turns all our lead to gold.

(The Gang ranged in front of the stage, load their pistols, and stick them under their girdles; then go off, singing the first part in chorus.)

Mac. What a fool is a fond wench; Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex; and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us, and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-lane would be uninhabited.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

*If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those.*

Press her,

Caress her,

With blisses,

Her kisses

Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

I must have women; there is nothing unbends the mind like them: money is not so strong a cordial for the time. Drawer!

Enter Drawer.

Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Drawer. I expect him back every minute: but you know, sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-hole for three of the ladies; for one in Vinegar-yard, and for the rest of them, somewhere about Lewkner's-lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come, I will shew them up. Coming! coming! *[Exit.]*

Enter MRS. COAXER, DOLLY TRULL, MRS. VIXEN, BETTY DOXY, JENNY DIVER, MRS. SLAMMERKIN, SUKEY TAWDRY, and MOLLY BRAZEN.

Mac. *(Saluting them.)* Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you

are welcome; you look charmingly to-day: I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint. Dolly Trull, kiss me, you slut; you are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal anything else. Ah, Dolly! thou wilt ever be a coquette. Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours; I always loved a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguy wives. Betty Doxy, come hither, hussy; do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesome beer; for, in troth, Betty, strong waters will, in time, ruin your constitution; you should leave those to your betters. What, and my pretty Jenny Diver, too, as prim and demure as ever: there is not any prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctified look, with a mere mischievous heart. Ah, thou art a dear, artful hypocrite. Mrs. Slammerkin, as careless and genteel as ever. All you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undress. But see, here's Sukey Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying. Molly Brazen! *(She kisses him.)* That's well done! I love a free-hearted wench: thou hast a most agreeable assurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle.

AIR AND CHORUS.

MACHEATH and Ladies.

Youth's the season made for joys,

Love is then our duty;

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay,

While we may,

Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.

Youth's the season, &c.

Chorus.

Let us drink and sport to-day,

Our's is not to-morrow;

Love with youth flies swift away,

Age is nought but sorrow.

Dance and sing,

Time's on the wing,

Life never knows the return of spring.

Chorus.

Let us drink, &c.

Mac. Now, pray ladies, take your places. Here, Drawer, bring us more wine. If any of the ladies choose gin, I hope they will be so free as to call for it.

Jenny. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, sir, I never drink strong waters but when I have the cholic.

Mac. Just the excuse of the fine ladies: why a lady of quality is never without the cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers.

Mrs. C. We have so many interlopers; yet, with industry, one may still have a little picking. If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure 'tis Jenny Diver.

Mac. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, sir, to shew my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you. But, to be sure, sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must be grown immensely rich.

Mac. The road, indeed, hath done me justice but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

Jenny. A man of courage should never put anything to the risk but his life. These are the tools of a man of honour; (*putting his pistols on the table*) cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends. (*She takes up one of his pistols. Sukey Tawdry the other.*)

Sukey. This, sir, is fitter for your hand. Besides your loss of money, 'tis a loss to the ladies. How fond could I be of you; but, before company, 'tis ill-bred.

Mac. Wanton hussies!

Jenny. I must, and will, have a kiss to give my wine a zest. (*They take him about the neck, and make signs to Peachum and Constables, who rush in upon him.*)

Peach. I seize you, sir, as my prisoner.

Mac. Was this well done, Jenny? Women are decoy ducks. Who can trust them? Jades, jilts, furies!

Peach. Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women.—But to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, sir, take your leave of the ladies: and if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

*At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure;
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such furies as these are.*

[*Exit, guarded by Peachum and Constables.*]

Mrs. V. Lookye, Mrs. Jenny; though Mr. Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and Sukey Tawdry, for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting, we ought to share alike.

Jenny. As far as a bowl of punch, or a treat, I believe, Mrs. Sukey will join me; as for anything else, ladies, you cannot, in conscience, expect it.

Mrs. S. Dear madam! (*Offering to pass to Mrs. Vixen.*)

Mrs. V. I wouldn't for the world.

Mrs. S. Nay, then I must stay here all night.

Mrs. V. Since you command me—

Mrs. S. (*After having given way to Mrs. Vixen, pushes her from the door.* Let your betters go before you.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Newgate.

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, and Constables.

Lockit. Noble Captain, you are welcome! You have not been a lodger of mine this year and a half. You know the custom, sir: garnish, Captain, garnish. Hand me down those fetters there. (*Noise of chains behind.*)

Mac. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave, I should like the further pair better.

Lockit. Lookye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him. Hand them down, I say! We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten; and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

Mac. I understand you, sir. (*Gives money.*) The fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few

fortunes can bear the expense of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lockit. Those, I see, will fit the Captain better. Take down the further pair.

Enter Turnkey with the chains.

Do but examine them, sir. Never was better work; how genteelly they are made! They will sit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. (*He puts on the chains.*) If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody, I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, sir, I now leave you to your private meditations. [*Exit Lockit and Turnkey.*]

AIR.—MACHEATH.

*Man may escape from rope and gun,
Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill,
Who takes a woman must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.
The fly, that sips treacle, is lost in the sweets,
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.*

To what a woeful plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all day long, till I am hanged,) be confined to hear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door. I am in the custody of her father; and to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution. But I promised the wench marriage. What signifies a promise to a woman? Does not man, in marriage itself, promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations. But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her: 'would I were deaf!

Enter LUCY, through the arch.

Lucy. You base man, you! how can you look me in the face, after what hath passed between us! Oh, Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet. To see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

AIR.—LUCY.

*Thus, when a good housewife sees a rat,
In her trap, in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for her loss of bacon.
Then she throws him
To the dog or cat.
To be worried, crush'd, and shaken.*

Mac. Have you no tenderness, my dear Lucy! to see your husband in these circumstances?

Lucy. A husband!

Mac. In every respect but the form; and that, my dear, may be said over us at any time. Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour, his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. It is the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined.

Mac. The very first opportunity, my dear (but have patience), you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum? I could tear thy eyes out.

Mac. Sure, Lucy, you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly?

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you brute, you?

Mac. Married! very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the house, I chat with the girl, I say a thousand things to her (as all gentlemen do), that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade has set it about that I am married to her. Indeed, my dear Lucy, those violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your assurance, you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

Mac. A jealous woman believes everything her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the ordinary, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction; if you think there is any in marriage. What can a man of honour say more?

Lucy. So then, it seems? you are not married to Miss Polly?

Mac. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited: no man can say a civil thing to her, but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

*The first time at the looking-glass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after.
Each time she looks, she fonder grown,
Thinks every charm grows stronger;
But, alas, vain maid! all eyes but your own
Can see you are not younger.*

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father; perhaps, this way we may light upon the ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word; for I long to be made an honest woman.

[Exeunt.]

Enter PEACHUM, and LOCKIT with an account book.

Lockit. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an execution. But as to that article, pray how stands your last year's account?

Lockit. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fairly and clearly stated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintances for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it? Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live beside their own.

Lockit. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid those matters may be carried too far. We are treated, too, by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect, indeed, our employment may be reckoned dishonest; because, like great

statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

Lockit. Such language, brother, anywhere else, might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR.—LOCKIT

*When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries—That was levell'd at me.*

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I see. Sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case; for he told me, in the condemned hold, that, for value received, you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

Lockit. Mr. Peachum, this is the first time my honour was ever called in question.

Peach. Business is at an end, if once we act dishonourably

Lockit. Who accuses me?

Peach. You are warm, brother.

Lockit. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood; and this usage—sir—is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak, I must tell you, too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money for the apprehending of curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

Lockit. Is this language to me, sirrah! who have saved you from the gallows, sirrah! (Collaring each other.)

Peach. If I am hanged, it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal.

Lockit. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog!

Peach. Brother, brother; we are both in the wrong; we shall be both losers in the dispute; for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lockit. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual interest; 'tis for the interest of the world, we should agree. If I said anything, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

Lockit. Brother Peachum, I can forgive as well as resent. Give me your hand. Suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the park. I appointed him at this hour. [Exit.]

Enter LUCY.

Lockit. Whence come you, hussy?

Lucy. My tears might answer that question.

Lockit. You have been whimpering and fondling, like a spaniel, over the fellow that hath abused you.

Lucy. One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you and hate him.

Lockit. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman. 'Tis not the fashion now-a-days so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR.—LUCY.

*Is then his fate decreed, sir?
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When first we met, so moves me yet,
Oh, see how my heart is splitting!*

Lockit. Lookye, Lucy, there is no saving him; so I think you must even do like other widows, buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR.—LOCKIT.

*You'll think, ere many days ensue,
This sentence not severe;
I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dillo dee.*

[*Exit.*]

Enter MACHEATH.

Lucy. Though the ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear, you will, upon the first opportunity, quiet my scruples. Oh, sir! my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

Mac. But if I could raise a small sum—would not twenty guineas, think you, move him? Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing. Money, well-timed, and properly applied, will do anything.

Lucy. What love or money can do shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Where is my dear husband? Was a rope ever intended for this neck? Why dost thou turn away from me? 'tis thy Polly; 'tis thy wife.

Mac. Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another villain!

Polly. Oh, Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! imprisoned! tried! hanged! Cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death: no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now. What means my love? Not one kind word! not one kind look! Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition!

Mac. I must disown her. (*Aside.*) The wench is distracted!

Lucy. Am I then bilked of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! Oh, villain! villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife? Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me, too severely proves it. Look on me. Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hanged five months ago I had been happy.

Polly. If you had been kind to me till death, it would not have vexed me.

Lucy. Art thou, then, married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster?

Mac. If woman's tongue can cease for an answer; hear me.

Lucy. I won't. Flesh and blood can't bear my usage.

Polly. Shall not I claim my own? Justice bids, me speak.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

*How happy could I be with either,
Were I other dear charmer woo'd;
But while ye thus teaze me together,
To neither a word will I say;
But toll de ro', &c.*

(*Throws himself carelessly on the table.*)

Polly. Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shewn to a wife; at least, she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

(*Aside.*)

Lucy. O villain! villain! thou hast deceived me: I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance, than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

DUET.—POLLY and LUCY.

Polly. *I'm bubbled.*

Lucy. *I'm bubbled.*

Polly. *Oh, how I'm troubled!*

Lucy. *Bamboozled and bit.*

Polly. *My distresses are doubled.*

Lucy. *When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,
These fingers with pleasure could fasten the noose.*

Polly. *I'm bubbled, &c.*

Mac. Be pacified, my dear Lucy; this is all a fetch of Polly's, to make me desperate with you, in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow. Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

Polly. And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

Mac. And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miss Peachum, you do but expose yourself; besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances, Miss Polly.

AIR.—POLLY

*Cease your funning:
Force or cunning
Never shall my heart trepan;
All these sallies
Are but malice,
To seduce my constant man.
'Tis most certain,
By their flirting,
Women oft have envy shewn;
Pleased to ruin
Others' wooing,
Never happy in their own.*

Decency, madam, methinks, might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve to the husband, while his wife is present.

Mac. But, seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to

send for the turnkey, to shew you the door. I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill-bred, madam.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, madam, these forward airs don't become you in the least, madam; and my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

DUET.—LUCY and POLLY.

Lucy. Why, how now madam Flirt?
If you thus must chatter,
And are for flinging dirt.
Let's try who best can spatter.
Madam Flirt!

Polly Why, how now, saucy jade?
Sure the wench is tipsy!
How can you see me made (To him.)
The scoff of such a gipsy?
Saucy Jade!
(To her.)

Enter PEACHUM.

Peach. Where's my wench? Ah, hussy, hussy! Come home, you slut! and when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself, to make your family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him. I must speak; I have more to say to him, Oh! twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee.

Peach. Sure, all women are alike; if ever they commit one folly, they are sure to commit another, by exposing themselves. Away! not a word more. You are my prisoner, now, hussy.

AIR.—POLLY.

No pow'r on earth can e'er divide
The knot that sacred love hath tied;
When parents draw against our mind.
The true love's knot they faster bind.
Oh, oh, ray, oh, Am borah. Oh, oh, &c.

(Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her.
[Exeunt Peach. and Polly. Lucy seats herself.]

Mac. I am naturally compassionate, wife, so that could not use the wench as she deserved, which made you, at first, suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled.

Mac. If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance. No, Lucy, I had rather die than be false to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you say this from your heart; for I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged, than in the arms of another.

Mac. But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

Lucy. Oh, Macheath! I could never live to see that day.

Mac. You see, Lucy, in the account of love, you are in my debt. Make me, if possible, love thee more; and let me owe my life to thee. If you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners, and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room; if I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear?

Mac. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee; till then, my heart is thy prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear husband, owe thy life to me; and though you love me not, be grateful. But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

Mac. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR.—LUCY

I like the fox shall grieve,
Whose mate hath left her side;
Whom hounds from morn to eve,
Chase o'er the country wide.

Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the weary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Newgate.

Enter LUCY and LOCKIT.

Lockit. To be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this escape:

Lucy. Sir, here hath been Peachum, and his daughter Polly; and, to be sure, they know the ways of Newgate as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicions light upon me?

Lockit. Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of these shuffling answers.

Lucy. Well then, if I know anything of him, I wish I may be burned.

Lockit. Keep your temper, Lucy, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep yours, sir; I do wish I may be burned, I do; and what can I say more to convince you?

Lockit. Did he tip handsomely? How much did he come down with? Come, hussy, don't cheat your father, and I shall not be angry with you. Perhaps you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done. How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know, sir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

Lockit. Ah, Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard: for a girl, in the bar of an alehouse, is always besieged.

Lucy. If you can forgive me, sir, I will make a fair confession; for, to be sure, he hath been a most barbarous villain to me.

Lockit. And so you have let him escape, hussy, have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to anything, and I could ask no other bribe. Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinced that Polly Peachum is actually his wife. Did I let him escape, fool that I was, to go to her? Polly will wheedle herself into his money; and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lockit. So I am to be ruined, because, forsooth, you must be in love! A very pretty excuse.

Lucy. I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it. Ungrateful Macheath!

AIR.—LUCY.

*My love is all madness and folly ;
Alone I lie,
Toss, tumble, and cry,
What a happy creature is Polly !
Was e'er such a wretch as I ?
With rage I redden like scarlet,
That my dear inconstant varlet,
Stark blind to my charms,
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot !
Stark blind to my charms,
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot !
This, this my resentment alarms.*

Lockit. And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your caterwauling, Mistress Puss ! Out of my sight, wanton strumpet ! You shall fast and mortify yourself into reason, with, now and then, a little handsome discipline, to bring you to your senses. Go ! *[Exit Lucy.]* Peachum, then, intends to outwit me in this affair, but I'll be even with him. The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage, Lucy !

Enter LUCY.

Are there any of Peachum's people now in the house ?

Lucy. Filch, sir, is drinking a quartern of strong waters, in the next room, with Black Moll.

Lockit. Bid him come to me.

[Exit Lucy.]

Enter FILCH.

Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starved, like a shotten herring. But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found ?

Filch. At his lock, sir, at the Crooked Billet.

Lockit. Very well, I have nothing more with you. *[Exit Filch.]* I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him, and in the way of those transactions, I'll artfully get into his secret ; so that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches.

[Exit.]

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Jealousy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How am I weather-beaten and shattered with distress !

AIR.—LUCY.

*I am like a skiff on the ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
With her rudder broke and her anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.
While thus I lie lolling and tossing all night,
That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight !
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appease my restless sprite.*

I have the ratsbane ready. But say I were to be hanged, I never could be hanged for anything that would give me greater comfort than the poisoning that slut.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Shew her in.

[Exit Filch.]

Enter POLLY.

Dear madam, your servant. I hope you will pardon my passion when I was so happy to see you last. I was so overrun with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself ; and really, when one hath the spleen, everything is to be excused by a friend.

AIR.—LUCY

*When a Wife's in the pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt,)
The good husband, as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still,
First grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram ;
Poor man ! and the quieting draught is a dram.*

I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuse for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes ; and really, madam, I suffer, too, upon your account.

Lucy. But, Miss Polly ; in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you ?

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the headache. I hope, madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking. You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear.

Polly. I am sorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer : I should not have left you in the rude manner I did, when we met last, madam, had not my papa hauled me away so unexpectedly. I was, indeed, somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful ; but really, madam, the Captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserved your pity rather than your resentment.

Lucy. But since his escape, no doubt, all matters are made up again. Ah ! Polly, Polly ! 'tis I am the unhappy wife, and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

Polly. Sure, madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy. A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well : so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike : both of us, indeed, have been, too fond. Indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low ; let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR.—LUCY.

*Come, sweet lass,
Let's banish sorrow
Till to-morrow ;
Come, sweet lass,
Let's take a chirping glass.
Wine can clear
The vapours of despair,
And make us light as air ;
Then drink and banish care.*

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits ! and I must persuade you to what I know will do you good.

[Exit.]

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time, too, when I know she hates

me. The disseminating of women is always the fore-runner of mischief. By pouring strong waters down my throat she thinks to pump some secrets out of me: I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm resolved.

Re-enter LUCY, with strong waters.

Lucy. Come, Miss Polly.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose; you must, my dear, excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters as a lady before company.

Polly. What do I see? Macheath again in custody! Now every glimmering of happiness is lost!

(Drops the glass of liquor on the ground.)

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, PEACHUM, and Constables.

Lockit. Set your heart at rest, Captain: you have neither the chance of love or money for another escape, for you are ordered to be called down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away, hussies! This is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives; you see the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. Oh, husband, husband! my heart longed to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly? why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? With me thou hadst been safe.

DUET.—POLLY and LUCY.

Polly. Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes!

Lucy. Bestow one glance to cheer me!

Polly. Think, with that look, thy Polly dies.

Lucy. Oh! shun me not, but hear me!

Polly. 'Tis Polly sues.

Lucy. 'Tis Lucy speaks.

Polly. Is thus true love requited?

Lucy. My heart is bursting!

Polly. Mine too, breaks!

Lucy. Must I—

Polly. Must I be slighted?

Mac. What would you have me say, ladies? You see the affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

Peach. But the settling of this point, Captain, might prevent a lawsuit between your two ladies.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

*Which way shall I turn me? how can I decide?
Wives, the day of your death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife's too much for most husbands to hear,
But two at a time, there's no mortal can bear!
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill!*

Polly. But if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine, a father, sure will be more compassionate. Dear, dear sir! sink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial. Polly, upon her knees, begs it of you.

AIR.—POLLY.

*When my hero in court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his life,
Then think of poor Polly's tears,
For ah! poor Polly's his wife.
Like the sailor, he holds up his hand,
Distress'd on the dashing wave;
To die a dry death at land
Is as bad as a watery grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack, and well-a-day!
Before I was in love,
Oh, ev'ry month was May!*

Peach. Set your heart at rest, Polly; your husband is to die to-day; therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you slut!

Lockit. We are ready, sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR.—MACHEATH.

*The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged; a terrible show;
I go undismayed, for death is a debt—
A debt on demand, so take what I owe.
Then, farewell, my love; dear charmers, adieu!
Contented I die; 'tis the better for you.
Here ends all dispute, for the rest of our lives,
For this way at once, I please all my wives.*

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—Another part of the Prison.

Dance of Prisoners in fetters.

SCENE III.—The condemned hold.

MACHEATH in a melancholy posture.

MEDLEY.

*Oh, cruel, cruel, cruel case!
Must I suffer this disgrace?
Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief,
As this best friend, a brimmer. (Drinks.)
Since I must swing, I scorn,—I scorn to wince or
whine: (Rises.)
But now again my spirits sink,
I'll raise them high with wine. (Drinks.)
But valour the stronger grows,
The stronger liquor we're drinking;
And how can we feel our woes,
When we've lost the trouble of thinking? (Drinks.)*

*If thus a man can die,
Much bolder with brandy.*

(Pours out a bumper of brandy.)

*So I drink off this bumper? and now I can stand the
test,
And my comrades shall see that I die as brave as the
best (Drinks.)*

*But can I leave my pretty hussies
Without one tear or tender sigh?
Their eyes, their lips, their busses,
Recall my love:—Ah! must I die?
Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn tree.*

*But gold from law can take out the sting;
And if rich men, like us, were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.*

Enter Gaoler.

Gaoler. Some friends of yours, Captain, desire to be admitted: I leave you together.

Enter BEN BUDGE, and MAT-O'-THE-MINT; the Gaoler searches them, and exit.

Mac. For having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered for immediate execution. The sheriff's officers, I believe, are now at the door. That Jemmy Twitcher should 'peach me, I own, surprised me. 'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people; therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, to look well to yourselves; for, in all probability, you may live some months longer.

Mat. We are all heartily sorry, Captain, for your misfortune; but 'tis what we must all come to.

Mac. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels; their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in theirs. Remember your dying friend: 'tis my last request: bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Mat. We'll do it.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaoler. Miss Polly and Miss Lucy entreat a word with you. [Exit.]

Mac. Gentlemen, adieu!

[Exeunt Ben Budge and Mat-o'-the-Mint.]

Enter LUCY and POLLY.

Mac. My dear Lucy, my dear Polly, whatsoever hath passed between us is now at an end.

TRIO.—LUCY, POLLY, and MACHEATH.

Lucy. *Would I might be hang'd!*

Polly. *And I would so too!*

Lucy. *To be hang'd with you.*

Polly. *My dear with you.*

Mac. *Oh, leave me, thought! I fear—I doubt!*

I tremble—I droop! See my courage is out.

(Turns up the empty bottle)

Lucy. *No token of love?*

Polly. *Adieu!*

Lucy. *Farewell!*

Mac. *But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.*

Re-enter Gaoler.

Gaoler. Four women more, Captain, with a child a-piece.

Mac. Tell the sheriffs' officers I am ready.

[Exeunt]

Mob. (Within.) A reprieve, a reprieve!

Re-enter MACHEATH, POLLY, LUCY, &c.

Mac. Look you, ladies, we will have no controversy now; and ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you; and, for this time, I take Polly for mine; and for life, you **slut**, for we are really married.

FINALE.

*Thus I stand like the Turk, with his doxies around,
From all sides their glances his passion confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
And the different beauties subdue him by turns:
Each calls forth her charms, to provoke his desires,
Though willing to all, with but one he retires;
But think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.*

CHORUS.

*Then think of this maxim, and cast away sorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.*

T H E L I A R .

A FARCE.

THE LIAR.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY SAMUEL FOOTE.



Kitty.—“OH, LET ME THROW MY ARMS,” &c.—Act ii, scene 4.

Persons Represented.

SIR JAMES ELLIOT.
OLD WILDING.
YOUNG WILDING.

PAPILLION.
JOHN.
JAMES.

MISS GRANTAM.
MISS GODFREY.
KITTY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Lodging.

Enter YOUNG WILDING and PAPILLION.

Young W. And I am now, Papillon, perfectly equipped?

Pap. *Personne mieux.* Nobody better.

Young W. My figure?

Pap. *Fait à peindre.*

Young W. My air?

Pap. *Libre.*

Young W. My address?

Pap. *Parisienne.*

Young W. My hat sits easily under my arm; not like the draggled tail of my tattered academic habit.

Pap. Ah! *bien autre chose.*

Young W. Why, then adieu, Alma Mater! *bien venue, la ville de Londres!* farewell to the schools, and welcome the theatres; presidents, proctors, and short commons with long graces, must now give place to plays, bagnios, and long tavern bills, with no graces at all.

Pap. Ah! bravo, bravo!

Young W. How long have you left Paris, Papillon?

Pap. Twelve, thirteen year.

Young W. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is *difficile.*

Young W. But here you are at home.

Pap. *C'est vrai.*

Young W. No stranger to fashionable places.

Lap. O, *faite!*

Young W. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Young W. Well, then, open your lecture; and d'ye hear, Papillion? as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us. See me ready to slake my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here, then, I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Young W. Hey, Papillion!

Pap. Sir?

Young W. What is this? Why you speak English?

Pap. Without doubt.

Young W. But like a native!

Pap. To be sure.

Young W. And what am I to conclude from all this?

Pap. But, to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Young W. Pr'ythee, do.

Pap. Why, then, you are to know, sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stocked.

Young W. Why this disguise? Why renounce your country?

Pap. There, sir, you make a little mistake; it was my country that renounced me.

Young W. Explain.

Pap. In an instant; upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the "Monthly Review."

Young W. What, an author, too?

Pap. Oh! a voluminous one! The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemned books I never read; and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original. But it would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves: our work hung upon hand; and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a-week and my small beer. Poor pittance!

Young W. Poor, indeed.

Pap. Oh! half-starved me.

Young W. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to choose, when chance threw an old friend in my way, that quite retrieved my affairs.

Young W. Pray, who may that be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over threepenny-worth of beef-a-la-mode, in a cellar in St. Ann's. My little foreign friend pursed up his lantern-jaws, and, with a shrug of contempt, "Ah! maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no finesse to thrive; to thrive here, you must study the folly of your own country." "How, monsieur?" "Taisez vous; keep-a your tongue. Autrefois, I teach you speak French, now I teach-a you to forget English. Go vid me to my logement, I vil give you proper

dress; den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house, you vil find all de doors dat vere shut in your face as footman Anglois, vil fly open demselves to a French valet-de-chambre."

Young W. Well, Papillion.

Pap. Gad, sir! I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determined to follow my friend's advice.

Young W. Did it succeed?

Pap. Better than expectation. My tawny face, long queue, and broken English, was a *passee partout*. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

Young W. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master; these, sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, sir, to the point; as you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determined to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

Young W. Well, I'll be your customer. But let us sally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day; the Mall will be crowded.

Young W. Allons!

Pap. But I would, sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

Young W. Proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my presumption; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

Young W. What is it?

Pap. And yet it is a pity, too; you do it so very well.

Young W. Pr'ythee, be plain.

Pap. You have, sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Young W. Well?

Pap. But, now and then, in your narratives, you are hurried, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable; a little given to the marvellous.

Young W. I understand you! what, I am somewhat subject to lying?

Pap. Oh! pardon me, sir, I don't say that; no, no; only a little apt to embellish, that's all. To be sure, it is a fine gift, that there is no disputing; but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attached to matter of fact—and, yet, this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose I can't for my life determine.

Young W. You would advise me, then, not to be quite so poetical in prose?

Pap. Why, sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

Young W. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion? if at any time you find me too poetical, give me a hint; your advice sha'n't be thrown away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Park.

Enter MISS GRANTAM, MISS GODFREY, and JOHN.

Miss Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring Gardens. [*Exit John.*] My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have to get you out.

Why, child, you are as tedious as a long mourning. Do you know, now, that of all places of public rendezvous, I honour the Park? Forty thousand million of times preferable to the playhouse! Don't you think so, my dear?

Miss Go. They are both well in their way.

Miss Gr. Way! why the purpose of both is the same—to meet company, isn't it? What, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees?—ha, ha! Well that is well enough. But, oh, gemini! I beg a million of pardons. You are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

Miss Go. Liberties in public!

Miss Gr. Yes, child; such as encoring a song at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, hallooing to a pretty fellow across the Mall, as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know, now, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a crowd, on a Sunday, as if I were the Tripoli ambassador.

Miss Go. The good fortune, ma'am? Surely, the wish of every decent woman is to be unnoticed in public.

Miss Gr. Decent! Oh! my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas: you are a fine girl, and we must not have you lost; I'll undertake you myself. But as I was saying—Pray, my dear, what was I saying?

Miss Go. I profess I don't recollect.

Miss Gr. Hey!—Oh, ah! the Park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connexions.

Miss Go. Ma'am!

Miss Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know, that all my male friendships are formed in this place?

Miss Go. It is an odd spot: but you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

Miss Gr. Oh! I will convince you in a moment; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure.

(Drops her handkerchief.)

Miss Go. Nay, for heaven's sake!

Miss Gr. I am determined, child: that is—

Miss Go. You will excuse my withdrawing.

Miss Gr. Oh! please yourself, my dear.

[Exit *Miss Go.*]

Enter *YOUNG WILDING* with *PAPILLION*.

Young W. Your ladyship's handkerchief, ma'am.

Miss Gr. I am, sir, concerned at the trouble—

Young W. A most happy incident for me, madam; as chance has given me an honour in one lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

Miss Gr. Is this meant to me, sir?

Young W. To whom else, madam? Surely, you must have marked my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottos, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse

of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; stop him who can.

(*Aside.*)

Young W. In short, madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night, your ladyship's portal, as a sentinel the powder magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! Well pulled.

(*Aside.*)

Miss Gr. You have served in America, then?

Young W. Full four years, ma'am; and, during that whole time, not a single action of consequence, but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm, I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now?

(*Aside.*)

Young W. The project to surprise that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There, indeed the whole army did me justice.

Miss Gr. I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

Young W. The mere taking the town, ma'am; but that's a trifle. Sieges, now-a-days, are reduced to certainties; it is amazing how minutely exact we, who know the business, are at calculation; for instance now, we will suppose the commander-in-chief, addressing himself to me, were to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expense?" "Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

Miss Gr. And you shall be near the mark?

Young W. To an odd joint, ma'am. But, madam, it is not to the French people alone that my feats are confined; Cherokees, Catabaws, with the Aws and Ees of the Continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, sir.

(*Aside to Young W.*)

Young W. Hands off! Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, madam, than terrible in battle.

Miss Gr. And so young!

Young W. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs; he shall present you with the wampum-belt, and a scalping-knife. Will you permit him, madam, just to give you a taste of the military dance, with a short specimen of their war-whoop?

Pap. For heaven's sake!

(*Aside to Young W.*)

Miss Gr. The place is too public.

Young W. In short, madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I returned to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you; then was victor vanquished; what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant achieved; prouder to serve here than commander-in-chief elsewhere; and more glorious in

wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquished world.

Miss Gr. I have got here a most heroical lover ; but I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I accept the tender of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance ; at present, it is necessary we should separate.

Young W. "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence

Miss Gr. Sir!

Young W. Your place of abode.

Miss Gr. Oh, sir! you can't want to be acquainted with that ; you have a whole year stood sentinel at my ladyship's portal.

Young W. Madam, I—I—I—

Miss Gr. Oh, sir! your servant. Ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught! Ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*

Pap. That last was an unlucky question, sir.

Young W. A little *mal-a-propos*, I must confess.

Pap. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

Young W. Pho! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is. Harkye! Papillion; could you not contrive to pump out of her footman—I see there he stands—the name of his mistress?

Pap. I will try.

[*Exit*

(*Wilding retires up the stage.*)

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT and WILLIAM.

Sir J. Music and an entertainment?

Wil. Yes, sir.

Sir J. Last night, upon the water?

Wil. Upon the water, last night.

Wil. Who gave it?

Sir J. That, sir, I can't say.

[*Exit.*

Enter PAPIILLION.

Young W. (*Coming forward.*) Sir James Elliot, your most devoted.

Sir J. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome to town.

Young W. You will pardon my impatience ; I interrupted you ; you seemed upon an interesting subject.

Sir J. Oh! an affair of gallantry

Young W. Of what kind?

Sir J. A young lady regaled last night by her lover, on the Thames.

Young W. As how?

Sir J. A band of music in boats.

Young W. Were they good performers?

Sir J. The best. Then conducted to Marble Hall, where she found a magnificent collation.

Young W. Well ordered?

Sir J. With elegance. After supper, a ball ; and to conclude the night, a fire-work.

Young W. Was the last well designed.

Sir J. Superb.

Young W. And happily executed?

Sir J. Not a single faux-pas.

Young W. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir J. I can't even guess.

Young W. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. Why do you laugh?

Young W. Ha, ha, ha! It was I.

Sir J. You?

Pap. You, sir?

Young W. *Moi*—me.

Pap. So, so, so! he is entered again.

(*Aside.*)

Sir J. Why, you are fortunate to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

Young W. Short! Why, man, I have been in London these six weeks.

Pap. Oh, lord—oh, lord!

(*Aside.*)

Young W. It is true, not daring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventured out but at nights. But since the story is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir J. I shall hear it with pleasure. This is a lucky adventure, but he must not know he is my rival.

(*Aside.*)

Young W. Why, sir, between six and seven, my goddess embarked at the Temple Stairs in one of the companies' barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Young W. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing. The conceits were pretty ; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter ; but, however, well-timed, and what was better, well taken.

Sir J. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs!

(*Aside.*)

Young W. As soon as we had gained the centre of the river, two boats full of trumpets, French horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surrey side, which were echoed by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys, from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sailed along, till the arches of the new bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant dessert in Dresden china, by Robinson. Here the repast closed, with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us!

(*Aside.*)

Young W. Opposite Lambeth, I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawan's victory over the French was repeated. The action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir J. Surely, you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes ; this battle will sink him.

(*Aside.*)

Young W. True to the letter, upon my honour. I sha'n't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, *feu d'artifice*, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produced ; it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produced in a lavish abundance.

Sir J. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

Young W. Upon that subject, you must pardon my silence.

Pap. Modest creature!

(*Aside.*)

Sir J. I wish you joy of your success. For the present, you will excuse me.

Young W. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

Sir J. For that I shall seize another occasion.

[*Exit.*]

Pap. Nobly performed, sir.

Young W. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one question?

Young W. Freely.

Pap. Pray, sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

Young W. Dreams! What dost mean by dreams?

Pap. These ornamental reveries—these frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deemed absolute flams.

Young W. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

Pap. I must own, sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Young W. No; a plebeian soul! But I will animate thy clay; mark my example, follow my steps, and, in time, thou mayest rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, sir. I have no talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing. Besides, sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

Young W. The better to plead the length, and consequently the strength of my passion.

Pap. But, why, sir, a soldier?

Young W. How little thou knowest of the sex! What, I suppose thou wouldst have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools? What, dost think that women are to be got like degrees?

Pap. Nay, sir,—

Young W. No, no; the man-of-war is their man; they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counterscarps, angles, trenches, co-horns, and covert-ways; then enter sword in hand, pell-mell. Oh! how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swappinback, Count Ronsomousky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustinburgh! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller; but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the "London Gazette," than by all the sighing, dying, crying crochets that the whole race of rhymers ever produced.

Pap. Very well, sir; this is all very lively, but remember the travelling pitcher. If you don't, one time or other, under favour, lie yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hanged.

Young W. Do you think so, Papillion? And whenever that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucified. And so, along after the lady. (*Stops short, going out.*) Zounds! here comes my father! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to "The Cardigan."

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Tavern.

YOUNG WILDING and PAPIILLION rising from table.

Young W. Gad! I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the same thing; for I saw him join Sir James Elliot, so your arrival is no longer a secret.

Young W. Well, then, I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment; I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so fluttered at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair; pr'ythee, who is she?

Pap. There were two.

Young W. That I saw.

Pap. From her footman, I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Young W. And her fortune?

Pap. Immense.

Young W. Single, I hope.

Pap. Certainly.

Young W. Then will I have her.

Pap. What, whether she will or no?

Young W. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Young W. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, sir.

Young W. Oh! I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expense of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

Young W. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, sir.

Young W. Why, where's the injury?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame?

Young W. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How?

Young W. Turn tinker, and mend it myself.

Pap. Which way?

Young W. The old way; solder it by marriage; that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An elderly gentleman to inquire for Mr. Wilding.

Young W. For me! What sort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, sir!

Young W. Ay; how is he dressed?

Wait. In a tie-wig and a snuff-coloured coat.

Pap. Zooks, sir! it is your father.

Young W. Show him up.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Pap. And what must I do?

Young W. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank; I have a reason for it.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. Your servant, sir; you are welcome to town.

Young W. You have just prevented me, sir. I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharged it.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

Young W. Six weeks! I have scarcely been six hours.

Wild. Come, come; I am better informed.

Young W. Indeed, sir, you are imposed upon. This gentleman (who first gave me leave to have the honour of introducing to you), this, sir, is the Marquis de Chateau Briant, of an ancient house in Brittany; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford, for some time, the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

Wild. Does he speak English?

Young W. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, sir—

(*Aside to Young W.*)

Wild. Any services, sir, that I can render you here, you may readily command.

Pap. *Beaucoup d'honneur.*

Young W. This gentleman, I say, sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you that yesterday we left Oxford together.

Wild. Indeed!

Pap. *C'est vrai.*

Wild. This is amazing! I was, at the same time, informed of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfered with a favourite scheme of my own.

Young W. What could that be, pray, sir?

Wild. That you had conceived a violent affection for a fair lady.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

Young W. Me, sir!

Wild. Particularly last night; music, collations, ball, and fireworks.

Young W. Monsieur le Marquis! And, pray, sir, who could tell you all this?

Wild. An old friend of yours.

Young W. His name, if you please.

Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Young W. Yes; I thought he was the man.

Wild. Your reason.

Young W. Why, sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is, upon the whole, a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

Wild. What may that be?

Young W. Why you can't, sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent.

Wild. How!

Young W. Oh, notorious to a proverb! His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is, with a vengeance. Why, he will tell you more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries put together will publish in a year.

Wild. Indeed!

Young W. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville; at Oxford, he was always distinguished by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

Wild. Amazing!

Young W. Lord, sir, he is so well understood in his own county, that, at the last Hereford as-

size, a cause as clear as the sun was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

Wild. A strange turn.

Young W. Unaccountable. But there I think they went a little too far; for, if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounced neither; but in common occurrences there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected, too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

(*Aside.*)

Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Young W. That may be; but can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you of fireworks, and the lord knows what. And I dare swear, sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

Wild. Extremely.

Young W. Yes; that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, eh, marquis?

Pap. Oh, dat is all a fiction upon mine honour.

Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people who, by long habit, became a kind of constitutional liars.

Young W. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I'm sure it is yours.

(*Aside.*)

Wild. Well, sir, I suppose I shall see you this evening?

Young W. The marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promised to attend: besides, sir, as he has an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

Wild. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concerned.

Young W. I shall attend your commands; but where?

Wild. Why, here, Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

Pap. *Votre serviteur tres humble.*

[*Exit Wild.*]

Young W. So, Papillion; that difficulty is despatched. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously managed; but are not you afraid of the consequence?

Young W. I do not comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Young W. That may embarrass; but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Young W. Why, to say truth, I do begin to find my system attended with danger. Give me your hand, Papillion, I will reform.

Pap. Ah, sir!

Young W. I positively will; why this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already. (*Aside.*) Ay, think of that, sir.

Young W. Well, if I don't turn out the merest dull, matter-of-fact fellow—But, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is—

Pap. Godfrey; her father was an Indian governor, and left her all his wealth; she lives near Miss Grantam, by Grosvenor Square.

Young W. A governor!—oh, oh! Bushels of rupees, and pecks of pagodas, I reckon. Well, I long to be rummaging. But the old gentleman will soon return; I will hasten to finish my letter. But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concerned?

Pap. I can't guess.

Young W. I shall know presently. To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor Square. Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't, sir?

Young W. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

Pap. And if you be, it will be the first time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Miss Grantam's house.*

Enter MISS GRANTAM and MISS GODFREY.

Miss Go. And you really like this gallant spark?

Miss Gr. Prodigiously. Oh! I'm quite in love with his assurance. I wonder who he is; he can't have been long in town; a young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way to the best of company.

Miss Go. By way of amusement, he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't, surely, have any serious designs upon him.

Miss Gr. Indeed, but I have.

Miss Go. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

Miss Gr. Oh! no.

Miss Go. What is your intention in regard to him?

Miss Gr. Hey! I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

Miss Go. Thou art a strange, giddy girl.

Miss Gr. Quite the reverse; a perfect pattern of prudence. Why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

Miss Go. My dear!

Miss Gr. Why, I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India bonds, some in bank, some on this loan, some on the other; so that if one fund fail, I have a sure resource in the rest.

Miss Go. Very true.

Miss Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love affairs; if I should not like this man; if he should not like me; if we should quarrel; if, if—or, in short, if any of the ifs should happen, which you know break engagements every day, why, by this means, I shall never be at a loss.

Enter JOHN.

John. A letter to you, madam. (*To Miss G.*) Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship.

(*To Miss Gr.*)

[*Exit.*]

Miss Gr. Lord! I hope he won't stay long here. He comes, and seems entirely wrapped up in the dismal; what can be the matter now?

Miss Go. You'll excuse me?

[*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir J. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, madam, of inquiring after your health.

Miss Gr. Very obliging. I hope, sir, you received a favourable account.

Sir J. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

Miss Gr. Cold! why, sir, I hope I did not sleep with my chamber window open.

Sir J. Madam!

Miss Gr. Sir!

Sir J. No, madam; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

Miss Gr. Upon the water!

Sir J. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be owned, was a sufficient temptation.

Miss Gr. What can he be driving at now?

(*Aside.*)

Sir J. And pray, madam, what think you of young Wilding? Is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly—

Miss Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir J. You don't know him?

Miss Gr. No.

Sir J. And his father I did not meet at your door?

Miss Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir J. I am glad you own that, however; but, for the son, you never—

Miss Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir J. Really?

Miss Gr. Really.

Sir J. Finely supported. Now, madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

Miss Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir J. Madam, you do me honour; but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

Miss Gr. And that is a wonder. What, then, I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose.

Sir J. Admirably rallied; but I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

Miss Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, sir.

Sir J. Know then, and blush, if you be not as lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to all last night's transactions.

Miss Gr. Indeed!

Sir J. From your first entering the barge at the Temple, to your last landing at Whitehall.

Miss Gr. Surprising!

Sir J. Cupids, collations, feasts, fireworks,—all have reached me.

Miss Gr. Why, you deal in magic.

Sir J. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

Miss Gr. May I be indulged with the name of your informer?

Sir J. Freely, madam. Only the very individual spark, to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

Miss Gr. But his name?

Sir J. Young Wilding.

Miss Gr. You had this story from him?

Sir J. I had.

Miss Gr. From Wilding! That is amazing.

Sir J. Oh, ho! What, you are confounded at last! and no evasion, no subterfuge, no—

Miss Gr. Lookye, Sir James; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive; but if it be meant as an artifice to palliate

your infidelity to me, less pains would have answered your purpose.

Sir J. Oh, madam! I know you are provided.

Miss Gr. Matchless insolence! as you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleased with the subject of the visit, you won't be surprised at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir J. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence; but you may rest secure you will have no interruption from me; and I really think it would be a pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your ladyship's servant. (*Going.*) But, madam, though your sex secures you from any further resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have something to fear.

[*Exit.*]

Miss Gr. Very well. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduced, if my hopes had rested upon one lover!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter WILDING, YOUNG WILDING, and PAPIILLION.

Wild. There, marquis, you must pardon me; for though Paris may be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity. Oh, Jack! look at that corner house; how d'ye like it?

Young W. Very well; but I don't see anything extraordinary.

Wild. I wish, though, you were the master of what it contains.

Young W. What may that be, sir?

Wild. The mistress, you rogue, you;—a fine girl, and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent, sensible wench into the bargain.

Young W. Time enough, yet, sir.

Wild. I don't see that; you are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

Young W. Suppose, sir, you were to repeat your endeavours; you have cordially my consent.

Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Young W. Why, sir, would you recommend a condition to me that you disapprove of yourself?

Wild. Why, sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you. Now, sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

Young W. In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

Wild. Why, then, to be serious, son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and, by providing the lady of that mansion for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

Young W. Far be it from me to question your care; yet some preparation for so important a change—

Wild. Oh! I will allow you a week.

Young W. A little more knowledge of the world.

Wild. That you may study at leisure.

Young W. Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

Wild. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

Young W. You are then resolved?

Wild. Fixed.

Young W. Positively?

Wild. Peremptorily.

Young W. No prayers—

Wild. Can move me.

Young W. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil? (*Aside.*) But suppose, sir, there should be an insurmountable objection?

Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me; I am an excellent casuist.

Young W. But I see, sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

Wild. Impossible! I don't understand you.

Young W. Oh, sir! But on my knees first let me crave your pardon.

(*Kneels.*)

Wild. Pardon! for what?

Young W. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

Wild. Which way?

Young W. I have done a deed—

Wild. Let's hear it.

Young W. At Abingdon, in the county of Berks.

Wild. Well?

Young W. I am—

Wild. What?

Young W. Already married!

Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Young W. Married.

Wild. And without my consent?

Young W. Compelled; fatally forced. Oh! sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself into pity.

Wild. What an unlucky event! But rise, and let me hear it all.

Young W. (*Rising.*) The shame and confusion I now feel renders that task, at present, impossible; I must, therefore, rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, sir! I never heard one word of the matter.

(*Aside to Young W.*)

Wild. Come, marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap. Upon my word, sire, dis affair has so shock me, dat I am almost incapable to tell de tale as your son. (*To Young W.*) Dry-a your tears. What can I say, sir?

(*Aside to him.*)

Young W. Anything. Oh!

(*Seems to weep.*)

Pap. You see, sare—

Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. Dis is great misfortune, *sans doute.*

Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

Abingdon—

Pap. Yes, at Abingdon.

Wild. In the county of Berks.

Pap. Dat is right, in the county of Berks.

Young W. Oh! oh!

Wild. Ah! Jack, Jack; are all my hopes then—Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray, sir?

Pap. De girl, sare. (*Aside to Young W.*) Who shall I say?

Young W. Anybody.

(*Aside to Pap.*)

Pap. For de girl, I can't say, upon my vard.

Wild. Her condition?

Pap. Pas grande condition: dat is to be sure. But dere is no help. (*Aside to Young W.*) Sir, I am quite aground.

Wild. Yes, I read my shame in his reserve; some artful hussy.

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call hussy?

Wild. Or, perhaps, some common creature. But I'm prepared to hear the worst.

Pap. Have you no mercy?

(*Aside to Young W.*)

Young W. I'll step to your relief, sir.

(*To Pap.*)

Pap. Oh, lord! a happy deliverance.

(*Aside.*)

Young W. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence. She is, sir, of an ancient house and unblemished character.

Wild. That is something.

Young W. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet—

Wild. Her name?

Young W. Miss Lydia Sybthorpe.

Wild. Sybthorpe. I never heard of the name. But proceed.

Young W. The latter end of last long vacation, went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his, near Abingdon. There, at an assembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

Wild. Is she handsome?

Young W. Oh! sir, more beautiful—

Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

Young W. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

Wild. Modestly observed.

Young W. I was deterred from a public declaration of my passion, degrading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

Wild. Was that so decent? But, love and prudence, madness and reason!

Young W. One fatal evening, (the 20th of September, if I mistake not,) we were in a retired room innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

Wild. What, unobserved by him?

Young W. Entirely. But, as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the same place. I unhappily trod upon one of the brood, which so provoked the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

Young W. The noise roused the old gentleman's attention; he opened the door, and there discovered your son.

Pap. Unlucky!

Young W. I rushed to the door; but, fatally, my foot slipped at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom. The pistol in my hand, went off by accident; this alarmed

her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their servants, rushed with united force upon me.

Wild. And, so surprised you.

Young W. No, sir; with my sword, I, for some time, made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escaped; but a raw-boned, over-grown, clumsy cook-wench struck at my sword with a kitchen-poker, broke it in two, and compelled me to surrender at discretion; the consequence of which is obvious enough.

Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combined to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

Young W. May, I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

Wild. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse; all I blame you for is, your keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantam, I shall make an awkward figure; but the best apology is the truth. I'll hasten and explain it to her all. Oh! Jack, Jack! this is a mortifying business.

Young W. Most melancholy. [*Exit Wild.*]

Pap. I am amazed, sir, that you have so carefully concealed this transaction from me.

Young W. Heyday! what, do you believe it, too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the story of the marriage true?

Young W. Not a syllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker?

Young W. All invention. And were you really taken in?

Pap. Lord, sir! how was it possible to avoid it? Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

Young W. Genius! the mere effects of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me!

Pap. But, to prevent that for the future, could you not give your humble servant a hint when you are just bent upon bouncing? Besides, sir, if you recollect your fixed resolution to reform—

Young W. Ay; as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic and invention; but, in case of necessity,—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forced to use all my finesse.

Enter WILLIAM and JOHN.

Both Ser. A letter, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pap. (*Aside.*) There are two things in my conscience my master will never want—a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling it.

Young W. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us: a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observed, but in their order; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife; now, if I can but get engaged in a chancery suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to idle.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room, with table, pen, ink, paper, and chairs.

Enter JOHN, conducting in WILDING.

John. My lady, sir, will be at home immediately; Sir James Elliot is in the next room waiting her return.

Wild. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him? [*Exit John.*] This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir, I ask your pardon; but, upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorpes in Berkshire?

Sir J. Sir!

Wild. I don't mean as to property, that I am not so solicitous about; but as to their character. Do they live in reputation? Are they respected in the neighbourhood?

Sir J. The family of the Sybthorpes!

Wild. Of the Sybthorpes.

Sir J. Really, I don't know, sir.

Wild. Not know!

Sir J. No; it is the very first time I have ever heard of the name.

Wild. (*Aside.*) How steadily he denies it! Well done, baronet! I find Jack's account was a just one. Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir J. It will be to no purpose.

Wild. Come, sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous, but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son; but I know the whole affair.

Sir J. What affair?

Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir J. What Jack?

Wild. My son Jack.

Sir J. Is he married?

Wild. Is he married! why, you know he is.

Sir J. Not I, upon my honour.

Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far; but, to remove all your scruples at once, he has owned it himself.

Sir J. He has!

Wild. Ay, ay, to me; every circumstance. Going to your new purchase at Abingdon; meeting Lydia Sybthorpe at the assembly; their private interviews; surprised by the father; pistol, poker, and marriage;—in short, every particular.

Sir J. And this account you had from your son?

Wild. From Jack; not two hours ago.

Sir J. I wish you joy, sir.

Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir J. Why, sir, does the marriage displease you?

Wild. Doubtless.

Sir J. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

Wild. Why so?

Sir J. You have got, sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir J. For, though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir J. She'll be easily jointured.

Wild. Justice shall be done her.

Sir J. No provision necessary for younger children.

Wild. No, sir! why not? I can tell you, if she answer your account, not the daughter of a duke—

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. You are very merry, sir.

Sir J. What an unaccountable fellow!

Wild. Sir?

Sir J. I beg your pardon, sir. But, with regard to this marriage—

Wild. Well, sir?

Sir J. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than an absolute fable.

Wild. How, sir?

Sir J. Even so.

Wild. Why, sir, do you think my son would dare to impose on me?

Sir J. Sir, he would dare to impose upon anybody. Don't I know him?

Wild. What do you know?

Sir J. I know, sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

Wild. Oh! mighty well, sir! He wants to turn the tables upon Jack. But it won't do; you are forestalled; your novels won't pass upon me.

Sir J. Sir?

Wild. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir J. What is this?

Wild. No, no; Mr. Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir J. Mr. Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

Wild. Nor, sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, withered and impotent as you may think it.

Enter MISS GRANTAM.

Miss Gr. Bless me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir J. No more at present, sir; I have another demand upon your son; we'll settle the whole together.

Wild. I am sure he will do you justice.

Miss Gr. How, Sir James Elliot? I flattered myself that you had finished your visits here, sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, sir, what right—

Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon; a disagreeable occasion brought me here; I come, madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer allied to you, my son, unfortunately, being married already.

Miss Gr. Married!

Sir J. Yes, madam; to a lady in the clouds; and, because I have refused to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behaved in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserved for another occasion; but you, it seems—

Miss Gr. Oh! is that the business? Why, I begin to be afraid that we are a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

Wild. Madam!

Miss Gr. Your son has just confirmed Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

Wild. Is it possible?

Miss Gr. Most true; and assigned two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

Wild. What can they be?

Miss Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once; and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

Wild. You amaze me!

Miss Gr. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplexed us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir J. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

Wild. You have my consent. An abandoned profligate! Was his father a proper subject for his—But I discard him.

Miss Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr. Wilding bad-hearted. This is a levity.

Wild. How, madam, a levity?

Miss Gr. Take my word for it, no more; inflamed into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir J. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

Miss Gr. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my union with Sir James must cement the general peace.

Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter JOHN.

John. Mr. Wilding, to wait upon you, madam.

[Exit.

Miss Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abingdon business. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we must be as busy as bees.

[Exit with Sir J.

Wild. This strange boy! But I must command my temper.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

Young W. (Speaking as he enters.) People do speak with me! See what they want, Papillion. My father here! that's unlucky enough.

Wild. Ha! Jack, what brings you here?

Young W. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantam, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate—

Wild. Well, now, that is prudently as well as politely done.

Young W. I am happy to meet, sir, with your approbation.

Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. Would it not be right to send for her home?

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. I think so. Why, then, to-morrow, my chariot shall fetch her.

Young W. The devil it shall! (Aside.)—Not quite so soon, if you please, sir.

Young W. The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

Wild. What's the matter with her?

Young W. She is big with child, sir.

Wild. An audacious—Big with child! That is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage and short stages can't hurt her.

Young W. Pardon me, sir, I dare not trust her. She is six months gone.

Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger, indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret?

Young W. By all means, sir; it will make him extremely happy.

Wild. Why, then, I will instantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

Young W. Abingdon, Berkshire.

Wild. True. But his address?

Young W. You need not trouble yourself, sir. I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter enclosed.

Wild. Ay, ay, that will do.

(Going.)

Young W. So, I have parried that thrust.

Wild. Though, upon second thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. And these country gentlemen are full of punctilios. No, I'll send him a letter apart; so give me his direction.

Young W. You have it, sir.

Wild. Ay, but his name. I have been so hurried, that I have entirely forgotten it.

Young W. I am sure, so have I. (Aside.) His name—his name, sir—Hopkins.

Wild. Hopkins?

Young W. Yes, sir.

Wild. That is not the same name that you gave me before; that, if I recollect, was either Sypthorpe, or Sybthorpe.

Young W. You are right, sir; that is his paternal appellation; but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's; so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins, or Sybthorpe; and, now I recollect, I have his letter in my pocket. He signs himself Sybthorpe Hopkins.

Wild. (Aside.) There is no end of this; I must stop him at once. Harkye! sir, I think you are called my son.

Young W. I hope, sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

Wild. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

Young W. In having the honour of descending from you.

Wild. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

Young W. Sir, pray, sir—

Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtained that distinguishing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. And has it never occurred to you, that what was gained by honour might be lost by infamy?

Young W. Perfectly, sir.

Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lie demands, and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront.

Young W. Then how dare you call yourself a gentleman? You, whose whole life has been one

continued scene of fraud and falsity! Not satisfied with violating the great bond of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions.

Young W. But, sir—

Wild. Within this hour my life was nearly sacrificed in defence of your fame; but, perhaps, that was your intention, and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Young W. For heaven's sake! sir—

Wild. What other motive?

Young W. But, hear me, sir; I own the Abingdon business—

Wild. An absolute fiction?

Young W. I do.

Wild. And how dare you—

Young W. I crave but a moment's audience.

Wild. Go on.

Young W. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady, whose charms—

Wild. So! what, here is another marriage trumped up! Well, sir; and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, in nubibus—

Young W. No, sir; in London.

Wild. Indeed!

Young W. Nay, more; and, at this instant, in this house.

Wild. And her name?

Young W. Godfrey.

Wild. The friend of Miss Grantam?

Young W. The very same, sir.

Wild. Have you spoken to her?

Young W. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

Wild. Has she favoured your address?

Young W. Time, sir, and your approbation, will, I hope.

Wild. Lookye, sir; as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther inquiry. If I discover the least falsehood, the least duplicity, remember, you have lost a father.

Young W. I shall submit without a murmur.

[Exit Wilding.]

Enter PAPILLION.

Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Young W. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

Young W. What do they want?

Pap. You, sir.

Young W. Me!

Pap. Yes, sir; they have brought in their bills.

Young W. Bills! for what?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

Young W. That I gave!

Pap. Yes, sir; you remember the bill of fare; but, however, I have despatched them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

Young W. Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop. Now, Papillion, I have news

for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abingdon business.

Pap. The deuce!

Young W. We parted this moment. Such a scene!

Pap. And what was the issue?

Young W. Happy, beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap. With Miss Godfrey?

Young W. Who else? he is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all this?

Young W. No, no; that is all over now; my reformation is fixed.

Pap. As a weathercock.

Young W. Here comes my father.

Enter WILDING and MISS GODFREY.

Wild. If, madam, he has not the highest sense of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him. There, sir; make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. This is more than your merit; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude.

Young W. Papillion! Madam! Sir.

Wild. What! is the puppy petrified? Why don't you go up to the lady?

Young W. Up to the lady! That lady?

Wild. That lady! To be sure. What other lady? To Miss Godfrey.

Young W. That lady Miss Godfrey?

Wild. What is all this? Harkye! sir, I see what you are at. But, no trifling; this instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

Young W. Sir, that, I hope, is—might not I—to be sure—

Wild. No further evasions; there, sir.

Young W. Heigho!

(Signs the contract.)

Wild. Very well. Now, madam, your name, if you please.

Young W. Papillion, do you know who she is?

Pap. That's a question, indeed! Don't you, sir?

Young W. Not I, as I hope to be saved.

Enter JOHN.

John. A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

Young W. With me!

Miss Go. A young lady with Mr. Wilding!

John. Seems distressed, madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

Miss Go. Indeed! There may be something in this. You must permit me, sir, to pause a little. Who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

Wild. How, sir? Who is this lady?

Young W. It is impossible for me to divine, sir.

Wild. You know nothing of her?

Young W. How should I?

Wild. You hear, madam.

Miss Go. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Young W. Not in the least, madam.

Miss Go. Show her in, John.

[Exit.]

Wild. No, madam; I don't think there is the

least room for suspecting him; he can't be so abandoned as to—But she is here. Upon my word, a sightly woman!

Enter KITTY, as Miss Sybthorpe.

Kit. Where is he? Oh, let me throw my arms—my life—my—

Young W. Heyday!

Kit. And could you leave me, and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagged along.

Young W. Madam!

Kit. But we are met at last, and now we will part no more.

Young W. The deuce we won't!

Kit. What, not one kind look—no tender word to hail our second meeting?

Young W. What the devil is all this?

Kit. Are all your oaths—your protestations, come to this? Have I deserved such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wandered here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love.

Wild. To what can all this tend? Harkye, sir, unriddle this mystery.

Young W. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escaped from her keeper, I suppose.

Kit. Am I disowned, then, contemned—slighted?

Wild. Hold! let me inquire into this matter a little. Pray, madam—you seem to be pretty familiar here,—do you know this gentleman?

Kit. Too well.

Wild. His name?

Kit. Wilding.

Wild. So far she is right. Now, yours, if you please?

Kit. Wilding.

All. Wilding!

Wild. And how came you by that name, pray?

Kit. Most lawfully, sir, By the sacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

Wild. What! married to him?

Kit. Most true.

All. How?

Young W. Sir, may I never—

Wild. Peace, monster! One question more: your maiden name?

Kit. Sybthorpe.

Wild. Lydia, from Abingdon, in the county of Berks?

Kit. The same.

Wild. As I suspected. So, then, the whole story is true, and the monster is married at last!

Young W. Me, sir! By all that's—

Wild. Eternal dumbness seize thee, measureless liar!

Young W. If not me, hear this gentleman, marquis—

Pap. Not I! I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes. It is a pit of your own digging, and so get out as well as you can. Meantime, I'll shift for myself.

[*Exit.*]

Wild. What evasion, now, monster?

Miss Go. Deceiver!

Wild. Liar!

Miss Go. Impostor!

Young W. Why, this is a general combination to distract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly imposed upon; the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and, as to you, madam, with whom I have been suddenly surprised into a contract, I most solemnly declare, this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not I bring her at your request?

Young W. No.

Miss Go. Is not this your own letter?

Young W. No.

Kit. Am I not your wife?

Young W. No.

Wild. Did not you own it to me?

Young W. No.

Kit. Hear me.

Young W. No.

Miss Go. Answer me.

Young W. No.

Wild. Have not I—

Young W. No, no, no! Zounds! you are all mad; and, if I stay, I shall catch the infection.

[*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT and MISS GRAN-TAM.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Gr. Finely performed.

Wild. If his cure be complete, he will gratefully acknowledge the cause; if not, the punishment comes far short of his crime. To the ladies, indeed, no character is so dangerous as that of a liar.

*They in the fairest frames can fix a flaw,
And vanquish females whom they never saw.*

[*Exeunt*]

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY THE REV. JAMES TOWNLEY



Duke.—“STAND OFF, YOU ARE A COMMONER!”—Act ii, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

LOVEL.
FREEMAN.
LORD DUKE.

SIR HARRY.
PHILIP.
TOM.

COACHMAN.
KINGSTON.
KITTY.

LADY CHARLOTTE.
LADY BAB.
COOK, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Freeman's house.

Enter FREEMAN and LOVEL.

Free. A country boy! Ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time. I am now convinced of what you have been so often hinting to me—that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr. Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James, than in your kitchen.

Lov. It is with some difficulty I believe it now,

Mr. Freeman; though, I must own, my expenses often make me stare. Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks. If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog, Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is a hypocritical rascal—Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him—and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lov. Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr. Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid

him your house; however, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall; but it is a hundred to one if you get anything out of him; for, though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell anything to the disadvantage of another. But what was it determined you upon this project at last?

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and puts me upon satisfying my curiosity. Read it.

(*Gives the letter.*)

Free. I should know something of this hand.

(*Reads.*)

“To Peregrine Lovel, Esq.,—Please your honour, I take the liberty to acquaint your honour that you are sadly cheated by your servants. Your honour will find it as I say. I am not willing to be known, whereof, if I was, it may bring one into trouble. So no more from your honour's
“Servant to command.”

Odd and honest! Well, and now, what are the steps you intend to take?

(*Returns the letter.*)

Lov. My plan is this. I gave it out that I was going to my borough in Devonshire, and yesterday set out with a servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke—

Free. Well?

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him. Instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town—*ecc signum.*

(*Points to his boots.*)

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenant's sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear; I will be so countryfied that you shall not know me—as they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them; but you must contrive some way or other to get me introduced to Philip as one of your cottagers' boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure. It must be done this afternoon. Walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole. My name shall be Jemmy, and I am come to be a gentleman's servant, and will do my best, and hope to get a good character.

(*Mimicking.*)

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Lov. Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil. Come along.

Free. Bravo!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Park.*

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the same vulgar track every day!—Eating, working, and sleeping. But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters. Ah! my dear Sir Harry!—

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

How have you done these thousand years?

Sir H. My lord duke! your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been?

Sir H. At Newmarket, my lord—we have had devilish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance, I hear; plague take it! I should have been there, but our old duchess died, and we were obliged to keep house for the decency of the thing.

Sir H. I picked up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Psha! a trifle!

Sir H. The viscount's people have been d——y taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

Sir H. I assure you, my lord, they lost every match; for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't. Taste this snuff, Sir Harry.

(*Offers his box.*)

Sir H. 'Tis good rappee.

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you, and of my own importing.

Sir H. Ay!

Duke. The City people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff. I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent. When did you see the girls? I saw Lady Bab this morning; but, 'fore gad! whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent.

Sir H. I have just had this card from Lovel's people.

(*Reads.*)

“Philip and Mrs. Kitty present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and eat a bit of supper.”

Duke. I have the same invitation.—Their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir H. You'll be with us, my lord? Philip's a blood.

Duke. A buck of the first head! I'll tell you a secret: he's going to be married.

Sir H. To whom?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir H. No!

Duke. Yes he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir H. Then we may depend upon your grace, for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in tolerable time, I'll be with you. Have you anything for us?

Sir H. Yes; a little bit of poetry. I must be at the "Cocoa Tree" myself till eight.

Duke. Heigho! I am quite out of sorts—I had a d—d debauch last night, baronet. Lord Francis, Bob the Bishop, and I, tipped off four bottles of Burgundy a-piece. Ha! there are two fine girls coming! Faith! Lady Bab; ay, and Lady Charlotte.

Sir H. We'll not join them.

Duke. Oh, yes! Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion, though I should be glad if she would keep her teeth cleaner. Your English women are d—d negligent about their teeth. How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir H. My Charlotte!

Duke. Ay: the world says you are to have her.

Sir H. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir H. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh, d—n it! that's insufferable.

Sir H. Besides, she's a fool, and missed her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money. Rot it, I never save a shilling; indeed, I am sure of a place in the excise. Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night. How do you manage that?

Sir H. Why, we do meet at a third place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. Alamode, eh! Here they are.

Sir H. Let us retire.

(They retire.)

Enter LADY BAB'S MAID, and LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID.

Lady B. Oh! fie! Lady Charlotte, you are quite indelicate! I am sorry for your taste.

Lady C. Well, I say it again,—I love Fox-hall.

Lady B. Oh, my stars! Why there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

Lady C. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha! Runelow for my money.

Lady C. Now you talk of Runelow, when did you see the colonel, Lady Bab?

Lady B. The colonel! I hate the fellow. He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

Lady C. He is a pretty man, for all that; soldiers, you know, have their mistresses everywhere.

Lady B. I despise him: How goes on your affair with the baronet?

Lady C. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him. You are to be at Lovel's to-night, Lady Bab?

Lady B. Unless I alter my mind. I don't admire visiting these commoners, Lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh, but Miss Kitty has taste:

Lady B. She affects it.

Lady C. The duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

Lady B. The duke might show his judgment much better.

(Holding up her head.)

Lady C. There he is, and the baronet too. Take no notice of them; we'll rally them by-and-by.

Lady B. Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

Lady C. Ay, let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us, we shall certainly be mobbed.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit.]

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT and SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off, laughing at us. I must follow.

Sir H. No, no.

Duke. I must. I must have a party of raillery with them; a *bon-mot*, or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me. Adieu! I'll be with you in the evening, if possible; though, harkye! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so, you know, mum! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle. Adieu!

[Exit.]

Sir H. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read! It was but the other day that he was a cowboy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a periwig-maker, got into my lord duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. Oh, tempora, oh, Moses!

Re-enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Sir Harry, pr'ythee, what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there?

Sir H. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy! I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—

(Makes a motion, [as if with the dice-box].)

Sir H. Fie, my lord duke!

Duke. Lookye! baronet, I insist on it. Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it? But I shall lose the girls. How grave you look! Ha, ha, ha! Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir H. But, my dear lord! I shall be quite miserable without you.

Duke. Well, I won't be particular—I'll do as the rest do. Tol, lol, lol!

[Exit, singing and dancing.]

Sir H. He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the City, with two thousand pounds to her fortune, and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment: so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP.

Mr. Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry

I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company. My master is gone into Devonshire; we'll have a roaring night.

Sir H. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir H. Is this a wedding supper, Philip?

Phil. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir H. The duke tells me so.

Phil. The duke's a fool!

Sir H. Take care what you say; his grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you; Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch. I have such wine for you!

Sir H. I am your man, Phil.

Phil. Egad! the cellar shall bleed; I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor; my master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my Lord What-d'ye-call-him with; but I told him it was all gone; eh! Charity begins at home; eh! Odso! here is Mr. Freeman, my master's intimate friend. He's a dry one! Don't let us be seen together—he'll suspect something.

Sir H. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away! Remember, Burgundy is the word.

Sir H. Right! Long corks! eh, Phil? (*Mimics the drawing of a cork.*) Yours!

[*Exit.*]

Phil. Now for a cast of my office; a starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary. Hem!

Enter FREEMAN.

Free. Oh! Philip; how do you do, Philip? You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss, indeed, sir. So good a gentleman! He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time. Sir, your servant.

(*Going.*)

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants, at such times, are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, sir. Sir, your servant.

(*Going.*)

Free. Oh, Mr. Philip! pray, stay; you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, sir.

(*Bows.*)

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest—(*Phil bows*)—rascals in the world!

(*Aside.*)

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man; poor fellow! he has a great number of children; and they have sent me one of them, a tall, gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

Phil. Let me have him, sir.

Free. In truth, he is an unlicked cub!

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir; now my master is absent, I shall have

a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, sir; in two months, I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it.

(*Aside.*)

Phil. Sir, I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James; and, for a table, or a sideboard, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or anything—

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea; I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall, I promise you. (*Aside.*) Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly!

(*Aside.*)

Phil. When can I see him, sir?

Free. Now, directly. Call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I will be with you in a minute; I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board wages. *Haumph!*

Free. How happy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a servant!

[*Exit.*]

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas. D—n all such sneaking scoundrels, I say!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Servant's Hall in Lovel's house.*

KINGSTON and Coachman, drunk and sleepy, discovered. Knocking at the door.

King. Somebody knocks. Coachy, go! go to the door, coachy!

Coach. I'll not go; do you go, you black dog!

King. Devil shall fetch me, if I go!

(*Knocking.*)

Coach. Why, then, let them stay; I'll not go, d—e! Ay, knock the door down, and let yourselves in.

(*Knocking.*)

King. Ay, ay! knock again, knock again!

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire, so he can't be there; so I'll go to sleep.

King. So will I; I'll go to sleep, too.

Coach. You lie, devil! you shall not go to sleep, till I am asleep. I am the king of the kitchen.

King. No, you are not king; but, when you are drunk, you are sulky as a hell. Here is cooky coming; she is king and queen, too.

Enter COOK.

Cook. Somebody has knocked at the door twenty times, and nobody hears. Why, coachman, Kingston, ye drunken bears! why won't one of you go to the door?

Coach. You go, cook; you go.

Cook. Hang me, if I go!

King. Yes, yes, cooky, go; Mollys, Pollsy, go!

Cook. Out, you black toad! It is none of my business, and go I will not.

(Sits down.)

Enter PHILIP, with LOVEL, disguised.

Phil. I might have stayed at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket. What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Aha! my lads: what, finished already? These are the very best of servants. Poor fellows! I suppose, they have been drinking their master's good journey. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't!

(Aside.)

Phil. Yo, ho! get to bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by! They are as fast as a church. Jemmy!

Lov. Anan?

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes, I loves ale.

Phil. You dog! you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgundy! What's that?

Phil. Cook, wake these honest gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake them, sir, if I might, eh?

Phil. Do, Jemmy; wake them, Jemmy. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip! Mr. Coachman!

(Gives him a slap on the face.)

Coach. Oh, oh! What! Zounds! Oh! d—n you!

Lov. What, blackey! blackey!

(Pulls him by the nose.)

King. Oh, oh! What now? Curse you! Cettam you!

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! Well done, Jemmy. Cook, see these gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up! I say so, too; not I, indeed!

Coach. She sha'n't see us to bed, we'll see ourselves to bed.

King. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together.

[Exit with coachman, reeling.]

Phil. You see how we live, boy?

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live.

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My master, to be sure. Who else? Ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough, I hope. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humph!

(Aside.)

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. So!

(Aside.)

Cook. Pr'ythee, Philip, what boy is this?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm Squire Freeman's boy, eh?

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound; and you

may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a-week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! That is good. Freeman shall have it.

(Aside.)

Cook. I must step to the tallow-chandler's to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Phil. Well said, cook! that is right; the perquisite is the think, cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe! where are you, Cloe?

(Calls.)

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Yes, mistress!

Cook. Take that box, and follow me.

[Exit.]

Cloe. Yes, mistress! (Takes the box.) Who is this? (Seeing Lovel.) He, he, he! Oh! this is pretty boy! He, he, he! Oh, this is pretty red hair! He, he, he! You shall be in love with me by-and-by. He, he!

[Exit, chucking Lovel under the chin.]

Lov. A very pretty amour! (Aside.) Oh, la! what a fine room this is! Is this the dining-room, pray, sir?

Phil. No; our drinking-room.

Lov. La, la! what a fine lady here is! This is madam, I suppose.

Enter KITTY.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty?

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts, and other linen, which it is a shame his honour should wear any longer. Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here?

(Lovel bows.)

Phil. A boy of Freeman's; a poor, silly fool!

Lov. Thank you!

(Aside.)

Phil. I intend the entertainment this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. Philip.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil.

(Fawningly.)

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and, with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellows family—

Lov. A dog! (Aside.) Oh, la, la! What, have you got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead!

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear!

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded.

(Aside.)

Kit. You know my education was a very gen-

teel one; I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native. *Comment vous portez vous, mounseer.*

(Awkwardly.)

Phil. Psha—pscha!

Kit. One is nothing without French. I shall shine in the bar. Do you speak French, boy?

Lov. Anan!

Kit. Anan! Oh, the fool! Ha, ha, ha! Come here, do, and let me mould you a little; you must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night.

(She ties and powders his hair.)

Lov. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! Oh, the natural! This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy; it is so coarse, and so carroty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in the pole.

Phil and Kit. Ha, ha, ha!

(Loud laugh.)

Kit. There, now you are something like. Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the "Servants' Guide."

Phil. Come, sir; first, hold up your head. Very well! Turn out your toes, sir. Very well! Now call "Coach!"

Lov. What is call coach?

Phil. Thus, sir: "Coach, coach, coach!"

(Loud.)

Lov. Coach, coach, coach, coach!

(Imitating.)

Phil. Admirable! The knave has a good ear. Now, sir, tell me a lie!

Lov. Oh, la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high time you should begin now. What is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit. And stand to it. Now I'll lecture him. (Takes out a book.) This is "The Servants' Guide to Wealth, by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the Customs: necessary for all servants."

Phil. Mind, sir, what excellent rules the book contains; and remember them well. Come, Kitty, begin.

Kit. (Reads.) "Advice to the Footmen.

"Let it for ever be your plan
To be the master, not the man;
And do as little as you can."

Lov. He, he, he! Yes, I'll do nothing at all—not I.

Kit. (Reads.) "To the Groom.

"Never allow your master able
To judge of matters in the stable.
If he should roughly speak his mind,
Or to dismiss you seem inclin'd,
Lame the best horse, or break his wind."

Lov. Oddines! that's good! He, he, he!

Kit. (Reads.) "To the Coachman.

"If your good master on you doats,
Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger,
But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,
And let the horses eat the manger."

Lov. Eat the manger! He, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time. Here, boy; take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! very good! But now for business.

Kit. Right. I'll go and get one of the damask tablecloths and some napkins; and be sure, Phil, your sideboard is very smart.

[Exit.

Phil. That it shall. Come, Jemmy.

[Exit.

Lov. So, so. It works well.

[Aside, and exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Servants' Hall, with the supper and sideboard set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL discovered.

Kit. Well, Phil, what think you? Don't we look very smart? Now let them come as soon as they will; we shall be ready for them.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but—

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know. He is a queer son of a—

Kit. Oh, I know him. He is one of your sneaking, half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil. Here he is.

Enter TOM.

And why won't you make one to-night, Tom? Here's cook, and coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honestier than you, I hope, and not brag, neither.

Kit. Harkee, Mr. Honesty, don't be saucy!

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah—cully! Afraid, sirrah, afraid of what?

(Goes up to Tom.)

Phil. Ay, sir, afraid of what?

(Goes up on other side.)

Lov. Ay, sir, afraid of what?

(Goes up to Tom.)

Tom. I value none of you—I know your tricks.

Phil. What do you know, sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house. And that you, Mr. Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hanged!

(Strikes Lovel.)

Phil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow!

(*Aside.*)

Tom. I'll strike him again. 'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. Egad! madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses. There's your good friend, Mother Barter, the old clothes-woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, sir, and did you never—eh?

Tom. No, never. I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that. (*Snapping his fingers.*) His honour is a prince; gives noble wages, and keeps noble company. And yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers. Shame on you!

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue is the only honest servant in my house.

(*Aside.*)

Kit. Out, you mealy-mouthed cur!

Phil. Well, go tell his honour, do. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that. D—n an informer! But yet, I hope his honour will find you two out, one day or other, that's all.

[*Exit.*]

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You lie, you scoundrel! you will not. (*Aside.*) Oh, la! here is a fine gentleman.

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Ah, ma cher mademoiselle! comment vous portez vous?

(*Salute.*)

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercie, monsieur.

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, Phillip?

Phil. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But, my dear Kitty—

(*They talk apart.*)

Phil. Jemmy!

Lov. Anan!

Phil. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the cellar.

Lov. Ees, I wull. But won't you ask he to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and-by. Come along.

Lov. Ees.

[*Exit, with Philip.*]

Kit. Indeed, I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up. You have a d—d vile collection of pictures, I observed above stairs, Kitty. Your squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste, that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection. Where could he pick them up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre eau-de-luce. My head aches confoundedly! (*She gives a smelling-bottle.*) Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. Pardonnez moi for that.

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be the godfather, faith!

Kit. How you rattle, duke! I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you first.

Duke. At the play, mademoiselle.

Kit. Your grace loves a play.

Duke. No; it is a dull, old-fashioned entertainment. I hate it.

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one, then. You are devilish handsome, Kate! Kiss me.

(*Offers to kiss her.*)

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

Sir H. Oh, ho! Are you thereabouts, my lord duke? That may do very well by-and-by. However, you'll never find me behind-hand.

(*Offers to kiss her.*)

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner! Nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility. Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you. Let me tell you, sir, a knight of the shire—

Duke. A knight of the shire! Ha, ha, ha! A mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. Oh, lud! this is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir H. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry; that is good morality.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord. Now, Sir Harry.

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt—

Duke. Zounds! sir. What do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine, old, noble blood spilt here. Have done, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Not I: why he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity.

(*Slow.*)

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies?

(*Quick.*)

Kit. Peace, peace! Here's Lady Bab.

Enter LADY BAB'S SERVANT, in a chair.

Dear Lady Bab!

Lady Bab. Mrs. Kitty, your servant. I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you do? My

lord duke, your servant, and Sir Harry, too, yours.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted.

Lady B. I am afraid I have trespassed in point of time. (*Looks at her watch.*) But I got into my favourite author.

Duke. Yes; I found her ladyship at her studies this morning—some wicked poem.

Lady B. Oh, you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship fond of?

Lady B. Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur?

Kit. Shikspur, Shikspur! Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other. Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID, in a chair.

Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. Oh! Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house. Such a fit of the cholice seized me! Oh! Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here? My chairmen were such drones. My lord duke! the pink of all good breeding!

Duke. Oh, madam!

(*Bowing.*)

Lady C. And Sir Harry! Your servant, Sir Harry.

(*Formally.*)

Sir H. Madam, your servant. I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the Park!

Sir H. The Park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C. I want none of your explanations.

(*Scornfully.*)

Sir H. Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. No, sir; I have observed your coolness, of late, and despise you. A trumpety baronet!

Sir H. I see how it is. Nothing will satisfy you but nobility. That sly dog, the marquis—

Lady C. None of your reflections, sir. The marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H. I—I, madam? I scorn such a thing! I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—Egad! I am confounded! My lord duke, what shall I say to her? Pray, help me out!

(*Aside.*)

Duke. Ask her to show her legs. Ha, ha, ha!

(*Aside.*)

Enter PHILIP and LOVEL, laden with bottles.

Phil. Here, my little peer—here is wine that will ennoble your blood. Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Lov. (*Affecting to be drunk.*) Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk!

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free—I am very free.

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-by.

Lov. Thank you, madam; I will certainly wait on their lordships, and their ladyships, too.

(*Aside and exit.*)

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper?

Enter COOK, COACHMAN, KINGSTON, and CLOE.

Come here. Where are all our people? I'll couple you. My lord duke will take Kitty; Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry and Lady Charlotte; coachman and cook; and the two devils will dance together. Ha, ha ha!

Duke. With submission, the country-dances by-and-by.

Lady C. Ay, ay; French dances before supper, and country dances after. I beg the duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us.

(*Sir Harry bows.*)

All. Minuet, Sir Harry; minuet, Sir Harry.

Kit. Marshal Thingumbob's minuet.

(*A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty; awkward and conceited.*)

Lady C. Mrs. Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper. A gentleman and a lady. (*They sit down.*) Here is claret, burgundy, and champagne, and a bottle of tokay for the ladies. There are tickets on every bottle. If any gentleman chooses port—

Duke. Port! 'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you? Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free, the more welcome, as they say in my country. The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves.

(*A pause.*)

Duke. Lady Charlotte, "Hob or nob!"

Lady C. Done, my lord; in burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart, and mine, and the friends of the company.

(*They drink. A pause.*)

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen! A bumper all round; I have a health for you. Here is the amendment of our masters and mistresses.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

(*Loud laugh. A pause.*)

Kit. Ladies, pray: what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady C. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha!

(*Loud laugh.*)

Phil. My lord duke, your toast?

Duke. Lady Betty!

Phil. Oh, no! A health and a sentiment.

Duke. Let us have a song. Sir Harry, your song.

Sir H. Would you have it? Well, then, Mrs. Kitty, we must call upon you. Will you honour my muse?

All. A song, a song! Ay, ay! Sir Harry's song, Sir Harry's song!

Duke. A song, to be sure; but, first, *preludio*. (Kisses Kitty.) Pray, gentlemen, put it about.

(Kisses round. Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.)

Sir H. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse. But, hem! I must clear up my pipes—hem! This is Sir Harry's song; being a new one, entitled, and called the "Fellow-Servant; or, All in a Livery."

SONG.—KITTY.

*Come here, fellow-servant, and listen to me,
I'll show you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we.*

Chorus.—Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here fellow-servant,
And there fellow-servant,
And all in a livery.

*See yonder fine spark, in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and they smile, is blest;
What is he, i'faith! but a servant at best?*

Chorus.—Both high, &c.

*The fat shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.*

Chorus.—Both high, &c.

Phil. How do you like it, my lord duke?

Duke. It is a d—d, vile composition!

Phil. How so?

Duke. Oh, very low! Very low, indeed!

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir H. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! You are a rascal! I'll pull you by the nose.

(All rise.)

Duke. Lookye, friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies. If you are a gentleman, name, your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons! What you will—pistols!

Duke. Done! Behind Montague House!

Sir H. Done! With seconds!

Duke. Done!

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen! My lord duke! Sir Harry!—the ladies!—fie! (Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing. A violent knocking. Kitty faints.) What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. [Exit Kingston.] It sounds like my master's rap. Pray heaven it is not he!

Enter KINGSTON.

Well, Kinston, what is it?

King. It is master and Mr. Freeman; I peeped through the keyhole, and saw them by the lamplight. Tom has just let them in.

Phil. The devil he has! What can have brought him back?

Kit. No matter what. Away with the things!

Phil. Away with the wine! away with the plate! Here, coachman, cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand. Out with the candles! Away away!

(They carry away the table, &c.)

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do?

(They all run about in confusion.)

Kit. Run up-stairs, ladies.

Phil. No, no, no! He'll see you, then.

Sir H. What the devil had I to do here?

Duke. Plague take it! face it out.

Sir H. Oh, no; these West Indians are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Lov. (Without.) Philip! Where's Philip?

Phil. Oh, the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs; Sir Harry, run down into the cellar. My lord duke, get into the pantry. Away, away!

Kit. No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Anywhere, anywhere! Up the chimney, if you will.

Phil. There; in with you.

(They all go into the pantry.)

Lov. (Without.) Philip, Philip!

Phil. Coming, sir. (Aloud.) Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is one.

Phil. Egad! this is Black Monday with us. Sit down; seem to read your book. Here he is, as drunk as a piper.

(They sit down.)

Enter LOVEL with pistols, affecting to be drunk; FREEMAN following.

Lov. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons? What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk, indeed. (Aside.) Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay; they have been well employed, I dare say. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Come, sit down, Freeman. Lie you there. (Lays his pistols down.) I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip?

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, sir.

Lov. I have some accounts that I must settle.

Phil. Accounts, sir—to-night?

Lov. Yes, to-night; I find myself perfectly clear; you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Lov. No; I'll settle them all here.

Kit. Your honour must not sit here.

Lov. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Lov. What a cursed lie that is!

(Aside.)

Duke. Philip, Philip, Philip!
(Peeping out.)
 Phil. Plague take you! Hold your tongue!
(Aside.)
 Free. You have just nicked them in the very minute.
(Aside to Lovel.)
 Lov. I find I have. Mum! *(Aside to Freeman.)*
 Get some wine, Philip.
[Exit Philip.]
 Though I must eat something before I drink.
 Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?
 Kit. In the pantry? Lord, your honour! we are at board wages!
 Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.
 Lov. You shall have it. Here. *(Rises.)* Open the pantry-door. I'll be about your board wages! I have treated you often, now you shall treat your matter.
 Kit. If I may be believed, sir, there is not a scrap of anything in the world in the pantry.
(Opposing him.)
 Lov. Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman. Let us have a crust of bread, and a bottle of wine.
(Sits down again.)
 Sir H. *(Peeping.)* Mrs. Kitty, Mrs. Kitty!
 Kit. Peace, on your life!
(Aside.)
 Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?
 Kit. Nobody's, sir. Hem!
(Somebody in the pantry sneezes.)
 Re-enter PHILIP, with wine.
 We are undone! undone!
(Aside.)
 Phil. Oh! that is the duke's d—d rappee!
(Aside.)
 Lov. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?
 Free. Somebody sneezed, I thought.
 Lov. D—n it! there are thieves in the house! I'll be among them.
(Takes a pistol.)
 Kit. Lackaday, sir! it was only the cat. They sometimes sneeze, for all the world, like a Christian. Here! Jack, Jack! He has got a cold, sir. Puss, puss!
 Lov. A cold, then! I'll cure him. Here, Jack, Jack! puss, puss!
 Kit. Your honour won't be so rash; pray your honour, don't.
(Opposing him.)
 Lov. Stand off! Here, Freeman, here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well primed, as you see. Freeman, I'll hold you five to four—nay, I'll hold you two to one—I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry-door.
 Free. Try—try; but I think it impossible.
 Lov. I am a d—d good marksman! *(Cocks the pistol, and points it at the pantry-door.)* Now for it! *(A violent shriek, and all is discovered.)* Who the devil are these? One, two, three, four!
 Phil. These are particular friends of mine, sir; servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.
 Lov. I told you there were thieves in the house.
 Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your honour they have been entertained at our expense, upon my word.
 Kit. Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last word I had to speak.
 Lov. Take up that bottle. *(Philip takes up a bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off.)* Bring it back. Do you usually entertain your company with tokay, monsieur?
 Phil. I, sir! treat with wine!
 Lov. Oh, yes! From humble port to imperial tokay! Yes, I loves kokay.
(Mimicking himself.)
 Phil. How! Jemmy, my master!
(Aside.)
 Kit. Jemmy! The devil!
(Aside.)
 Phil. Your honour is, at present, in liquor; but in the morning, when your honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.
 Lov. *(Changing his countenance.)* We'll set all to rights, now. There, I'm sober, at your service. What have you to say, Philip? *(Philip starts.)* You may well start. Go!—get out of my sight.
 Duke. Sir, I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his grace, the Duke of—
 Lov. And the impudent familiarity to assume his title. Your grace will give me leave to tell you, that is the door; and if you ever enter there again, I assure you, my lord duke, I will break every bone in your grace's skin. Begone! I beg your ladyship's pardon, perhaps they cannot go without chairs. Ha, ha, ha!
 Free. Ha, ha, ha!
(Sir Harry steals off.)
 Duke. Low-bred fellows!
Exit
 Lady C. I thought how this visit would turn out.
[Exit.]
 Lady B. They are downright hottenpots!
[Exit.]
 Phil. I hope your honour will not take away our & bread.
 Kit.
 Lov. "Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate-house; you'll shine in the bar, madam." I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.
 Phil.
 & Oh, sir! Good sir!
 Kit.
 Lov. You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning. And there, madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "night and morning before you say your prayers."
 Kit. I am ruined and undone.
[Exit.]
 Lov. But you, sir, for your villany, and *(what I hate worse)* your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes an honest man to show you the way out. Your keys, sir.
(Philip gives the keys.)
 Enter TOM.
 Tom, I respect and value you; you are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement. Be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

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my house. (*Points to Philip.*) And then, take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow-servant.

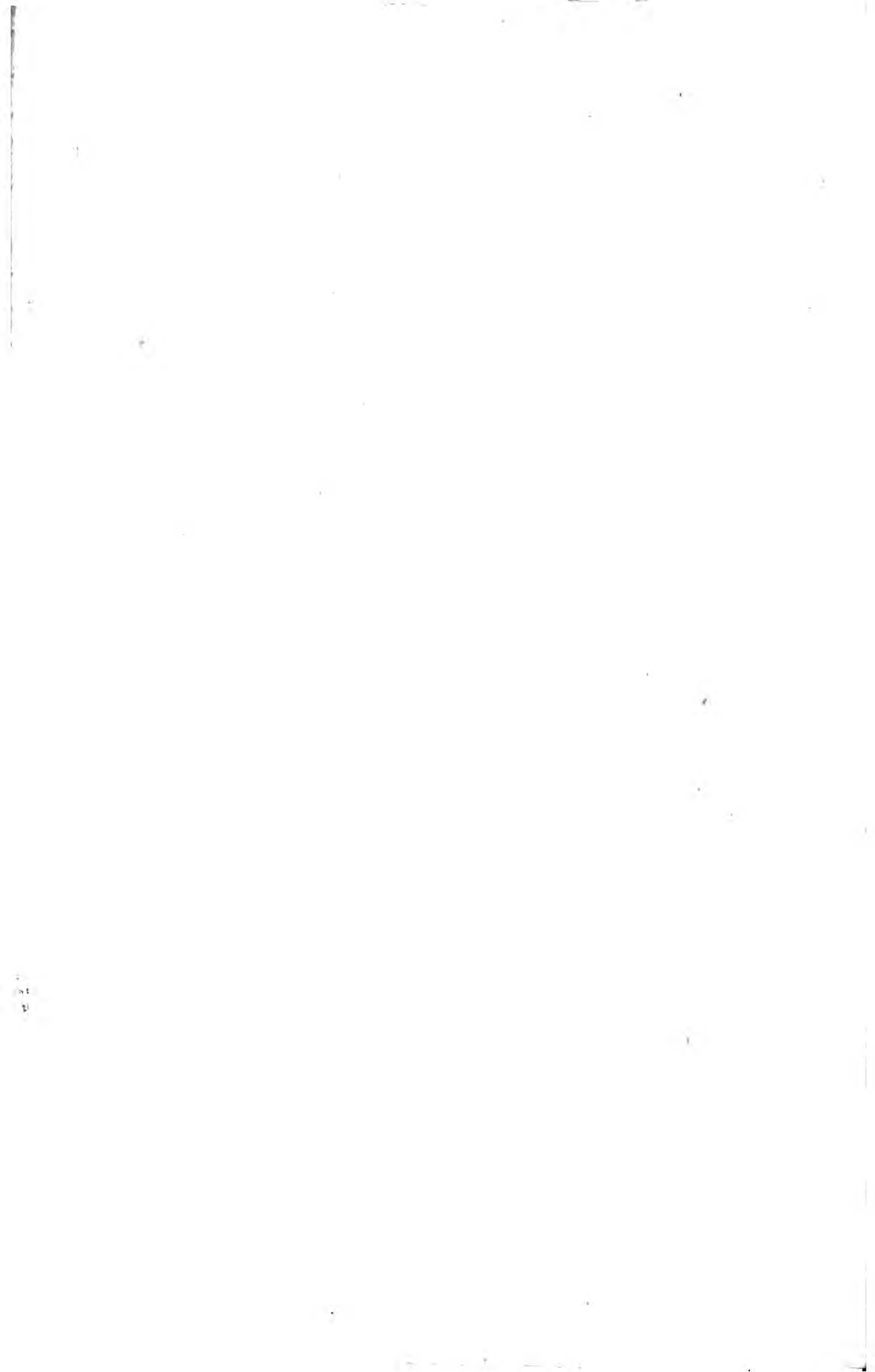
Lov. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

Phil. What a cursed fool have I been!

[*Exit with Tom.*]

Free. You have made Tom very happy.

Lov. And I intend to make your Robert so, too; every honest servant should be made happy.



PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.—BY J. COBB.



Diego.—“ THERE, SIR, I TOLD YOU SO.”—Act i, scene 3.

Persons Represented.

CAPTAIN TROPIC.
PAUL.
DIEGO.

ANTONIO.
DOMINIQUE.
ALAMBRA.

VIRGINIA.
JACINTHA.
MARY.

ACT I

SCENE I.—A Wood and Cottage.

Enter PAUL.

AIR

*See, from the ocean rising,
Bright flames the orb of day;
Yon grove's gay songs shall slumbers
From Virginia chase away.*

VIRGINIA appears at the cottage window.

DUET.

Vir. *Though from the ocean rising,
Bright flames the orb of day,
Alas! the hour of meeting
Awhile we must delay.
Yet awhile re-arranging—hence, away!*

Paul. *My absence if desiring, I obey.*

[Virginia disappears.]

Paul. *When will the tedious hour arrive, destined
to explain my doom!*

Enter JACINTHA from the cottage.

Jac. Paul, Paul!

Paul. Well, Jacintha, what tidings?

Jac. Virginia requests you to depart for the present. Dominique will be punctual to the appointed hour; but it is not yet arrived. Pray, retire. See the young women and the children of the island approach, to offer congratulations to Virginia on her birth-day.

[Exit Paul.]

Enter MARY, and several young women with garlands of flowers.

CHORUS

*Haste, my companions here to pay
Our debt of gratitude to worth,
With song and dance to hail the day,
That gave the fair Virginia birth.*

*Sweet flow'rets, while you shed perfume,
And while each wreath her goodness tells;
Hers, like her cheeks, where roses bloom,
Shall beauty mark where virtue dwells.*

Enter DIEGO.

Diego. Heyday! what mumming is here? What fool's holiday is this?

Mary. Fool's holiday, indeed! it ought to be a holiday throughout the island. It is the birthday of Virginia; the amiable, the excellent Virginia! Every heart acknowledges her goodness, every tongue proclaims it.

Diego. Ay, I have heard of her, though I have never seen her.

Women. Then you must have heard that deeds of charity are her delight.

Diego. Charity, indeed! ha, ha, ha! An orphan, poor and friendless, to boast of charity.

Women. You may deem her poor, because she subsists on the gain of her modesty: but friendless she can never be while gratitude lives in the hearts of all around her.

Diego. But if the girl have no money, whence comes her charity?

Mary. From a rich treasury—her own beneficent heart. Her kindness smooths the brow of age, and lightens the burthen of calamity; her example encourages every one to be content with their own lot.

Diego. Well, I shall soon be better acquainted with her; for I must search her dwelling.

Mary. Search the cottage of Virginia?

Diego. Yes; for a runaway slave, named Alambra; a young rogue who belonged to my master, the English planter, Captain Tropic.

Mary. Oh! do not let a rude footstep intrude on the abode of innocence.

Diego. And so, you repay your obligation with a few trumpery flowers: a cheap way of shewing your gratitude. Ha, ha, ha! I will go in.

TRIO and CHORUS.

Women. *Bold intruder, hence away,
Let no rude act profane this day:
'Tis Virginia's natal day.*

Diego. - *Hence, ye idle pack, away!
Instead of hard and healthy labour,
Jigging to the pipe and tabor,
Serenading—mosquerading—
Go home, go home, and work, I say.*

Women. *Against decorum—'tis a sin—*

Diego. *Let me pass—I will go in.*

Women. *With these flowery wreaths to-day
Our debts of gratitude we pay;
Your flinty heart can nothing feel—*

Diego. *You pay your debts with what you steal.*

Enter DOMINIQUE, from the house.

Dom. Ah, my pretty lasses, here you are: come, according to annual custom, to congratulate my dear young mistress on her birthday. You all look remarkably handsome this morning: but I don't wonder at it. Beauty shines with redoubled lustre when lighted up by a kind and benevolent heart. I must salute you all round: I promised to do so last year: it is our duty to perform a promise, and I always endeavour to do my duty. (*Salutes the women.*) And see, Virginia appears at the window to invite her kind visitors.

(*Virginia opens a window, and makes signs to the Women to enter the cottage; they go in, and Diego is following them, when Dominique stops him.*)

Whither are you going, friend?

Diego. Into that house.

Dom. Upon whose invitation?

Diego. I am in search of a slave, who has run away from my master, and who may, perhaps, be concealed there.

Dom. That cottage belongs to Virginia; her character should silence your suspicions. Be assured the slave you seek is not there.

Diego. Stand aside, and let me pass.

Dom. Lookye, friend, I always do my duty; I am naturally a merry fellow, and tolerably good-natured, but if you persist, I must knock you down, I must, indeed; I must do my duty.

Diego. Your duty!

Dom. Yes; Virginia has no parents, no relations to protect her. I lived as a servant with Virginia's father when she was born. He died when she was an infant: her mother, when she was on her death-bed, bequeathed this her only daughter to my protection; and I will protect her while this arm can do its duty.

Diego. Do you mean to strike me?

Dom. Not I, indeed, except you oblige me to do so. My hand, at any time, would rather greet a friend than conquer an enemy. As I told you before, I am naturally a merry fellow: a song or dance will make me skip as if my nerves were fiddle-strings. My heels are light, for my heart is light, 'tis not encumbered with a bad conscience; and when I lay my hand on it, and say I have always endeavoured to do my duty, it won't contradict me.

Diego. Ha, ha, ha! Virginia is fortunate in having such a slave.

Dom. A slave! No, no; I am, indeed, her servant; nay, I will be bold enough to say, her friend; but I am no slave, for I have British blood in my veins.

Diego. Indeed!

Dom. Yes; I am told my father was an English sailor, who, being above vulgar prejudices, admired a black beauty. I was born in this island, and the sun gave a gentle tinge to my complexion to mark me as a favourite; so good morning to you.

[Exit Diego.]

The whole island, blacks and whites, will rejoice in the happiness of the lovers. every negro, as he passes them, will shew his white teeth, and nod in salutation. Ackee O! Ackee O! ay, and the negroes will remember them in their songs when they dance by moonlight, like so many black fairies.

SONG.—DOMINIQUE.

When the moon shines o'er the deep,
 Ackee O! Ackee O!
 And whisker'd dons are fast asleep,
 Snoring, fast asleep,
 From their huts the negroes run,
 Ackee O! Ackee O!
 Full of frolic, full of fun,
 Holiday to keep.
 Till morn they dance the merry round,
 To the fife and cymbal.
 See, so brisk,
 How they frisk,
 Airy, gay, and nimble!
 With gestures antic,
 Joyous, frantic
 They dance the merry round,
 Ackee O! Ackee O!
 To the cymbal's sound.
 Black lad whispers to black lass,
 Ackee O! Ackee O!
 Glances sly between them pass,
 Of beating hearts to tell.
 Tho' no blush can paint her cheek,
 Ackee O! Ackee O!
 Still her eyes the language speak
 Of passion quite as well.
 Till morn, &c.

Enter PAUL.

Paul. Well, Dominique, here I am, all curiosity, all expectation. You know I am yet ignorant of Virginia's history and my own. You have promised to satisfy my curiosity.

Dom. Now it becomes my duty. Know, then, that Virginia's mother was of a noble family of Spain.

Enter MARY from the cottage.

Mary. Dominique!

Dom. Unlucky! there is my wife; she knows the story by this time, and envies me the pleasure of telling it. (To Mary.) Leave us to ourselves but one minute, I entreat you.

Paul. Oh! Dominique, my anxiety—

Dom. Shall be gratified. Virginia's mother was, as I told you, of a noble family in Spain, who cast her off from their protection on her marrying my master, a young merchant of inferior birth. Deserted by their friends, he retired to a small plantation in this island; but one misfortune succeeded another, and he soon died of a broken heart, leaving his wife and infant in poverty and distress.

Paul. Without a protector, without a friend!

Dom. Without a friend! No, young man, I hope I knew my duty better.

Paul. Forgive my impatience, I was in the wrong.

Mary. (Coming forward.) Not at all in the wrong; who can keep their patience to hear him talk so slow?

Dom. That is a reproach, Mary, which I cannot retort upon you. Paul, hitherto you have believed Virginia to be your sister; but she is not your sister.

Paul. Indeed! were not Virginia's parents mine?

Dom. and Mary. No.

Paul. To whom, then, do I owe my birth?

Mary. To poor Margaret.

Dom. Who was a faithful domestic to my mistress.

Mary. And passed for your nurse.

Dom. (To Mary.) Now your story is at an end; you know no more.

Paul. And my father?

Dom. Really I cannot tell who he was, for I never heard myself; but console yourself; if your ignorance in that respect is a misfortune, you are not single in it.

Mary. (To Dom.) And now your story is at an end.

Dom. Not yet.

Paul. Virginia no longer my sister! A thousand emotions rise in my bosom—but, why was the secret of my birth kept for fifteen years, and why disclosed on this day?

Dom. (To Mary.) You can't answer that—I can. You must know that my poor mistress, on her deathbed, conjured me to sanction the deceit until Virginia should attain her fifteenth year.

Mary. Well, and she's fifteen this day.

Dom. If, at that period, no news from her family in Spain should arrive—

Mary. And no news from Spain has arrived.

Dom. I was at liberty to explain the secret of your birth, and to add the blessings of Virginia's mother to your union.

Paul. Kind Dominique! invaluable friend! let me fly to Virginia.

Dom. I have already acquainted her with the whole story.

Enter from the cottage, the young women with VIRGINIA; all go off except Paul and Virginia.

Paul. Why that averted look, my dear Virginia? do you not share in my joy, my transport, at this discovery?

Vir. Indeed I do; and affection for you commenced with my life, and can only end with it. The first word my infant lips pronounced was your beloved name; and when my eyes opened to the light of heaven, my heart opened to love.

Paul. Oh! Virginia, my happiness seems too great to be real.

SONG.—PAUL.

Vast is the swelling tide of joy,
 Too mighty bliss aboundin';
 Do not, ye powers, with sweets destroy—
 Each yielding sense confounding.
 Thus, from the dungeon's gloom restored,
 The captive courts the sudden light;
 Shrinks from the blessing he adored,
 And hides in shades his dazzled sight.

Enter ALAMBRA from behind the cottage.

Alam. Pity, pity the miserable Alambra! Oh! compassionate a wretched creature forced by ill usage to escape from a neighbouring plantation.

Paul. How! a runaway negro!

Alam. For several days the neighbouring forest has sheltered me from my pursuers; but, alas! I dared not venture from my hiding-place to implore charity, till famine rendered me desperate—I faint with hunger.

Paul. Poor wretch! thou hast, indeed, suffered for thy errors,

Vir. We must forget his errors in his misery. Let us thank heaven, my dear Paul, for having again afforded us the satisfaction of relieving a fellow-creature in distress.

Paul. Unfortunate victim of avarice! Alas! you know the strict laws of this island will not allow us to afford you shelter in our abode. What misfortune tempted you to the rashness of deserting your master's service!

Alam. Oppression, cruel oppression; not exerted on my own person, but on my helpless sister. Our parents died on board the ship which tore us from our native country; we were left helpless and deserted orphans.

Vir. Paul, do you mark this? We are orphans, and know how to pity.

Alam. I thought myself too happy that our lot was to serve the same master. We were purchased for a planter named Tropic.

Paul. His principal servant, Diego, was in search of you this morning.

Alam. It is of his cruel servant I complain. For some time my strength and activity enabled me not only to perform my own task with cheerfulness, but to assist in that portion of labour allotted to my sister. This was discovered by Diego, and he chastised me with stripes.

Vir. How wretched must be the reflections of that bad man!

Alam. I bore my punishment with fortitude; but the next hour, alas!—hearts like yours will scarcely give credit to the tale—the next hour, I saw my gentle sister sink under the lash of my tormentor. Madness seized my brain. I struck the cruel Diego to the ground.

Paul. Heaven stamped that energy in your heart, which raised your avenging arm.

Vir. (To *Paul*.) Cannot we intercede with this poor slave's master to forgive him! What, though he may be a man of high rank, and we cannot speak to him eloquently, surely no eloquence is required to plead the cause of nature.

Paul. Virginia, we feel the impulse of a guardian power: let us obey it.

Alam. (Falling on his knees.) He who implanted mercy in your breasts will thank you for me.

Paul. Take some refreshment in this cottage, and then lead the way to your plantation.

Alam. Across that mountain lies our path; it is rugged and difficult.

Vir. Fear not for me. Sure, endeavours to relieve this poor slave will be our best acknowledgment of the debt we owe to heaven.

[*Exeunt into the cottage all but Jacintha.*]

Jac. Innocent and happy pair! love reigns in their hearts, and prepares them to enjoy every blessing around them.

SONG.—JACINTHA.

*Glorious the ray glancing over the ocean,
That bids hill and valley display each gay hue;
Graceful the orange-grove waves in slow motion,
With joy, as it hails the fresh morning in view.*

*Yet vainly her beauties shall nature impart,
But for love's cheering sunshine that reigns in the heart,
All is delight if kind love lend his aid;
And all is despair if fond hopes be betray'd.*

*Sweet is the breeze that awakens the morning,
Or murmurs at eve with the nightingale's song;
Bright is the moonbeam, the streamlet adorning,
While o'er the smooth pebbles it wanders along.
Yet vainly her beauties, etc.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Tropic's house.

Enter TROPIC and DIEGO.

Diego. Well, sir, you are master, to be sure, and must be obeyed; but still I say you are wrong, very wrong.

Tropic. What haven't I authority over my own

plantation? Haven't I absolute power over my slaves? Yes, I have; and I choose to shew that power by rendering them as happy as I can. It is a fancy of mine, and no one shall control me in it.

Diego. And so, they are to have another holyday?

Tropic. Yes, and a proper allowance of grog to make them happy; I love grog myself, it often makes me happy.

Diego. Ah, sir, the plantation was differently managed before you had it. But, really, I am sorry to say, you Englishmen do not understand how to deal with slaves; your own country affords you no practice that way.

Tropic. No, Diego, it is the boast of Britons, that from the moment a slave imprints his footstep on our shore—the moment that he breathes the air of the land of freedom—he becomes free.

Diego. Ay, there's the pity; so that makes you spoil your slaves here in the West Indies.

Tropic. No, I do not spoil them.

Diego. You consider them—

Tropic. As men. And I will say, for the credit of mankind, whether black or white, I have seldom found a heart so perverse as to be insensible of the treatment of humanity and kindness; but your discipline is so rigid, Diego, I am not satisfied as to the story of Alambra.

Diego. Alambra is an impudent, good for-nothing rogue.

Tropic. Well, well, but—

Diego. And a runaway, a deserter, eloped from your service.

Tropic. A deserter! true, so he is; he ought to be punished.

Diego. And shall, if I catch him; he ran away because he would not work.

Tropic. That's bad; every one who eats his allowance ought to work for it. I am an old seaman, and I hate a skulker. Mankind are brother sailors through the voyage of life, 'tis our duty to assist each other: 'tis true, we have different stations; some on the quarter-deck, and others before the mast; or else how could the vessel sail? But the cause of society is a common cause, and he that won't lend a hand to keep the vessel in sailing trim, heave him overboard to the sharks, I say.

Diego. You are a true sailor, i'faith!

Tropic. Yes, my native country is my ship, and I am proud to call her Great Britain. Long may she ride like a peerless first-rate, the queen of the ocean, with a gallant crew and a beloved commander.

SONG.—TROPIC.

*Our country is our ship, d'ye see,
A gallant vessel, too;
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew.
Each man, whate'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.
Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a rout;
And having nothing else to do,
We fairly scold it out.
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands, we soon are friends;
On the deck,
Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The outside of Tropic's house, with a view of a sugar plantation. Some Slaves appear to have just left work.*

Enter PAUL, VIRGINIA, and ALAMBRA.

Alam. At length we are arrived at my master Tropic's plantation; and see, my young friends, there he is at a distance. Now, kind Virginia, plead for me.

Vir. I will, if—I can find spirits to perform the task; but my courage fails me just when I most want it.

Alam. Oh! do not forsake me in this extremity. Retire a moment and collect yourself. *(They retire. Paul likewise retires, and converses with some of the slaves.)*

Enter TROPIC and DIEGO.

Diego. There, sir, I told you so; now you own eyes will convince you. There is Alambra; who has the assurance to come into your presence with some vagabond companions.

Tropic. Bring him hither. *(Diego going to seize Alambra.)*

Alam. Oh! spare me. *(Paul rushes forward and draws his sword to defend Alambra against Diego, who desists.)*

Tropic. Bold youth, what means this presumption?

AIR.—PAUL.

*Boldly I come, to plead the cause
Of nature and of truth;
Oh! let your hearts own nature's laws:
Redress this injured youth.*

Die. Don't credit what they say. Don't listen to that girl; she'll make you believe anything she pleases.

Tropic. I am resolute.

Die. I wish you would turn your eyes this way. You should not trust yourself even to look upon Virginia.

Tropic. Is this Virginia?

AIR.—VIRGINIA.

*Ah! could my fall'ring tongue impart
The tale of woe that pains my heart,
Then in vain I should not crave
Your pity for a wretched slave.*

*The injur'd ne'er in vain address'd,
In plaints of woe, a Briton's breast;
Compassion ever marks the brave:
Oh! pity, then, your wretched slave.*

Ah! could, &c.

(During the air, Tropic converses with Paul; Diego watches his countenance anxiously; Tropic looks fiercely at Diego: when Virginia has finished her song, she goes to Alambra, who is kneeling, and takes him by the hand.)

Tropic. Alambra, you have been wronged; but you shall have ample justice. Diego!

Paul. *(To Tropic.)* Mark his countenance: how timid is guilt! *[Diego sneaks off.]*

Tropic. The knave shall answer for this. What do I owe to you, children of truth? Simple nature spoke forcibly to your hearts. Distress of a fellow-creature was a claim too powerful to be resisted. Regardless of every personal danger, you boldly

preferred a complaint against a wretch, at whose power of revenge you might have trembled. And I—I, who had been made an innocent accomplice of this man's guilt, might have still wandered in the paths of oppression and injustice, had I not been rescued by the courageous virtue of these poor children.

CHORUS OF NEGROES.

*Oh! bless'd for ever be this day,
When charity asserts her sway:
When beauty, generous as fair,
Deems not the slave beneath her care;
And bids the beams of mercy smile
Upon the suffering sons of toil!*

[The Slaves, who, from the moment Alambra was pardoned, have testified their joy and gratitude, have now prepared a chair composed of bamboos and branches of trees, in which they seat Virginia, and carry her on their shoulders. Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Virginia's cottage.*

Enter DOMINIQUE and ALAMBRA.

Alam. Paul and Virginia bade me say, that in a few hours you will see them. My master, the English planter, overwhelms them with kindness, and insists upon escorting them part of the way home.

Dom. Hark! what noise is that! *(Firing of guns heard. He goes out and returns.)* A ship is arrived, and from Spain. *(Looking out.)* A sailor comes on shore with letters. We may have some news.

Enter a Sailor.

Welcome on shore, my lad; any letter for Virginia?

Sailor. Virginia? No.

Dom. Well, they are not much to be expected. As for Paul, I imagine there can be none for him.

Sailor. No.

Dom. He is as much unknown in Europe as I am.

Sailor. But here's a letter for one Dom—Domi—

Dom. For whom?

Alam. Dominique?

Sailor. Ay, Domiaique. Perhaps you are the man.

Dom. I am the man. *[Takes the letter. Exit Sailor.]* But, a letter for me! Who would write to me? I am unknown in Europe. I know nobody: nobody knows me. *(Reads the superscription.)* Addressed to the faithful Dominique. *(Opens the letter.)* From Donna Leonora de Guzman, Virginia's aunt. *(Reads.)* "Faithful Dominique, your character for honesty and fidelity are not unknown to me. Tell Virginia that I now acknowledge her as my niece; that the errors of her family are forgotten, and that she is sole heiress of my wealth."

Alam. Virginia rich! How many people she will make happy!

Dom. Do I dream? Do I really read this under the hand of Donna Leonora?

Alam. Oh! don't talk, but read the letter.

Dom. Ay, here is a postscript, sure enough.

(Reads.) "Prepare Virginia to receive this sudden good news, and to receive Don Antonio de Guardes, my particular friend, who comes a passenger in this ship. He will deliver my letters to my niece, and explain the whole of my favourable intentions towards her."

Alam. Oh, joy! Oh, delight! Happy will Paul and Virginia be.

Dom. See, they are bringing presents for her. I suppose the Don will be here himself soon.

Alam. I'll run back to Virginia immediately, and tell her—

Dom. What will you tell her?

Alam. Why, that there is fine news arrived; and a fine gentleman is arrived; and has brought fine presents: and—

Dom. Take care you don't blunder in the business. In the first place, you give Virginia this letter—now mind my instructions, and tell her—

DUET.—DOMINIQUE and ALAMBRA.

Dom. Don Antonio's come,
Just arriv'd from Spain;
And soon, in a devil of a hurry, it should seem,
Will he go home again.

Alam. What pleasure, what delight,
To see this charming sight!
Fal, la!, de ral!
Such gold and jewels bright!

Dom. Why, the plague won't you learn your lesson?
Now attend to what I say—

Alam. All the rest leave me to guess on;
Give me the letter, pray.

Dom. Listen to me, pray—

Alam. No more you need to say.

Dom. Hear but what I say—

Alam. Adieu! I must away

Alam. Come, good Dominique,
I'll now Virginia seek,
The letter give, and your commands I will receive;
I'm all attention—speak.

Dom. I know my time to talk,
That's over—you may walk;
And so, with your fal, de ral!
You now may go your way.

Alam. Will you, then, withhold the letter?
Come now—good now—don't refuse.

Dom. On second thoughts, I think I'd better
Tell her myself the news.

Alam. Listen to me, pray—

Dom. You may now go your way,
With your fal, la!

Alam. Adieu! I must away.

Dom. Hear but what I say.

[In the course of the duet, Alambra snatches the letter, and exit.

Enter DON ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Dom. This must be Don Antonio.

Ant. Sebastian, send my message to the governor. I must pay my respects to him immediately, or not at all. I shall be on board to-morrow morning.

Dom. (Aside.) On board to-morrow morning!

Ant. On my arrival here to-day, I find a ship bound for Spain to-morrow; and, as I hate to lose time, I shall take the opportunity of returning.

Virginia can have no objection. She will be overjoyed at going to Spain?

Dom. My lord, did I hear you aright? Virginia to go to Spain?

Ant. Yes, to be sure. Virginia returns to Spain with me, who am her lover to-day, and her husband to-morrow, as her aunt's letter will explain to her.

Dom. Don Antonio, what you propose is impossible.

Ant. Ay, ay; why so?

Dom. Virginia's affections are engaged to another.

Ant. Another! Ha, ha, ha! You are a person of interest in this family, and I must purchase your friendship.

Dom. It is not to be bought in such a cause as your's?

Ant. Insolent slave!

Dom. You will permit me to withdraw?

Ant. No.

Dom. You insult an inferior. I am sorry you do not remember what is due to your station. Were I equally forgetful of mine—

Ant. And this impertinence you mistake for independence of mind?

Dom. I hope I do not mistake it. He who is idle or dissipated must ever be dependent; for his folly renders him the slave of others. Independence is not confined to any situation; it is the reward granted by heaven to industry and frugality.

Ant. 'Sdeath! am I to be braved thus?

(Offers to strike him.)

Dom. Hold, my lord; beware of a blow. All distinctions of rank and stations sink before a blow. Remember, it is an appeal to manhood, that would at once proclaim us to be equals. My sinews are strengthened by toil; and although I wish to decline the contest, believe me, I do not fear it.

[Exit.

Seb. My, lord, your impatience will ruin everything. Dominique will apprise the lovers of your intentions, and you will have to dare all the fury of a jealous rival.

Ant. Be it so. I cannot help to dissemble.

Seb. Nor is it necessary. You shall dissemble by deputy. I will take that task upon myself, and will persuade Dominique that all you have said was to prove his fidelity; and that your errand to this island is to unite Paul and Virginia, with the consent of her aunt, Donna Leonora.

Ant. But to what purpose lose all this time?

Seb. To lull suspicion to sleep, and enable you to carry off Virginia this night.

Ant. My dear Sebastian!

Seb. The governor has sent an answer to your message, and is now expecting you.

Ant. Well?

Seb. Let the governor see the letters written to Virginia by her aunt, they will shew your authority for carrying her to Spain.

Ant. I have the letters here.

Seb. And request assistance from the governor's guards to convey her on board of ship, and to secure Paul from obstructing our scheme.

Ant. Admirably planned!

Seb. Then leave me to manage our friend Dominique.

Ant. While I obtain the audience of the governor.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A pleasant country, with Tropic's plantation.

Enter PAUL, JACINTHA, ALAMBRA, and VIRGINIA, who is supported in a seat on the shoulders of the Negroes as before. The Negroes place the seat on the ground, while Alambra, in dumb shew, seems to explain to Paul and Virginia the news, &c. of Antonio's arrival. A dance of Negroes.
Paul. Thanks to my generous friends.

[Exit Negroes.]

Vir. Return to my cottage, Alambra, and let the best of our simple fare be prepared to greet the noble stranger.

[Exit Alambra.]

Paul. And is the wealthy Virginia still resolved to unite herself with a lover so poor, so humble?

Vir. Can Paul venture to offend Virginia with such a question?

Jac. Reserve your love speeches for some other situation. The echoes hereabouts are very communicative, and may, perhaps, tell more than you intend shall be known.

TRIO.—PAUL, VIRGINIA, and JACINTHA.

When tell-tale echoes whisper around,
The lover with prudence arming,
Then timid love retires from the sound,
Each whisper his caution alarming:
But when a lover echoes your sigh,
That's not amiss if no stranger is nigh,
The sweet response of to e—the sigh!
Oh! that's the echo most charming!
The sweet response of love, &c.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in Virginia's Cottage.

DOMINIQUE and SEBASTIAN discovered.

Dom. Why, you don't say so?

Seb. I assure you of the fact. My master, Don Antonio, was resolved to try whether you merited the character given you by Donna Leonora.

Dom. And he did try me pretty effectually, to be sure.

Seb. He admires your strength of mind.

Dom. I 'faith! he had so very nearly experienced my strength of body; for never in my life did I find my hands so inclined to mutiny. Oh! my dear Paul,

Enter PAUL.

let me never hear that fortune is blind; if she were so formerly, she has recovered her sight at last, and rewarded virtue.

Paul. My faithful Dominique!

SONG.—PAUL.

A blessing unknown to ambition and pride,
That fortune can never abate;
To wealth and to splendour tho' often denied,
Yet on poverty deigns to await.
That blessing, ye powers, still be it my lot.
The choicest of gifts from above:
Deep fixed in my heart, it shall ne'er be forgot,
That the wealth of the cottage is love.
Whate'er my condition why should I repine?
By poverty never distressed;
Exulting I feel what a treasure is mine:
A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.
That blessing, &c.

Enter DON ANTONIO. Paul brings in VIRGINIA and JACINTHA.

Vir. My lord, I do not apologise for this humble

abode; peace and virtue have dwelt here; and, by superior minds, like yours, honoured will be the roof that has given shelter to such guests.

Ant. Charming Virginia! how would Donna Leonora be delighted in beholding you add grace to the ornaments which her fondness presents to you.

Vir. Ah! my lord, how shall I express my gratitude for her affection! In this cottage, fifteen years ago, my exiled mother gave me birth. In this cottage, to-day, you announce to me the parental fondness, the cherished blessings, of a second mother.

Ant. This girl is an angel. (Aside to Seb.)

Seb. (Aside to Ant.) Granted: but it may be not quite so convenient to inform Paul that you think her so.

Ant. (Aside to Seb.) I have seen the governor, and shewn him Donna Leonora's letters; he consents to my plan, and I expect a guard presently to enforce his orders in consequence.

Vir. Aid me, my dear Paul, to express all the thanks we ought to offer.

Ant. Virginia, you have not yet told me the whole of your history.

Vir. Ah! my lord, our history is soon told; happiness in humble life offers but few circumstances to claim attention.

TRIO.—PAUL, VIRGINIA, and ALAMBRA.

Paul. } Lowly, humble was our lot,
& Vir. } Fortune's frowns seem'd endless,
Yet, by kind heaven are never forgot
Orphans poor and friendless,
Hope, from the skies descending,
Still her bless'd influence lending,
Labour o'er, we dance and play;
Hearts free from guile are ever gay.

Chorus. Hearts free, &c.

Alam. } Lowly, humble though your lot,
Goodness in you was endless;
Ne'er shall that goodness be forgot.
I, too, was poor and friendless.
Oh! may, from heaven descending,
Hope, her bless'd influence lending,
Crown with joy each happy day!
Hearts free from guile are ever gay.

Chorus. Hearts free from guile, &c.

Paul. } Blissful though our future lot,
& Vir. } Fortune's smiles, though endless,
Amidst our joys shall ne'er be forgot
We once were poor and friendless.
Humble content most prizing,
Our joys though the proud are de-pising,
Still this truth we may display,
Hearts free from guile are ever gay.

Chorus. Hearts free from guile, &c.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Don Antonio de Guardes?

Ant. The same, good signor.

Off. An order from the governor.

(Gives a paper.)

Ant. The governor's order shall be obeyed; we are all ready. [Exit Officer.] Virginia, thus far I have listened to your story; now, in your turn, attend: it is reserved for me to complete your eventful drama.

Paul. What means Antonio?

Ant. Hark! my actors approach. (March heard.)

QUARTETTO and CHORUS.

Paul. *What sounds strike my ear?*
 Jac. *The guards are passing by.*
 Dom. *But why approach so near?*
 Alamb. *The truth let me descry.* [Exit.
(The march still continues to be heard. Alambra re-enters in consternation. The governor's guards then enter, commanded by an Officer, who speaks apart to Don Antonio.)
 Ant. *Come, sir, despatch; your order see obey'd.*
 Off. *'Tis from the governor.*
 Paul. *Thus meanly betray'd!*
His name by this order you degrade:
Stand forth, base deceiver, and say,
Of what are we accus'd, our crime display.
 Antonio, Officer, and Chorus of Guards.
Be silent; the order you must obey.
 Paul, Virginia, and the rest.
 Our } crime display.
 Their }
 Cho. *The order of the governor you must obey.*
(The guards carry off Virginia and Paul on opposite sides. The march is heard as they retire.)

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the Cottage.

Enter MARY, meeting DOMINIQUE.

Mary. Oh! Dominique, this is a miserable hour.
 Dom. (Agitated.) Yes, it isn't an hour of the happiest sort, to be sure.
 Mary. That wicked Don Antonio!
 Dom. Antonio! Curses on his name! But children vent their complaints in scolding; it is for men to bear misfortunes.
 Mary. Where is Virginia?
 Dom. Carried on board a ship.
 Mary. And where is Paul?
 Dom. By this time he is no longer a prisoner.
 Mary. Who obtained his release?
 Dom. Why, the gallant Englishman, whom Paul visited to-day; that man has, indeed, a heart in his bosom.
 Mary. See, Dominique, here he is.

Enter TROPIC.

Oh! sir, you surely bring us good news.
 Tropic. I wish it were so.
 Dom. Why, then, for bad news. Let us hear it, sir. I can bear it.
 Tropic. I had explained to the governor the injustice which he had been betrayed into by the artifice of Don Antonio—
 Dom. And the governor ordered Paul to be released?
 Tropic. Yes; and indignant at Don Antonio's conduct, he directed the ship to be detained, and Virginia to be brought before him.
 Dom. Then Virginia is on shore?
 Tropic. No: before the governor's order could reach the port, the ship was under sail, and Virginia a prisoner on board.
 Mary. Then Virginia is lost to us for ever. (Weeping.)
 Dom. Be silent, be silent: tears do no good. (Turn aside and weeps.)
 Tropic. Already had we made signals from the lighthouse for the vessel to put back—
 Dom. Ay, and—
 Tropic. And the signals were obeyed. With joy I saw the ship returning towards the harbour, when—

Dom. What, sir?—what? Speak out—never mind, sir—we'll bear misfortune; 'tis our duty.
 Tropic. The elements fight against us. Suddenly there arose one of those hurricanes which are the scourge of our climate. Hark! how the tempest howls!
 Dom. But the ship has gained the harbour?
 Tropic. Alas! no. I fear she is in a perilous situation. I immediately despatched Alambra to the shore: he knows the coast perfectly. His long stay forbodes no good news.
 Dom. Here is Alambra.

Enter ALAMBRA.

What news of the ship?

Alamb. In the greatest danger: firing guns and making signals of distress, which are answered from the shore, but, I fear, to little purpose.
 Tropic. Has she weathered the reef of rocks?
 Alamb. No; there will be her ruin.
 Mary. Can no assistance be rendered to them?
 Alamb. The swell of the sea is tremendous. No boat can venture to leave the shore.
 Tropic. Indeed! We'll have one trial, however. I think I know two or three good fellows who will take their chance to sink or swim in the cause of humanity; and, to the extent of my purse, they shall claim their reward. [Exit.
 Alamb. Come, Dominique, let us endeavour to render assistance, although I have but little hope.
 Dom. Don't despair; the weather is improving.
 Alamb. Improving! Why, the wind is louder.
 Dom. Ay, just at this moment; but it will be lower presently; and see, the sky is lighter.
 Alamb. Yes, because the flashes of lightning are incessant.
 Dom. Well, but I hear no thunder
 Alamb. That is because the wind is so high.
 Dom. Not merely so. I am confident the weather is growing better. I have not heard the thunder these five minutes. [Thunder. Exit.

SCENE V.—A rocky coast; the sea violently agitated. Thunder and lightning at intervals.

Enter TROPIC, MARY, a number of Soldiers, Sailors, and Negroes, some of whom hold lights from the ends of long poles, while others seem preparing a boat to be put to sea.

Cho. *Hour of terror! scene of woe!*
Lost Virginia! hapless maid!
Fate, avert th' impending blow;
Powers of mercy lend your aid!
(The ship comes in sight, and runs on a rock stern foremost.)
 Tro. *From yonder cliff let signal fires ascend;*
Once more, my gallant hearts, your efforts lend.
(Some Sailors get into the boat and shove her off.)
 Cho. *Save the helpless maid!*
(The ship appears on fire.)
 Jac. *Behold, who is yonder*
How wild is his air!
If hither he wander,
Ah! soothe his despair.
 Cho. *How wild his despair!*

Enter PAUL.

- Paul.** *Then is she lost? 'tis madness all!
Amid the gloom,
Virginia! on thee I call:
Thee I come to save, or share thy doom.*
(Paul breaks from the Women, who endeavour to detain him, runs up the cliff, and disappears.)
- Alam.** *Of winds and waves I'll brave the strife;
'Tis honour calls, fearless I go.
What, though I risk my ransom'd life,
The debt I to Virginia owe.*
- Cho.** *Haste, generous youth, Virginia save.*
(Alambra jumps into a boat with two Negroes, and shoves off.)
- Tro.** *Unhappy lovers! all is vain:
See, breathless he is cast on shore,
(The boat returns to shore with Paul apparently breathless.)*
- Off.** *Yet shall a spark of hope remain,
Virginia may be ours once more.
While sinking in the foaming wave,
Alambra, generous as brave,
Rescu'd the fav'rite of the skies.
To shore he brings his lovely prize.*

ALAMBRA brings **VIRGINIA** on shore. Paul recovers by degrees, and, after embracing each other, they fall on their knees, and stretch their arms to heaven in token of gratitude.

Cho. *From the cruel waves,
Fate, the fair Virginia saves.*
Paul and Virginia come forward and receive the congratulations of all present.

FINALE.

PAUL, VIRGINIA, MARY, JACINTHA, &c.

*Strains of joy
We'll now employ,
And dance a mirthful measure;
From above,
Fate smiles on love,
Of life, the choicest treasure.
Fal, la, la.
Let's dance a mirthful measure.*

Alam. *Sing away,
In strains so gay,
The praise of love and beauty;
Like Dominique,
No praise I seek,
I only did my duty.*

Chorus. *Strains of joy, &c.* [Exeunt.]

PAUL PRY.

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY JOHN POOLE.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 12.]

As first performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on September 13th, 1825.

COLONEL HARDY	Mr. W. Farren.	GRASP (Steward to Witherton)	Mr. Younger.
FRANK HARDY	Mr. Raymond.	DOUBLEDOT (an Innkeeper) ...	Mr. C. Jones.
WITHERTON (an old Bachelor)...	Mr. Pope.	SIMON	Mr. Ross.
WILLIS (his Nephew, disguised as Somers)	Mr. W. Johnson.	SERVANT	Mr. Jones.
STANLEY	Mr. Duff.	ELIZA	Miss P. Glover.
HARRY STANLEY (his Son)...	Mrs. Waylett.	MARIAN	Miss A. Jones.
PAUL PRY	Mr. Liston.	MRS. SUBTLE... ..	Mrs. Glover.
		PHEBE	Madame Vestris

Time of Representation, Two Hours-and-a-half.

No. 321. Dicks' Standard Plays.

C O S T U M E.

The Costume of Paul Pry, like that of many of the old Comedies, is generally incongruous, Colonel Hardy appearing in an old-fashioned Military Dress, and the other characters in fashionable modern costume. Much reform is necessary in this respect in all our Theatres.—EDITOR.

COLONEL HARDY.—Blue frock coat, buff waistcoat, white trousers.

FRANK HARDY.—Travelling costume.

WITHERTON.—Brown body coat, white waistcoat, drab breeches and gaiters.

WILLIS.—Modern suit.

STANLEY.—Dark frock coat, light waistcoat, dark trousers, boots.

HARRY STANLEY.—Modern suit.

PAUL PRY.—Body coat, striped waistcoat, and full striped trousers, tucked into high boots, double eye-glass, white broad-brimmed hat, turned up at the sides.

GRASP.—Dark suit, white cravat.

DOUBLEDOT.—Modern suit.

SIMON.—Livery.

ELIZA.—Elegant lady's dress.

MARIAN.—Neat merino dress.

MRS. SUBTLE.—Plain silk, apron, and cap.

PHEBE.—Neat dress of a lady's maid.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. R.C. C. L.C. L.

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

PAUL PRY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Village Inn. Table, two chairs, jug with ale, and two glasses. DOUBLEDOT, R., and SIMON, L., discovered drinking.*

Sim. Well, really, I must go, Mr. Doubledot, it will be a busy day at our house; master expects company to dinner.

Dou. Come, we must finish the mug; and when is Miss Eliza's wedding to take place?

Sim. Can't say; my master, Colonel Hardy, never lets anyone into his secrets.

Dou. Well, Miss Eliza's a nice young lady.

Sim. Ay, that she is; but she is a sly one. She looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth; but she's a sly one, I tell you.

Dou. What makes you think that, Simon?

Sim. I don't mean any harm of her, for she's as kind a soul, bless her, as ever lived; but by putting this and that together, you know, we in the kitchen often know what is going on in the parlour better than the parlour folks themselves. She's in love.

Dou. That's natural enough, since she's going to be married.

Sim. But as she never saw the man she is to marry—

Dou. Sensibly argued; with whom, then?

Sim. We can't make that out. You know what a strict hand the Colonel is—passionate—severe—no one in his house dare say their soul is their own; so that, if our young lady were in love with twenty men, she would never dare tell her father of it. No, no, my master is not like his neighbour, old Mr. Witherton, who is led by the nose by a steward and a housekeeper.

Dou. Ah! poor old gentleman; but don't you think your young lady's maid, Miss Phebe, is in the secret?

Sim. May be, but she's as close-tongued as her mistress; besides, she never mixes with us. Miss Phebe's a devilish nice girl, Doubledot; here's wishing her a good husband, and she may have me for asking. (*Rises.*) Well, I must go, else I shall get chattering on the affairs of the family—a thing I never do. (*Comes forward, L.*) Ha! here comes Mr. Paul Pry.

Dou. Plague take Mr. Paul Pry. He is one of those idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment themselves, are perpetually interfering in other people's affairs.

Sim. Ay, and he's inquisitive into all matters, great or small.

Dou. Inquisitive! why, he makes no scruple to question you respecting your most private concerns. Then he will weary you to death with a long story about a cramp in his leg, or the loss of a sleeve-button, or some such idle matter, and so he passes his days, "dropping in," as he calls it, from house to house at the most unseasonable times, to the annoyance of every family in the village. But I'll soon get rid of him.

Enter PAUL PRY, L.

Pry. Ha! how d'ye do, Mr. Doubledot?
(*Crosses to C.*)

Dou. Very busy, Mr. Pry, and have scarcely time to say "pretty well," thank ye.
(*Retires up, R.*)

Pry. Ha, Simon! you here. Rather early in the morning to be in a public house—sent here with a message from your master, perhaps. I say, Simon, when this wedding takes place, I suppose your master will put you all into new liveries, eh?

Sim. Can't say, sir.

Pry. Well, I think he might. Between ourselves, Simon, it won't be before you want 'em, eh?

Sim. That's master's business, sir, and neither yours nor mine.

Pry. Mr. Simon, behave yourself, or I shall complain of you to the Colonel. *Apropos*, Simon, that's an uncommon fine leg of mutton the butcher has just sent to your house—it weighs thirteen pounds five ounces.

Dou. (*R.*) And how do you know that?

Pry. I asked the butcher. I say, Simon, is it for roasting or boiling?

Sim. (*L.*) Half and half, with the chill taken off. There's your answer.

[*Exit Simon, L.*]

Pry. That's an uncommon ill-behaved servant. Well, since you say you are busy, I won't interrupt you; only as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop in.

Dou. (*R.*) Then now you may drop out again. The London coach will be here presently, and—

Pry. No passengers by it to-day, for I have been to the hill to look for it.

Dou. Did you expect anyone by it, that you were so anxious?

Pry. No, but I make it my business to see the coach come in every day; I can't bear to be idle.

Dou. Useful occupation, truly.

Pry. Always see it go out—have done these ten years.

Dou. (*Going up.*) Tiresome blockhead! Well, good morning to you.

Pry. Good morning, Mr. Doubledot, you don't appear to be very full here.

Dou. No, no.

Pry. Ha! you are at a heavy rent. (*Pauses for an answer after each question.*) I've often thought of that—no supporting such an establishment without a deal of custom—if it's not asking an impertinent question, don't you find it rather a hard matter to make both ends meet when Christmas comes?

Dou. If it isn't asking an impertinent question, what's that to you?

Pry. Oh, nothing; only some folks have the luck

of it; they have just taken in a nobleman's family at the Green Dragon?

Dou. What's that—a nobleman at the Green, Dragon?

Pry. Travelling carriage and four. Three servants on the dickey and an outrider, all in blue liveries. They dine and stop all night; a pretty bill there will be to-morrow, for the servants are not on board wages.

Dou. Plague take the Green Dragon! How did you discover that they are not on board wages?

Pry. I was curious to know, and asked one of them. You know I never miss anything for want of asking; 'tis no fault of mine the nabob is not here.

Dou. Why, what had you to do with it?

Pry. You know I never forget my friends. I stopt the carriage as it was coming down the hill—stopt it dead, and said that his lordship—I took him for a lord at first—that, if his lordship intended to make any stay, he couldn't do better than go to Doubledot's.

Dou. Well?

Pry. Well, would you believe it?—out pops a saffron-coloured face from the carriage window, and says, "You're an impudent rascal for stopping my carriage, and I'll not go there if another inn is to be found within ten miles of it?"

Dou. There! that comes of your confounded meddling. If you had not interfered, I should have stood an equal chance with the Green Dragon.

Pry. I'm very sorry, but I did it for the best.

Dou. Did it for the best indeed! Deuce take you. By your officious attempts to serve, you do more mischief in the neighbourhood than the exciseman, the apothecary, and the attorney, all together.

Pry. Well, there's gratitude! Now, really, I must go—good morning.

[Exit Paul Pry, L.]

Dou. I've got rid of him at last, thank heaven!

Re-enter PAUL PRY, L.

Well, what now?

Pry. I've dropt one of my gloves.

Dou. You have not dropp'd it here.

Pry. Well, I didn't say I did drop it on that spot, but I have dropp'd it, and I suppose I may look for it. Well, that's very odd: here it is in my hand all the time.

Dou. Go to the devil!

[Exit, R.]

Pry. Come, that's civil (*looking out*). Eh! there's the postman. I wonder whether the Perkinses have got letters again to-day? They have had letters every day this week, and I can't, for the life of me, think what they can—(*feels hastily in his pocket*). Apropos—talking of letters, here's one I took from him last week, for the Colonel's daughter, Miss Eliza, and I have always forgotten to give it to her; I dare say it is not of such importance (*peeps into it*). "Likely—unexpected—affectionate." I can't make it out. No matter, I'll contrive to take it to the house; by-the-bye though, I have a deal to do to-day—buy an ounce of snuff; fetch my umbrella, which I left to be mended; drop in at old Mr. Witherton's, and ask how his tooth is. I have often thought that if that tooth was mine, I'd have it out.

[Exit, L.]

SCENE II.—A Chamber at Witherton's. Table and chairs.

Enter MRS. SUBTLE and GRASP, R.

Mrs. S. Don't threaten me, Mr. Grasp, for you know you are at least as much in my power as I am in yours, and that the exposure of either of us must be fatal to both.

Gra. Well, Well, Mrs. Subtle, you must allow for the warmth of my temper.

Mrs. S. Your temper will one day bring down ruin upon us. We have sufficient control over Mr. Witherton to serve our every purpose; but by making him feel his subjection, by drawing the cord too tight, as you do, you run the risk of exciting his suspicions, and rousing him to rebellion.

Gra. Never fear; we have the Old Baby in leading strings, and may do with him just what we please.

Mrs. S. We might whilst he remained at his own place, in Wiltshire, away from all the world; but since his old friend, Colonel Hardy, has induced him to pass a few months here near him, a new influence has arisen.

Gra. And for that reason we must be the more rigid in the maintenance of our own. Then there's that young fellow, Willis, whom the Colonel has contrived to foist into his family; but I'll soon get rid of him.

Mrs. S. It is not Willis I fear, but the girl Marian. When we were at home, no one presumed to interfere in the arrangements of the household—that was our province; but here, however, I have taken a dislike to that girl, and she shall quit the house, displease whomsoever it may.

Gra. Indeed! it would displease me for one, and she shall remain.

Mrs. S. Shall! another such a word—Mr. Grasp, and—

Gra. So now, Mrs. Subtle, you would threaten me. Who was the inventor of all the calumnies which have for ever poisoned the mind of Mr. Witherton against his nephew, poor young Somers? By whose arts have they been prevented meeting each other? Who falsified some of the poor lad's letters—intercepted and suppressed others—impugned the character of the woman he chose for his wife.

Mrs. S. Who was it that—employed to forward the letters written to him by his uncle—destroyed them!—who for these three years has robbed, pillaged, plundered?

Gra. Both you and I!—Harkee, Mrs. Subtle, we have neither of us anything to gain by quarrelling. Give me your hand—there!

Mrs. S. (*Aside.*) The hateful wretch!

Gra. And now turn to a pleasanter subject.

Mrs. S. What subject?

Gra. One upon which I have been constant these five years—love. It relieves my heart, after a little misunderstanding between us, to say a tender word to you.

Mrs. S. Really, Mr. Grasp, your gallantry—

Gra. I was never wanting in gallantry towards the fair sex—so, once for all, my dear Mrs. Subtle, you and I are so confoundedly in dread of each other, the sooner we marry and make our interests one, the better.

Mrs. S. (*Aside.*) I'd sooner die. But you are so impatient.

Gra. Pooh, pooh, you have been shillyshallying

these five years; and it is time you should make up your mind that we unite our interests, play the same game, and have the old fellow more completely in our power; besides, there is no real happiness in a single life. Look at our master, or rather our slave; he is an old bachelor, and, with all his fortune, he is an unhappy man.

Mrs. S. (Sighs.) True, but I have once already been married, and—

Gra. Ay, but that was a marriage contracted contrary to your inclinations—our cause is different. You'll find me a tender indulgent husband; so I'll allow you till to-morrow to consider of my proposal, and then if you don't, hang me but I'll expose—but here comes the baby and Colonel Hardy, and that eternal Willis along with him. (*Crossing to L.*) Remember, my darling Mrs. Subtle (*shakes her hand*) to-morrow you consent to our making each other happy for life, or I'll trounce you.

[*Exit L.*

Mrs. S. I am indeed in his power; for in one moment he could destroy the fruits of ten long years of labour. To-morrow!—then I must bring Wither-ton to a decision to-day. My control over his affections is, I think—nay I'm sure—it is entire. The result cannot but be favourable, and once mistress here I will turn you to the dogs.

(*Retires up, R.*)

Enter WITHERTON, HARDY and WILLIS,
S. E. R.

Har. You'll consider of it—what do you mean by considering of it? What is there to consider? Can't you say at once whether you will dine with me or not?

Wit. (L.) Not so loud, my dear friend, you agitate me.

Har. Then why the devil don't you make up your mind?—I hate the man who doesn't make up his mind. Do as I do—always make up your mind, right or wrong.

Wit. Well, well.

Har. Perhaps Mrs. Subtle, your housekeeper, won't give you leave. I say, Mrs. Subtle, is it you who refuse your master's leave to dine with me to-day?

Mrs. S. I, sir! Mr. Wither-ton is perfectly at liberty to do what he pleases.

Har. There, you are at liberty to do as you please; and so you ought to be. I shall expect you then—you have but to cross the garden to my house; so the walk won't fatigue you. You'll meet a friend or two—shan't tell you who, till you come—never do—and I shall have something to say to you, relative to my daughters Eliza's marriage—d'ye hear?

Wit. I do, my friend; and I should hear quite as well, though you did not speak so loud.

Har. And bring Willis with you, he is a good lad; I have a great respect for him, else I should not have recommended him to you. You are pleased with him, ain't you?

Wit. I am, indeed. Each day of the few months he has been a companion to me he has grown in my esteem: his good sense, his kindly disposition, his urbanity, have won from me the confidence and affection of a friend.

Har. That's well; and Marian—she doesn't disgrace my recommendation, I'll answer for it. Where is she?

Mrs. S. She's engaged in my room, sir. Mr.

Witherton received her into the family at your request; but really, I—I have so little to do, that an assistant is quite needless to me; and as I am for sparing my good master all the expense I can in the management of his house, it strikes me that—

Har. I think I could show him where one might be saved—

Wit. No matter. The expense is trifling, and the poor thing appears to be happy to be here; and Heaven knows that the sight of a happy face is the only solace in my lonely existence.

Har. Serve you right, you old fool, for not marrying in your youth; I don't wish to say anything unpleasant, but it serves you right, I tell you. And then to make matters worse you must needs go and pass your days at a melancholy place in Wiltshire, where you have only those about you, who—ah—as to your neglecting your nephew, I shall say nothing about that now, because I won't make you uncomfortable; but you'll repent it, I know you do; and you'll repent it more every day you live.

Wit. That is a subject I must not hear mentioned even by you.

Har. Why, now, who the deuce does mention it? Don't I this very moment say I won't mention it for fear of making you uncomfortable? Ah, you are a foolish old fellow—mark my words—you are a very foolish old fellow. (*Witherton crosses to L.*) I'll go home and talk to my daughter about marriage—bless her dear innocent little heart; there she is, I'll answer for it, quietly seated in the library, reading the *Spectator*, or painting daffodils on velvet. Well, good morning! I shall expect you! (*Shakes Wither-ton's hand violently.*)

Wit. I'll come, but—consider my nerves.

(*Goes up and sits, R.*)

Har. Plague take your nerves! but it serves you right—if you had lived a jolly life, as I have done, you would never have had any nerves. Good morning, Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. S. I wish you a very good morning, sir; allow me to conduct you to the door.

Har. Willis, you will be sure to come with Mr. Wither-ton. (*Aside to him.*) The train is fairly laid: do you and your little wife be on your guard; and if we don't blow your enemies into the air—(*Muttering to Mrs. Subtle, who advances, L., and curtsies ceremoniously.*) Ah! confound you!

[*Exit Hardy and Mrs. Subtle, L.*

Wit. There goes a happy man. Oh, Hardy is right, I ought to have married in my youth.

(*Comes down, R.*)

Wit. (L.) And why did you not, sir?

Wit. With the fool's reason; I was unwilling to sacrifice my liberty. And what is the boasted liberty of a bachelor? He makes a solitary journey through life, loving no one, by none beloved; and when he reaches the confines of old age, that, which with a tender companion at his side, might have been to him a garden of repose, he finds a barren wilderness.

Wit. True, sir; and often with the sacrifice of his dear liberty into the bargain: avoiding the dreaded control of a wife, he dooms himself a slave to cunning and interested dependants.

Wit. (Looking cautiously about.) Willis, Willis, that I sometimes fear is my case; not that I have any reason to doubt the fidelity and attachment of Grasp or Mrs. Subtle, but they frequently assume an authority over me, which, however it may

displease me, yet from a long lazy habit of submission I have scarcely the courage to resist.

Wil. (*Aside.*) My poor uncle!

Wit. But Mrs. Subtle is a good soul, a kind soul, and as attentive and affectionate towards me as a sister. Do you know that notwithstanding her humble situation here, she is well born, as she tells me, well educated, ay, and a very fine woman, too.

Wil. (*Aside.*) It is not difficult to see where this will end. You—you had a sister, sir.

Wit. I had; the mother of my ungrateful and disobedient nephew. She went abroad, died, and left an only son, this Edward Somers. He might have been a joy and comfort to me, he is my bane and curse! But let us speak of him no more: his very name is hateful to me.

Wil. This is the first time I ever ventured, sir. Duty and respect, which hitherto have constrained me to be silent, now bid me speak. What proofs have you of his ingratitude and disobedience?

Wit. The proofs are in this conduct. At his mother's death I wrote to him to come to England, told him of my intention to settle the bulk of my fortune upon him, to receive and consider him as my son, to—

Wil. You wrote to him?

Wit. Ay, and often; as Grasp and Mrs. Subtle can testify, for they saw my letters; but he neglected my commands—nay, did not even deign to notice them. At length, by mere accident, I discovered that he was in England, living obscurely in a mean village, married, Willis! and, as if to give point and poignancy to his disrespect, without even the form of asking the consent and approbation of me, his only relation, his friend, his benefactor—

Wil. How, sir!—did he not write letter after letter, complaining of your neglect of him? Did he not entreat, implore your sanction to his marriage?—till wearied at last by your continued silence, he became fully warranted in deciding for himself.

Wit. The goodness of your own nature suggests these excuses for his misconduct. He did, indeed, sometimes write to me, but in such terms, Willis—

Wil. Where are those letters, sir?

Wit. Mrs. Subtle, in kindness towards the reprobate, destroyed them the moment she read them to me.

Wil. She read them! Did you not, yourself, read them, sir?

Wit. No, the good soul spared me that pain; and, as Grasp has since told me, she even suppressed the most offensive passages.

Wil. Oh, infamy!

Wit. Aye, question me now, what grounds there are for my displeasure; but when I add that he has disgraced me by his worthless choice, that the woman he is married to is—

Wil. Hold, sir! I can hear no more! Your nephew may deserve your bitterest reproaches, but—

Wit. Hush! here comes Mrs. Subtle and Grasp. When you, a stranger to me, can with difficulty restrain your indignation, what must be mine?

Wil. (*Aside.*) My poor Marian! We must endure this yet awhile.

Enter MRS. SUBTLE and GRASP, L.

Mrs. S. Now, sir, it is your hour for walking. I have brought you your hat and cane.

Wit. Ever attentive, Mrs. Subtle; thankye, thankye. Well, Grasp, have you got that fifty pounds I asked you for?

Gra. Yes—but I can't think what you want them for; I have been plagued enough to procure money for our regular outlayings, and now—

Wit. That ought not to be; for surely I do not spend to the extent of my income; yet when I desire a small sum for any private purpose, you pretend—

Gra. Do you suppose that I take your money?

Wit. No, Grasp, no—but—

Gra. You are for ever drawing money for these idle uses. Five pounds for this poor family, ten for that—

Wit. Well, well, you are an old servant, and I believe faithfully attached to my interests; but I wish you would correct your manner.

Mrs. S. Indeed, Mr. Grasp, you should endeavour to moderate your tone; to use more respect when you address our good master (*takes Witherton's hand*)—our kind friend.

Wit. Ah, Mrs. Subtle! you are a worthy creature, and one of these days you may find that I am not ungrateful. (*To Grasp, mildly.*) Give that money to Willis; I shall direct him in the disposal of it.

Gra. I had better give up my accounts to him, my place. Till lately it has been my business to manage your money affairs. However, I have no notion of an interloper in the family, and either Mr. Willis or I must quit the house.

Wil. Do not let there be a source of discord here, sir.

Mrs. S. (*Artfully interposing between Grasp and Witherton, who is about to speak.*) Now—now—indeed, Mr. Grasp—you are wrong—(*to him.*) You are going too far. (*To Witherton.*) Say nothing to him, sir—I will reprove him for this misconduct by-and-by.

[*Grasp and Willis go up, c.*]

Wit. But to treat me thus, and in the presence of Willis, too! Grasp, you will do as I desire. Willis, I must speak to you on my return. The day is fine, and a walk will do me good.

Mrs. S. Will you be very much displeased if I offer you my arm to lean upon, sir?

Wit. Thankye, Mrs. Subtle, thankye. Come.

[*Grasp goes up and gives money to Willis as they are going off.*]

Enter PRY, L.

Pry. Ha! how d'ye do, this morning? I hope I don't intrude?

Wit. No, Mr. Pry, no. (*Aside.*) How provoking! But have you anything particular to say to me just now?

Pry. No—nothing particular; only, as I have just been to fetch my umbrella, which I left last Monday to be mended—Monday—no; it must have been—yes, I'm right, it was Monday; I remember it by a remarkable circumstance, Mrs. Jones sent a tray of pies to the baker's—on a Monday, mind you.

Wit. And what was there remarkable in that, Mr. Pry?

Pry. Pies on a Monday! She is not over rich, you know, and as I happened to know she had pies on Sunday! Pies two days following, for a person in her circumstances, did seem rather odd, you know.

Wit. Well, that's no business of mine and, if you have nothing—

Pry. Nol! only I thought that in my way back, I might as well drop in and say how d'ye do. I say, Mrs. Subtle—(she down R. corner)—you are a judge—I don't think this a dear job for one and nine-pence. (Opens his umbrella.)

Mrs. S. I must give him a broad hint, or we shall be pestered with the tedious fool for an hour. Mr. Pry, I beg pardon, but Mr. Witherton was just going to take his customary walk.

Pry. There is nothing so good for the health as walking.

(Goes up, brings down a chair in the centre, and sits.)

Mrs. S. There! now he is fixed for the day.

Pry. That is to say, walking in moderation. I am a great walker myself—I once brought on a fit of the gout by it; I did, although some people would have it to be nothing but the rheumatiz. I have had the rheumatiz, too, and know the difference—elbows and knees, at the same time. I was in this position for three weeks—I was, I assure you, looking exactly like a goose, ready trussed for roasting.

Wit. Well, good day—you'll excuse me.

Pry. Certainly! If you are going down the road I'll walk with you.

Mrs. S. (Coming between them,) But we are not, sir.

Pry. No matter; I'll walk with you the other way—I have nothing to do.

Mrs. S. But we have something to speak about.

Pry. (R.) Ah, ah! Mrs. Subtle, you're a sly one, wheedling yourself into the old gentleman's good graces, eh?

Mrs. S. (L. c.) Sir!

Pry. Well, don't be angry—I only spoke, you know.

Wit. Come, Mrs. Subtle, come, for we shall now get rid of him. Some other time I shall be glad to see you, sir.

[Exit Mrs. Subtle and Witherton, L.]

Pry. Thankye; I'll drop in again by-and-bye—a pleasant walk. Well, Mr. Willis, and how do you do?

Wit. (Comes down, R.) Now it's my turn.

Pry. I say, Marian, Mrs. Subtle's assistant, is a very pretty young woman. I saw you, last night, walking together by the river-side, though you didn't see me. I followed you for nearly half an hour.

Wit. Followed us?

Pry. I could not, for the life of me, make out what you were talking about—you put your heads so close together. Not difficult to guess, eh? I don't think it would be quite the match for you, though.

Wit. (Aside.) Then he does not suspect she is my wife.

Pry. After all, she is but a sort of deputy house-keeper, and I am told you belong to a respectable family. Tolerably respectable, eh?

Wit. Mr. Paul Pry, if you can make it appear that it concerns you a thousandth part of a straw to know, I'll write the history of my birth, parentage, and education for your particular information. Good morning to you, Mr. Pry.

[Exit, R.]

Pry. Good morning to you, Mr. Willis—that's an uncommon polite young man. You are bringing him up to succeed you, I suppose—eh, Mr. Grasp? No bad thing neither—you must have a very comfortable place here?

Gra (L. c.) Pretty well, as times go.

Pry. Though, from your master taking this small house, economy is the order of the day, I take it, eh?

Gra. You had better ask my master.

Pry. No; he'd take it impertinent, perhaps. Bless you, it is no business of mine, only it appears odd—neither chick nor child, and, whenever he dies, he'll cut up for a pretty round sum, eh? A hundred thousand—eighty, eh? And you, you cunning dog, I dare say you have laid by a few thousands. Now, between ourselves, if it is not asking an impertinent question—

Gra. Not at all. (Looks at his watch.) Exactly ten minutes past twelve. So I wish you good morning.

[Crosses and exit, R.]

Pry. That's one of the strangest—(Looking about.) Well, I can't say it is very polite of them to leave me here alone. If I were the least of a bore, now, it would be pardonable; but—(Looks at his watch.) Well, it's only ten minutes after twelve, I declare. How long the day seems. What shall I do till dinner time? Let me see—I'll just drop in at—(Looking off.) Oh! Is it so? Aha, my young spark—trying the lock of Colonel Hardy's garden gate. That's very mysterious! Egad, I'll soon find out what you want there. (Running off and returning.) I had like to have gone without my umbrella.

SCENE III.—Colonel Hardy's Garden—Garden-wall, extending across the stage from U. E. R. to U. E. L., with door in L. c.—Practicable house, U. E. R.—garden chairs, S. E. L.—Ladder against wing, S. E. R.

Enter PHEBE from house, R.

Phe. Oh, dear!—oh, dear! here's another fine day, and not a single cloud in the heavens to give me a hope of the rainy weather setting in. Here, in this stupid village, at fifty miles from London, have Miss Eliza and I been vegetating three eternal months; and as the sky continues so vexatiously bright, and the barometer obstinately pointing at "set fair," I see no chance of a speedy return to dear, delightful town. Heigho! this fine season will be the death of me.

Enter ELIZA, with a book, from house, R.

Eli. Heigho!

Phe. Heigho! ay, that is the burthen of our melancholy song.

Eli. What day is it, Phebe?

(Sits on chair, R., Phebe, L.)

Phe. Who can tell, miss? Days are so much alike in this dull place, that it may be yesterday, or to-morrow, for anything there is to mark the difference.

Eli. And has the country no charms for you, Phebe? the spreading foliage, the natural music of the birds instead of London cries, the sublime spectacle of the rising sun?

Phe. Very fine, I daresay: but one must get up so early in the morning to see it.

Eli. Early in the morning! When else would you see the sun rise, Phebe?

Phe. Going home from a masquerade, or a ball, late at night, miss. All that may be very pleasant to a romantic young lady like you, just returned from boarding-school; but for my part, if, indeed, one had a little agreeable society here—

Eli. Well, and so we have! there's my pa, there's Mr. Paul Pry drops in sometimes—

Phe. Mr. Paul Pry! 'charming company, indeed! (*Mimics him.*) "If it isn't an impertinent question." The last time he was here, he asked me such things that really I—

Eli. Then Mr. Witherton comes to see us occasionally.

Phe. When his housekeeper allows him. An old twaddler! No, miss that is not the sort of society I mean.

Eli. What do you mean, Phebe?

Phe. A lover, miss.

Eli. Oh, fie! (*They rise.*) If my pa were to hear you talk so.

Phe. And were you never in love, then?

Eli. No, Phebe; and my pa would be very angry if I were to fall in love without his leave. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid to trust her.

Phe. (*Aside.*) What yea-nay piece of innocence it is. Well, miss, I have no pa to be angry with me, and if a pretty young fellow were to fall in my way—

Eli. Ha' done, Phebe; I must not hear you talk so. As to company, you know my cousin Frank is coming home from sea in about a week. We have not seen him since he was quite a boy, and he'll be company for us.

Phe. And how are we to amuse ourselves for a week?

Eli. We may read, work, or sing.

Phe. And when we are tired of that, to vary our amusement, we may sing, work, or read.

SONG.—"The Lover's Mistake."

*A fond youth serenaded his love,
Who sleeping,—"Love never should sleep!"—
Her father was peeping above,—
"Oh, fathers, you never should peep!"
To his daughter's balcony he brought
Her monkey, in muslins arrayed;
The youth was o'erjoyed, for he thought
'Twas the form of his beautiful maid.*

*He gazed on the figure in white,
Whose nods gave new life to his hopes,
His heart throbb'd with love and delight,
As he threw up the ladder of ropes;
His charmer hopp'd down it, and then
The happy delusion was o'er!
Girls often meet monkey-like men,
But man ne'er wooed monkey before.*

*From the window, enjoying the joke,
Her father feared danger no more;
And she by the bustle awoke,
Soon made her escape at the door.
"Come, come to your Rosa," she said,
"Unless you prefer my baboon;
And, pray, let your next serenade
Take place at the full of the moon."*

Ah, me! a country life is unfit for a single woman, and as my last mistress, Lady Courtly, used to say, there are but three circumstances that can render it tolerable to be a married one:

Eli. And what are they?

Phe. Hedges very high, ditches wide and deep, and a husband passionately fond of hunting. (*A flute heard behind wall, c.* "Tell her I love her.")

Eli. (*Lets her book drop.*) Oh, dear me!

Phe. What's that?

Eli. That, Phebe, I suspect, is nothing but a

flute. (*Aside.*) I am sure that is his signal. How imprudent of him to come down here.

Phe. Nothing but a flute. Now, as flutes don't usually play of themselves, I suspect it must be something more.

Eli. Well, Phebe, I—I'll confide my secret to you; but you won't betray me. It is my Harry.

Phe. Your what?

Eli. My Harry.

Phe. So then, Miss Innocence, you have a Harry of your own. Well done, upon my word. And who is your Harry?

Eli. Harry Stanley, a lieutenant in the navy.

Phe. And where could you have become acquainted with him? You have not been from under your father's eye since you were at boarding school; and—

Eli. There it was, Phebe; he used to come there to see his sister Harriet; and one day we fell in love with each other.

Phe. (*Laughing.*) "Oh, fie, Phebe, if my pa were to hear you talk so." And pray ain't you ashamed to fall in love without your pa's leave?

Eli. No, Phebe, for he's very young and very handsome. He's only eighteen.

Phe. Now, miss, let me give you a word of serious advice. I won't betray your secret, I promise you; but let me recommend you to mention it yourself to your father; and if the young gentleman should prove a suitable match for you—I dare say—

Eli. Don't you speak of that. I dare not for the world. First of all, you know my pa has some other marriage in view for me; and then he is so passionate and peremptory—

Phe. And as abrupt and absolute as if he were commanding his regiment.

Har. (*Within the house, s. e. r.*) Eliza, where are you?

Phe. Bless me, here he comes.

Eli. If my Harry should repeat the signal, we shall be discovered.

Enter HARDY from house, r., and comes down, c.

Har. Eliza, my dear, I expect company to-day.

Eli. Do you, pa?

Har. My neighbour, Witherton, and a young gentleman I expect from London, to-day. He is the husband I intend for you. You'll be married in a week.

Eli. So soon, pa?

Har. Ay, and sooner, if by chance my nephew Frank should return. I daresay Frank has grown a giant. I long to see the boy; I have not seen him since he was nine years old.

Phe. (*L.*) But I believe, sir, my young lady has never seen the young gentleman you intend for her husband.

Har. What of that? she's no worse off than I am. I have not seen him. His father writes me word that he has a son, who is a prodigy. I reply, that my daughter is a miracle; the marriage is decided on, and who dares say anything against it? Do you, or do you? Nobody has anything to say against it. So much the better; all parties must be perfectly satisfied. (*Takes Eliza's hand.*) That's a good obedient girl.

Phe. (*Aside.*) Oh! the silly thing! I have not patience with her. Beg pardon, sir, but suppose—I merely say, suppose—Miss Eliza should happen not to love your intended son-in-law?

Har. What then? what is love? what has love to do with it? Did I marry her mother for love?

yet we were very happy together; at least, I can speak for myself. I was happy when I married her—happy while she lived—happy when she died; and I've been happy ever since, and that's worth all the love in the universe.

Phe. Some folks may not be of your way of thinking, sir.

Har. Think, indeed, you saucy baggage! what do you mean by thinking? Who gave you liberty to think? I allow nobody in my house to think. I am not like old Witherton, I expect obedience; so obey all of you, d'ye hear?

Eli. But, pa, if I might inquire the gentleman's name—

Phe. (*Aside.*) There's an effort.

Har. Hey-day! a mutiny in the regiment. If you had not asked, perhaps I'd have told you; now you shall know nothing about it; you shall not know who he is till you are under the hands of the parson. If you provoke me further you shall marry him blindfolded. May be, never know who he is. But I perceive what this is. (*To Phebe.*) It is you who have been putting these high romantic notions about loving a husband into my girl's head.

Phe. Desiring to know who her husband is to be is mighty romantic, truly. If, indeed, now she was to entertain a secret passion for some ardent youth who should serenade her by moonlight.

Har. She! she presume to fall in love without my consent! Look at her, bless her innocent heart! I tell you what, Miss Phebe, if I hear any more—but what was that you said about serenading? That reminds me—who was that playing the flute under my garden wall just now?

Phe. How should we know, sir? most likely some bird-catcher decoying the thrushes.

Har. Thrushes, indeed! No, no, it was not the thrushes he was decoying. Some flirtation of yours, I daresay, and I won't allow it.

Phe. Mine, indeed, sir! I am no more capable of such a thing than my young lady herself.

Har. Say no more on the subject. It is setting a bad example to my daughter, and I won't allow it, I tell you. Come with me, my dear; and hark'ye, Miss Phebe, your bird-catcher had better take care I don't catch him. (*As he is going, a stone with a letter attached to it is thrown over the wall.*) What's that?

Eli. Oh, Phebe! what will become of me?

Har. What's that, I say?

Phe. That, sir—why can't you see what it is? A stone some idle boy has thrown over the wall.

Har. I say, you idle boy, how dare you throw stones? Why! there's a letter tied to it! Stand out of the way and let me have it. No address!

Phe. (*Aside.*) That's fortunatē. Give it to me, sir, it is mine.

Har. Yours, is it? we shall soon see that. (*Crosses to c.*) Why, what a scrawl—and in pencil, too (*reads.*) "Loveliest of your sex."

Phe. (*L.*) There, sir, I told you it was addressed to me.

Har. You, indeed, you ugly little monkey—are you the loveliest of your sex?

Phe. 'Tis quite clear it is not for you, sir; so give it to me.

Har. Will somebody stop that girl's tongue? Let me read (*reads.*) "Persuaded you would recognise the signal, and attend to it, I had determined to scale the garden wall, but am prevented by an impertinent fellow who is watching my

movements. An interview is indispensable, as I have something of the deepest importance to communicate. When he is gone, I will return. Has your father"—your father!—"any suspicion of our mutual attachment? Your eternally devoted."

—No signature, so the case is evident. (*To Eliza, R.*) Now, Miss Timidity; you, with your demure looks—you, who have never had an answer beyond "Yes, pa," and "No, pa," and can scarcely say "Bo to a goose"—what can you find to say to this?—Answer me—who is this bird-catcher of yours? Speak, I say!

Eli. Indeed, pa, I—

Phe. Don't answer, miss: if you have any secret of your own, you may do as you please about it; but you have no right to divulge mine.

Har. Yours! don't attempt to deceive me—her looks convict her—besides, am not I her father mentioned here?

Phe. No, sir—it is my father.

Har. Your father! How the devil came you by a father? Who ever heard of your father?

Phe. I imagine I have as good a right to a father as my betters!—at any rate that letter is mine. The appointment was with me; and if you was twenty times my master, I would protest against your competency to intercept my correspondence.

Har. Why, zounds! here's a chambermaid talking like a member of parliament—but I'll presently come to the truth of this, and if I find you to blame, (*to Eliza*) I'll lock you up on bread and water till you're remarried; and your husband shall do the same by you for the rest of your life afterwards. But how to proceed?—I have it. The fellow, whoever he is, intends to return; no doubt he is still lurking about. Stay you where you are, don't move, and if either of you utter a sound, or give the slightest signal, woe be to you.

(*Places ladder against wall, mounts, and looks cautiously over.*)

Eli. Phebe, Phebe, my poor Harry will be discovered, and what are we to do then?

Phe. What indeed, miss! but it is your own fault. If you had admitted me to your confidence, I could have managed matters much better I promise you.

Har. (*Descending.*) I have him—there he is, crouching on the ground with his eye at the keyhole: he shall find me a more expert bird-catcher than himself, for I'll catch him first—and hang me, but I'll salt his tail for him afterwards. (*Hardy suddenly opens the garden gate, and discovers Pry in the attitude described; he seizes him by the collar, and drags him down, c.*) I have you, you villain! Come in, and let me hear what you have to say for yourself. Who are you? What do you want here?

Eli. (*R. to Phebe.*) Why, 'tis Mr. Pry.

Phe. (*R. c.*) Then we are safe.

Har. Speak, I say—who are you?

Pry. You know I can't speak if you choke me.

Har. I have something worse than choking for you—who are you?

Pry. Why, don't you know me? Mr. Pry—Paul Pry!

Har. And so it is. So then, you are the bird-catcher, you rascal!

Pry. Bless you, no, I'm no bird-catcher—I'm—

Har. And it is thus you abuse my hospitality? Is it for this, you are constantly dropping in? Confess the truth, or you shall drop in where you little expect before you are five minutes older.

Pry. What is it you mean?

Har. Is it the mistress or the maid?

Pry. Are you out of your senses?

Har. You think I'm in the dark; but I'll convince you I have detected your intrigue. (*Shows the stone.*) What's this?

Pry. That!

Har. No equivocation—what is it?

Pry. Why, I should take it to be a stone.

Har. Oh—you confess that—and what's this? (*Shows the note.*)

Pry. It looks like a note.

Har. A note! very well. But I have not done with you yet—you have others about you. (*Chasing him round to L.*) What have you done with your flute?

Pry. (*Presenting his umbrella.*) What you have done with your senses?

Phe. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, Mr. Pry, to send letters to me, and compromise a young woman's reputation as you have done.

Pry. I—upon my life, I never compromised a young woman since the day I was born.

Phe. (*Making signs to him.*) If you mean honourable towards me, speak to my father, otherwise your playing the flute is playing the fool, that I can tell you.

Pry. Oh, I perceive you mistake me for the young man I surprised here just now.

Har. What, what—a young man—then it wasn't you?

Pry. Lord, no. I'll tell you all about it! (*Familiarly taking Hardy's arm, who indignantly throws him off.*)

Har. Do, then, and be quick.

Phe. Devil take the chattering booby.

Pry. You must know that I was coming from Mr. Witherton's, where I had just dropt in to ask him how his tooth was—now that's very provoking, I forgot to ask him after all.

Har. Never mind the tooth now.

Pry. It's a double tooth.

Har. Out with it.

Pry. Yes, I advised him to have it out.

Har. Get on with your story.

Pry. And just as I was turning the corner. I perceived a young man preparing to climb your wall. The instant he saw me, away he ran—Oho! thinks I—

Har. Oh, the tiresome—In a word, then, he has escaped.

Pry. He ran away, as I said—and that is all I know of the matter.

Har. And what were you doing there?

Pry. Eh! why, to tell you the truth, I heard a talking here; and as I could not make out what the meaning of it all was, and one is naturally anxious to know, you know! I just took the liberty to put my ear to the key-hole, then I put my eye. (*Puts his hand to his eye.*) There again? I shan't be able to see out of this eye for a week, I hate these plaguey small keyholes, the wind comes through them like a needle.

Har. So, then, you confess you have been eaves-dropping about my house. Not content with coming inside perpetually to see what is going forward, you must go prying and peeping about outside. Harkee, Mr. Pry, you are a busy, meddling, curious, impertinent—

Pry. It is not genteel to call names. Indeed I think you ought to be obliged to me for the discovery.

Har. And what have you discovered? But it is

your way. You never get hold of a story, but you take it at the wrong end. But for your busy interference the fellow would have carried his intention into execution, and I should have had him.

Pry. Well, I did it for the best; but if ever I do a good-natured thing again!

(*Picks up book and returns to garden seat, S. E. L.*)

Har. 'Tis clear there is something going forward. (*To Eliza.*) But now that my suspicions are excited, I'll watch you closely, and if I find you concerned in it—

(*Leading Eliza up to house, R.*)

Eli. Indeed, pa—

Har. Well, well, I'm not to be deceived, so beware.

(*Exit Eliza into house.*)

As to you, you imp of mischief, I'll answer for it, you are in the plot, whatever it is.

Phe. That is the rule in these cases, the mistress can do no wrong; so we poor ministers of waiting-women are made the scape-goats.

Har. (*To Phebe.*) You get in.

(*Exit Phebe, S. E. R.*)

(*To Pry who is seated on the garden chair, reading.*) And you get out.

(*Opens the door.*)

Pry. This is a mysterious affair—most mysterious. I shan't sleep a wink till I have discovered what it is all about.

Har. Are you coming, sir?

Pry. Beg pardon, Colonel—I wish you a very good morning!

(*Exit, D.*)

Har. Good morning, good morning. The meddling blockhead! Can this have been an assignation with my daughter? No, no, she is too innocent, too artless—'tis some love affair of Phebe's, no doubt. However, I'll have an eye on both of them. (*A loud ring at bell.*) Who's that I wonder.

(*Opens door, and Pry appears at gate.*)

Pry. (*Going to the garden chair.*) Beg pardon! forgot my umbrella, that's all.

Har. Plague take you and your umbrella!

(*Hardy seizes the garden rake, and aims a blow at Pry, who exits hastily at gate.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Room at Witherton's. Verandah window opening to garden, L. in F.; door in F. R.

Enter WILLIS and MARIAN, R.

Wil. Yet a little forbearance, dear Marian, and all will be well.

Mar. Would our fate were decided, for even in my assumed character I find it difficult to endure the tyranny and insolence of Mrs. Subtle. The struggle is severe between the affected submission of the supposed dependent and the real indignation of the wife of Edward Somers.

Wil. I, too, have a difficult part to play. This morning I nearly betrayed myself to my uncle. His reproaches of me, undeserved as they were, I listened to unmoved—but when he would have censured you—fortunately at that moment we were interrupted, so our secret is still secure.

Mar. Upon the whole, Edward, I cannot but

consider this scheme of our friend, Colonel Hardy, as rather a wild one.

Wil. Yet hitherto it has succeeded. Here as a stranger, and in the character of an humble companion, I have won from my uncle that affection which the intrigues of an artful woman have diverted from me as his nephew; you are also no little favourite with him. Thus the main point is gained by the destruction of a prejudice unfavourable to us.

Mar. What more have you discovered of Grasp and Mrs. Subtle?

Wil. Sufficient to confirm our suspicions that letters, from and to me, have been intercepted by them. I have reason, too, to believe that Mrs. Subtle's grand project is a marriage with my uncle—by the influence she would thus obtain over him our ruin would be accomplished.

Mar. And are there no means of preventing their marriage?

Wil. I fear it will be difficult! when the affections of a solitary old man, a slave like him to circumstance and habit, are once entangled in the snares of a wily woman, it is no easy task to disengage them. But here she and my uncle come—we must not be seen together. Ha! 'tis too late—they are here.

Enter WITHERTON, leaning on MRS. SUBTLE'S arm, L.

Mrs. S. Gently, sir, gently. (*To Marian.*) What are you doing here? Why are you not in your own apartment?

Mar. I—I was merely talking to Mr. Willis, ma'am.

Mrs. S. Leave the room.

Wil. Speak mildly to her, my good Mrs. Subtle; consider—she is young and timid.

Mrs. S. Young and timid, indeed!

Wil. Go, my dear; Mrs. Subtle is a little severe in manner, but she means well.

Mar. (*Crosses to L.*) I obey you, sir.

Mrs. S. (*In an undertone.*) Obey me, or count not on a long continuance here—begone!

[*Exit Marian, L.*]

Leave her to me, sir, I understand these matters best. (*To Willis, in a gentler tone.*) And you, Mr. Willis, to encourage a forward chit like that—I'm astonished at you.

Wil. Indeed, you mistake me.

Mrs. S. No matter, leave us.

Wit. Be within call, Willis, I would speak with you presently.

Wil. I will, sir.

[*Exit, S. E. R.*]

(*Mrs. Subtle brings a chair forward for Witherton, who scats himself L. of Mrs. Subtle.*)

Wit. That girl is a favourite of mine, Mrs. Subtle, in her way—in her way, I mean. She was strongly recommended to me by my friend, Colonel Hardy, and I am sorry you have conceived so strange an antipathy against her.

Mrs. S. And I am surprised you are so strongly attached to her. Do you know I am almost—I had nearly said a foolish word—jealous of her?

Wit. Jealous! Now, Mrs. Subtle, you would banter me. But now we are alone, and secure from interruption, tell me what it is you would consult me upon—once while we were out you were on the point of speaking, when we were in-

truded upon by that meddling blockhead, Mr. Pry.

Mrs. S. Oh, 'tis nothing, sir—a trifle.

Wil. You cannot deceive me; something sits heavily at your heart; explain the cause of it—you know me for your friend, your sincere friend. Come, speak freely.

Mrs. S. Well, then, sir; since I never act in any important matter but by your direction, I would ask your advice in this, of all others, the—most important.

Wit. Go on.

Mrs. S. Mr. Grasp, who has long been attentive to me, has at length become importunate for my decision on the question of marriage.

Wit. Marriage! Take a chair, Mrs. Subtle; take a chair.

Mrs. S. (*Sits.*) Yes, sir. Hitherto I have never distinctly accepted, nor have I rejected the offer of his hand; wearied at length by my indecision, he has this morning insisted on knowing my intentions, one way or the other.

Wit. Well, well.

Mrs. S. It is a serious question; my mind is still unsettled; my heart, alas! takes no part in the question. How would you advise me, sir?

Wit. Really, Mrs. Subtle, I was so little prepared for such a communication, that I hardly know—Grasp is an honest man—a very honest man.

Mrs. S. He is a very honest man, yet my own experience has taught me that a very honest man may be a very—very bad husband. Then, although I allow Mr. Grasp to be a very well-meaning man—his temper—

Wit. That is none of the best, certainly.

Mrs. S. His manners, too—not that I believe he would willingly offend—are offensive. Even you, I fear, have observed that, for he has frequently addressed you in a mode which my affection—I would say, my respect for you has induced me to improve.

Wit. He does lack urbanity, I grant.

Mrs. S. And to me that is intolerable, for, notwithstanding my situation here, I can never forget that I am the daughter of a gentleman. Then his tastes and habits differ from mine.

Wit. These are important objections, Mrs. Subtle, considering that your first husband was as you have told me.

Mrs. S. Speak not to me of him, sir, for that reminds me of one of the bitterest periods of my life. Yet, spite of Mr. Subtle's ill-usage of me, I never once forgot the duty and obedience of a wife; but he was young, vain, fickle, and I am too late convinced that it is not till a man is somewhat advanced in life—till his sentiments and habits are formed and fixed, that he can thoroughly appreciate the value of a wife's affections, or so regulate his conduct as to insure her happiness and his own.

Wit. That is a very sensible remark, Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. S. My father was an evidence of the truth of it, sir. My father was nearly sixty when he married.

Wit. Indeed! your own father?

Mrs. S. Ay, sir, and he lived to the good old age of eighty-seven. But he was happy, and enjoyed a contented mind. How tenderly my poor mother loved him!

Wit. What was her age?

Mrs. S. When she married him, about mine, sir.

I believe it was the contemplation of the picture of their felicity, so constantly before my eyes, that confirmed my natural disposition for the quiet of domestic life. Ah, had I been fortunate in the selection of a partner!

Wit. Much—everything depends on that, and I think that Grasp is not altogether—he is not at all, the husband for you.

Mrs. S. So my heart tells me, sir; yet, when I quit your house, would you have me live alone, without a protector?

Wit. How—quit my house.

Mrs. S. Alas! that I must, whether I accept this proposal or not. Yet let not that distress you, sir, for I doubt not—I hope, that when I am gone, my place may be supplied by someone equally attentive to your comforts—your happiness.

Wit. Do I hear aright? Quit my house, and wherefore?

Mrs. S. I hardly know in what words to tell you; and, after all, perhaps you will say I am a silly woman to regard such idle slander. Who can control the tongue of scandal? My care of you, my attentions, my unceasing assiduities, become the subject of remark (I had resolved not to mention this to you), but my unwearied attention to you, which is the result of mere duty—of friendship—perhaps of a sisterly affection, is said to spring from a deeper—a warmer source—

Wit. And were it so, dear Mrs. Subtle, are we accountable to a meddling world—

Mrs. S. Ah, sir, you, a man strong in the rectitude of your conduct, master of your own actions, I say, and independent of the world, may set aside its busy slanders. But I, a humble, unprotected woman!—no, the path of duty lies straight before me; I must give my hand where I feel I cannot bestow my heart, and for ever quit a house where I have been but too happy. *(Appears affected.)*

Wit. Nay, by heaven, but you shall not; must your happiness be sacrificed? Mine, too?—Ay, mine.

Mrs. S. *(Rises.)* Hold, sir, say no more. Do not prolong a delusion which I am endeavouring to dispel. If I have unwarily betrayed to you a secret—which I have scarcely dared to trust even to my own thoughts; if I have foolishly mistaken the kindness of a friend for a more tender sentiment, pardon my presumption, and forgive her, who, but for the lowliness of her station, might as an affectionate and devoted wife, have administered to your happiness; and who, conscious of her own unworthiness, must soon behold you for the last time. *(Going, in tears.)*

Wit. Stay, dearest Mrs. Subtle, and listen to your friend, your best and truest friend. First promise me that here you will remain.

Mrs. S. But you have not yet advised me respecting Mr. Grasp's proposal, and I have promised him an immediate reply.

Wit. Attend to what I am about to say, and then dearest Mrs. Subtle, let your own heart dictate your choice.

Mrs. S. *(Aside.)* 'Tis done!

Wit. Were I no longer to hesitate, I should be negligent of my own happiness, and unjust towards your merits; for if an attachment, long and severely tried, were not of itself sufficient to warrant me in— *(A knock at the door, R.)*

Mrs. S. *(As Witherton starts up.)* Curse on the interruption, when but another word had realised my hopes.

Enter PAUL PRY, L.

Pry. Oh, ah, I see, billing and cooing—I hope I don't intrude?

Mrs. S. You do, sir.

Pry. Well, I'm very sorry, but I came to show you the "County Chronicle;" there's something in it I thought might interest you; two columns, full, about a prodigious gooseberry, grown by Mrs. Nettlebed, at the Priory. Most curious; shall I read it to you?

Wit. No, you are very good.

(Turns up impatiently.)

Pry. I perceive I am one too many. Well, now, upon my life, *(whispers her)* if I had entertained the smallest idea—

Mrs. S. What do mean, sir?

Pry. Bless you, I see things with half an eye; but never fear me, I'm as close as wax. Now, I say Mrs. Subtle, between ourselves—it shall go no farther, there is something in the wind, eh?

Mrs. S. I don't understand you.

Pry. Well, well, you are right to be cautious; only I have often thought to myself it would be a good thing for both of you, he is rich—no one to inherit his fortune, and by all accounts, you have been very kind to him, eh?

Mrs. S. Sir!

Pry. I mean no harm, but take my advice; service is no inheritance, as they say. Have you looked to number one? Taken care to feather your nest? You are still a young woman?—under forty, I should think?—thirty-eight now?—there, or thereabouts, eh?

Mrs. S. My respect for Mr. Witherton forbids me to say that his friend is impertinent.

Wit. This intrusion is no longer to be borne. *(Comes down L. of Pry.)* Have you any particular business with me sir?

Pry. Yes, you must know, I've seen a young fellow lurking about your friend Hardy's house, and I suspect there is something not right going forward in his family.

Wit. That is his business, not mine, sir.

Pry. True, but I have been thinking that as you are his friend, it would be but friendly if you were just to drop in, and talk to him about it.

Wit. That is my business, and not yours.

Pry. I don't say the contrary, but at all events, I'm determined to keep watch over—

Wit. That is your business, therefore you may do as you please; yet let me suggest to you, that this unhappy propensity of yours, to meddle in matters which do not concern you, may one day or other produce very mischievous effects.

Pry. Now I take that as unkind; what interest have I in trying to do a good-natured thing? am I ever a gainer by it? But I'll make a vow, that from this time forward I will never interfere. Hush, there he is again; will you do me a favour? just allow me to go out this way.

Wit. Any way out you please.

Pry. I'll give the alarm, and if I let him escape me this time—Follow! follow! follow!

[Exit D. in R. F.]

HARRY STANLEY appears at the window, L.

Har. Confound him! the same officious booby again.

Pry. *(Without.)* Now, my lively spark, I'll have you.

Har. Egad, you shall run for it, then.

[Runs off, Pry after him.]

Wit. What can be the meaning of all this! That busy fellow's interruption has thrown all my ideas into confusion.

Mrs. S. Be composed, sir; take a chair, and let us resume—

Enter GRASP, abruptly, R.

Well, what is it you want, Mr. Grasp?

Gra. You!

Wi., Mrs. Subtle is engaged just now.

Gra. No matter, she must come with me, I have something to say to her.

Mrs. S. I'll come to you presently.

Gra. You must come at once. I am not to be made a dupe—come. Mr. Willis is waiting to see you in the library, sir—now, Mrs. Subtle, if you please.

[Crosses and Exit, L.

Wit. Return quickly, dear Mrs. Subtle, and promise nothing till you have again consulted me.

Mrs. S. I will obey you, sir; you see how easily we poor weak women are diverted from our better resolutions.

[Exit Witherton, R.

He is mine. What can have angered Grasp? near as are my schemes to their completion, one word from that man might yet destroy them all. Has he overheard us? Does he suspect what is my project? I must contrive still to evade him, till I have made Witherton securely mine. Then let him do his worst.

[Exit, L.

SCENE II.—*A Room at Hardy's. Door, S. E. R.; an open window, T. E. L.*

Cries without of "Follow! follow!"—Enter ELIZA and PHEBE, R.

Eli. Oh, Phebe! Phebe! what can be the cause of all this confusion?

Phe. Confusion, indeed, miss, one would think the very de—Old Harry had broken loose.

Eli. Old Harry, Phebe—I'm very much afraid it's young Harry.

Phe. You see now the consequences of your imprudence, miss.

Eli. If it should really be my poor Harry, and my pa should discover him.

Phe. Mercy on us all; and now his suspicions are awakened, and his anger excited by this morning's adventure, he will be less tractable than ever. *(Cries of "Follow! follow!"*)

Enter HARRY STANLEY at the window, T. E. L.

Har. (R.) Any port in a storm, so here I am. What, my sweet little Eliza here! this is beyond my hopes.

Eli. Oh, Mr. Stanley, how could you be so imprudent?

Har. Now, my dear, sweet, pretty little Eliza, don't be angry with me—allow me a minute to recover breath, and I'll tell you about it. This run has been a breather.

Phe. What a pretty little fellow he is; I should have no objection to just such another little lover for myself.

Eli. But, tell me quickly, how came you here?

Har. By no very smooth path, I promise you; by scaling a twelve-foot wall, leaping across a canal climbing an apple-tree, and so in at the first-floor window.

Eli. But why venture to come into the house?

Har. Why, once over the garden wall, egad, I had no time to choose; my manoeuvre was detected by that same prying scoundrel who prevented our interview this morning—let him fall in my way, and I'll snip his ears for him. He gave the alarm, and in an instant every servant in the place, to the very dairymaid, was in full chase of me. I flew like a skiff before the wind, and cleared the canal at a leap. None of my pursuers could weather that point, so finding myself a few minutes ahead of them, and perceiving that window open, I made all sail for it as my only chance of escape, and here I am.

Phe. (L.) You have escaped with a vengeance. Do you know, sir, where you are?

Har. (R.) In the presence of my darling little Eliza, and where else could I be so happy?

Eli. (C.) Did you hear that, Phebe?

Phe. Pooh! nonsense, we are all on the very brink of ruin, and there he is quietly talking about being happy. You must instantly quit this place, so get out how you can. *(Goes up to the window.)*

Har. No, no; I have had so much trouble to get in, that I'll not get out again till I have explained my errand.

Eli. What Phebe says is true; if my pa should come—

Phe. (Comes forward to L.) They are on a wrong scent, so you are safe for a few minutes; but speak quickly.

Har. First tell me, when do you expect your cousin Frank?

Eli. Not for a week.

Har. That will be too late, as Frank, who is my old shipmate and friend, would have interceded for us with your father.

Phe. But since he is not here, what next do you propose?

Har. Boldly to ask the Colonel's consent.

Phe. Which he will refuse.

Har. So I expect, and am prepared accordingly. Now, I have a most important question to ask you—pray, ladies, are you fond of travelling?

Eli. What an odd question!

Har. I have just seen in Doubledot's yard the prettiest yellow postchaise in the world. *(Puts his arms round their waists.)* It will just hold us three as comfortably as if it had been made for us. We clap four horses to it, visit the blacksmith, get married, and then let our pa's unmarry us if they can.

Eli. Why, Harry, that would be running away, and I must not think of such a thing.

Phe. Oh, that somebody would make me such an offer.

Har. Running away! look at me, I've just been running away, and I am nothing the worse for it.

Eli. You!

Har. I had scarcely arrived at my father's house when the old gentleman told me of some dowdy of his own choosing, whom he intended I should marry. I ventured a respectful remonstrance; he swore I should marry her; if I do, sir, says I, I'll be—*(Phebe stops his mouth.)* So I cut short the argument by mounting a horse and galloping down here.

Phe. Then I'd advise you to remount him and gallop home again, for my young lady is in a precisely similar situation. The Colonel has provided a husband for her, and—

Har. In that case an elopement is our only re-

source; and if our dear pa's are determined on a marriage, we'll leave them to marry one another.

Phe. That's all very fine, but you must go—so take the first opportunity whilst the coast is clear. You are a very imprudent young gentleman, and I foresee mischief unless I take the management of this affair into my own hands. If you would have me for a friend, begone at once, and I'll do all I can to serve you.

Har. You are a good little girl, and if I don't contrive to find you a husband too. *(To Eliza.)* One kiss, and I'm gone. I must not forget my little Bridget—Abigail—what's her name?

(Kisses Phebe.)

Phe. Phebe! Phebe!—there, sir, that will do.

Eli. *(Dragging him away.)* There, Phebe says that will do: so you had better go, Harry.

(As he is going, Hardy speaks without, L.)

Har. Don't leave a bush or a bramble unsearched, let loose Jupiter and Bacchus! and whoever the villain is, bring him before me dead or alive.

Phe. There's a pretty business! The Colonel is coming—quick—jump out of the window, 'tis the way you came in.

Har. But coming and going are two very different things, Mrs. Phebe; no, I'll remain here, and declare my intentions.

Eli. Oh, no—I wouldn't have my pa see you for the world.

Phe. Here—quick—this way.

(She pushes him into room, S. E. R., and stands before the door.)

Eli. What have you done? consider, that is my room.

Phe. No matter, miss—we'll conceal him there till your father is gone, and then I'll contrive to get him away.

Enter HARDY, with brace of pistols, L. c. doors.

Har. *(Speaking off.)* Stand you at the staircase, and the first person that attempts to pass without my orders, fire; this time he shall not escape me. So, here you are—what have you to say for yourselves? Which of you is the culprit?

Phe. What do you mean, sir?

Har. But I perceive—there she stands, pale and trembling. Come hither, and tell me who he is.

Eli. Indeed, pa, you frighten me so, I cannot speak.

Har. Frightened. How dare you be frightened when your tender, kind old father speaks to you? Zounds, am I Bluebeard or the Grand Turk? but tell me who he is, I say.

Phe. Who, sir?

Har. A man has been seen to come over my garden wall.

Phe. Ha! ha! ha! and is that all? So for that the whole house is in an uproar; as if the orchard had never been robbed before.

Har. What, at noonday!

Phe. Why then, sir, it is some visitor of your own, perhaps.

Har. Would any visitor of mine come scrambling over the wall when I have a door to my house? But they'll catch him, and then—come hither, Phebe, and tell me the truth; if my daughter has deceived me, do you tell me, and spare me the mortification of exposing her misconduct in the presence of every menial in my service.

Eli. *(R., Aside.)* Don't betray me, Phebe.

Phe. *(R. c.)* You are so passionate, sir, that even if I knew—

Cries of "Follow! follow!" and barking of dogs at L. U. E.

Pry. *(Without window, T. E. L.)* Would you murder me, you hard-hearted monster?

Har. *(Going up stage.)* They have him—they have him.

Pry. *(With one foot at the window and speaking off.)* Don't fire! I'm a friend of the family, I tell you! oh, if I do but escape with my life!

(Hardy points pistol at Pry.)

Phe. *(Aside.)* Then we are saved again.

(Pry tumbles in.)

Har. *(Giving him his hand.)* Pray do me the honour to walk in, sir. So this is the second time I have you. Now what rigmarole story can you invent?

(Shaking him.)

Pry. Let me go—there's a mistake—I'm not the man—I'm your friend. I was coming this way, intending just to drop in, when—

Har. *(L. c.)* My friend, indeed! *(Places pistol on table, T. E. L.)* How dare any friend of mine drop in at the first-floor window?

Pry. *(L.)* If you doubt my friendship, see what I have suffered in your service.

(Turns about and shows his clothes torn.)

Har. Explain yourself.

Pry. I have been hunted like a stag, and nearly sacrificed like a heathen to the fury of Jupiter and Bacchus—and all owing to a mistake. I saw a strange man climb over your wall; and being naturally anxious to know what he could want, I followed him—gave the alarm—and—

Phe. *(R. c.)* Why, this is the same story he told us this morning, sir.

Har. And so it is. Why, this is the same story you told me this morning!—haw-kee, sir; if you find no better excuse for your extraordinary conduct, I shall forget you are my neighbour, act in my quality of magistrate, and commit you for the trespass. I find you entering my house in a very suspicious manner—

Pry. Well, if ever I do a good-natured turn again. Let me tell you, Colonel, that you are treating me like a phoenix—a thing I am not used to.

Har. What do you mean by treating you like a phoenix?

Pry. Tossing me out of the frying-pan into the fire. What I tell you is true. I gave the alarm, but the fellow was so nimble that he escaped; while your servants, seeing me run as if I had been running for a wager, mistook me for the man—set the dogs after me—and in short—I am well off to have escaped with my life.

Har. If this be true, what has become of the other?—The gates are closed, and—

Pry. He's safe enough, I'll answer for it—though I could not overtake him, I never lost sight of him. *(Observing a signal made by Phebe.)* Oho! that explains the mystery—some swain of Miss Phebe's

Har. What has become of him, I say? I'll not be trifled with—you are the only trespasser I discover, and will commit you unless—

Pry. Oh, if that's the case (you need not nod and wink at me, ladies), the matter is growing serious, and I have already suffered sufficiently. He's here, Colonel, I saw him get in at that window!

Phe. Oh, the wretch! a likely story—a man get in at that window, and we not see him?

Pry. Well, who says you didn't see him?

Phe. Why, we have not been out of the room this half-hour—have we, miss?

Har. Do you hear that?—a likely story, indeed! If you saw him, describe him?

Pry. Describe him! How can I describe him? I tell you he was running like a greyhound—he didn't wait for me to take his portrait! He got up at that window, and I'll swear he didn't get down again; so here he must be. (*Walks up and round the stage, and looks under the sofa and table.*)

Phe. It is a pity, Mr. Pry, you have no business of your own to employ you. Ah, that's right, look about here. You had better search for him in my young lady's reticule. (*Snatches reticule from Eliza.*)

Pry. Stand aside, Mrs. Phebe, and let me— (*Opening D. R.*)

Phe. Why, you abominable person—that is Miss Eliza's room; how dare you open the door? (*Throwing him round by collar to c.*)

Har. You abominable person! how dare you open my daughter's room door?—(*Throwing him round by collar to L.*)

Pry. If there's no one concealed there, why object?

Har. True. If there's no one concealed there, why object?

Phe. I wonder, sir, you allow of such an insinuation. (*Places herself at the door, s. e. r.*) No one shall enter this room; we stand here upon our honour; and if you suspect my young lady's, what is to become of mine, I should like to know?

Pry. Can't possibly say; but I would advise you to look after it, for I protest he is there.

Har. (*Endeavouring to suppress his anger.*) Sir, you are impertinent. It cannot be, and I desire you will quit my house. Simon!

Enter SIMON, L.

Simon, open the door for Mr. Pry.

Phe. Simon, you are to open the door for Mr. Pry.

Pry. Oh! I dare say Simon hears, I wish you a very good morning—I expect to be asked to dinner for this at least—this is most mysterious. I say, Simon?

[*Exit, whispering, Simon, L.*]

Har. (*Who has taken a brace of pistols from a case on the table.*) I would not expose you in the presence of that busy fool; but now, whoever he is, he shall answer his outrage to me.

Eli. (*R.*) Oh, pa, for heaven's sake. I'll tell you the truth.

Phe. (*L.*) Yes, sir, we will tell you. (*Aside.*) What shall I say?

Har. (*C.*) Tell me at once, hussey—is there a man in the room?

Phe. Why, then, sir, there is a sort of a young man, to be sure—but—

Har. But what?

Phe. But don't be angry, for he is the prettiest little fellow you ever saw.

Har. A little fellow? A man is concealed in my house, and because he happens not to be the Irish giant, I must not be angry. Oh! that my nephew, Frank, were at home: but I'm still young enough to—

Phe. Stay, sir. (*Aside.*) Anything to gain time and prevent murder. You have guessed it, it is your nephew, Mr. Frank.

Har. What, Frank? my boy, Frank?

Phe. Yes, sir, arrived a week earlier than was

expected. We, Miss Eliza and I, sir—we were in the secret, and had planned a little surprise for you, but that eternal Mr. Pry spoiled it.

Har. (*Places pistols on the table.*) Oh, you wicked little rebels, to cause me so much uneasiness—but let me see the dear boy—let me—

Phe. Stop, sir, I'll just inform him that—

Har. Don't detain me an instant. (*Going towards the door.*) What, Frank, come to your old uncle, you dog—why, zounds! what is heat now? scarcely is he in at one window but he is preparing to jump out at another.

[*Exit, s. e. r.*]

Eli. Phebe, what have you done? my pa must soon detect the imposture, and then—

Phe. Lord, miss, what would have been the consequence if the Colonel, in that storming passion, and with pistols in his hands, had been told the truth. We may yet get your Harry safe out of the house, and then—hush!

Enter HARDY, pulling in HARRY STANLEY, s. e. r.

Har. Come, Frank, an end to this foolery. Phebe has explained it all to me: I'm devilish glad to see you, and that is worth all the surprise in the world.

Harry. Sir—I—what is the meaning of this?

Phe. We have told your uncle of your unexpected arrival, Mr. Frank Hardy.

Harry. (*Aside.*) Oho! my uncle; gad, then I'll soon make myself one of the family.

(*Shakes hands very heartily with Hardy.*)

Har. But let me look at you, you rogue; I have not seen you since you were a mere urchin. As Phebe says, he is a pretty little fellow. But I say, Frank, you don't take after the family. Your father was a tall man: all tall men in our family.

Harry. Why, I am not positively a giant, uncle; but what does that signify? Nelson was a little fellow like myself—so, not an inch taller will I grow.

Har. Ah, ah, you are a wag. But tell me, Frank, when you found yourself pursued and in danger of a drubbing from my servants, why didn't you at once discover yourself to be my nephew.

Harry. Eh—to say the truth, that never once occurred to me.

Har. Well, your secret was in good hands with the girls. I was in a thundering passion to be sure—your poor cousin has scarcely yet recovered from her agitation.

Harry. Ah, sir, I know not how I shall atone to my cousin for the embarrassment my thoughtlessness has occasioned her.

Eli. I'll never, never forgive you.

Har. What's that I hear? when I have forgiven his wild sailor prank, how dare anybody—go, Frank, give your cousin a kiss, or I'll storm the house about your ears.

Harry. Not through any disobedience of mine, uncle.

(*Crosses and kisses Eliza.*)

Eli. Ha' done, Mr. Stan—ha' done, cousin, that will do, (*aside*) I'm glad he is obedient to pa, though.

Phe. (*Wiping her lips.*) My master is right, since he is satisfied, there is no reason why anyone else should be angry.

Harry. And you, too, my pretty Phebe: your lips are as full of forgiveness as mine are of repentance, I'll answer for it.

(*Kisses Phebe.*)

Har. (*Coming down, R.*) Come, come, Frank, you are forgiven. (*Aside.*) I must look close after the young dog, or I foresee we shall have him asking pardon of all the maids in the house. Now, Frank (*Frank crosses to Hardy.*) I have news for you. Eliza is soon to be married,

Harry. Married, sir?

Har. Married, ay, married. I was resolved to defer the ceremony till your return. So now you are here—

Harry. That was very kind; and whenever Eliza marries, you may be sure I will be at the wedding. And pray, sir, who is the happy man?

Har. What is that to you? I know, and that is sufficient for all parties.

Harry. Certainly, sir! but pray does my cousin love him?

Har. No, but she may if she likes. I'm not one of those tyrannical fathers who would control the affections of their children. No, no, I leave my daughter sole mistress of her inclinations; free either to love her husband, or to leave it alone, as she thinks best.

Harry. How indulgent a parent! Now, suppose, sir, I should object to your arrangement?

Har. You object, you jackanapes! Harkee, it is rather the soonest for you and I to quarrel—now, that we may remain friends, you will please to recollect, that although I am willing to listen to reason, argument, and advice, it must proceed from those who have the good sense to be exactly of my way of thinking. But, if anyone dare contradict or oppose me, I!—no, I am not like my poor friend Witherton, but am lord and master in my own family.

Harry. (*To Eliza.*) Then our only hope is the yellow post-chaise.

Har. But come. (*Crossing to L.*) Frank, your flying leaps must have given you an appetite; so follow me and take a snack.

[*Exit Hardy, R.*]

Harry. I'll follow you, sir. My dear Phebe, what could induce you to risk such an imposition upon the Colonel? We cannot long escape detection.

Phe. As you said, sir, when you came in at the window, "Any port in a storm." And such a storm as we should have had if you had been abruptly discovered in your own character—

Harry. Well, here I am installed as your cousin: it will be very pleasant as long as it lasts; but I fear we shall pay dearly for it in the end.

Eli. I tremble to think of the consequences. *Harry,* what colour did you say Mr. Doubledot's post-chaise was?

Harry. The prettiest runaway colour imaginable—will you go and look at it?

Phe. Nonsense, nonsense, we must do nothing rash. Your cousin, the real Mr. Frank Hardy, will not be here for a week, so we have plenty of time for consideration. Why, I declare, here is Mr. Pry again!

PAUL PRY appears at the door, L.

Pry. There he is. A most extraordinary circumstance. (*Aside.*) The letter is a good excuse for my return.

Eli. Why he is making signs at me.

Harry. The devil he is; he shall answer that to me. What do you want, sir?

(*Brings down Pry between himself and Eliza.*)

Pry. Nothing.

Harry. Lookye, Mr. Scout. I owe you a round dozen for sailing in chase of me this morning; now explain the signals you were hanging out to my own dear little—to my cousin, Miss Hardy—or—

Pry. Your cousin? So then you are the nephew from sea, after all. My dear sir, you are welcome to England.

Harry. Come, sir, no evasion; explain—or overboard you go.

(*Pointing to the window.*)

Pry. Holloa! well, this comes of doing a civil thing.

Harry. Come, come, sir, be quick, or you'll find me as good as my word.

Pry. There, then, since you will have it. (*Gives Eliza a letter.*) I intended to give it to you mysteriously; but hang me if ever I do a good-natured thing again.

Eli. (*Looking at it.*) There is no need of mystery, sir. (*To Harry.*) It is from my cousin Frank, but—how came this letter in your possession? It ought to have been delivered by the postman.

Pry. No matter—I am always in the wrong.

Phe. But how came you by it at all?

Pry. Because I am a good-natured fool, and do all I can to oblige. I met the postman the other day, and as I always make it a rule to inquire who has letters, I found that there was one for you (*to Eliza*); and I said that as I was coming past the door, I'd leave it for him, it was the only one he had for the house; poor fellow! you know those postmen have really a long way to walk now, and I thought it would be but civil if I brought it to you.

Phe. Where the deuce was the civility of your doing what the postman must have done?

Pry. Where? why he had his rounds to go: so that Miss Eliza would have had her letter five minutes earlier than by waiting for him, if it had not slipped my memory for a week.

Eli. Why, it is a week old.

Pry. That is because I promiscuously forgot it.

(*Goes up.*)

Eli. (*Who has been reading the letter.*) Heavens! it is all over with us, Phebe; my cousin Frank will really be here to-day. This letter was to apprise us of his arrival a week sooner than we expected.

Phe. There! now is our only hope, which was in leisure for deliberation, destroyed—and through his interference again.

Enter SIMON, L.

Sim. (*To Harry.*) My master waits for you, sir, and is growing impatient.

Har. I'll come. Let us go to the Colonel. I'll devise some excuse for leaving him—intercept Frank on his way hither—enlist him in our cause—and then throw ourselves on your father's mercy.

Phe. I wish you joy of his mercy when he discovers the trick we have played him.

Eli. Mr. Pry, if you did but know—

Phe. (*Interrupting her.*) Nothing.—Simon, Mr. Pry is waiting till you open to door for him again.

Har. And Mr. Pry may consider himself fortunate—(*pointing to the window*)—that I have not spared you that trouble, Simon.

[*Exeunt Harry, Eliza, and Phebe, L.*]

Pry. Well, I have done my utmost to serve this worthy family; and all I have gained by it is—

So, Simon, the young spark turns out to be your master's nephew, after all.

Sim. (*Pointing off.*) Now, sir, if you please.

Pry. He intends that as a hint, I suppose. Well, that letter appeared to perplex them. I shan't be able to rest till I have come to the rights of it. Ecod! I'll go down to Doubledot's, and just inquire whether he happens to know anything about it.

[*Exit Simon and Pry, L.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room at Doubledot's.*

PAUL PRY discovered at the table in c. with a newspaper; he examines the books and slate in the drawer in table.

Pry. Well, Doubledot does not return. Out, out, from morning till night. What can he have to do out? No wonder the Green Dragon carries all before it—but if men won't attend to their business—(*Counts a score.*) Two and twenty. Upon my life, it is very discreditable to run such a score at a public-house—who can it be? marked with an S—s. I'll lay my life it is Mrs. Sims—that woman owes money at every shop in the village.

Dou. (*Speaks without, L.*) This way, sir, if you please.

Pry. Oh, at last. A traveller with him—I wonder who he is.

Enter DOUBLEDOT and FRANK HARDY, L.

Dou. (*Very obsequiously at first, but gradually relaxing in his civility.*) This way, sir,—will you please to take anything after your journey?

Fra. No, nothing.

Dou. Will you order your dinner now, sir?

Fra. I shall not dine here. Let my luggage be brought into the house, and remain here for the present. (*Sits B. of table.*)

Dou. Ah! a precious customer. (*Aside.*) A glass of water and a tooth-pick.

Pry. I say, Doubledot—a good quantity of luggage for one person! He is alone? Do you happen to know who he is?

Dou. No—but you very soon will, I'll answer for it.

[*Exit, L.*]

Fra. Now to proceed to my good old uncle's. After an absence of so many years, I shall scarcely be recognised by him. As for Eliza, who was a mere child at the period of my departure—

Pry. (*Who has seated himself L. of table and taken up a newspaper.*) Pleasant journey, sir?

Fra. Very pleasant, sir.

Pry. From London, sir?

Fra. No, sir.

Pry. O, not from London. Stay long in these parts, sir?

Fra. Quite uncertain, sir. A tolerable inquisitive fellow this.

Pry. Shy—don't like him—something mysterious about him. I am determined to find out who he is: Beg pardon, sir, if I'm not mistaken your name is—a—?

Fra. You are right, sir, Snooks. Now, sir, allow me to ask you a question. Is it far hence to Colonel Hardy's?

Pry. Oh, you know him! do you happen to know his nephew, who has just come home from sea?

Fra. Come—coming you mean.

Pry. Come, I tell you. He arrived this morning:

Fra. What, his nephew, Frank Hardy?

Pry. The same. I saw him with my own eyes. Come in a very odd way, too. (*Aside.*) The intelligence appears to perplex him.

Fra. (*Aside.*) What can this mean? (*Rising, and crossing to L.*) A person there assuming my name! doubtless some piece of roguery is intended, which my timely arrival may prevent. I'll find some favourable pretence for visiting the family as a stranger, and observe what is going forward before I declare myself.

Pry. (*Aside.*) An adventurer.

Fra. The Colonel, I believe, sir, enjoys a reputation for hospitality. Do you imagine he would refuse the visit of a stranger?—a gentleman travelling for his pleasure, who wishes to be favoured with a view of his grounds—his pictures.

Pry. (*Hesitating.*) No, sir. (*Aside.*) A travelling gentleman—the case is clear.

Fra. There is no time to be lost, sir. I must be plain with you. It is my intention to pay Colonel Hardy a visit, the object of that visit is important, and that it may succeed the utmost secrecy and caution are requisite.

Pry. Indeed. (*Aside.*) Very cool, upon my word.

Fra. To use your own expression, "Beg pardon if I am mistaken" (*crossing to L., and shaking his cane at Pry*) but you appear to me to be one of those good-natured, inquisitive, officious persons, who abound in such places as this. Now if you mention to any soul breathing that you have seen me, you may have cause to repent your indiscretion.

[*Exit, L.*]

Pry. Sir, yours. Not the shadow of a doubt what sort of gentleman he is. Yet he looks like a gentleman, but what of that? every pick-pocket now-a-days is described as a youth of prepossessing appearance, and every disorderly woman taken before a magistrate is sure to be young and interesting. Now, what ought I to do in this case? I hate to interfere with other people's business. Yet, in a matter like this—I'll take a short cut to the house, be beforehand with the travelling gentleman, put the Colonel on his guard, and for once force him to acknowledge the value of my service.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*At Hardy's—same as in Act II.*

Enter HARDY, MARIAN, and WILLIS, R.

Har. What! marry his housekeeper, marry Mother Subtle! The old fool! The old dotard! Oh, that I were his father for one quarter of an hour, that I might enjoy the paternal gratification of breaking every bone in his body.

Wil. Fortunately the evil is not yet accomplished, and your interference may prevent it.

Har. But how did you learn this?

Wil. My suspicions long existing of such an intention, were confirmed by a desperate altercation between Grasp and Mrs. Subtle, which I have just had the good fortune to overhear. Grasp having detected her schemes upon my uncle, threatened, even at the peril of his own ruin, to expose the

intrigues she had so long carried on against me. Mrs. Subtle, presuming on her strong influence over Mr. Witherton, scoffed at his menaces, dared him to do his worst, and defied him to the proof of his accusation, till Grasp hinted at certain letters which unknown to her he had preserved, she instantly moderated her haughty tone, promised compliance with any arrangement he might propose, and once more, I believe, they are friends.

Har. Friends! accomplices you mean. But let me see, what's to be done? First do you return, both of you, and—

Mar. I wish that could be avoided. Mrs. Subtle already assumes the mistress, and has expressed her determination to dismiss me, and—

Har. That will do. You take her at her word. You shall remain concealed here for awhile; egad, and so shall you, Somers.

Wil. To what purpose, sir?

Har. Leave it to me. 'Tis here—'tis here. (*Striking his forehead.*) Go in my study; there you will be free from observation; no one dares go there without my leave. I'll come to you presently, and dictate a letter you shall send to Witherton, which if it does not bring him to his senses he is incorrigible.

Wil. How shall we thank you for the interest you take in our behalf?

Har. By leaving me to myself a few minutes. I have my hands full of business already. Here is a letter I have just received from an old friend, relative to a runaway son of his! Then there's my nephew, Frank, who has returned. But go—go; if my daughter, or her chattering maid, should see you here together, I would not give you five minutes' purchase for your secret.

Mar. We will act implicitly by your advice, sir.

Har. Do so, and I will yet blow all Mrs. Subtle's schemes—no matter where. (*Exeunt Marian and Willis, L.*) Now just let me look at old Stanley's letter again, before I communicate its contents to my nephew. (*Reads.*) "My boy Harry, who is a hare-brained, harem-scarem fellow, mounted horse, and galloped away, the moment I mentioned a wife for him of my choosing. He has been met on the road towards your place, and I suspect that he has discovered who the girl is, and has a mind to see her before he positively rejects her. Should this be the case, detain him till my arrival, which will speedily follow your receipt of this." Ah, this is very pretty, but what right has any man to come and look at my daughter: to take her, or leave her, as he would a horse. My Lizzy is a wife for an emperor; I know it, that's enough, and I won't allow any man to—(*calls out of window.*) Here, you Frank, I want you.

Harry. (*Within, L.*) Coming, sir.

Har. Coming, sir; then why the devil don't you come. There he is, tied to the woman's apron-strings. Hang me, if I have been able to keep him with me during three consecutive quarters of a minute since here he has been.

Enter HARRY STANLEY, ELIZA and PHEBE
hanging on each arm, L.

Harry. Did you call me, sir?

Har. Yes; but I didn't call all three of you. Yet here you go about with your heads together, like three conspirators, as if you were hatching another gunpowder treason.

Harry. Can you be surprised at my preferring

the company of my dear little cousin to yours, sir? But what have you to say to me, sir?

(*Crosses to Hardy.*)

Har. Something that touches the honour of us all. Yours, yours, and (*to Phebe*) even yours, if you have any respect for your mistress.

Harry. (*Aside.*) Am I discovered?

Har. (*R.*) I have reason to believe that a certain person is in this neighbourhood, cruising under false colours, as you would call it.

Harry. (*R. C.*) Ah, sir, then I suppose you expect that he should face to the right-about, and beat a retreat, as you would call it.

Har. No, you jackanapes, I neither expect nor intend any such thing. I intend to humour the deception, and then take him by surprise.

Phe. (*Aside, c.*) You have but one chance for it, sir, confess at once—confess.

Harry. Our only hope, I believe. Then what if he should confess his error, ask pardon for his indiscretion, and throw himself upon your mercy?

Har. Why, then I should say, take my daughter, and may you be happy together.

Harry. Would you, sir, why then—

(*Taking Eliza by the hand and turning towards him.*)

Har. But not so fast. You don't know your uncle yet, Frank. I'll first punish him for his impertinence? How dare he, when it is settled that he shall marry my Lizzy, presume to have a choice of his own? and because he has not yet seen her, how dare he—

Eliz. Not yet seen me? Who are you talking about, pa?

Harry. Your intended husband, to be sure, Mr.—

Enter SIMON, L.

Sim. Mr. Paul Pry sends his compliments, and wishes to see you on most important business.

Har. Confound Mr. Paul Pry! Eternally that Mr. Paul Pry. My compliments, and I am not at home. (*Exit Simon, L.*) I guess what his important business is likely to be. He comes to look for a shoestrung, or tell me some nonsensical event that has occurred in the neighbourhood.

Pry. (*Without.*) Pooh, pooh! this is no time for ceremony, so see him I must.

Enter PAUL PRY, c. doors.

Pry. Colonel, you must pardon the intrusion, but I come to tell you—

Har. Well, be quick. What cat in the village has kitted? How many blind puppies have your neighbours drowned? Come, inflict upon me the full and true particulars, and make an end of it.

Pry. Colonel, I don't understand. There is treason and a plot in the wind, and I came, like a good-natured fool as I am, to put you on your guard. But there is no time to spare. He is now on his way hither.

Har. He! and who is he? and what is he?

Pry. An impostor—an adventurer—or something of that mysterious nature. A travelling gentleman, as he calls himself. He has just arrived, and luckily for you I have wormed his intentions out of him.

Har. Well, well, and what are his intentions?

Pry. To get into your house under pretence of seeing your pictures—looking at your grounds—

Har. (*Aside.*) That's my man. Well, and what is there so extraordinary in that?

Pry. Oh, nothing. But when a man talks about the object of his visit requiring the utmost secrecy and caution—when he asks suspicious questions—

Har. What do you call suspicious questions?

Pry. First, he asked me whether you were of a hospitable turn, which I take to be very suspicious. If you had but seen him when I told him of the arrival of your nephew, Mr. Frank, he staggered—absolutely staggered. “What, his nephew?” says he, “Frank Hardy?”

Eli. (To Stanley.) Surely this must be my cousin Frank.

Harry. I’ll away and prepare him.

Phe. No, leave that to me. My absence will not be remarked.

[Exit, L.]

Har. Pray, did he mention his name?

Pry. Name! bless you, these fellows have a name for every town in the kingdom. He calls himself Snooks—but, lord bless you—

Har. (Aside.) The cautious rogue. But I’ll be even with him. No, no, it isn’t my pictures he comes to see.

Pry. You may well say that. (Aside.) This time, however, he will acknowledge his obligations to me.

Harry. Now, Mr. Pry, it is proper I should tell you that I was already prepared for this visit. I know who the person is, and have most serious reasons for humouring his frolic. I know you to be a busy, meddling, talkative person, and therefore warn you, that if you breathe a hint of having put me on my guard, as you call it—you know me, so I need say no more.

Pry. Well, between the two—Colonel Hardy, you are a magistrate and I—I haven’t a shilling about me, or I’d make oath in your presence never to do a good-natured thing again whilst I live.

[Exit, L.]

Harry. If I could but see him. (Aside.) Hadn’t I better go and inquire into the truth of this, sir? That blundering booby confuses everything.

Har. No, sir, you will please stay where you are. (Crossing to Eliza.) This is he, my love—this Mr. Snooks, as he calls himself, is the person you are to marry.

Eli. Oh, papa, and would you have me marry a man with such a name? I could not if he were a lord.

Har. No, my dear, no—that is not his name. I may tell you now—his name is—no, I won’t;—his project in this incognito, and mine in humouring it, might both be defeated by your inadvertently naming him—so ’tis safer as it is. (To himself) But I forgot my prisoners. Frank, I have business that will occupy me for a few minutes in my study. Should this gentleman arrive before my return, you, as my nephew, will do the honours for me; and you, my little darling, will remember, that as he is your intended husband, you must endeavour—but I need say no more; that hint is always sufficient to put a woman to her sweetest looks and best behaviour.

[Exit, R.]

Harry. I am in a pleasant dilemma here. Should this be Frank, I must cease to act your cousin. Should it be the person your father expects, good-bye to my hopes of becoming your husband.

Enter PHEBE.

Phe. Where is the Colonel?

Harry. In his study.

Phe. ’Tis Mr. Frank himself. But be not alarmed, I have prepared him by a hasty narrative of the events of the morning, and he has promised to make one of our party. You may come in, sir.

Enter FRANK HARDY, L.

Fra. My dear consin! (Embraces Eliza.) What, Harry, my old shipmate?

Eli. And is this my little cousin Frank? How much he has grown since he was a little boy!

Fra. We are both somewhat changed. I left home a boy, and returned a man. I left you playing with a doll, and find you manoeuvring for a husband. This pretty maid has informed me of your proceedings. But pray, my dear fellow, does it occur to you that we are in a devil of a scrape here?

Har. And pray, my dear fellow, does it occur to you how I am to get out of it?

Fra. (Pointing to the window.) That seems the shortest way.

Har. That led me into it, and I never take the same road twice.

Fra. But since my uncle doesn’t expect two nephews, one of us must abdicate.

Phe. I hope you didn’t come all the way from the antipodes to tell us that, sir. That must be the end of it, we know; but if you were at all acquainted with your uncle’s character, you would conceive that there might be some danger in an abrupt disclosure of the deception we have been forced to put upon him.

Fra. How forced?

Phe. Why, as I told you by the way, sir, to prevent lord knows what mischief.

Fra. Harkye, you and I are old friends: you love my cousin, she loves you; and if my assistance is likely to promote your union, you may command it. Would your father consent to it?

Har. I doubt that, for he has a scheme of his own for my marriage. So my notion is to marry first and ask his consent afterwards.

Eli. Stop, I have an idea.

Phe. (Aside.) At last! if it be really an idea, she never came honestly by it—(Noise without.) Hush! I tremble at every sound. I’ll go and see what it is.

[Exit, c.]

Har. Now for your idea.

Eli. I dread my pa’s anger and dare not see him till he is pacified. Now if Harry were to force me to run away with him whilst you—

Fra. This is a step I will not sanction. Be prudent or I abandon you. But pray tell me, since I am not to be myself, who am I?

Har. Why the Colonel expects his protégé. He believes you are the person and—

Fra. That will never do, for should he really arrive, our difficulty would be increased.

Har. There’s no time for deliberation, for here comes your uncle.

Fra. (Aside.) I long to throw myself into his arms, yet dare not.

(They retire up.)

Enter HARDY, R.

Har. We have dispatched the letter, and if that fail to arouse old Witherton to a sense of his humiliation,—(Aside.) Ha, there he is. Now I’ll teach him to come here and take my whole family as it were upon trial. I believe I have the honour

of addressing the travelling gentleman who has expressed a desire to see my pictures.

Fra. (R. C.) Sir—I—

Har. Sir, I entreat you will use no ceremony—visit my grounds—examine my furniture—settle your opinion upon everything and everybody in my house. This is my daughter. (*Takes her by the hand.*) My daughter, sir, you understand. I hope you like her. This is my nephew, Frank. What is your opinion of him? I'm his uncle!—how d'ye like me?

Fra. So well, sir, that if I were to choose an uncle for myself, you would be the very man.

Har. Well, that's one point in our favour. But we have not done yet—my dinners—my wines—it is important that those should be to your satisfaction, young gentleman?—so I shall request the satisfaction of your company at dinner to-day.

Fra. Ay, sir, and to-morrow, and every day for a month to come, if you please.

Har. And if anything in my house dead or alive should displease you, you understand—pray use no ceremony in mentioning it.

Fra. What the deuce does he mean? Sir, I assure you everything here is perfectly to my taste.

Har. If not, Mr. Snooks has but to gallop to town again, and no party—you understand, is compromised by his visits.

Fra. Upon my soul, sir, I do not understand—Snooks?—oh, I perceive; the chattering fellow I met at the inn, has spoken to you about me, and be hanged to him.

Har. No matter, sir, I am very proud of the honour you intend me, and let that suffice.

Harry. (*Aside to Frank.*) Don't contradict him or he'll talk for a month.

Har. And now, sir, that no time may be lost, suppose you commence your inspection at once by a ramble about my grounds. If you please my daughter shall accompany you: but if that is the least disagreeable, pray say so.

Harry. (*Taking her arm.*) Come, and thank heaven for this respite.

Har. What the deuce, Frank—(*Separates them.*) Do the civil thing to the travelling gentleman. Will it be in any way disagreeable to you, sir, to give my daughter your arm?

Fra. Let this attest that it is the most agreeable thing you could have proposed to me, sir.

Har. (*Aside.*) I am sorry it is so. I almost wish he had disliked her, that his marriage might have been a punishment to him for presuming to have a choice of his own. But his father will soon be here—and then—

Enter PHEBE, L., with a key.

Well what is the matter with you?—what has alarmed you? Is the house on fire? Why don't you answer?

Phe. Alarmed! no, sir! I am not alarmed; but Grasp, Mr. Witherton's steward, wishes to see you—and running to tell you has taken my breath away, that's all, sir.

Har. So the letter has produced its effect, I imagine.

Phe. He seems in a violent rage, so pray go to him, sir, go.

Har. Well, why need you be so alarmed about it? But you have nerves, I suppose. Ah, the luxury and refinement of the times! Here's a chambermaid sent into the world with as fine a set of nerves

as a duchess. I'll go to the man. You'll excuse me for a short time, Mr. travelling gentleman; Frank and my daughter will supply my place.

[*Exit, L.*]

Eli. Phebe, what are you so flurried about? Is it really Mr. Grasp, or have you deceived my pa?

Phe. No, miss, no; that's true enough—but I wish it were the whole truth. He's come at last, and I have him under lock and key.

Eli. Who, the young man?

Phe. Young! why, miss, he's fifty.

Harry. You have mistaken the person then; 'tis a young man the Colonel expects.

Phe. The Colonel speaks of him as he was, without considering how many years have passed since. I am certain 'tis he, for he asked to see the bride—that was enough for me. I thrust him into the breakfast parlour, and locked the door. Here, take the key, and settle your matters as best you may.

Harry. They'll be easily settled. (*Takes the key.*) I have but one way of treating with a rival. Come with me, Frank.

Fra. Hold! Harry, stay where you are. You are too deeply interested in the issue to be as cool as circumstances may require, so leave the interview entirely to me. Come, Phebe, and show me to the dragon I am to vanquish.

Eli. And tell him, Frank, that I can never love him—that we shall never be happy together—and that though I may be obliged to marry him to please my pa, I shall never do anything to please him.

[*Exit Harry and Eliza, R., Frank, L.*]

SCENE III.—A Landscape.

Enter MRS. SUBTLE with a bundle of papers.

Mrs. S. I have secured them—the arch-villain! (*Looks at the papers.*) The suppressed letters of Witherton and Somers, which he has so often assured me were destroyed, he has artfully preserved. Possessing these, he might indeed have worked my ruin. Now let him expose my practices to Hardy; let him endeavour to traduce me to his drivelling master—these in my power, I fear him not. In my sway over the old man's affections lies my security! Be the accusations of Grasp, therefore, vehement as they may, unsupported by these, the only proofs against me, my simple word shall outweigh them. But how shall I excuse the departure of Marian and Willis? and at such a moment, 'tis unfortunate! The old man is strongly attached to them, and—no matter—I will find means to excuse that to him. These were what most I had to fear; they are mine, and now to destroy these papers (*as she is about to tear them.*) Ha! some one comes this way.

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter PAUL PRY, with a fishing-rod.

Pry. (*Looks at his watch.*) Bless me! I thought it was later. If Pope Gregory, when he took upon himself to regulate the years, had hit upon some scheme for shortening the days, he would have conferred an eternal obligation upon us gentlemen who have nothing to do. The days are a deal too long, and positively there is no getting pleasantly through them. Well, I'll go and fish. I expected that Hardy would have invited me to dinner, and from what I saw going forward in the kitchen—the curmudgeon—hang the rod!

[*Exit, R.*]

Enter FRANK HARDY, OLD STANLEY, and PHEBE.

Phe. Here, outside the enemy's walls, we may confer securely.

Fra. (Seeing *Pry*) What! this man again?

Pry. Ah, ah! how dy'e do? A friend of yours, eh! (Bows) Well, you have been to Hardy's?

Fra. I have, and find that, notwithstanding the caution I gave you, you have divulged my intentions. You may recollect the promise I made you? Now, sir—

Pry. Sir, I beg you will excuse me. I'm going to fish. I wish you good day. Isn't that Mrs. Subtle yonder? To be sure it is; what is it she is doing there. Gad, there it goes. Now the loss of that may be the ruin of the poor woman. I'll run after her and see what I can do to help her.

[Exit *Pry*.]

Fra. So, sir, I believe we understand each other. You consent to relinquish your share in the treaty with the Colonel respecting his daughter's marriage.

Old S. A marriage with his daughter would have served to strengthen an old friendship; but since the happiness of two persons must have been sacrificed, upon that consideration—

Fra. Sir, you prove at once the goodness of your heart and the soundness of your understanding.

Old S. Is Hardy aware of your affection for his daughter?

Fra. No; and sure if he were, he would not listen to my proposals so long as his engagement with you subsists.

Phe. Now, sir, let me recommend that instead of seeing the Colonel as you proposed, you write to decline the continuance of the treaty. Entrust us with the letter, and I'll answer for the result, which shall be agreeable to all parties.

Old S. My Harry has never seen the girl. She loves another, and it shall be so. Since it is agreed that I am not to have an interview just now with my old friend, and to say the truth the violence of his temper would render it rather an unpleasant one under our present circumstances, pray be so good as to step with me to the inn hard by, and there I will prepare the letter for you. I believe you told me that the Colonel's nephew, and the favoured lovers, are the only visitors at the house.

Fra. Exactly so, sir.

Old S. Plague take the boy, where can he be gone? It's certain he is not here.

Fra. Now, sir, I am at your service. (Aside) This engagement relinquished, my friend Harry's suit will be the more readily granted.

[Exit *R.*]

Phe. Well, when I marry I'll not leave the choice of a partner to the Colonel. The man would be well enough for a grandfather, but for a husband—Miss Simpleton has catered much better for herself. Her Harry is a dashing little fellow, that's the truth o'er't. The song he sung to us was pretty enough; egad! as I've nothing else to do, I'll try to remember it.

SONG—"Cherry Ripe."

*Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry;
Full and fair ones; come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer there;
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land of cherry-isle.
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, &c.*

*Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry;
Full and fair ones; come and buy;
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land of cherry-isle;
There plantations fully show,
All the year where cherries grow.
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, &c.*

[Exit, *R.*]

SCENE IV.—Drawing Room at Witherton's.

Enter WITHERTON, *R.*

Wit. Marry! at the very sound I feel myself a happy and contented man. Marry! and yet at my age 'tis a step which ought not to be inconsiderately taken. Were I to consult with Hardy he would but laugh at me. Willis. (Rings.) His advice has served me on more than one occasion. Ah, had my nephew been where he ought, I had not needed the friendship of a stranger; but that young man shall supply his place.

Enter SERVANT, with a letter, *L.*

Desire Mr. Willis to come to me.

Ser. Mr. Willis is gone, sir—and here is a letter for you, sir.

[Exit, *L.*]

Wit. Gone! what does he mean? (Opens the letter.) What do I read? "Mrs. Subtle's tyranny—her overbearing insolence—unable any longer to endure it—by at once quitting your house, and relinquishing your protection, and 'tis with unfeigned sorrow and regret I do so, I am but anticipating my intended dismissal. Willis, for reasons which you shall know hereafter, has resolved to accompany me.—Marian." My poor Marian! Driven from my house—Willis, too? Does she already so presume? I see my conduct now must determine the character I am to maintain hereafter. I must teach her that I can be master, or I sink for ever into the abject slave.

Enter MRS. SUBTLE, *L.*

Mrs. S. The papers are destroyed—and now—

Wit. So, Mrs. Subtle, where is Marian? where is Willis?

Mrs. S. Gone!

Wit. By whose authority are they dismissed? Yours?

Mrs. S. Why, how is this? Rebellion? (Aside)

Wit. Have you done this, I say?

Mrs. S. No—and if I had, give me leave to say, sir—

Wit. I perceive your error: let me correct it while there is yet time. He that has occasionally endured the control of a servant, may yet revolt at the dominion of a wife. Remember, besides, you assume the mistress somewhat prematurely. Let Willis and Marian be recalled.

Mrs. S. Is it possible? (Aside) I know not where they are, sir.

Wit. Restore them to my house, or—

Mrs. S. Or you would have me quit it?

Wit. I said not so.

Mrs. S. (In tears.) I deserve this. Oh, woman! would you make a man your tyrant, you need but avow to him that you love. 'Tis clear you wish me gone.

Wit. No, Mrs. Subtle, no—but let them be recalled.

Mrs. S. They shall be sought after. But was this well? Do I deserve this unkindness? Marian

is young and handsome; and if her presence here displeased me, could you divine no excusable motive for my displeasure?

Wit. Well, dear Mrs. Subtle, say no more—I was perhaps too hasty. Ah, here comes Hardy.

Mrs. S. I guess the cause of his visit. Grasp, in his rage at my rejection of him, boldly threatened to invent—I know not what idle charges against me, with a view to injure me in your opinion, and knowing Colonel Hardy to be no friend of mine, he has doubtless endeavoured to enlist him on his side.

Wit. You have nothing to fear—shall I listen to calumnies engendered by jealousy and revenge?

Enter HARDY, L.

Har. So, what is this I hear? You have dismissed Willis—poor Marian too—those whom I recommended to your care.

Wit. Well, well, am I am not master in my own house?

Har. No, there's the master of you and your house too. But I'm aware of your intentions. Marry your housekeeper? How old are you? Are you out of your teens? We'll say nothing about years of discretion.

Wit. (R.) Colonel, this is my house.

Har. (C.) I understand—and when I have performed my errand, I'll leave you to the full enjoyment of it. If you marry, what is to become of your nephew? Though when the settlements are drawn, I daresay Mrs. Subtle will take care the poor fellow shall be amply provided for—(to her) you have always been the friend of poor Somers, you know.

Mrs. S. (Aside) Ah, is he there?

Wit. Provide for him? I'll cut him off with a shilling.

Har. Do what? Do you know the meaning of that trivial, dreadful phrase? Would you carry your resentment beyond the grave? Are you not satisfied to enjoy the pleasure of revenge as long as you live? Surely that is long enough for the best—for the worst of us. When we die, 'tis time our resentment should expire too.

Wit. If you wish to preserve my friendship, sir, you will be silent on the subject of my nephew.

Har. 'Tis to render you worthy of mine that I speak. But this is no time for ceremony? your eyes must be opened. Here, Grasp.

Enter GRASP, L.

You have for years been the dupe of this precious pair—by whom poor Somers has been traduced—his letters—yours suppressed—falsified. This honest gentleman, doubtful of being able to persuade you of the truth of his confession, has taken the surer way of making it to me.

Wit. I was already prepared for something of this nature, but he has deceived you; his motives are not unknown to me.

Mrs. S. Let him speak, sir. What intrigues he may have carried on against your nephew I know not. Whatever he would charge upon me he must prove. His word, under present circumstances, is as nothing.

Har. I would give as little for the fellow's word as you would, who seems to know its great value. So, come, sir, to the proofs you told me of.

Mrs. S. Ay, now, villain!

Gra. Ay, now you shall feel what it is to make a dupe of me.

(Crosses and Exit, R.)

Har. Now, when your eyes are opened, perhaps you will have no objection to acknowledge that you perceive the light of the sun.

Wit. 'Tis a wicked imposture of his—the petty revenge of disappointed hope.

Mrs. S. Let them proceed, sir.

Re-enter GRASP, R.

Gra. They are stolen—I am robbed. (To Mrs. Subtle.) 'Tis you have done this.

Wit. What say you?

Mrs. S. This is too stale a device.

Gra. (Crosses to Hardy.) The papers I told you of—'twas but this morning I saw them there—my desk has been opened. You (to Mrs. Subtle.), you alone had a motive for doing this.

Wit. The trick is evident. Deliver up your keys, and quit my house.

Har. There can be no objection to that. There will be one rogue the fewer in it. (To Grasp.) Do you persist in the truth of the disclosure you made to me?

Gra. It matters not. You see which way the wind blows. 'Tis clear, whatever may happen, I can no longer remain here. (To Witherton.) Your blind folly deserves a bitter punishment—marry her.

[Exit, L.]

Har. (To Mrs. Subtle.) Now, I daresay you consider this a triumph; but I have yet—

Mrs. S. Mr. Witherton, what further insult am I to receive at the hands of this gentleman?

Har. Hey-day!

Wit. Colonel Hardy, I beg you will recollect that this lady is to become—

Har. Lady! Well, then, my lady Pickle-and-Preserve, since it must be so.

Wit. Sir, the attempts to disgrace her in my esteem, though I doubt not ingeniously concerted, have failed. It remains with you to determine, by your conduct towards her, whether I am to continue your friend.

Har. My determination is taken. Good morning to you. I had prepared a surprise for you, which would have rendered you a happy man for life. You shall not enjoy it till you know better how to deserve it. Good day.

Enter PAUL PRY, L.

Pry. I hope I don't intrude.

Har. You have just dropped in to wish the young couple joy, I suppose?

Pry. I come to wish Mrs. Subtle joy. You must have been dreadfully alarmed when you discovered your loss.

Mrs. S. (R.) What loss—what?

Pry. I saw you drop them, and called after you, but you didn't hear me.

Mrs. S. What are you speaking of?

Pry. Poor Mrs. Subtle, thought I, if these had been her own, it wouldn't so much have grieved her; but to lose a packet of papers belonging to her master—

Har. Eh, what's that? papers?

Pry. Yes! a packet of papers she let fall into the dry well, up yonder. It took me nearly half an hour to hook them out again, and here they are.

(Pulling them out of his fishing-basket, and swinging them backwards and forwards at the end of the line.)

Mrs. S. (About to seize them.) They are mine.

Har. (Taking them.) By your leave. So, so, this

confirms the truth of Grasp's story. (*Looking at them and giving them one by one to Witherton.*) Will this convince you—or this—or this?

Mrs. S. The schemes I have for years been framing, in a moment destroyed by an officious fool.

Wit. (R.C.) May I believe my eyes? The letter desiring my nephew to hasten to England suppressed. And here—(*reads*)—"Again I write to you, my dear uncle, to implore your consent to my marriage." And here "he entreats permission to see me." What say you to this, Mrs. Subtle?

Mrs. S. I scorn to reply. If you believe me implicated in these intrigues—if you have lost your confidence in my truth and honesty towards you, bid me at once begone. In your solitude, your desolate solitude, you will find leisure to repent your injustice, and—

Wit. Say but you are innocent of any participation in this, and—

Har. Say it! Confound her, she'll say it, and swear it too. But are you so blind as not to perceive the drift of her artful speech? Why need you be desolate? why need you be solitary? It has been her wicked policy to render you so. Recall the friends whom nature has provided for you. If you won't, I will: and if you don't like them—give them over to me.

Wit. What mean you?

Har. To restore an injured nephew to you; and if Somers and his wife have suffered through the calumnies this good lady has heaped upon them, your own judgment has done them right in its true estimate of the virtues of Willis and Marian. Come in.

Enter WILLIS and MARIAN, L.

I hate the parade of sentiment. There they are, so take them at once to your heart. They have nothing to be ashamed of, except having an old fool for an uncle.

(*Willis and Marian throw themselves at Witherton's feet.*)

Wit. No, not there—not there! (*Rises and clasps them in his arms.*) To what vile treachery have I been subjected? Mrs. Subtle, you may perceive that your presence here is no longer desirable.

Mrs. S. Think not I desire to remain;—(*Crosses to L.*)—and if I feel a pang at parting with you, it is at the reflection that a few hours more would have made me the mistress of that fortune, which now—may it carry misery wherever it is bestowed. [*Exit, L.*]

Har. There! If you could entertain the slightest regret at the departure of that good lady, I trust that her farewell speech will serve to extinguish it.

[*Witherton, Willis, and Marian, retire up the stage.*]

Pry. 'Tis best for him as it is. He'd have caught a tartar; besides, he can be no chicken. Now what age would you take him to be?

Har. At a random guess—turned twenty. Give me your hand. (*To Witherton.*) I congratulate you on your accession to your senses. I am happy in what I have done here. I feel in good humour with myself and everybody else. Will no one ask a favour, that I may enjoy the pleasure of granting it. Will no one offend me, that I may have the gratification of forgiving him?

Enter FRANK HARDY, L.

Fra. If you are in that mood, sir, I can furnish you with employment.

Har. So, Snooks, it is you. (*To Witherton.*) The son of our old friend Stanley, with whom you and I have cracked many a bottle in our young days. He thinks I don't know him.

Pry. The travelling gentleman.

Har. (*to Frank*) Then you intend to confess who you are, and trust to my mercy? but I knew you from the first. I was apprised of your runaway freak, and was resolved to humour it.

Fra. Pray, sir, read this letter.

(*Gives a letter*)

Har. "Archibald Stanley"—a letter from his father.

Pry. (R.) A pass to the next parish I suppose.

Har. (C.) What the deuce! break off his engagement with me; and has he encouraged you in this?

Fra. (L.) Upon my word, sir, he is a very rational old gentleman, and made no sort of scruple in relinquishing his share in the treaty.

Har. So then it appears that my daughter is not agreeable to you, and your father is mad enough to—

Fra. My father, sir?

Har. Ay, sir, and I consider the conduct of old Mr. Stanley in this affair—

Fra. One word, sir. Is the gentleman I have just seen old Mr. Stanley, the father of Harry Stanley?

Har. Why this is stretching the proverb with a vengeance; and do you pretend that you do not know your own father?

Fra. Ha, ha, ha! So then Harry Stanley is the person who you have all along intended for your son-in-law?

Har. Why, who the devil else do you think it was? But at once declare your intentions, sir. Do you persist in refusing my daughter?

Fra. I do, sir; yet, nevertheless, your own intentions will be fulfilled.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Ser. (*To Witherton.*) Mr. Stanley, sir.

Fra. Ah, ah, I foresee a warm explanation here.

Enter STANLEY, L.

Sta. (*Crosses to Witherton, R. C.*) Ah, my old friend! I have made a fruitless journey down to this place, but I would not return to town without shaking you by the hand. (*Turns.*) What, Hardy! I had resolved not to see you, but since we have met, your hand. Your daughter may be all the happier for the exchange.

Har. (L. C.) So then you countenance your son in his refusal? You allow him to come here, look at my daughter, turn up his cursed impudent nose at her, and coolly march off again.

Sta. (C.) What, and has my Hal been here? What has become of him?

Har. Why, don't you see him before you? Turn about, you dog. (*To Frank.*)

Sta. Ha, ha, ha! He's no son of mine.

Pry. That's very mysterious. He don't know his own son.

Har. Tell me, if that is not your son, pray whose son is he?

Sta. That's more than I can say. All I know about him is that *he* is the gentleman in whose

favour I have just relinquished my boy's claim to your daughter.

Har. So, sir, you have dared to impose upon me, by telling me that—

Fra. (L.) You wrong me, sir. I told you nothing. The error was of your own creating.

Pry. (R.) There, you see, I was right. I put you upon your guard.

Har. Ay, and your putting me on my guard has led to this misunderstanding. But here comes my nephew. I shall leave it to him to revenge this affront.

Enter HARRY STANLEY, ELIZA, and PHEBE, L.

Wit. My dear friend, be temperate.

Harry. For all misunderstanding that has occurred here, sir, I alone am—the devil, my father!

Pry. The devil his father! Well, I thought he did not come of a good family, from the first moment I saw him.

Sta. Come hither, sir, and answer your father.

Har. Listen to your uncle, I say.

Sta. You, his uncle! Why, zounds, are you mad, or do you think I don't know my own son?

Har. There is some confounded rognery in this. If one of these is not your son, and the other an impudent rascal of a lover, what am I to do for a nephew?

Phe. (Leading Frank to him.) For want of another take this.

Har. I begin to perceive. So then you were the bird-catcher after all, and were already acquainted with my daughter. And pray, Miss Phebe, how did you dare—

Phe. Why, sir, if hot-headed gentlemen will ask questions with pistols in their hands, what is one to do?

Wit. Come, come, say no more. You have your own way.

Har. True, I have my own way, but not in my own way of having it. Her obedience is not quite so evident in this as I could have desired; however, there—*(Crosses to Harry, passes him over to Eliza, and joins their hands)*—there, you bird-catcher, you. You've caught the goldfinch.

Eli. Thank you, pa, and if ever I marry again, you shall have the choice all your own way.

Harry. I am in no hurry to give your pa an opportunity of putting your obedience to a test.

Har. Frank, my boy, you take after the family, and I forgive you on that account.

Phe. I hope, sir, you'll forgive me—if not—*(Turns to Witherton.)* I hear, sir, that you have dismissed your housekeeper, and *(curtesys.)* should I lose my place in the Colonel's family—

Wit. Ah, my dear, you are too young for a housekeeper, and I have abandoned my intention to marry. Celibacy is an error, which at my age it is too late to repair. I have been foolish enough to live single all my life, but to marry now would be but to exchange a great folly for a greater. In this is now my refuge for life.

(Taking Willis and Marian's hands.)

Har. All you that are single, take warning by him, and marry as fast as you can.

Pry. (To Phebe.) A broad hint to you and me, Miss Phebe.

Phe. Lord help me. You are too inquisitive for a husband.

Pry. Pooh, pooh! A spirit of inquiry is the great characteristic of the age we live in.

Har. It is a spirit which now and then leads you to fish in troubled waters.

Pry. (Crosses to Hardy.) I flatter myself I have fished to some purpose to-day though—the papers you know.

Har. So you have; and in consideration of that, I will tolerate you for the remainder of it. You shall dine with me.

Pry. You'll tolerate me—no, will you? Well, that's very polite, and I accept your invitation.

Har. But if you dare ask a single question, even what it is o'clock, I'll toss you out of the window.

Pry. I must ask one question more. Ladies and gentlemen, if I am not impertinent, will you, will you overlook the many faults of Paul Pry?

Disposition of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.

PRY. HARDY.

WILLIS. PHEBE. FRANK. HARRY.

MARIAN. WITHERTON. ELIZA. STANLEY.

R.

L.

E A S T L Y N N E .

A DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 12.]

As Performed at the Adelphi Theatre.

FRANCIS LEVISON	Mr. Fernandez.	LITTLE WILLIE	Miss J. Rogers.
ARCHIBALD CARLYLE	Mr. E. H. Brooke.	LADY ISABEL	}	Miss Bella Pateman.
LORD MOUNT SEVERN	Mr. R. Pateman.	MADAM VINE		
JUSTICE HARE	Mr. H. Cooper.	BARBARA HARE	Miss Emily Duncan.
RICHARD HARE	Mr. Grenville.	MISS CARLYLE	Miss H. Coveney.
MR. DILL	Mr. F. Irish.	JOYCE	Miss C. Jecks
OFFICER	Mr. R. Archer.	WILSON	Miss E. Hieffer.

No. 331. Dicks' Standard Plays.

COSTUME.

MODERN COSTUME.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left Centre*.

R. R.C. C. L.C. L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

EAST LYNNE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Landscape in 1.

Enter RICHARD HARE, L. 1 E., disguised in a ploughman's suit, with heavy black whiskers, carrying a large whip in one hand.

Rich. Here I am at length, after my absence of nearly two years, once more in sight of my dear old home. But, alas! I dare not enter even for a moment. I am a fugitive from justice, and even now the lynx-eyed officers of the law may be on my track, and discover me in spite of my disguise. Would I could see my dear mother, if only for a moment! (Goes to R. H.) Ah! the garden gate is open, and I see my sister Barbara standing in the door. I'll venture to speak and call her out. Hist, Barbara! Barbara, come out! Don't you know me?—It is I—Richard!

Enter BARBARA, R. 1 E.

Barb. O, Richard! my dear brother,—is it indeed you? What brings you here? How could you run such a risk? If you are discovered, it is certain death upon—you know.

Rich. Upon the gibbet,—I do know, Barbara.

Barb. Then why risk it by coming here? Should mamma see you, it would kill her outright.

Rich. I can't live as I am living. I have been working in London ever since.

Barb. In London, Richard? How are you working,—what at?

Rich. In a stable-yard.

Barb. In a stable-yard! O Richard! you—

Rich. Did you expect it would be as a merchant or a banker? or that I was a gentleman living at large on my fortune? I get twelve shillings a week, Barbara, and that has to find me in everything.

Barb. O Richard! my poor brother!

Rich. I could do no better. I was brought up to no kind of labour, and I did understand about horses. Besides, a man that the police-runners were after would be more safe in such obscurity than if he were a gentleman in fine clothes.

Barb. Poor Richard! what a miserable night that was for you, and for all of us! Our only comfort is, Richard, that you must have committed the deed in madness.

Rich. I did not commit the deed at all, Barbara. I swear to you that I am innocent of the crime. I was not even in the cottage at the time of the murder. The man who really did the deed was Thorn.

Barb. Thorn! Who was Thorn?

Rich. I don't know. I wish I did. I wish I could unearth him, He was a friend of Afy's.

Barb. Richard, you forget yourself when you mention her name in my presence.

Rich. Well, it was not to discuss such topics as these that I have put my life in jeopardy by coming

here to-night; and to assert my innocence can do no good. It cannot set aside the coroner's verdict of wilful murder against Richard Hare the younger. If I had not fled like a coward, I might have stood some chance; but that flight, you know, looked like guilt. Is my father as bitter as ever against me?

Barb. Quite; he never mentions your name, or even suffers it to be spoken by the servants in his presence. After the delivery of the verdict, he took an oath in the justice's room, in the presence of his brother magistrates, that if he could find you, though it might be ten years, he would deliver you up to justice. You know his disposition, therefore you may be sure he will keep his word.

Rich. I know he never treated me as he ought. Had my home been made happier for me, I should not have sought the society I did elsewhere. Barbara, I must be allowed an interview with my mother.

Barb. It is impossible to think of that to-night. Papa has only gone of an errand, and may return at any moment. I don't see how it can be managed.

Rich. Why can she not come out to me as you have done?

Barb. Because she is ill, and has retired for the night. This separation from you has nearly killed her.

Rich. It is hard, after so long an absence, to go back without seeing her. What I want, Barbara, is a hundred pounds; and I think she can let me have it. If I can get that sum, I have an opportunity for doing better for myself than I have done. That was what I came to ask for. Do you think she can let me have it?

Barb. You must be here to-morrow night again. The money can no doubt be yours. But if, as you say, you are innocent, why not try and prove it?

Rich. Who is to prove it? The evidence was strong against me; besides, no one at West Lynne knew anything about Thorn but myself. He only came over on certain nights to see Afy, and he took precious good care to keep out of the way in the daytime.

Barb. Richard, why not tell the whole truth to Archibald Carlyle? If any one can help you, or take measures to establish your innocence, he can; and you know he is true as steel.

Rich. Well, perhaps you are right. He is the only person who ought to be entrusted with the secret of my being here. Where is it generally supposed that I am.

Barb. Some think that you are dead; others that you are in America or Australia. This very uncertainty has nearly killed mamma. But come again to-morrow night, at this same hour, and, meanwhile, I'll see what can be done about the money.

Justice H. (Outside R. H.) Barbara! Barbara!

Barb. Hark! there's papa returned. I dare not

remain another instant. You must go now, Richard. Good-night.

Rich. (*Going L.*) Barbara, you did not seem to believe my assertion of innocence; but we are standing here alone in the still night, with Him above us, and as truly as that I must one day meet Him face to face, I have told you the truth. It was not I who committed the murder. I swear it,—there—(*Points to Heaven.*) Good-night, sister.

[*Both exit, R. 1 E., and L. 1 E.*]

SCENE II.—*c. D. Chamber in 4. Table and two chairs, R. H. Set door, R. H. 2 E.*

Enter JOYCE, L. H., meeting WILSON, from R. H.

Wilson. O, Joyce, did you see who is come? A whole carriage-load of visitors, and she among them. I watched her get out.

Enter ISABEL, c. L., and listens.

Joyce. Watched her? Who?

Wilson. Why, Miss Barbara Hare, to be sure. Only fancy her coming to pay a morning visit here! My lady had better take care she don't get a bowl of poison mixed for her. Master's out, or else I'd have given a shilling to have seen the interview between them.

Joyce. Wilson, you had better take care what you say here. Go and attend to the company.

[*Exit Wilson, R. 1 E.*]

Isabel. (*Advancing R.*) Joyce, what was that I overheard you and Wilson gossiping about just now?—about Miss Hare giving me a bowl of poison? Something in the dramatic line, I should fancy. Please tell her to keep her whispers to herself in future.

Joyce. (*L.*) It was merely a bit of nonsense, my lady. These stupid, ignorant servants will talk; and every one in West Lynne knew that Miss Barbara was in love with Mr. Carlyle; but I do not think she was the one to make him happy with all her love.

Isabel. Joyce, how would you like the situation of lady's maid? that is, if Miss Carlyle will consent to the transfer.

Joyce. O, my lady, you are very kind. I should so like it; and I would serve you faithfully to the best of my ability.

Isabel. Well, then, if Miss Carlyle consents you shall have it. I'll speak to her about it to-day. Now leave me, Joyce. (*Exit Joyce, L. 1 E.*) Who is this Barbara Hare of whom I hear so much, and whom East and West Lynne are busy associating with the name of my husband? Oh, I remember now; I noticed her at the church door the first day we came to East Lynne; and Mr. Carlyle said, as he pointed her out, "That is Miss Barbara Hare. Don't you think her a very pretty girl?" Perhaps he has loved her; perhaps he loves her still, and only married me out of sympathy. Oh! if I only thought that, it would drive me frantic! But no—no—no! I will not harbour a thought so foolish as that. Mr. Carlyle is an honourable man; he loves me truly,—he has told me so, and he would not deceive me.

[*Exit, c.*]

Enter MISS CORNEY and BARBARA HARE, R. 1 E.

Barb. (*L.*) Papa was out on business; mamma was too ill to come; so I have ventured here alone.

Miss C. (*R.*) I am glad you have come. I thought perhaps you would not be pleased with Archibald's selection of a wife.

Barb. Not pleased, Miss Corney? Why, what have I to do with his choice of a wife?

Miss C. Oh, nothing; only there are so many ladies in East and West Lynne that seemed to take such an interest in Archibald's welfare, that I thought they might be disappointed in his marriage,—that's all.

Barb. On the contrary, I wish him all the happiness possible. He has ever treated me most kindly, and I sincerely hope he has found a wife worthy of him.

Miss C. Well, I like her better than I thought I should. I expected to find her full of airs and graces, but I must say she is perfectly free from them, and she seems quite wrapped up in Archibald! she watches for his coming as a cat would watch a mouse.

Barb. That is quite natural, I suppose.

Miss C. I suppose it is very absurd. I give them very little of my company; they go strolling out together, or she sings to him, while he hangs over her as if she were made of gold. Oh, dear! I have no patience with such silly nonsense.

Barb. You must make some allowance for the fervour of youth.

Miss C. Fervour of fiddlesticks! Shall I tell you what I saw last night? Well, Archibald had a severe headache after dinner, and went into the next room and lay upon the sofa. She took him in a cup of tea, and never came back again, leaving her own until it was perfectly cold. I went to say so to her, and there was my lady's fine cambric handkerchief soaked in cologne, lying on his face, and she kneeling beside him. Now, Miss Barbara, don't you regard that as the height of nonsense?

Barb. I must say that I cannot agree with you in that respect.

Miss C. Well, I know this much. If he had a headache before he was married, I gave him a good dose of senna and salts, and sent him to bed to sleep the pain off.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

Barb. And she is happy with him,—the only man I ever loved, or ever can love. Why did he pass me by for a baby-faced girl like that? It cannot be that she is capable of loving him with the deep affection I might have bestowed on him. Ah! they are coming this way. I'll retire into the conservatory. I could not endure a meeting now.

[*Retires, R. 3 E.*]

Enter LADY ISABEL and LEVISON, c. R.

Levi. (*L.*) Do you remember the evening, Lady Isabel, such a one as this, we all passed at Richmond,—your father, Mrs. Vane, you, I, and the others?

Isabel. (*R.*) Yes, I remember it well. We passed a very pleasant day. The two Miss Challoners were with us. You drove Mrs. Vane home, and I went with poor papa. You drove recklessly, I recollect, and Mrs. Vane declared you should never drive her again.

Levi. Which meant, not till next time. Of all capricious, vain, exacting women, Emma Vane was the worst. She was a systematic flirt, nothing better. I drove her recklessly on purpose to put her in a fright and pay her off.

Isabel. Pay her off! Why, what had she done?

Levi. Put me in a rage; saddled herself on me when she knew I desired another companion.

Isabel. Oh, yes! I know,—Blanche Challoner.

Levi. Blanche Challoner! What did I care for her? No, Lady Isabel, it was not Blanche; you might have made a better guess at that time.

Isabel. I do not understand you, sir.

Levi. The past is gone, and cannot be recalled. We have both played our cards like simpletons. If ever two beings were formed to love each other, you and I were. I sometimes thought you read my feelings.

Isabel. Francis Levison—sir!

Levi. I must speak, Lady Isabel; but a few words, and then I am silent for ever. I would have declared myself then, but my debts, my uncertain position, my inability to keep a wife, as your taste and style demanded, crushed my hopes, and so I suffered you to escape me.

Isabel. I will not listen to this language, sir.

(Crosses L.)

Levi. One single moment yet, I pray you. I have long wished to know why I lost you,—a loss that tells upon me yet; but I knew not how passionately I loved you until you became the wife of another. Isabel, I love you still.

Isabel. How dare you presume to address me thus?

Levi. What I have said can do no harm now; the time has gone by. We have each chosen our parts in life and must abide by it. The gulf between us is impassable, but the fault was mine. I ought to have avowed my affection for you, and not to have suffered you to throw yourself away on Mr. Carlyle.

Isabel. Do I hear aright? Throw myself away on Mr. Carlyle, my husband—beloved, honoured, and esteemed by all who know him! Why, I married him of my own choice, and have never since regretted it. Look at his manly bearing, his noble mind, his generous nature! What are you in comparison? You forget yourself, Francis Levison.

(Crosses, R.)

Levi. No, I do not: I pray you forget and forgive what has escaped me, and suffer me to be as heretofore, the kind friend, the anxious brother, endeavouring to be of service to you in the absence of Mr. Carlyle.

Isabel. It is what I have suffered you to be, looking upon you in the light of a friend, I might say relative; not otherwise would I have permitted your incessant companionship; and thus it is you have repaid me. My husband, and whom you would depreciate in my eyes, has sheltered you, and screened you from the law. He has thanked you for your attention to me. Could he have read what was in your false heart, he would have offered you thanks of a different sort, I fancy.

Levi. I ask your pardon, Lady Isabel. I have acknowledged my fault; I can do no more. I shall not offend you again. But there are moments when our hearts' dearest feelings break through the conventionalities of life, and betray themselves in spite of our sober judgment. But I see that I must leave now; so adieu—not adieu, but au revoir.

[Exit, c. L.]

Isabel. Oh! how can I ever tell my husband that this man, whom he has befriended and sheltered from the law, has thus dared to speak to me of love! Heaven only knows what the consequences would be—a duel, perhaps. No, no, I cannot tell

him; yet I feel I ought to tell him all. I will seek him instantly, my kind, my good, my noble husband.

[Exit, c. R.]

Enter JOYCE, L. 1 E., meeting WILSON from R. 1 E.

Wilson. (R.) I say, Joyce, don't you think she looks very ill?—my lady, I mean. She looks just as if she'd never get over it. My goodness! wouldn't somebody's hopes be raised again if anything was to happen?

Re-enter ISABEL, c. R., and listens.

Joyce. (L.) Oh, nonsense! what stuff!

Wilson. You may cry out nonsense as much as you like, but they would; she'd snap him up to a dead certainty; she'd never let him escape her a second time: she is just as much in love with him as ever.

Joyce. That's all rubbish,—all talk and fancy! Mr. Carlyle never cared for her, at all events.

Wilson. That's more than you know. I've seen him kiss her; and he gave her that locket and chain which she wears about her neck; she hardly lets it off either; and I do believe she sleeps with it.

Joyce. How thoroughly stupid she must be!

Wilson. And that's not all. I saw them one evening, many months ago, when I lived at Miss Hare's house. She always steals out to the gate when she thinks it is about time for Mr. Carlyle to pass on his way from his office, on purpose to have a sly chat with him. Well, this evening I crept down behind the hedges, and then I heard all they were saying. She was crying bitterly, and then I heard Mr. Carlyle tell her that in future he could only be a dear brother to her; and then I saw him kiss her.

Joyce. Then she's a downright fool to go on crying for a man that never cared for her.

Wilson. But she does do it yet; and so I say if anything was to happen now, Miss Barbara, as sure as fate, would step into her shoes. I mean if Mr. Carlyle should ever get tired of my lady.

Joyce. Wilson, have the goodness to recollect yourself.

Wilson. Well, what have I said now? Nothing but the truth. Men are shamefully fickle; husbands are worse than sweethearts, too, and if anything was to happen now—

Joyce. I tell you what it is, Wilson, if you think to pursue this sort of topic at East Lynne, I shall inform my lady that you are not fit for the situation.

Wilson. Oh, you were always one of the straight-laced sort; but I've had my say, and now I'm satisfied.

[Exit Wilson, R. 1 E., and Joyce, L. 1 E.]

Isabel. (Advancing, c.) O, misery, misery! O, how palpable to all eyes must be that woman's love for my husband! Palpable, indeed, when all East and West Lynne are talking of it; and even my servants daily gossip over it, and extend their pity to me. Oh! I cannot bear it,—the thought will drive me frantic. (Sees Archibald entering, c.; rushes to him, and in a frantic manner.) O, Archibald, do not marry her! I could not rest in my grave if you did. She would draw your love from our children and from my memory. Archibald, you must not marry her.

Arch. (L. H.) Why, Isabel! you must be speaking under the influence of some terrible dream

and you are not awake. Be still awhile, and recollection will return to you. There, love, rest on me.

(Folds her to his breast.)

Isabel. (R. H.) Oh, no; I know perfectly well what I am saying. To think of her as your wife brings pain enough to kill me. Promise me you will not marry her.

Arch. I will promise anything in reason, my dear wife. But I do not know what you mean. There is no possibility of my marrying anyone. You are my wife, are you not?

Isabel. I know I am now, but I might die. Indeed, I think I shall die. Oh! do not let her usurp my place.

Arch. Why, Isabel, what is your mind running on? Who is it that is thus troubling you? Of whom are you speaking?

Isabel. Of Barbara Hare.

Arch. Isabel, what notion you can possibly have picked up concerning Barbara Hare and myself, I am unable to conceive. I never loved her either before marriage or since.

Isabel. But she loved you.

Arch. If this was so, she was more weak, reprehensibly foolish than I could have thought her. I had given her credit for having better sense. A woman may almost as well love herself as suffer herself to love unsought. If, however, she did give her love to me, I can only say I was entirely unconscious of it. Believe me, Isabel, you have as much cause to be jealous of my sister Cornelia as of Barbara Hare.

Isabel. Oh, I will believe you, Archibald; it was only a foolish thought. I will banish it for ever from my mind. (Aside.) I cannot tell him I was foolish enough to listen to the gossip of my servants; he would despise me for it. (Aloud.) I will leave you now. I am fatigued, I will retire to my own room. (Going, R.) Yes, I will trust him; if not, in whom can I trust?

[Exit, R. 2 E.]

Arch. What could have put this by-gone nonsense into my wife's head?

Enter MISS CORNEY, R. 1 E.

Miss C. Archibald, I wish to speak to you in regard to that Francis Levison. I don't like either his appearance or his manners.

Arch. Cornelia, he is my guest, and as such must be treated with respect.

Miss C. (Crossing, L.) With respect, indeed! He's a good-for-nothing villain, if I'm any judge of character, and I don't care how soon you tell him so.

[Exit L. 1 E.]

Arch. Poor Cornelia! she's hard to please; she's evidently annoyed at some trifling matter.

Enter BARBARA, R. H.

Ah! good-morning, Barbara. I am glad to see you at my house. Did you come by yourself?

Barb. (R. H.) Yes, Archibald. You must pardon my intrusion at this hour, and regard me as a client. I came on some business for mamma, but it's of a private nature. Mamma was too ill to come out herself, so she sent me. Can we converse without being overheard?

Arch. Be at ease, Barbara, this room is free from the intrusion of strangers. (Gets chairs.) Pray be seated, Barbara, come, what state secrets have you to disclose?

Barb. Richard is here.

Arch. Richard at East Lynne!

Barb. He appeared near the house last night, and made signs to me from the grove. You may imagine my surprise on finding it was Richard in disguise. He has been in London all this time, working, half-starving. I am almost ashamed to tell you, but working in a stable yard; and O Archibald, he declares he is innocent. He says he was not even in the cottage at the time the murder was committed, but the man who really did the deed was a person by the name of Thorn.

Arch. Thorn? What Thorn can it be?

Barb. I don't know; some friend of Afy's, who used to ride over to the cottage in secret visits to her. Archibald, he swears to me in a most solemn manner: and I believe him as truly as that I am now speaking to you. I want you to see him yourself. He is coming again to the grove to-night. He will tell you all the circumstances of the terrible night, and perhaps you can find out a way in which his innocence can be made manifest. You are so clever, you can do anything.

Arch. Not quite everything, Barbara. But was this the purport of Richard's visit,—to tell you this?

Barb. Oh, no; he thinks it would be of no use to assert his innocence, for nobody would believe him against the evidence already given. He came to ask for a hundred pounds. He says if he can get that sum he has an opportunity of doing better for himself than he has hitherto done. So mamma has sent me to you. She has not that sum by her at present, and as it is for Richard, she dare not ask papa for it. She says if you can oblige her with the money, she will arrange with you about the repayment.

Arch. Do you want it now? If so, I must send Dill to the office. I have not that sum by me in the house.

Barb. Can you not bring it with you, and see Richard at the same time?

Arch. It is hazardous—for him, I mean. Still, as he is to be in the grove, I may as well see him. What disguise is he in?

Barb. That of a farm labourer,—the best he could adopt in these parts. He is to be there at ten precisely.

Arch. Well, then, I think I can come; but in order to do so I must disappoint a supper-party to which we have been invited. However, my wife won't mind that when I tell her the business is so urgent. Yes, you can tell your mother I'll come.

Barb. Oh, Archibald, you are very kind to us! You have ever treated me like a dear sister, and mamma is grateful to you for all your attentions to her. I fear we can never repay you sufficiently.

(Rises to go, R. 1 E.)

Arch. (Rising.) I have only done what I felt to be my duty in the matter. (Crosses, R. H.) Let me escort you to the gate.

[Exit with Barbara, arm-in-arm, R. 1 E., at same time enter LADY ISABEL, R. 2 E., and LEVISON, C. L., in time to see them off.]

Isabel. (R. H., Looking after them.) That woman here—in privacy with my husband—under my very roof, too!—Ah! then it is too true. My husband no longer loves me! (Turns and sees Levison.) You here, sir? (Sits at table, R.)

Levison. (L. H.) Who the deuce is that Barbara Hare? She's a devilish pretty girl. She seems to have a good understanding with your husband.

Several times I've encountered them together on the lawn enjoying moonlight walks and private confabs.

Isabel. (Coldly.) What did you say, sir?

Levi. Nothing. I only spoke of Monsieur, your husband. I meant not to offend.

(Retires up, L. H.)

Enter JOYCE, L. 1 E.

Joyce. If you please, my lady, little Isabel wishes to retire for the night, and she wants you to kiss her before going to sleep.

Isabel. (Angrily.) Tell the nurse to put the child to bed, and leave me.

Joyce. (Aside.) What! put the child to bed without even saying good night? There's something strange going on here.

[Exit, L. 1 E.]

Levi. (Coming down, L.) By the bye, Lady Isabel, don't you think that Barbara Hare a devilish pretty girl?

Enter MISS CORNEY, L. H. Looks sharply at *Levison.* He crosses by her, bowing, and exits, L. 1 E.

Miss C. Lady Isabel, I have taken the liberty of countermanding the order for little Isabel's new frock. I think she has quite enough already.

Isabel. (Still at table.) Countermanding my orders, Miss Carlyle, is a liberty you have taken a great deal too often. Allow me to tell you that I am the most competent judge of what is best for my own children, and that for the future I will be mistress of my own house.

Enter ARCHIBALD, R. 1 E.

Miss C. (L. H.) Archibald, what did Barbara Hare want with you just now?

Arch. (R. H.) Why, Cornelia, she merely wished to see me on some business, that's all.

Miss C. Why don't you say right out what she wanted, without making any mystery about it? She seems to be always wanting you now. Can it be that old affair is to be raked up again?

Arch. Cornelia, you will oblige me by never referring to that old affair again.

Miss C. Oh, indeed! Very well—very well; but I trust they will listen to me when they are brought to ruin through Lady Isabel's extravagance. Poor Archibald! he works like a horse now, and can hardly keep expenses down.

[Exit, L. 1 E.]

Isabel. (Coming forward, R.) Archibald, what did that woman, that Barbara Hare, want here?

Arch. (L. H.) It's a private business, Isabel. She brings me messages from her mother.

Isabel. Must the business be kept secret from me.

Arch. It would not make you happier to know it, Isabel. There is a dark secret hanging over the Hare family; it is connected with that. I am summoned away on some urgent business this evening, therefore I cannot attend you to the supper party. You can use the carriage, and go by yourself. I will endeavour to be there in time to escort you home. I am already late, and as I have to go to my office first, I must away at once. Good evening, and pleasant party to you.

[Exit, R. H.]

Isabel. What mystery can they have between them that he dares not reveal to me, his wife? Ah! he

is deceiving me, I am certain of it. Oh! I am wretched, jealous, mad! (Sits at table, R.)

Enter LEVISON, L. 1 E.

Levi. (Aside.) I wonder what the deuce that Hare girl can want with Carlyle. I followed them down to the gate, and overheard them plan a meeting in the grove for this evening. Perhaps Lady Isabel would like to be present also. (Aloud.) Ah! still alone, I see, Lady Isabel. I expected to find you so. I suspect that Mr. Carlyle is more agreeably engaged.

Isabel. Engaged! In what manner, sir?

Levi. As I came up the lawn, a few minutes since, I saw a lady and gentleman enjoying a tête-à-tête by moonlight. I followed them to the gate, and overstepped the bounds of good manners so far as to listen to a part of their conversation: I heard them arrange a meeting in the grove for this evening, and, unless I am very much mistaken, the favoured individual was Mr. Carlyle.

Isabel. (Rising.) My husband! Oh, sir, you cannot mean that! Oh, if I thought him capable of such a falsehood to me I would leave his roof at once!

Levi. (L.) That's right; be avenged on the false hound. He never was worthy of your love. Leave your home of misery, and come to one of happiness. Come, let me prove his perfidy to you.

Isabel. (R.) Only prove this, and I will quit his house for ever!

Levi. With me, Isabel?

Isabel. Ay, with you. I care not who shall be the instrument of my vengeance.

[Exeunt C. D. L.]

Enter ARCHIBALD, C.—Goes to table, R. H., and rings bell. Enter JOYCE, L. 1 E.

Arch. Joyce, where is your mistress?

Joyce. Is she not in her chamber, sir?

Arch. I have been looking everywhere. She is not in the house.

Joyce. O heavens! I see it all now; her wild words to me—her strange looks. O master, she has destroyed herself, and she's been driven to it.

Arch. Destroyed herself! What do you mean?

Joyce. Master, she has destroyed herself as sure as we two are living. But a short time ago she called me to her,—her face was like death,—and exacted of me a solemn promise to stay here at East Lynne with the children, if anything happened to take her from them. I asked her if she was ill, and she said, "Yes, Joyce, ill and wretched!" O sir, may Heaven support you in this dreadful trial!

Enter MISS CORNEY, L. 1 E.

Miss C. What's all this? whatever's up? where's my lady?

Joyce. (C.) She has gone and taken the life that was not hers to take, and I say she has been driven to it by you. You've curbed her, you've snapped at her, and reproached her with extravagance,—you know it, ma'am. All these years she's been crossed and put upon by you, and she's borne it all in silence like a patient angel. We all loved her, we all felt for her, and master's heart would have bled for her, had he only known what she had to put up with from you day after day, year after year. Many and many's the time I've seen her coming from your reproaches with quivering

lip and moistened eye, and her hands clasped meekly across her breast, as though life was too heavy to bear.

(Goes up to table, R. H.)

Arch. (Crosses to Cornelia.) Cornelia, if this be true, may Heaven forgive you for it.

Wilson. (Entering, C. D. L.—Coming down, R.) O master,—see. Here is a letter she has left; it is my lady's handwriting; read it, master.

(Archibald takes the letter—opens it—reads it.)

Arch. (Reading.) "When years go on, and my children ask where their mother is, and why she left them, tell them that you, their father, goaded her to it. If they inquire what she is, tell them also, if you will, but tell them at the same time that you outraged and betrayed her, driving her to the depths of desperation ere she quitted them in her despair." O Isabel! I forgive you the injustice these words do my heart. May they never cause you the pangs of misery they have indicted on me.

(Staggers to chair, L. of table, R. H., overcome by deep grief.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Chamber in 4.

LADY ISABEL discovered seated at a table near fireplace, R. H. 2. E. wrapped in a large shawl—very pale and very ill.

Isabel. Alas! what is to be the end of my sufferings? How much longer can I bear this torture of mind, this never-dying anguish of soul? From what a dream have I awakened! O lady, wife, mother! whatever trials may be the lot of your married life, though they may magnify themselves to your crushed spirit as beyond the nature, the endurance of woman to bear, yet resolve to bear them. Fall down on your knees and pray for patience; pray for strength to resist that demon who would tempt you to accept them. Bear them unto death, rather than forget your good name and your good conscience. Oh! I have sacrificed husband, home, children, friends, and all that make life of value to woman—and for what? To be for ever an outcast from society, to never again know a moment's peace. Oh, that I could die, and end my suffering and my misery.

(Sinks her head on table. Enter LEVI-SON, C. D. She sees him, and speaks coldly.)

Isabel. You here, sir? Why did you come now?

Levi. (L.) Why did I come? Are these all the thanks a fellow gets for travelling in this inclement weather? I thought, at least, that you would be glad to welcome me.

Isabel. (R.) I am glad, for one reason, to welcome you, that we may come to an understanding with each other. Let there be plain truth in this interview, if there never was before.

Levi. With all my heart. It is you who have thrown out the challenge, mind. (Sits L. of table.)

Isabel. When you left me in July, you gave me your solemn promise to be back in time for

our marriage. You well know what I mean, when I say in time.

Levi. Oh, of course I meant to do so. I gave you the promise; but no sooner had I set foot in London than I found myself completely overwhelmed with business from which I could not extricate myself.

Isabel. You are breaking faith with me already; your words are not words of truth, but of deceit. You did not intend to be back in time for the marriage; otherwise, you would have caused it to take place ere you went away.

Levi. Well, Isabel, you must be aware that it is an awful sacrifice for a man in my position to marry a divorced woman.

Isabel. When I wished or expected the sacrifice, it was not for my own sake. I told you so then. It was for the sake of my child. But it is too late now, and his inheritance must be that of sin and shame.

Levi. Isabel, I am now the representative of an ancient and respected baronetcy, and to make you my wife would offend my family.

Isabel. (Rising. At table.) Stay, sir! You need not trouble yourself to find new excuses now. Had you taken this journey on purpose to make me your wife, nay, were the clergyman standing by to perform the ceremony, I tell you, Francis Levison, I would not have you! I can imagine any fate in life better than being compelled to pass it with you.

(Sinks in seat exhausted.)

Levi. Indeed! You made commotion enough once about my making you reparation.

Isabel. I know I did; but that time is over now. All the reparation in your power to make, all the reparation the whole world could invent, could not undo my sin;—it and its effects must be upon me for ever.

Levi. (Laughing sarcastically.) O sin! You ladies should think of that beforehand.

Isabel. I pray Heaven they may! May Heaven help all so to do, who may be tempted as I was!

Levi. If you mean that as a reproach to me, it's rather out of place. The temptation to sin lay not in my persuasion half so much as in your ridiculous, jealous anger against your husband.

Isabel. Quite true! Quite true!

Levi. With regard to your husband and that Hare girl, you were blindly, outrageously jealous. For my part I don't believe Carlyle ever thought of the girl in the way you imagine he did. There was some disreputable secret connected with the Hare family, and Carlyle was acting in it *under the rose* for Mrs. Hare. She was too ill to attend to the matter herself, so she sent the young lady.

Isabel. You told me a very different tale then, sir.

Levi. I know I did. That was merely my stratagem. All stratagems are fair in love and war. By the bye, what have you named the young article there? (Points to cradle.)

Isabel. The name which ought to have been his by inheritance—Francis Levison.

Levi. What does he look like? Is he anything like my handsome self?

Isabel. If he did,—if he were like you in thought, or in spirit,—I would pray to Heaven that he might die before he ever spoke.

Levi. Anything else? I would advise you to be careful how you deal out your small change, Lady

Isabel. You may get it back with interest. Is my room prepared?

Isabel. You have no room here, sir. These apartments are rented to me in my own name now; they can no longer afford you shelter. I received these from you one month ago. (*Takes package of bank-notes from box on table.*) Forty pounds,—count them. Is all right? because I wish to return them to you. I wish all to end between us.

Levi. If it be your wish that all relation between us should cease, why, so be it. Remember, though, it is your own doing, not mine. But you cannot suppose I will allow you to starve; a sum shall be placed at your banker's to your credit half-yearly.

Isabel. I beg you to cease. What do you take me for?

Levi. Take you for? Why, how can you live? You have no fortune,—you must receive assistance from some one.

Isabel. But not from you; no, not from you. If the whole world denied me, if I could receive no help from strangers, or means of earning a livelihood, I'd go and ask my husband for bread, sooner than accept one farthing from you.

Levi. Bless us, how bitter! Oh, yes, I know, your husband,—a very generous man. It's a pity you left him though. Well, Isabel, since you will accept nothing for yourself, you must for the child. He, at any rate, falls to my share. I'll give you a few hundreds a year with him.

Isabel. Not a farthing now. Or even, sir, were you to send it, I would throw it into the nearest river. Whom do you take me for? If you have put me beyond the pale of the world, I am still Lord Mount Severn's daughter.

Levi. Well, Isabel, if you will persist in this perverse resolution, of course I cannot amend it. In a little while, however, you may wish to recall it; if so, a line addressed to me at my banker's will always reach me.

Isabel. It will not be needed, sir. Your clothes, which you left here when you went to England, you will have the goodness to order Pierre to take away this afternoon. And now, it is my wish that we part.

Levi. To remain as mortal enemies for ever?

Isabel. To be as strangers, sir.

Levi. (*Rising,—offering her his hand.*) And will you not even shake hands at parting?

Isabel. I should prefer not, sir.

Levi. Oh! very well; just as you please. Da-da—ta-ta!

[*Exit, c. l.*]

Isabel. And what is left me now but the deepest, blackest despair; I am bowed down by the weight of my own sin and shame. Why did I ever leave my home and my dear husband? Oh! would I could wake and find it all a terrible dream; that I could find myself once more at East Lynne with my husband and children about me, a happy, contented mother. But no—no—it cannot be! and I must bear the consequences of my sin for ever! (*Sinks her head on table.*)—LORD MOUNT SEVERN enters, c. l.—(*She sees him and covers her head with the shawl.*) Oh, go away, Lord Mount Severn, I beg! Why did you seek me out? I am not worth it. I have brought disgrace enough upon your name.

Lord M. And upon your husband and your children. Nevertheless, it is incumbent on me, as your nearest blood relative, to look after you and see that you do not fall lower. You were one of

the last I should have feared to trust. If ever a woman had a good husband in every sense of the word, you had one in Mr. Carlyle. How could you so requite him?

Isabel. (*R. H. At table.*) I believed that his love was no longer mine. I thought that he had deserted me for another.

Lord M. I had given you credit for having better sense, Isabel. But was that enough to hurl you on to the step you took? Surely not; you must have yielded to the persuasions of that bold, wicked man.

Isabel. It is all over now.

Lord M. Where do you intend to fix your future home?

Isabel. Wherever Heaven directs. I shall leave this place as soon as I am strong enough to travel.

Lord M. You were here with him—were you not?

Isabel. Yes; they think I am his wife.

Lord M. It is well. How many servants have you?

Isabel. Two; a maid, and a—a—nurse.

Lord M. A nurse! Isabel, is there then a child? Coward—sneak! may all good men shun him henceforth! O Isabel, you, an earl's daughter! How utterly you have lost yourself!

Isabel. Oh, spare me—I beseech you! You have been rending my heart ever since you came here. I am too weak to bear it.

Lord M. How do you propose to live?

Isabel. I have some money left.

Lord M. His money, Isabel?

Isabel. No, not his money. I am selling my trinkets one by one. Before they are all gone I shall look out for some means of earning a livelihood; by teaching, most probably.

Lord M. What sum will it take for you to live upon?

Isabel. I cannot accept anything from you.

Lord M. Absurd, Isabel. Do not add romantic folly to your other faults. Your father is gone, but I stand in his place.

Isabel. No—no—I do not desire it. I have forfeited all claim to assistance.

Lord M. But not to mine. I look upon this as a duty, an imperative one, too. On my return to England I will settle four hundred a year upon you, and you can draw it quarterly, and so, Isabel, I bid you farewell. May your future life be peaceful, for happy it can never be. (*Taking her hand, kindly.*) Farewell, Isabel.

[*Exit, c. l.*]

Isabel. (*Rises and crosses to left of table.*) And now I am alone for ever! Why don't I die!—why don't I die!

(*Falls in chair—bows head on table, sobbing bitterly.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Chamber in 4.

Enter ARCHIBALD and DILL, c. r.

Dill. (*R. H.*) Mr. Carlyle, who do you think has had the audacity to come to West Lynne, and set himself up as a candidate in opposition to you?

Arch. (*L. H.*) A second man? Let him come

on; we shall have the satisfaction of knowing who wins in the end. Well, who is this formidable opponent?

Dill. Mr. Francis Levison. But you won't let that beast frighten you from the contest, will you?

Enter BARBARA HARE, now MRS. CARLYLE, C. R.

Barb. (c.) Archibald, you will not suffer this insolent man's doings to deter you from your plans? You will not withdraw?

Arch. Certainly not, Barbara. He has thrust himself offensively upon me in this measure, and I think my better plan will be to take no more notice of him than if he were dirt under my feet.

Barb. Quite right, quite right, my husband.

Enter MISS CORNEY, L. H.

Miss C. Archibald, have you heard this disgraceful news.

Arch. I have heard it, Cornelia, and had I not, the very walls would have enlightened me.

Miss C. You will carry on the contest now? I was averse to it before; but now I withdraw all my objections. You will be no brother of mine if you yield the field to him.

Arch. I do not intend to yield it.

Miss C. Good! You will bear on upon your course, and let him crawl on his. Take no more notice of him than if he were a viper. Archibald, you must canvass now.

Arch. No, I shall be elected without canvassing. You'll see, Cornelia.

Miss C. I'll give you a thousand pounds myself for all of the electors.

Arch. Keep your money, sister, it will not be needed.

Miss C. Well, I've heard of a Lady Somebody that kissed a blacksmith to ensure her husband's election. Now, I'm sure I'd kiss every man in East and West Lynne, blacksmiths included, to ensure your election.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Dill. And I'm sure I'd kiss every woman.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Barb. Archibald, I wish to say something to you. I fear I've done a foolish thing.

Arch. I fear we all do sometimes. Well, what is it?

Barb. It is something I've had on my mind for months. You remember that night three years ago that Richard came to us in the grove. I mean that—that night that Lady Isabel quitted East Lynne. Richard came back to me again after he had left us in the grove. I was standing at the open window. He saw me, and motioned me out to him. He declared to me that he had just met the real Thorn in the lane. He described a peculiar motion of the hand as he constantly threw back the hair from his brow, and also spoke of the diamond ring, how it glittered in the moonbeams. Since that time I have had a firm belief that Thorn and Levison are one and the same person.

Arch. Indeed! Why did you not mention this before?

Barb. I did not like to like to remind you of that night before; but to-day I saw Sir Francis Levison in the street, addressing a crowd of people who had assembled to hear him speak, and there was the old action of the hand that my brother had before described. I have therefore written to Richard to

steal down here, and try, if possible, to discover the identity. The letter has gone.

Arch. Well, we must shelter him as best we can. I, myself, feel convinced that Thorn and Levison are one.

Barb. Indeed! How long have you thought so?

Arch. Not until to-day. I never suspected it before; but from many circumstances that I can now call to mind I am almost certain of it.

Barb. Archibald, dear husband, what can be done to clear him?

Arch. Being Levison, I cannot act.

Barb. Not act?—not act for Richard?

Arch. My dearest, how can I? You have not considered, Barbara,—any one in the world but Levison. It would seem like my own revenge.

Barb. Forgive me. I did not think of it in that light. You are right, my husband, as you always are. Let us wait till Richard comes.

Arch. Spoken like my own wife. Now, Barbara, you must sing to me.

(*She sings song, "You'll Remember Me."*)

Enter LADY ISABEL as MADAM VINE, during song, at C. D. L. At end of song she sighs deeply.—Archibald and Barbara turn and see her.

Barb. Ah! This is Madam Vine, I believe, our new governess. Please to step this way, Madam Vine. I hope you are not over-fatigued by your journey. Why, how pale you look! You are ill, are you not?

Mad. V. (c.) No, not ill, madam, only a little fatigued.

Arch. (L. H.) Barbara, you had better ring for a glass of wine and some lunch. I am sure Madam Vine must require some refreshment after her tiresome journey. And now I'll leave you to arrange matters between yourselves. (*Looks closely at Madam Vine as he goes out.*) I've seen those features before, I'm certain of it; but where can it have been?

[*Exit, L. H., slowly, as if in deep study.*]

Barb. (R.) Madam Vine, will you allow me to ring for some wine and a lunch?

Mad. V. (L.) Oh, no, madam, don't trouble yourself. I can't take anything just now.

Barb. You looked so pale I feared you might be ill.

Mad. V. I am generally pale, sometimes remarkably so, but my health is good.

Barb. Mrs. Latimer wrote us that you were a very estimable and worthy person, and that you would be sure to suit us. I hope you may, and that you may find your residence here agreeable. Have you lived much in England?

Mad. V. In the early portion of my life.

Barb. And you have lost your husband and your children. I think Mrs. Latimer mentioned children.

Mad. V. Madam, I've lost all—all!

Barb. Oh! it must be a terrible grief when our little ones die. I could not lose my babe for the world; it would kill me to part with him.

Mad. V. Terrible grief indeed, and hard to bear; but it does not always kill.

Barb. You are no doubt aware that these

children you will have charge of are not mine; they are the children of Mr. Carlyle's first wife.

Mad. V. And Mr. Carlyle's; yes, madam, I have heard so. She is dead, is she not?

Barb. Yes, she was killed by a railway accident in France some two years ago. She was the only daughter of the late Lord Mount Severn. She was very attractive and beautiful; but I do not think she cared much for her husband. Be that as it may, she ran away with Sir Francis Levison.

Mad. V. I have heard so, madam; it was very sad.

Barb. Sad; it was very wicked,—it was infamous. Of all husbands in the world, of all men living, Mr. Carlyle least deserved such a requital; but the affair was a mystery throughout. Sir Francis Levison had been staying some time at East Lynne, but no one had ever detected any undue intimacy between them, not even Mr. Carlyle. To him, as to others, the cause must remain a mystery. But of course the disgrace is inflicted on the children, and always will be,—the shame of having a divorced mother.

Mad. V. But you say she is dead, madam.

Barb. Yes, true; they will not be the less pointed at; the little girl especially. They allude to their mother now and then in conversation, Joyce tells me; but I would recommend you not to encourage them in that. They had better forget her altogether if possible. Mr. Carlyle would naturally wish them to do so. I trust you may be able to instil such principles into the mind of the little girl, as shall keep her from a like fate.

Mad. V. I will, madam. But do they enjoy good health?

Barb. Quite so, all except the oldest boy, William. He has a slight cough, and the doctors think his lungs are affected. Mr. Carlyle also fears that he is not long for this world.

Mad. V. And how does Mr. Carlyle bear the thought of parting with him?

Barb. Bravely, madam. Mr. Carlyle is not the man to betray emotion, whatever his feelings may be. Even when Lady Isabel left him he made no outward sign of grief, although it must have wrung his very heartstrings.

Mad. V. Ay, madam, because he did not love her truly; his best love was given to another.

Barb. You are mistaken. She was his heart's sole idol. Mr. Carlyle is a man who always speaks the truth, and he told me, in his confidence, that he would never have married again during Lady Isabel's lifetime.

Mad. V. But is it sure that she is dead?

Barb. Oh, yes, beyond all doubt. She was journeying with her nurse and infant child at the time of the shocking accident. Her uncle, the present Lord Mount Severn, wrote to the authorities of the little town where it happened, and they sent him word that the nurse and child were killed on the spot, and that the two ladies occupying the same compartment of the carriage had since died of their injuries, and that one of them was certainly the mother of the child. Besides, Lord Mount Severn had placed an annuity in the bank, to be drawn by her quarterly, that has never been touched; so that proves, beyond all doubt, that she no longer lives.

Mad. V. Quite true, madam.

Barb. It was a shocking affair all through. Poor Lady Isabel! Could she have foreseen her fate, she never would have taken such a rash step;

or had she known what a villain Levison was. He was not only a bad man in principle, but he was a murderer?

Mad. V. Oh, no—no; not a murderer, a bad man, a very bad man; but not a murderer.

Barb. Oh! did you know him, then?

Mad. V. Oh, no; I did not know him, madam; but I have heard the story.

Barb. It has not been proved; but I feel confident, in my own mind, that it soon will be.

Enter WILLIAM, followed by JOYCE, R. 1. E.—JOYCE goes up to the table.

Barb. This is the little sick boy I spoke of, Madam Vine,—little William.

Mad. V. (*Rushes to him and clasps him in her arms.*) Oh! my boy, my boy! Are you ill, my darling? Are you sick, William? (*To Barbara.*) I beg your pardon, madam; but I have lately lost a little boy of his age, and when we have lost children of our own we are apt to love fondly all we come near.

Will. (*With Mad. V., R. H.*) Mamma, may I ride to town with you to-day?

Barb. My dear, I shall not go to town to-day; besides, you are not yet strong enough; you did wrong to leave the nursery to-day; this air is too chilly for you. Take him in, Joyce.

Joyce. (*Gives Barbara letter.*) My lady, here's a letter the postman has just brought; I forgot it till now. Come, William.

Barb. Madam Vine, this is Joyce, who has had charge of the children ever since their mother left them.

(*Joyce goes to R. H., to take William from Mad. Vine; recognises her as Lady Isabel; makes a movement of surprise as if to scream.—Isabel puts a finger on her lips as a signal to be silent and not betray her.—Joyce takes William and exits slowly, R. H. Barbara is busy reading the letter, and does not see this action.*)

Barb. (*Aside.*) Ah! this is from brother Richard, to inform me of his coming. I must go and see my husband at once. (*To Madam V.*) Madam Vine, I must beg you to excuse me for the present. I am called away by some most important duties. Make yourself perfectly at home in my absence. East Lynne is small, and I've no doubt you'll soon become familiar with it.

[*Exit, L. H.*

Mad. V. Familiar with East Lynne! Did she but know how familiar East Lynne is to me! What will be my trials now! to see him, my husband once, caress the woman I hate; to be compelled to witness the thousand little proofs of affection that were once bestowed upon me; to see his love for her child, while I must teach my own children to forget my memory. Oh! why did I come here, why place myself in such daily torments? O Isabel! patience—patience! Is it thus you bear your cross in life?

[*Retires up stage as closed in.*

SCENE II.—Landscape in 1.

Enter SIR FRANCIS LEVISON, R. H., walking hurriedly about.

Levi. (*R. H.*) What a confounded fool I was to think of trying it on at East Lynne! Carlyle has,

no doubt, double the friends I have; but since I've entered the list against him, I'll not back out. I'm determined to stand my ground,

Enter MISS CORNEY, L. 1 E.—She meets Levison face to face.—He lifts his hat and bows.

Miss C. (L. H.) Did you intend that insult for me, Francis Levison?

Levi. That all depends upon how you are pleased to take it.

Miss C. You dare lift your hat to me? Have you forgotten that I am Miss Carlyle?

Levi. It would be a hard matter to forget the face, having once seen it.

Miss C. You contemptible worm, I despise you! Do you think I am to be insulted with impunity? Out upon you for a bold, bad man.

Enter OFFICER, R. 1 E. Taps Levison on the shoulder.

Officer. Francis Levison, I arrest you,—you are my prisoner.

Levi. (Pushing Officer's hand off him.) Hands off, vermin! You are too familiar on short acquaintance. Of what crime am I accused?

Officer. That you will soon learn: You must come with me at once. *(Handcuffs Levison)*

Levi. Oh, certainly, sir, if you desire it. This is some ridiculous mistake,—it will be set right in the morning. Good-day, angelic Miss Carlyle, loveliest of your sex. I'm sorry this agreeable little confab was cut so short. I'll come back and renew it in the morning. Take care of your precious self, and look out for the naughty, naughty men,—ta-ta—ta-ta.

[Exit, followed by Officer, R. 1 E.]

Miss C. (Calls after them.) Here, Officer! Officer! Be sure you get his photograph taken. It will be an excellent picture for the rogues' gallery! Oh, dear, he's put me in such a fluster, that I must get home as fast as possible, and get some juniper berry tea to settle my nerves.

[Exit, L. H.]

SCENE III.—Chamber in 4.

WILLIAM discovered lying on couch, c.—MADAM VINE seated behind at head, bending over him.

Will. Madam Vine, how long will it be before I die?

Mad. V. What makes you think you will die, William?

Will. I am certain of it, Madam Vine; but it is nothing to die when our Saviour loves us; but why do you grieve so for me? I am not your child.

Mad. V. I know you are not my child, but I lost a little boy like you.

Will. It will be so pleasant to go up there, and never be tired or ill any more.

Mad. V. Pleasant! Ay, William, would that time were come!

Will. Madam Vine, do you think mamma will be there? I mean my own mamma that was.

Mad. V. Ay, child, ere long, I trust.

Will. But how can I be sure that she will be there? You know she was not quite good to papa or to us, and I sometimes think she did not grow good and ask Heaven to forgive her.

Mad. V. O William, her whole life after she left you was one long scene of repentance,—of seeking forgiveness; but her sorrow was greater than she

could bear, and her heart broke in its yearning for you.

Will. What makes you think so?

Mad. V. Child, I know it—I know it.

Will. Did you ever see her, Madam Vine? Did you know her abroad?

Mad. V. Yes, child, I knew her abroad.

Will. Why did you not tell us before? What did she say to you?

Mad. V. That she was parted from her children here, but that she should meet them again in heaven, and be with them for ever; there, where all the awful pain and sadness, all the guilt of this world will be washed out, and He will wipe our tears.

Will. How shall I know her there? You see I have nearly forgotten what she was like.

Mad. V. You will know her when you see her there, never fear, William.

Enter ARCHIBALD, R. 1 E.—Sits on foot of couch.

Arch. Well, Madam Vine, how is your little patient this evening?

Mad. V. He appears worse,—more weak.

Arch. My little son, Madam Vine is an untiring nurse to you, is she not?

Will. Papa, I want to see my sister Lucy, and Joyce, too.

Arch. Very well, my little son. I'll send them to you presently. Madam Vine, do you not perceive a change in his countenance.

Mad. V. Yes, he has looked like that since a strange fit of trembling that came over him this afternoon.

Arch. Oh! it is hard to lose him thus.

Mad. V. He will be better off. We can bear death; it is not the worst parting the earth knows. He will be quit of this cruel world and sheltered in heaven. It would be well for all of us if we could go there as pure as he is.

Arch. There, William, keep yourself quiet. I'll go and bring your sister Lucy and your mamma to see you. I'll not be gone many minutes.

[Exit, R. H.]

Mad. V. (Rising.) Oh, Heaven! my punishment is more than I can bear. He has gone to bring that woman here that she may mingle her shallow sympathy with his deep grief. Oh, if ever retribution came to woman, it has come to me now. I can no longer bear it. I shall lose my senses. Oh, William! in this last dying hour try to think I am your mother.

Will. Papa has gone for her now.

Mad. V. No, not that woman there, not that woman. *(Throws off cap and spectacles.)* Look at me, William. I am your mother! *(Catches him in her arms. He says "Mother" faintly, and falls back dead in her arms.)* Oh, he is dead!—he is dead! Oh, William! wake and call me mother once again! My child is dead!—my child is dead!

Enter JOYCE, R. H.

Joyce. (R. At foot of couch.) Oh, my lady, let me lead you from this room, they will discover you.

Mad. V. (L. H.) Oh, Joyce! leave me now to my grief. See here!—my child is dead! and never knew I was his mother. I don't care what I've been, I am his mother still. Oh, my child—my child—my heart will break—my heart will break!

(Falls and sobs convulsively.)

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Landscape in 1.

Enter BARBARA and JOYCE, R. H.

Joyce. (R.) But, my lady, will not Madam Vine's illness prevent you from making your usual trip to the seaside?

Barb. (L.) Oh, no. Miss Corney will look after the house in my absence, and Dill will be here to assist her. Richard's trial will be over to-day, and, if he is cleared, I shall prevail upon him to accompany me. I shall start on Monday; this, you know, is Friday; so you will have ample time to get everything in readiness.

Joyce. Very well, my lady. I'll attend to it.

[Exit, R. H.]

Barb. My poor brother! if he were only free, my happiness would be complete. (Shouts, L. H.) Hark! what mean those shouts?

Enter MISS CORNEY, L.

Miss C. (L.) Well, it's settled at last. Richard's free, at all events. I heard the news as I came along, and the very people who have been abusing him for the last seven years are the very ones who are cheering him. I saw that Afy Hallijohn as I came along,—not that I'd condescend to notice such a creature, but she was decked out. She had on a green and white silk, flounced up to the waist, extended over a crinoline that would reach from here over yonder; a fancy bonnet stuck on the back part of her head, with a wreath and veil; delicate kid gloves, and swinging a handkerchief highly perfumed with musk. Oh, it was perfectly disgusting!

(Retires up.)

Enter RICHARD HARE.—Crosses to Barbara.

Rich. (C.) Barbara, my dear sister, I am free at last. Once more I can walk abroad without fear.

Barb. I thank Heaven my dear brother is restored to me at last.

Rich. Yes, the trial is over: Sir Francis Levison has been proved guilty, and has just received his sentence.

Miss C. (L.) What was it?

Rich. Transportation for life, for the murder of John Hallijohn.

Miss C. Only for life?

Barb. Oh, Miss Corney, you may depend upon it his punishment is quite sufficient. The lingering torture of mind he will have to endure in the galleys is a thousand times worse than death. But see, Richard, here comes papa to welcome you.

Enter JUSTICE HARE, L.—Crosses to Richard.

Justice H. (C.) Oh, Richard, my dear boy, I am now proud to own you. This is the happiest day of my life. (Shouts and groans, L. H.) Hark! what's all that uproar and confusion? Oh, I see; it's that villain Levison; they are taking him to prison, and the mob are after him. They are coming this way, too; let's be off. I'm so happy that I don't want to encounter that villain, for fear the sight of him would put me in a passion again. Come, my children.

[All exit, R. except Miss Corney.]

Miss C. (Crosses, R.) Well, they may all go; but I shall remain to have the pleasure of wishing Sir Francis Levison a pleasant journey to prison.

Enter (L.) LEVISON, followed by an OFFICER.

Levi. Thank fortune, I have escaped the mob at last. They are on the wrong track, and I can now proceed in quietness. (Turns and sees Miss Corney.) Oh! that hag here?

Miss C. Good-day, Sir Francis Levison; those bracelets become you exceedingly well.

Levi. Yes, as you say, they are of a very choice pattern. The workmanship about them is very elaborate—truly fine. I'm sorry they've got such an affectionate hold on me, else I'd transfer them to you with the greatest pleasure. By the bye, Miss Corney, give my regards to your brother, the pettifogging lawyer at East Lynne, and tell him that, should he want a lock of his first wife's hair, I have one, which I will give him, free gratis.

(Crosses, R.)

Miss C. Sir Francis Levison, you are utterly devoid of feeling or honour. But times are changed since last we met. What will you do for your diamonds, your kid gloves, your perfumed handkerchiefs, in the hulks?

Levi. Do? why I suppose I shall have to do without them, as many a man has done before me. There's one thing I shall have to console me, though,—I shan't be bored with your ugly mug there. (Officer taps him on the shoulder, and points off, R.) Yes, I know, directly, sir. Don't interrupt me when you see I'm talking to a lady. (To Miss Corney.) I hate to be severe upon you, angelic Miss Corney. Don't forget my advice about the naughty, naughty men; and take care good of yourself—your precious self; and also of your red flannel petticoat—ta, la—ta, la!

[Exit, with officer, R. H.]

Miss C. Well, I do declare he's an out-and-out villain, and I do believe he'd try to practise his arts on me, if he thought there was any chance of his succeeding.

[Exit, L. H.]

SCENE II.—Chamber in 4.

ISABEL discovered in invalid chair, C.

Isabel. Oh! I am dying—dying alone! with no one to soothe and comfort me. Oh! if I could but see Archibald and ask his forgiveness, I should die in peace.

Enter MISS CORNEY, R. H.

Miss C. Well, now, if that Joyce was a drinking woman, I should certainly say she was frightfully boozy. (Recognising Isabel.) Mercy be good! How came you here?

Isabel. Oh! do not reproach me, Miss Corney. I am on my way to heaven, to answer for all my sins and all my sorrows.

Miss C. (R. At side of chair.) No, poor child! I will not reproach you.

Isabel. I am glad to go. Our Saviour did not come, you know, to save the good like you, but for the sake of guilty wretches like me. I have tried to take up my cross as He bade me and bear it bravely for His sake, but its weight has killed me.

Miss C. Had I anything to do with sending you from East Lynne?

Isabel. No, I was not very happy here with you; but that was not the cause of my going away. Forgive me, Miss Carlyle, but I want to see Archibald and ask him to forgive me before I die, I have prayed to Joyce to bring him to me; but she

said it could not be. O Miss Carlyle, do let me see him, only for one little minute, and I will die blessing you.

Miss C. Poor child! You shall see him. (Goes to R. door and calls) Here, Joyce, Joyce!

[Enter JOYCE, R. H.]

Go and request your master to come up to me.

Joyce. O ma'am, do you think it will do—I mean, would it be well?

Miss C. Go and do as I bid you. Are you the mistress here, or am I? Go!

[Exit Joyce, R. H.]

Now, poor child, I will leave you. You shall see Archibald alone.

Isabel. Oh, bless you, Miss Corney; you have taken a load from my soul, you are too kind. (Miss C. kisses her.) And you have kissed me too, and I thank you for that.

Miss C. (Going, R.) Well, I believe I did kiss her; but it was all the fault of that Joyce—she has flustered me so.

[Exit, L. H.]

Isabel. And I shall see my dear husband once more—ask him to forgive me,—and then I shall have done with life.

Enter ARCHIBALD, L. H.

Arch. I am deeply grieved, Madam Vine—(Recognises Isabel.) Great heavens! Isabel—here!

Isabel. Archibald, I could not die till I had your forgiveness. Oh, do not turn away from me,—bear with me one little minute,—only say that you will forgive me, and I can rest in peace.

Arch. (L. H.) Why did you come here?

Isabel. I could not stay away from you and my children. The longing for the sight of them was killing me. I never knew one moment's peace after the mad act I was guilty of—in quitting you. Not an hour had I departed ere repentance set in. Even then I would have come back, but I did not know how. My sin was great, and my punishment has been greater; it has been one long scene of mental agony.

Arch. Why did you go away?

Isabel. Did you not know why?

Arch. No, it was always a mystery to me.

Isabel. I went out of love for you. Oh, do not look at me in that reproachful way! I loved you dearly, and I grew suspicious of you. I thought you false and deceitful to me; that your love was given to her who is now your wife, and, in my sore jealousy, I listened to the temptings of that bold, bad man, who whispered of revenge. But it was not so, was it, Archibald?

Arch. Can you ask me that, knowing me as you did then, and as you must have known me since? I never was false to you in word, in thought, or in deed.

Isabel. I know it now, but I was mad. I never

could have committed the act in anything but madness. Oh, say that you will forget all and forgive me!

Arch. I cannot forget—I have forgiven already.

Isabel. Think what it has been for me to live in the same house with her who is now your wife, to watch the envied caresses which once were mine, to see your great love for her; think what it was for me to watch by the death-bed of my own child, to see his decaying strength, to be alone with him in his dying hour, and not be able to tell him I was his mother. And then, to see you soothe her petty grief, and I, his mother, standing by! Oh, it has been to me as the bitterness of death!

Arch. You were wrong to come back.

Isabel. I know it was all wrong; but you were my husband once. Oh, that the fearful past could be blotted out, that I could wake and find this all a hideous dream! Archibald, let your thoughts go back to the time when you first knew me, when I was a happy girl here, and my dear old father's petted child; and after, in the happy days when I was your wife, and our little ones were about us. Do you not wish that all this dark fact had never been? Do you not wish it, Archibald?

Arch. Yes, Isabel, for your sake I wish it.

Isabel. I am going to William, but my other children will be left with you. Do not, in your love for your late children, do not lose your love for them.

Arch. Isabel, they are as dear to me as you once were.

Isabel. As I once was, and might have been now. Archibald, I am now on the very threshold of the other world; will you not say one word of love to me before I pass it? Let what I am be blotted for the moment from your memory. Will you not bless me? Only a word of love,—my heart is breaking for it!

Arch. You nearly broke mine when you left me, Isabel. (Goes to her and takes her hand.) May He so deal with you, as I fully and freely forgive you. May He bless you and take you to His rest in Heaven.

Isabel. To His rest in Heaven! Archibald, you are leaving me.

Arch. (Gets back at head of chair.) You are growing faint, Isabel. Let me call assistance.

(Takes her head in his arms.)

Isabel. No, do not stir—it is not faintness—it is death! Oh, but it is hard to part so! Farewell, my once dear husband, until—eternity!

(Soft music.)

Arch. Until eternity.

(She falls back in his arms and dies—He lays her gently down and stands in attitude of deep grief, as if invoking the blessing of Heaven for her soul.)

CURTAIN.

RIP VAN WINKLE:

A LEGEND OF THE CATSKILLS.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM WASHINGTON IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK, BY CHARLES BURKE.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 12.]

As Performed at the Arch Street, Phil., Theatre, 1850.

ACT I.—1763.

RIP VAN WINKLE (a Dutchman)	Mr. C. Burke.	CLAUSEN (friend to Rip)	Mr. Bradford.
KNICKERBOCKER (a Schoolmaster)	Mr. J. L. Baker.	RORY VAN CLUMP (a Landlord)	Mr. Worrell.
DERRIC VAN SLAUS (the Burgomaster)	Mr. Marsh.	GUSTAFFE	Mr. Mortimore.
HERMAN VAN SLAUS (his son)	Mr. Henkins.	DAME VAN WINKLE	Mrs. Hughes.
NICHOLAS VEDDER (friend to Rip)	Mr. Anderson.	ALICE	Miss Wood.
		LORENNNA	Miss E. Jones.
		SWAGGRINO } Spirits of the Cat-	Mr. Brown.
		GAUDERKIN } skills	Mr. Ray.
		ICXEN }	Mr. Ross.

No. 340. Dicks' Standard Plays.

ACT II.—1783.

A lapse of twenty years is supposed to occur between the First and Second Acts.

RIP VAN WINKLE (the dreamer)	Mr. C. Burke.	GUSTAFFE... ..	Mr. Mortimore.
HERMAN VAN SLAUS	Mr. Henkins.	RIP VAN WINKLE, JR.	Mr. Stanley.
SETH SLOUGH	Mr. J. Jefferson.	FIRST VILLAGER	Mr. Thomas.
KNICKERBOCKER	Mr. J. L. Barker.	SECOND VILLAGER	Mr. Sims.
THE JUDGE	Mr. Anderson.	ALICE KNICKERBOCKER	Miss Wood.
		LORRENNA	Miss E. Jones.

C O S T U M E.

RIP.—1st Dress: A deer-skin coat and belt—full brown breeches—deer-skin gaiters—cap. 2nd Dress: Same, but much worn and ragged.

KNICKERBOCKER.—1st Dress: Brown square-cut coat—vest and breeches—shoes and buckles. 2nd Dress: Black coat, breeches, hose, &c.

DERRICK VAN SLAUS.—Square-cut coat—full breeches—black silk hose—shoes and buckles—powder.

HERMAN.—1st Dress: Ibid. 2nd Dress: Black frock coat—tight pants—boots and tassels.

VEDDER }
CLAUSEN } Dark square-cut coats, vests, breeches, &c.
RORY }

GUSTAFFE.—Blue jacket—white pants—shoes.

SETH SLOUGH.—Gray coat—striped vest—large gray pants.

JUDGE.—Full suit of black.

YOUNG RIP.—A dress similar to Rip's first dress.

DAME.—Short gown and quilted petticoat—cap.

ALICE.—1st Dress: Bodice, with half skirt—figured petticoat. 2nd Dress: Brown satin bodice and skirt, &c.

LORRENNA, Act 1.—A child.

LORRENNA, Act 2.—White muslin dress, black ribbon belt, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R R C. C. L C. L.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Village.—House, L. H. 3 E., with a sign of "George III."—Two or three tables, C. L. and R.—Villagers discovered, smoking. VEDDER, R., KNICKERBOCKER, L. C., RORY, L., CLAUSIN at table, c.—Chorus at rise of curtain.

CHORUS.

In our native land, where flows the Rhine,
In infancy we culled the vine;
Although we toiled with patient care,
But poor and scanty was our fare.

SOLO.

Till tempting waves, with anxious toil,
We landed on Columbia's soil;
Now plenty, all our cares repay,
So laugh and dance the hours away.

CHORUS.

Now plenty, all our cares repay,
So laugh and dance the hours away.
Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!
So laugh, ha, ha! and dance the hours away.

Vedd. Neighbour Clausin, on your way hither, saw you anything of our friend, Rip Van Winkle? Where there's a cup of good liquor to be shared, he's sure to be on hand—a thirsty soul.

Knick. Truly the man that turns up his nose at good liquor is a fool, as we Dutchmen have it; but cut no jokes on Rip; remember, I'm soon to be a member of his family; and any insult offered to him, I shall resent in the singular number, and satisfaction must follow, as the Frenchman have it.

Vedd. So. Knickerbocker, you are really determined to marry Rip's sister, the pretty Alice?

Knick. Yes, determined to be a prisoner in Hymen's chains, as the lovers have it. I've got Rip's consent, I've got Alice's consent, and I've got my own consent!

Clau. But have you got the dame's consent, eh?

Knick. There I'm dished and done up brown; would you believe it? she calls me a long, scraggy, outlandish animal, and that I look like two deal boards glued together.

Rory. Here comes Alice, and with her Rip's daughter.

Music.—Enter ALICE, with LORRENNIA,
U. E. R. H.

Alice. Come along, loiterer! woe betide us when we get home, for having tarried so long. What will the dame say?

Lor. Well, it's not my fault, for you have been up and down the lane a dozen times, looking for the school-master, Knickerbocker.

Alice. Hold your tongue, Miss, it's no such thing.

Lor. You know you love him.

Alice. How do you know that, Miss Pert?

Lor. I can see it; and seeing is believing, they say. Oh, you're monstrous jealous of him, you know you are.

(Knickerbocker advances L. H.)

Alice. Jealous! I, jealous of him? No, indeed, I never wish to see his ugly face again.

Knick. Say not so, sweet blossom of the valley, for in that case I shall shoot myself in despair.

Alice. Oh, don't think of such a thing, for then your ghost might haunt me.

Lor. And I'm sure you would rather have him than his ghost; wouldn't you, Alice?

Knick. That's a very smart child. But Alice, sweet Alice, can't I drop in this evening, when the old folks are out of the way?

Alice. Not for the world: if the dame were to find you in the house, I don't know what would happen.

Lor. Don't you know, Alice, mammy always goes out for an hour in the evening, to see her neighbour, Dame Wrigim; now, if you (to Knickerbocker) come at eight o'clock, and throw some gravel at the window, there's no knowing but you might see Alice.

Knick. That's an uncommon clever girl; but, Alice, I'm determined to turn over a new leaf with Dame Van Winkle; the next time I see her, I'll pluck up courage and say to her—

Dame. (Without, R. U. E.) Alice! Alice! odds bodikins and pins, but I'll give it you when I catch you.

[The Villagers exit, R. and L. H.]

Knick. Run, Alice, run!

(Alice, Lorrenna, and Knickerbocker run to R.)

Dame. (Without, R.) Alice!

[Alice, Lorrenna, and Knickerbocker exit hastily, L. H.]

Rory. Egad! the dame's tongue is a perfect scarecrow.

Vedd. The sound of her voice sets them running just as if she were one of the mountain spirits, of whom we hear so much talk. But where the deuce can Rip be all this while? (Rip sings without, L. 2 E.) But talk of the devil and his imps appear.

Enter RIP VAN WINKLE, L. 2 E., with gun, game bag, &c.

Rip. Rip, Rip, was is dis for a business. You are a mix nootze unt dat is a fact. Now, I started for de mountains dis mornin', determined to fill my bag mit game, but I met Von Brunt, de one-eyed sergeant—comma see hah, unt brandy-wine happen my neiber friend; well, I could'nt refuse to take a

glass mit him, unt den I tooks anoder glass, unt den I took so much as a dozen, do I drink no more as a bottle; he drink no more as I—he got so top heavy, I rolled him in de hedge to sleep a leetle, for his one eye got so crooked, he never could have seed his way straight; den I goes to de mountain, do I see double, d—d a bird could I shooted. But I stops now, I drinks no more; if anybody ask me to drink, I'll say to dem—(*Vedder comes down, R. and offers cup to him.*)—here is your go-to-hell, and your family's go-to-hell, and may you all live long and prosper.

(Drinks.)

Vedd. Why, neighbour Rip, where have you been all day? We feared some of the Elfin goblins of the Catskill had caught you.

Rip. Ha, ha! I never see no ghosts, though I've fought mit spirits in my time, ha, ha!

Vedd. And they always throw you, eh? ha, ha!

Rip. Dat's a fact! Ha, ha, ha!

Vedd. But, Rip, where have you been?

Rip. Oh, very hard at work—very busy; dere is nothing slipped fun my fingers as was come at abe.

Rory. (*Down L.*) They appear to have slipped through your game bag though, for it's full of emptiness.—Ha, ha, ha!

Rip. Ho, ho, ho! cut no jokes at my bag or I'll gib you the sack.

Vedd. Come Rip, sit down, take a pipe and a glass, and make yourself comfortable.

Rip. Nine, nine—ech con neighed—it behoves a man to look after his interest unt not drink all de while, I shall den be able to manage—

Vedd. Your wife, Rip?

Rip. Manage mine frow? Can you fly to de moon on a paper kite? can you drink all de beer and brandy-wine at one gulp? when you can do dat mine goot im himmel you can manage mine frow.

(All laugh.)

Rory. Take one glass, Rip.

Rip. No, I won't touch him.

Vedd. Come, come, lay hold.

Rip. Now I'll be d—d fun I does.

Vedd. Well, if you won't.

(All go to table but Rip.)

Rip. Dere is a drinks, dere is a drinks, I have conquered temptation at last. Bravo resolution! bravo resolution; resolution you shall have one glass for dat.

(Goes to table.)

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Rory. Here, Rip, here's a glass at your service, and as for the contents I'll warrant it genuine and no mistake.

(Gives Rip a cup.)

Rip. Rory, here is your go-to-hell, unt your family's go-to-hell, unt may you all live long unt prosper.

Rory. Come, Rip, give us a stave.

Vedd. Yes, yes, Rip, a stave, for the old dame will be after you soon and then we will all have to make a clearance:

Rip. Oh, tunner wasser! won't my old woman skin me when I get home.

Vedd. and Rory. Ha, ha, ha! come, the song, the song.

Rip. Well, here is Rip Van Winkle's warning to all single fellows.

SONG.—RIP.

*List, my friends, to caution's voice,
Ere de marriage knot you tie;
It is the devil, mit shrews to splice,
Dat nobody can deny, deny,
Dat nobody can deny.*

Chorus.—That nobody can deny, &c.

*When a wife to rule once wishes,
Mit poor spouse 'tis all my eye,
I'm d—d if she don't wear de breeches,
Dat nobody can deny, deny,
Dat nobody can deny.*

Chorus.—That nobody can deny, &c.

*Yet dere is a charm about dem,
Do dere voices are so high,
We can't do mit dem, (Pause.)
Nor we can't do mit out 'em,
Dat nobody can deny, deny,
Dat nobody can deny.*

Chorus.—That nobody can deny, &c.

Dame. (*Without, R. 1 E.*) Rip, Rip! I'll stretch your ears when I get hold of them.

Rip. Mine goot im himmel, dere is my frow.

Dame. (*Without.*) Rip! you lazy varmint! Rip!

Rip. (*Gets under the table with bottle.*) Look out, boys! de wild cat's coming.

Music.—VEDDER, RORY, and CLAUSIN, at table—Enter Dame, with a stick, R. U. E.

Dame. Where is this wicked husband of mine? odds bodikins and pins! I heard his voice; you've hid him somewhere! you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to inveigle a husband from a tender, loving spouse; but I'm put upon by all, because they know the mildness of my temper.—(*They laugh.*)—Odds bodikins and curling irons, but some of you shall laugh the other sides of your mouths—I'll pull your pate for you.

(*Music.—Chases them round table: they exit L. and R.—Dame upsets table and discovers Rip.*)

Dame. Oh, you Rip of all rips! what have you to say for yourself?

Rip. Here is your go-to-hell, unt your family's, unt may you all live long and prosper.

Dame. (*Pulling him down the stage by the ear.*) I'm cool—that is to say not very hot: but the mildest temper in the world would be in a passion at such treatment. Get home, you drunken monster, or I shan't be able to keep my hands off you—tell me, sir, what have you been about all day?

Rip. Hard at work, my dumpsy dumpsy; de first ting I see dis morning was a fine fat rabbit.

Dame. A rabbit? Oh, I do like rabbits in a stew: I like everything in a stew.

Rip. I be d—d but dat is a fact.

Dame. Well, well, the rabbit?

Rip. I was going to tell you, well, dere was de rabbit feeding in de grass.

Dame. Well, well, Rip?

Rip. I puts my gun to my shoulder—

Dame. Yes,—

Rip. I takes goot aim mit him.

Dame. Yes,—

Rip. I pulls my trigger, unt—

Dame. Bang went the gun and down the rabbit fell.

Rip. Eh? snap went de gun and off de rabbit run. Ha, ha, ha!

Dame. No!

Rip. I be d—d fun dat is a fact.

Dame. And you shot nothing?

Rip. Not dat time; but de next time, I picks me my flint, unt I creeps up to de little pond by de old field, unt dere what do you tink I see?

Dame. Ducks?

Rip. More as fifty black ducks—ducks as big as a goose—well I hauls up again.

Dame. And so will I (*raising stick*) if you miss fire this time,—

Rip. Bang!

Dame. How many down?

Rip. One!

Dame. Not more than one duck out of fifty?

Rip. Yes, a great deal more as one duck.

Dame. Then you shot more than one?

Rip. Yes, more as one duck, I shot one old bull.

Dame. What?

Rip. I'm d—d fun dat is a fact! dat was one down, and my goot in himmel how he did roar and bellow unt lash his tail unt snort unt sneeze unt sniff! Well, de bull puts right after me, unt I puts right away fun de bull: well, de bull comes up mit me just as I was climbing de fence, unt he catch me mit his horns fun de seat of my breeches, unt sent me flying more as a mile high. Well, bye and bye directly, I come down already in a big tree, unt dere I sticks fast, unt den—

Dame. You went fast asleep for the rest of the day.

Rip. Dat's a fact. How you know dat? you must be a witch.

Dame. (*Catching him by the collar.*) Home, sir, home! you lazy scamp. (*Beating him.*)

Rip. But, mine lublicka frow—

Dame. Home!

(*Beating him.*)

Rip. Nine! nine!—

Dame. Home!

(*Beats him.*)

Rip. Mine goot im himmel.

[*Music.—Dame beats him off, R. H. 1. E.*]

SCENE II.—A Plain Chamber in First Grooves.

Enter DERRIC VAN SLAUS, L. H.

Derr. Should the present application fail, I am a ruined man; all my speculations will be frustrated, and my duplicity exposed; yes, the dissipation of my son must inevitably prove his ruin as well as mine. To supply his wants, the public money has been employed; and, if unable to replace it, heaven knows what may be the consequence. But my son is now placed with an able advocate in New York, and should he pursue the right path, there may be still hopes of his reformation.

Herm. (*Without, L. H.*) My father, you say, is this way?

Derr. What voice is that; my son? What can have recalled him thus suddenly? Some new misadventure—Oh, my foreboding thoughts!

Enter HERMAN, L. H.

Derr. Herman, what brings you back? Are all my cautions thus lightly regarded, that they can take no hold upon your conduct?

Herm. You have good cause for warmth, sir, but learn the reason of my disobedience, ere you condemn. Business of importance has urged me hither—such as concerns us both most intimately.

Derr. Some fresh extravagance, no doubt, to drain my little left, and set a host of creditors loose upon me.

Herm. Not so, sir, but the reverse. List! you know our neighbour, Rip Van Winkle?

Derr. Know him? Aye, his idleness is proverbial; you have good cause to recollect him too, since 'twas by his courage your life was preserved, when attacked by the famished wolf.

Herm. He has a daughter scarcely seven years old; now, the attorney whom I serve, has been employed to draw up the will and settle the affairs of this girl's aunt, who, for some slight offered by Van Winkle, has long since discarded the family. At her death, the whole of her immense wealth, in cash and land, is the inheritance of the girl, who is, at this moment, the richest presumptive heiress in the land.

Derr. What connection can Van Winkle's fortune have with ours?

Herm. Listen! Were it possible to procure his signature to a contract that his daughter, when of age, should be married to me, on this security money might be raised by us to any amount. Now, my good father, am I comprehensible?

Derr. Truly, this seems no visionary dream, like those in which, with fatal pertinacity, you have so oft indulged; and, on recollection, the rent of his tenement is in arrears; 'twill offer favourable opportunity for my calling and sounding him; the contract must be your care.

Herm. 'Tis already prepared and lacks only his signature.—(*Presenting it.*) Lawyers, who would do justice to their clients, must not pause at conscience; 'tis entirely out of the question when their own interest is concerned.

Derr. Herman, I like not this black-leg manner of proceeding; yet, it augurs thou wilt be no petti-fogger, I'll to Van Winkle straight, and though not legalized to act, yet in this case I can do work which honest lawyers would scorn.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Herm. (*Solus.*) True; the honest lawyer lives by his reputation, and therefore pauses to undertake a cause he knows unjust; but how easily are some duped. Can my father for a moment suppose that the rank weeds of youth are so easily uprooted? No! what is to be done, good father of mine, but to serve myself? young men of the present generation cannot live without the means of entering into life's varieties, and this supply will henceforth enable me to do so, to the fullest extent of my ambitious wishes.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

SCENE II.—*Rip's cottage.*—Door, L. 2 E.—Window in flat.—A closet in flat, with dishes, shelves, &c.—Clothes-basket, with clothes.—Table, chairs, arm-chair, with cloak over it.—Broom on stage.

KNICKERBOCKER enters cautiously, D. 2 E. L.

Knickerbocker. Zooks! I'm venturing into a tiger's den in quest of a lamb. All's clear, however; and, could I but pop on little Alice, how we would bill and coo. She comes! lie still, my fluttering heart.

Enter ALICE, R. H.

Alice. (Without observing Knickerbocker.) There, there, go to sleep. Ah! Knickerbocker, how I love you, spite of all the strange ways that you pursue.

Knick. (Aside.) Sensible, susceptible soul! But merit ever meets its recompense.

Alice. No wonder I am fascinated; his figure is so elegant, and then his education! I never see him, but I am ready to jump into his loving arms.

(Turning, she is caught in the embrace of Knick.)

Knick. This is too much for human nature to support; this declaration is a banquet that gods might prize. Beauteous angel, hear me, whilst I proclaim—

(Kneeling.)

Dame. (Without.) Go along, you drunken brute.

Knick. The devil! 'tis Dame Van Winkle! what's to become of me?

Alice. If you're found here I'm ruined! you must conceal yourself—but where?

Knick. That's the important question; oh, I'll hop into the cupboard.

Alice. Not for the world! she is sure to want something out of it. Here, here, get into this clothes basket, and let me cover you over with the foul linen.

Knick. It's a very foul piece of business altogether; but I must stomach it, whether I will or no.

(Music.—She puts him into the basket, and covers him with linen.—DAME enters L. 2 E. dragging in RIP.)

Dame. And now, sir, I've got you home, what have you to say for yourself, I should like to know?

Rip. Nothing, my darling, de least said is soonest mended, and so you shall have all de talk to yourself.—Now ain't dat liberal?

Dame. Where's all the game you were to bring home?

Rip. On de wing still: wouldn't venture to come mitin fire: for though dey missed mine gun, dere's one ting for certain, I never miss your blowing up.

Dame. My blowing up! Odds bodikins and pins! I shall never be able to contain myself! Where's the money to pay the rent, you oaf?

Rip. I don't know.—Do you?

Dame. You'll go to prison, and that'll be the end on't.

Rip. Come, no more quarrelling to night. We'll see about de rent money to-morrow morning.

Dame. To-morrow! it's always to-morrow with you; so, Alice, you are sitting and idling as usual, just like your brother, a precious pair of soft pates.

Rip. Soft pate! pretty hard I guess, or it would have have been fractured long since, and dat's a fact.

Dame. And now, Alice, come with me that I may satisfy myself how you have disposed of the children, for in these matters you are just such a crawler as that vagrum there, (is retiring on R.) that terrapin!

Rip. Terrapin! Ah, dame I leaves you to go the whole hog: but hark'ee, my lovey, before you go,

won't you return de leetle bottle which you manage to get from me last night?

Dame. Odds bodikins and pins! A man already drunk, and asking for more liquor! you shan't have a drop, you sot, that you shall not. The bottle indeed! not you, eh! faith!

[Exit, with Alice, R. H.]

Rip. Tender take me if I don't think but what she has finished it herself, and dat's de fact. My nose always sniffs like a terrier's: 'tis in de cupboard, her Hollands;—so here goes to nibble.

(Music.—Rip opens the closet door cautiously, and is rummaging for a bottle, when he treads on Knickerbocker, who roars out lustily. Rip, in his sudden alarm, upsets the porcelain and glass; and, falling, rolls into the middle of the chamber, quaking in every limb, and vociferating loudly.)

Rip. Help! murder! fire! thieves!

(Knickerbocker, in the interim, darts out of the closet, and, beyond the consciousness of future proceeding, throws himself into the arm chair—ALICE, entering hastily, throws a cloak over him, which hides him from observation.—DAME enters, alarmed, R. H.)

Dame. Odds bodikins and pins! what's the matter, now?

Rip. (Raising his head cautiously.) Matter, indeed! the devil's in the cupboard! Oh, la! I'll be swammed.

Dame. In the cupboard!—(Going there, sees china broken, squalling.)—All my fine porcelain destroyed! monster! vile, rapacious monster! A devil, indeed, has been in the cupboard, and that's you. The china presented to me by my grand relations, which I set such store on, smashed into a thousand pieces; 'tis too much for my weak nerves. I shall swoon! I shall faint!

(She sinks in the arm chair, but immediately starts up, and squalling, falls into Rip's arms—Knickerbocker regains the closet, unobserved by all, save Alice.)

Dame. Heaven have mercy on us! there was somebody in the chair! somebody in the chair!

Rip. Phoo! there's nothing in de chair, save your old cloak, (Tossing it aside.) dat's all.

Dame. I'm so alarmed—so agitated, that—Alice, put your hand into my pocket and you'll find a bottle.

(Alice produces a bottle.)

Rip. (Aside.) A leetle bottle! Oh! dat's de private cupboard. Alice, let me hold de leetle bottle, whilst you fetch a glass for the old woman.

(Alice, hastening off, brings a wine-glass from R., which Rip fills and gives to Dame.)

Rip. Here's your go-to-hell, and your family's, and may you live long and prosper.

(Drinks from the bottle; Alice, in the interim, proceeds to the closet and brings Knickerbocker out, who is making for the door, when, hearing some one approach, he again escapes to his retreat.)

Alice. (At door.) Oh, aunt! aunt! here's the burgomaster coming up the garden.

Dame. Odds bodikins and pins! the burgomaster! what's to be done now? coming for the rent? what's to be done now, I say?

Rip. I'll go to bed and think.

(Crosses to R.)

Dame. You shan't go to bed! you must make some fresh excuse; you're famous at them to me; you have got into the hobble and must get out of it as well as you can, I shall go and consult my friend Dame Wrigim; and Alice, should the pedlar woman come, desire her not to leave any more of her rubbish here.

[As *Dame* retires she meets *DERRIC* to whom she curtsseys.]

Derr. Good evening, dame.

Dame. Your honour's servant.

[Exit *Dame*, D. F.]

Rip. (Aside.) La! what a stew I'm in; Alice, take yourself off, 'tis full time; wish I was off too, mit all my heart and soul.

Alice. (Aside.) Dear, dear! what will become of my poor Knickerbocker.

[Exit, R. H.]

Derr. Well, honest Rip, how wags the world with you?

Rip. Bad enough, sir, for though labouring from morn to night, I can make no advance in de world, though my industry is proverbial, and dat's a fact.

Derr. Why, where the bottle is concerned, few, I believe can boast so much industry.

Rip. Dat is a fact; but I suppose you have called concerning de rent. (Aside.) How my heart goes and comes! (Aloud.) Now if your honour will be so good enough to—

Derr. To write the receipt: certainly

Rip. Nine, nine! (Aside.) I'm stewed alive mit perspiration.

Derr. We'll talk of the rent at a future period! there is another affair on which I wish to consult you.

Rip. Take a chair, your honour. (Aside, rubbing his hands together.) It's all right, by de hookey. (Aloud.) Take a glass mit me.

(They take chairs.)

Derr. You know my only son, whose life you preserved?

Rip. Yes; and a wild harum scarum dog he is.

(Drinks.)

Derr. He is now stationed in New York, studying the law, and has become a staid, sober, prudent youth: and now, 'tis my wish that he should settle on this, his native place, and that he marry some honest girl, who is altogether unacquainted with the frivolities of cities; and I have been thinking, that in a few years, your daughter will be grown up, and would make a suitable match for him: True, there will be some disparity in their ages, but as the years are on the side of the husband, so 'twill be all the better for the wife, in having a matured preceptor.

Rip. Beg pardon, sir: but it strikes me you are only carrying on your rigs mit me.

Derr. No, on my honour; and, to convince you that I'm in earnest, I have brought with me a contract, by which our offspring, when of age, are bound to intermarry, or forfeit their several fortunes. I shall settle all mine on Herman, and I shall expect you to do the same for your daughter.

Rip. Yah! yah! ech woll; I'll give her all I got;

all my money; but she must be d—d smart if she can find 'em. Take a drink, Mr. Burgomaster.

(Drinks.)

Derr. Well, here are the two contracts, both binding and legally drawn.

Rip. Yah! yah! (Drinks.—*Derric* gives him the pen.) What you want me to do mit dis?

Derr. Merely sign your name.

Rip. Me put my name to dat paper mitout my old woman knowing?—mine goot friend, she would skin me. (Noise in closet.) Schat! you witch!

Derr. But I was about to propose, on condition of your signing the contract, to let you live rent free in future.

Rip. Rent free! I'll sign! but stop! my old woman must play old hob mit me—so put down dat I can break dat contract, if I choose, in twenty years and a day. (Noise.) Schat! you witch!

Derr. (Writing.) As you please. (Noise.)

Rip. Schat! you witch! (Drinks.)

Derr. Is that a cat, friend Rip? (Writing.)

Rip. I don't know if it is a cat—but if it is my dog Snider, I wouldn't be in his skin when de old woman comes back.

Derr. There, friend Rip, I have inserted, at your request, this codicil: "Should the said Rip Van Winkle think fit to annul this contract, within twenty years and a day, he shall be at full liberty to do so."

Rip. Yah, yah! dos is recht—dat is goot. Now, Mr. Burgomaster, what you want me to do?

Derr. Sign it!

Rip. Wass?

Derr. Sign!

Rip. Give me de paper. (Takes it.) How my head turns round. (Reading.) "Should the said Rip Van Winkle"—yah, yah! dat is me.—"Rip Van Winkle—twenty years and a day." Oh, dat is all recht. (Writing.) R-i-p V-a-n—(Noise.)—Schat! you witch! W-i-n-k-l-e—now, dere he is.

Derr. And there is the counterpart. (Gives it.)

Rip. Dis is for me, eh? I'll put him in my breast pocket—yah, yah.

Derr. Now, Rip, I must bid you good evening.

Rip. Stop! Take some more liquor. Why, de bottle is empty. Here! Alice! Alice! get some more schnapps for de burgomaster.

Derr. No, not to-night. (Rising.) But, should you want any you will always find a bottle for you at your old friend Rory's; so, good night.

Rip. Stop, Mr. Burgomaster! I will go and get dat bottle now. (Rising.) Alice, Alice! comma see hah!

Enter ALICE, R. H.

Rip. Alice, give me mine hat. (Alice gives it.) Now take care of de house till I comes back; if de old woman comes before I gets home tell her I am gone out mit de burgomaster on par—par—tick, partickler business.

[Exit, S. D., with *Derric*.]

Alice advances and brings on KNICKERBOCKER from the closet.

Alice. So, Mr. Knickerbocker, you are still here. *Knick.* Yes, all that's left of me; and now that the coast is clear, I'll give them leg bail, as the lawyers have it, and if ever they catch me here again—(He goes towards the door and returns in sudden alarm.) Oh, dear! oh, dear! here's mother

Van Winkle coming back. I shall never get out of this mess.

Alice. It's all your own fault! why would you come to-night?

Knick. I shall never be able to come again,—the cross vixen will take care of that if she catches me here.

Alice. There is but one method of avoiding her wrath; slip on the clothes the old pedlar woman brought for sale, and I'll warrant you'll soon be tumbled out of the house.

Knick. With a good thrashing to boot, I suppose. No matter, if I can but slip out of the house, I don't care what I slip into. (*Knickerbocker sits in arm chair and is attired by Alice in woman's dress; on rising, the petticoats but reach his knees.*) Confound the lower garments! they're too short by half.

Alice. 'Tis your legs are too long by half! stoop down; say as little as possible, and you'll not be discovered. (*He again sits.*)

DAME enters, D. F.

Dame. Well, I've got back, and I see Mr. Van Slaus is gone! but where's that varlet, Rip—out again? oh, that Rip! that Rip! I'll certainly be the death of him; or he will of me, which is most likely. Alice, who have you in the chair?

Alice. The pedlar woman, aunt; who has come for the things she left.

Dame. The pedlar woman—hark'ee, gossip; bring no more of your rubbish here. Take yourself off, and let me have a clear house.

Knick. (*Aside.*) 'Gad, I wish I was safely cleared out of it.

(*Knickerbocker rises, hobbles forward, R., but forgetting the shortness of the petticoats, in curtsying, is discovered by the dame from the exposure of his legs.*)

Dame. Odds bodikins and pins! who have we here! an impostor; but you shall pay for it; this is a pedlar woman, indeed, with such lanky shanks.

(*She rushes up to door and locks it—then with a broom, L. U. E., pursues him round—he flings bonnet in her face.*)

Knick. Needs must, when the devil drives—so here goes.

(*He jumps through the window, which is dashed to pieces—he disappears.—Dame rushes up, with broom, towards window.—Alice laughs.*)

Dame. What! laugh at his misconduct, hussey. One's just as bad as the other. All born to plague me. Get you to bed—to bed, I say.

[*Dame drives Alice off, and follows, R.—Scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*Half dark.—A front wood.—The report of a gun is heard—shortly after, Rip enters, with his fowling piece, L. H.*

Rip. Whip-poor-Will! egad, I think they'll whip poor Rip. (*Takes aim at bird—it flashes in the pan.*) Another miss! Oh, curse the misses and missuses—hang me if I can get a single shot at the sky-flyers. Wish I had one of the German guns which Knickerbocker talks so much about—one dat fires round corners; la! how I'd bring dem down! bring dem down! were I to wing as many daily as

would fill a dearborn, dame wouldn't be satisfied—not that she's avaricious—but den she must have something or somebody to snarl at, and I'm the unlucky dog at whom she always lets fly. Now, she got at me mit the broomstick so soon as I got back again; if I go home again, she will break my back Tunner wasser! how sleepy I am—I can't go home, she will break my back—so I will sleep in de mountain to-night, and to-morrow I turn over a new leaf, and drink no more liquor.

Voice Outside. Rip Van Winkle.

(*A dead pause ensues.—Suddenly a noise, like the rolling of cannon balls, is heard—then a discordant shout of laughter, L. H.—Rip wakes and sits up, astonished.*)

Rip. What the deuce is that? my wife at mine elbow? Oh, no, nothing of the kind. I must have been dreaming; so I'll contrive to nap, since I'm far enough from her din. (*Reclines and sleeps.*)

Voice Outside. Rip Van Winkle.

(*The laugh being repeated, Rip again wakes.*)

Rip. I can't be mistaken dis time. Plague on't, I've got among the spirits of the mountains, metinks, and haven't a drop of spirits left to keep them off.

Swaggrino (*Without, L. H.*) Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

Rip. Rip Van Winkle! that's me to a certainty.

(*Music.—Swaggrino, the grotesque dwarf, enters, L. H., bending beneath the weight of a large cask which he bears on his shoulder.—He pauses, examines Rip, then invites him to assist him in placing the cask on the ground, which Rip complies with.*)

Rip. Hang me, if he hasn't brought my heart up into my mouth. What an outlandish being, a sea snake, by dunder!

(*Music.—Swaggrino, pointing to the cask, entreats Rip's assistance in bearing it up the mountains.*)

Rip. Want me to help you up mit it? Why not say so at first, my old codger? What a queer old chap to be sure; but I can't let him toil up the mountain with such a heavy load as dat, no, no, and so old broad chops I'll help you.

(*Music.—Dwarf assists in placing cask on Rip's shoulder—a loud laugh is heard—Rip is alarmed, but dwarf signs him to proceed, and be of good courage—leads way up rocks, R.—another peal of laughter, and Rip hastily follows him.*)

SCENE V.—*Dark.—The Sleepy Hollow in the bosom of the mountains, occupying the extreme extent of the stage—stunted trees, fragments of rock in various parts.—Moon in the horizon: the entrance to this wild recess being by an opening from the abyss in the rear of the glen.*

(*Music.—Grotesque Dutch figures with enormous masked heads and lofty tapering hats, discovered playing at cards in various places, others at dutch pins—battledores and shuttlecocks—the majority seated on a rock drinking and smoking.*)

Gauderkin. Since on earth this only day,
In fifty years we're given to stray,
We'll keep it as a holiday!
So brothers, let's be jolly and gay.

Icken. But question, where's that lazy wight,
Who, soon as sun withdrew its light,
Was for the earth's rich beverage sent,
And has such time in absence spent,

Gaud. Perhaps with some misfortune he's been
doomed to meet,
Cross'd, no doubt, on the road by mortal
feet.

Icken. And what the punishment that you decree
On him, who on our mysteries makes free?

Gaud. Twenty years in slumber's chain,
Is the fate that we ordain;
Yet, if merry wight he prove,
Pleasing dreams his sleep shall move.

Icken. Our brother comes, and up the rugged steep,
A mortal see, Swaggrino's presence keep.

Omnes. Twenty years in slumber's chain,
Is the fate that we ordain.
He comes! he comes! let silence reign!—
Let silence reign! let silence reign!

(The spirits retire up and station themselves in motionless attitudes. Music.—Swaggrino ascends by the opening in the rear, followed by Rip, with the keg. Rip advances on the L. H.; and, with the assistance of his conductor, places the cask on the rock. The spirits remain immovable in front.)

Rip. I'm a dead man, to a certainty. Into what strange company have I tumbled! crieke, what will become of me? Dear, dear! would I were home again, even though along with Dame Van Winkle.

(Music.—The figures severally advance, and stare at him, then resume their games. Swaggrino taps the cask; motions the astonished Rip to assist him in distributing its contents into various flagons; an injunction with which he complies. Swaggrino helps his companions.)

Rip. (On L. H.) After all, they seem a harmless set, and there can be no argument with them, for they appear to be all dumbies. Lord, were my wife as silent. They're a deadly, lively, jolly set; but I wonder what kind of spirits dese spirits are drinking! surely, dere can be no harm in taking a drop along mit dem—(Fills a flagon)—Here goes!—Gentlemen, here's your go-to-hells, and your broad chopped family's, and may you all live long and prosper.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

(Music.—A grotesque dances ensues, during which Rip continues to supply himself from the keg. He at length joins in the dance, and becomes so exhausted, that he reels forward and sinks in front. The dancing ceases, the spirits utter three Ho, ho, ho's!—Some of them sink. Music, piano, as the curtain slowly descends.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The last of the First Act repeated; but the distance now presents a richly cultivated country. The bramble is grown into a lofty tree, and all that remains of Rip's gun is its rusty barrel, which is at the foot of the tree.*

Bird Music.—RIP discovered extended on the ground, asleep; his hair gray, and beard grown to an unusual length—the hour of the scene is gray dawn and birds from sky and hill are chirping.

Rip. (Speaking in his sleep.) Mother Van Winkle! Dame Van Winkle! what are you arter? Don't be always badgering, will you never allow poor Rip a moment's quiet? Curse it! don't throw de hot water about so, you'll scald one's eyes, and so you will, and no mistake! and so you have. (He awakens in sudden emotion.) Eh! by dunder what's all dis, where am I—in the name of goodness where am I? (Gazing around.) On the Catskill Mountains, by all that's miraculous! Egad! my rib will play the very devil with me for stopping out all night. There will be a fine peal sounded when I get home. (Rises.) How confoundedly stiff and sore my joints do feel, surely I must have been sleeping for a pretty long time: Asleep! no I was awake and enjoying myself with as jolly a rum set of codgers as ever helped to toom out a keg of Hollands. I danced, and egad, drank with them, till I was pretty blue, and dat's no mistake;—but confound it, they shouldn't have caught me napping, for 'tis plain they have taken themselves off like an unceremonious pack of—pack of—give an eye tooth to know who they were. (Looking around.) Where is my gun? I left it on a little bush. (On examining he finds the rusty barrel of his gun.) Hillo! come up, here's a grab! the unmannerly set of sharpers! stolen one of the best fowling pieces that ever made a crack; and left this worthless, rusty barrel, by way of exchange! What will Dame Van Winkle say to this. By the hookey! but she'll comb my hair finely! Now, I went to sleep beneath that hickory;—'twas a mere bush. Can I be dreaming still? Is there any one who will be good enough to tell me whether it is so or not? Be blowed if I can make head or tail on't. One course only now remains,—to pluck up resolution, go back to Dame Van Winkle, and by dunder she'll soon let me know whether I'm awake or not.

[*Music.—Exit, L. H.*

SCENE II.—*A well furnished apartment in the house of Knickerbocker.*

LORRENNIA, now a woman, enters, R. H.

Lor. Alas, what a fate is mine! Left an orphan at an early age,—a relation's bounty made me rich, but to-day, this fatal day—poverty again awaits me unless I bestow my hand without my heart! Oh, my poor father! little did you know the misery you have entailed upon your child.

KNICKERBOCKER and ALICE enter, L. H. arm in arm. They are much more corpulent than when seen in Act I, and dressed in modern attire.—Alice in the extreme of former fashion.

Knick. Decided that cause in the most judgemental like manner. White wasn't black. Saw

that in a twinkling, no one disputed my argument. (*Speaking as entering.*) Come along, spouse! Lanks! how you do waddle up and down, side to side, like one of our butter laden loggers in a squall, as the Dutchmen have it, ah, Lorrenna, you here? but you appear more depressed than customary. Those saddened looks are by no means pleasing to those who would ever wish to see you cheerful. What the dickens prevents your being otherwise when all around are so anxious for your happiness.

Lor. Truly, am I beholden for your protection and ever grateful. But to place a smile on the brow whilst sorrow lingers in the bosom, is a deceptive penance to the wearer—painful to those around who mark and must perceive the vizard; to say that I am happy would be inconsistent with truth. The persecutions of Herman Van Slaus—

Alice. Ah! my dear Lorrenna, many a restless night have I had on that varlet's account, as spouse knows.

Knick. That's as true as there's ghosts in the Catskills, as Dutchmen have it; for be darned if a single night passes that Alice suffers me to go to sleep peaceably.

Alice. Well, well; cheer thee, my niece! there is bounteous intelligence in store; nor think there is any idle fiction in this brain, as our divine poets picture.

Knick. There, there, Alice is getting into her romance again,—plain as my fist—she has been moonified ever since she became a subscriber for books at the new library! Planet struck, by gum, as philosophers have it, and—

Alice. And you have said so little to the purpose, that I must now interpose. My dear Lorrenna—Gustaffe—'tis your aunt who speaks—

Knick. There, now, pops in her word before a magistrate.

Lor. My Gustaffe! ha! say!—

Knick. Would have told you in a brace of shakes, as gamblers have it, if she hadn't thrown the dice first. Yes, my pretty chicky—Gustaffe's vessel is now making up the Hudson; so cheer thee! cheer thee, I say! your lover is not far off.

Lor. Gustaffe so near? blessed intelligence! Oh, the happiest wishes of my heart are gratified! But are you certain? Do not raise my hopes without cause. Are you quite certain? speak, dear aunt; are you indeed assured Gustaffe's vessel has arrived?

Knick. Didn't think fit to break the news too suddenly, but you have it.

Alice. "The ship with wide expanded canvas glides along and soon"—I forgot the remainder of the quotation; but 'tis in the delectable work "Robinson Crusoe"—soon will you hear him hail. (*A knock is heard, L.*) My stars foretell that this is either him—

Knick. Or somebody else, as I suppose.

Enter SOPHIA, L. H.

Soph. Oh, sir; Squire Knickerbocker, Herman, son of the late Derric Van Slaus, is in the hall.

Alice. That's not the him whom I expected, at all events.

Knick. Son of the individual whom I succeeded as burgomaster? Talk of the devil—now, I don't know how it is, but I'm always squalmish when in company of these lawyers that's of his cast. *Qui Tam.*

Soph. He wishes to be introduced. What is your pleasure?

Knick. Let him be so, by all means. An honest man needn't fear the devil.

[*Exit Sophia, L.*]

Lor. Excuse my presence, uncle. To hear him repeat his claims, would but afflict a heart already agonized: and with your leave, I will withdraw.

[*Exit, R. L. E.*]

Knick. Aye, aye; let me alone to manage him, as a barrister says to his client when he cross-questions a witness. See Miss Lorrenna to her chamber, Mrs. Knickerbocker. This Herman is a d—d rogue, as the devil will have it; and he'll go to the dominions below, as the devil will have it, and as I have had it for the last twenty years.

Alice. And I tell you, to your comfort, if you don't send the varlet quick off with a flea in his ear, you shall have it. Yes, Squire Knickerbocker, you shall have it, be assured. So says Mrs. Knickerbocker, you shall have it.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Knick. Truly, I've had plenty of it from you for the last eighteen years.

Enter HERMAN, L. H.

Her. Sir, I wait upon you once more. The period is now expired when my just claim, which you have so long protracted, can be vainly disputed. A vain and idle dispute of justice.

Knick. Precious fine, indeed, sir,—but my ward has a mighty strong reluctance to part with her fortune, and much more so to make you her partner for life. You are not exactly to her liking, nor to her on the world's generally.

Her. One or the other she is compelled to. You are aware, sir, that the law is on my side! the law, sir—the law, sir!

Knick. Oh, yes! And, no doubt, every quibble that it offers will be twisted to the best purpose for your interest. You're a dabster at chicane, or you're precious belied.

Her. You will not, I presume, dispute the signature of the individual who formed the contract?

Knick. Oh, no! not dispute Rip's signature, but his error in judgment. I happened to be a cabinet councillor at the very moment my deceased relative, who was *non compos mentis*, at the time, clapped his pen to a writing, artfully extracted from him by your defunct father, whose memory is better forgotten than remembered.

Her. Sir, I came here, not to meet insult; I came hither, persuaded you would acknowledge my right, and to prevent a publicity that may be painful to both parties. You are inclined to dispute them, before a tribunal shall they be arbitrated; and, knowing my claims, Mr. Knickerbocker, know well that Lorrenna or her fortune must be mine.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Knick. You go to Davy Jones, as the seamen have it. Lorrenna shall never be yours, and if ever she wants a cent whilst I have one, my name isn't Knickerbocker;—damme, as the dandies have it.

LORRENNIA enters, with ALICE, R.

Lor. (c.) My dear guardian, you have got rid of Herman, I perceive.

Knick. I wish I had, with all my soul; but he sticks to his rascally undertaking like a crab to its shell; egad, there will be no dislodging him, unless

he's clapped into a cauldron of boiling water, as fishmongers have it.

Alice. And boiled to rags. But, husband! husband, I say!

Knick. Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear, if you please.

Alice. Well, then, Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear, if you please, we have been looking out at the window to ascertain who came and went, and have discovered a fine, handsome fellow galloping towards the town, and I shouldn't at all wonder if it wasn't—

GUSTAFFE rushes in, L. H.

Lor. (Hurries to him.) My dear, dear Gustaffe!

Gust. (Embracing her.) My tender, charming Lorrenna!

Knick. Why, Gustaffe! Bless us! why, how the spark has grown.

Alice. Not quite so corpulent as you, spouse.

Knick. Spouse! Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please. Truly, wife, we have both increased somewhat in corporal, as well as temporal substance since Gustaffe went to sea. But you know, Alice—

Alice. Mrs. Knickerbocker; if you please.

Knick. Well, Mrs. Knickerbocker—

Gust. Why, Knickerbocker, you have thriven well of late.

Knick. I belong to the corporation, and we must support our corporation as well as it. But not a word about the pig, as the butchers have it, when you were a little boy, and Alice courting me.

Alice. I court you, sirrah, what mean you?

Knick. Sirrah! Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please.

Why, then, deary—we didn't like any one to intrude on our society; do you take the hint? as the gamblers have it. Come along, Alice—Mrs. Knickerbocker, I would say—let us leave the lovers to themselves.

Alice. Again they meet, and sweet's the love that meets return.

[*Exeunt Knick. and Alice R. H. singing in concert, "Again they meet."*]

Gust. My dear Lorrenna, why this dejected look?—It is your own Gustaffe enfolds you in his arms.

Lor. Alas! I am no longer worthy of your love,—your friendship. A fatal bond extracted from my lamented father has severed us for ever—I am devoid of fortune.

Gust. Lorrenna, you have been the star that has guided my bark,—thee, my compass—my North Pole,—and when the magnet refuses its aid to the seaman, then will he believe that you have foundered in affection, or think that I would prove faithless from the loss of earthly pittance.

Lor. Shoals,—to speak in your nautical language—have long, on every side, surrounded me; but by my kind uncle's advice must we be guided.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE III.—*The town of Rip's nativity, instead of the village as presented in first scene of the drama.*

—*It is now a populous and flourishing settlement.*

—*On the spot where Rory's tap-house formerly stood is a handsome hotel, and the sign of "George III." is altered into that of "George Washington." A settee in front, with table.—The harbour is filled with shipping.—Music at the opening of the scene.*

SETH SLOUGH, the landlord, enters from the Hotel.—Loud shouts, L. H. 3 E.

Seth. Well, I reckon the election's about bustin' up. If that temperance fellow gets in I'm bound to sell out; for a rum-seller will stand no more chance with him than a bob-tail cow in fly-time. (*Laugh, U. E. R.*) Hollo! who is this outlandish critter? he looks as if he had been dead for fifty years and was dug up to vote against the temperance ticket.

Music.—Enter Male and Female Villagers, laughing. —Enter RIP.—They gather round him.

Rip. Where I was I wonder? my neiber frints, "knost you to a spricken?"

Villagers. Ha, ha, ha!

1st Vill. I say, old feller, you ain't seed nothing of no old butter firkin with no kiver on, no place about here?—

Rip. No butter firkin mit no kiver, no place, no I ain't seen him.

Villagers. Ha, ha, ha!

1st Vill. Who's your barber?—

[*Strokes his chin—all laugh and exit, R. H.*]

Rip. I can't understand dis: everything seems changed.—(*Strokes his chin.*)—Why I'm changed too, why my beard's as long as a goat's.

Seth. (Coming down, L.) Look here, old sucker, I guess you had better go home and get shaved.

Rip. My old woman will shave me when I gets home! Home, where is my home? I went to the place where it used to was, and it wasn't dere. Do you live in Catskill?

Seth. Well, I rather guess I dus—

Rip. Do you know where I live?

Seth. Well, to look at you, I should think you didn't live nowhere in particular, but stayed round in spots.

Rip. You live in Catskill?

Seth. Certain.

Rip. You don't know dat I belong here?

Seth. No, I'm darned if I do. I should say you belonged to Noah's ark—

Rip. Did you never hear in Catskill of one Rip Van Winkle?

Seth. What, Rip Van Winkle, the greatest rum-sucker in the country?

Rip. Dat is a fact—dat is him! ha! ha! now we shall see.

Seth. Oh, yes, I've heard of him; the old coon's been dead these twenty years.

Rip. Den I am dead, and dat is a fact. Well, poor Rip is dead; I'm sorry for dat—Rip was a goot fellow.

Seth. I wish there was a whole grist just like him in Catskill. Why, they say he could drink rum enough in one day to swim in.

Rip. Don't talk so much about rum; you makes me so dry as never was.

Seth. Hold on a spell, then, and I'll fetch you something to wet your whistle.

[Exit into house.

Rip. Why, here is another change! dis was Rory's house last night (Seth re-enters) mit de sign of George the Third.

Seth. The alteration of my sign is no bad sign for the country I reckon.

Rip. (Reading.) "George Washington," who is he? I remember a shoot of that name, dat served under Braddock, before I went to sleep.

Seth. (Giving him jug.) Well, if you've been asleep I guess he arn't; his enemies always found him wide awake and kicking; and that shoot, as you call him, has planted the tree of liberty so everlasting tight in Yankeeland that all the kingdoms of the earth can't root it out.

Rip. Well, here is General Washington's good health, and his family's goot health, ant may dey all live long ant prosper. So poor Rip Van Winkle is dead, eh? Now comes de poser; if Rip is dead what has become of his old woman?

Seth. She busted a blood vessel swearing at a Yankee pedlar, and gone to kingdom come long ago.

Rip. De old woman dead too! den her clapper is stopped at last. (Pause.) So de old woman is dead; well, she led me a hard life—she was de wife of my bosom, she was mine frow, for all dat. (Whispering.) I'm dead too, unt dat is a fact. Tell me, my friend—

Seth. I can't stop any longer—the polls are almost closing and I must spread the game for the boys. Hurrah, for rum drinking and cheap licence for the retailers! that's my ticket.

Re-enter VILLAGERS, shouting, R. H.

Seth. Here, boys, see what you can make of this old critter.—I give him up for the awfulest specimen of human nature in the States.

[Exit into house.

2nd Vill. Are you a federal or a democrat?

Rip. Fiddle who? damn who's cat?

2nd Vill. What's your politics?

Rip. Oh, I am on de safe side dere; I am a faithful subject of King George!

2nd Vill. He's a Tory! Kill him! Duck him!

Villagers. To the horse pond! Duck him.

(Music.—They seize Rip and are about hurrying him off, when GUSTAFFE rushes from L. 1. E., and throws them off.)

Gust. Stand back, cowards.

Omnes. Cowards!

Gust. Yes, cowards! who but cowards would rush in numbers on a gray-haired man?

Rip. Yah, yah, dat's a fact!

Gust. Sheer off! You won't? then damme, here's at ye. (Drives them off, R. H.) Tell me, old man, what cause had you given them to attack you?

Rip. I don't know, do you?

Gust. You appear bewildered; can I assist you?

Rip. Just tell me where I live, dat's all I want to know.

Gust. And don't you know?

Rip. I'm d—d fun I does.

Gust. What is your name?

Rip. Why I was Rip Van Winkle.

Gust. Rip Van Winkle; impossible!

Rip. Well, I won't swear to it myself.

Gust. Stay,—you have a daughter?

Rip. To be sure I has—a pretty little girl about so old—Lorrenna; and I have a son, too, a lublicka boy, but my daughter is a girl.

Gust. Do you remember entering into a contract, binding your daughter to marry Herman Van Slaus?

Rip. Oh! I remember, de burgomaster came to my house last night mit a paper, and I wrote my name down on it, but I was drunk.

Gust. Last night! His brain wanders: yet it must be he; come, come with me, old man.

Rip. Where are you going to take me to?

Gust. Your daughter.

Rip. Yes, yes, take me to my child. (Crosses to L.) Stop, my gracious!—I am so changed, suppose she should forget me too; no, no, she can't forget her poor father. Come, come!

[Exeunt, L. 1. E.

SCENE IV.—KNICKERBOCKER'S House, as before.

KNICKERBOCKER, ALICE and LORRENN enter, R.

Knick. Give me joy, dears, I'm elected unanimously—elected a member of the legislature.

Alice. Why, spouse!

Knick. Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please, my dear: damme! I'm so happy I could fly to the moon, jump over a steeple, dance a new fandango on stilts. (Dances.) Fal, lal, la.

Enter HERMAN, L.

Knick. Well, sir, what the devil do you want?

Herm. I came to claim this lady's fortune or her hand.

Alice. Knock him down, spouse.

Knick. Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear.

Alice. Oh, bother! I know if he comes near my niece, woman as I am, I'll scratch his eyes out.

Herm. Mr. Knickerbocker.

Knick. The honourable member from—county, if you please.

Herm. The judge of the district will this day arrive and give judgment on my appeal, my rights are definitive, and I question the whole world to controvert them. We shall meet before the tribunal, then presume to contend longer if you dare.

[Exit, L. H.

Knick. 'Twill be difficult, no doubt, but we'll have a wangle for the bone, as the dogs have it. There will be no curs found in our party, I'll be sworn. (Aside.) Hang me, but I'm really a little chopfallen, and there is a strange sense of dizziness in my head which almost overcomes me.

Lor. My dear uncle, what is to be done in this emergency?

Knick. Done! your fortune is done for; but if you ever want a cent whilst I have one, may I be sent to the devil, that's all.

Gust. (Entering.) Bravo! Nunkey Knickerbocker! you are no blind pilot. Awake to breakers and quicksands, Knickerbocker.

Knick. Knickerbocker! the honourable Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please! I'm now a member of the legislature, and curse me if I'd change my dignified station as representative of an independent people, for that of the proudest potentate who holds supremacy by corruption or the bayonet.

[Exeunt R. H.

SCENE LAST.—*The Court House.—An arm chair at the back, in front of which, is a large table, covered with baize. On each side, a gallery. On the R. of table are chairs.*

Music.—The JUDGE discovered in C., seated. The galleries filled with auditors. HERMAN, L. H. KNICKERBOCKER, R.

Judge. Mr. Knickerbocker, you will please to bring your client in court.

Knickerbocker goes off, and returns with LORRENNIA and ALICE, R. H. 1 E.

Judge. Be pleased to let your ladies take seats.
(*Lorrenna and Alice sit, on R. H.*)

Herm. And now, sir, I presume 'tis time to enter on my cause. Twenty years have elapsed since this contract, this bond was signed by the father of that lady, by which, her or her fortune were made mine. Be pleased to peruse.

(*Presenting the document to the Judge.*)

Judge. (*Reading.*) "We, Derric Van Slaus, Burgomaster, and Rip Van Winkle, desirous of providing for the prosperity of our offspring, do hereby mutually agree that Herman Van Slaus and Lorrenna Van Winkle shall be united on the demand of either. Whosoever of those contracted, fails in fulfilling this agreement, shall forfeit their fortune to the party complaining.

Rip Van Winkle,
Derric Van Slaus."

But here's a codicil. "Should the said Rip Van Winkle think fit to annul this contract, within twenty years and a day, he shall be at full liberty to do so. (*Signed*) Derric Van Slaus."

The document is perfect in every form. Rip Van Winkle, 'tis stated, is defunct. Is there anyone present to prove his signature?

Herm. Mr. Knickerbocker, if he dare be honest, will attest it.

Knick. Dare be honest, sir! presume you to question my veracity? How was that bond obtained?

Herm. Why should you ask? The late Rip Van Winkle, anxious for the prosperity of his offspring, though too indolent to provide for their subsistence, persuaded my deceased father to form this alliance—

Knick. It's a lie! Hum!—

Judge. Restrain this violence! a court of justice must not be swayed by such proceedings.

Herm. Behold, sir! a picture of their general effrontery. In a public tribunal to threaten those who, in pleading their own right, but advocate the cause of justice.

Lor. (*Comes down stage.*) All my hopes vanish—Bleak and dreary is the perspective.

Herm. (*Advances.*) At last I triumph! Now, lady, your hand or your inheritance.

Lor. My hand! Never! Welcome were every privation to a union with one so base.

Judge. It appears, then, that this signature is not denied by the defendant, and in that case the contract must stand in full force against her.

Lor. Oh! Alice, take me home; poverty, death, anything rather than wed the man I cannot love.

(*She is led off by Alice, R. H.*)

Knick. Why, damn it, Judge!

Judge. Mr. Knickerbocker.

Knick. I beg pardon, I meant no disrespect to the court, but I had thought after—

Judge. I have decided, Mr. Knickerbocker.

Knick. Oh! you have decided. Yes, and a damned pretty mess you've made of it. But I shan't abide by your decision; I'll appeal to a higher court. I am now a member of the legislature, and if they allow such blocks as you on the bench, I'll have a tax upon timber, sir—yes, sir, a tax upon timber.

[*Exit, R., in a rage.*]

Judge. Twenty years and a day is the period within which the contract could be cancelled by the negature of Rip Van Winkle, and as he has rendered no opposition during this lengthened time—

Herm. 'Tis not very probable, sir, that he will alter his intentions by appearing, to do so within the few brief hours that will complete the day. Can the grave give up its inmates? No, no! Who dare pretend to dispute my rights? The only one who could do so has been dead these twenty years.

Enter GUSTAFFE and RIP, L. H.

Gust. 'Tis false! Rip Van Winkle stands before you!
(*Chord.*)

Omnès. Rip Van Winkle!

Herm. You Rip Van Winkle! Van Winkle come back after such a lapse of time? impossible!

Rip. Nothing at all impossible in anything Rip Van Winkle undertakes, and though all of you are in the same story, dat he has been gone so long, he is nevertheless back soon enough, to your sorrow, my chap.

Herm. If this indeed be Rip Van Winkle, where has he hid himself for twenty years?

Judge. What answer do you make to this?

Rip. Why, dat I went up in de mountains last night, and got drunk mit some jolly dogs, and when I came back dis morning I found myself dead for twenty years.

Herm. You hear him, sir.

Judge. This is evidently an impostor; take him into custody.

Gust. Stay! delay your judgment one moment till I bring the best of proofs—his child and sister.

[*Exit, R.*]

Herm. If you are Rip Van Winkle, some one here would surely recognise you.

Rip. To be sure dey will! everyone knows me in Catskill. (*All gather round him and shake their heads.*) No, no, I don't know dese peoples—dey don't know me, neither, and yesterday dere was not a dog in the village but would have wagged his tail at me; now dey bark. Dere's not a child but would have scrambled on my knees—now dey run from me. Are we so soon forgotten when we're gone? Already dere is no one wot knows poor Rip Van Winkle.

Herm. So, indeed, it seems.

Rip. And have you forgot de time I saved your life?

Herm. Why, I—I—I—

Rip. In course you have! a short memory is convenient for you, Herman.

Herm. (*Aside.*) Should this indeed be he! (*Aloud.*) I demand judgment.

Judge. Stay! If you be Rip Van Winkle, you should have a counterpart of this agreement. Have you such a paper?

Rip. Paper! I don't know; de burgomaster gave me a paper last night. I put it in my breas', but

I must have loosed him. No, no—here he is! here is de paper!

(Gives it to Judge, who reads it.)

Judge. 'Tis Rip Van Winkle!

(All gather round and shake hands with him.)

Rip. Oh! everybody knows me now!

Herm. Rip Van Winkle alive! then I am dead to fortune and to fame; the fiends have marred my brightest prospects, and nought is left but poverty and despair.

[Exit, L. H.]

Gust. (Without, R.) Room there! who will keep a child from a long-lost father's arms!

Enter GUSTAFFE, with LORRENA, ALICE, and KNICKERBOCKER.

Lor. My father!

(Embraces Rip.)

Rip. Are you mine daughter? let's look at you. Oh, my child—but how you have grown since you was a little gal. But who is dis?

Alice. Why, brother!—

Rip. Alice! give us a hug. Who is dat?

Alice. Why, my husband—Knickerbocker.

Rip. Why, Knick. (Shakes hands.) Alice has grown as big round as a tub; she hasn't been living on pumpkins. But where is young Rip, my baby?

Knick. Oh, he was in the court-house just now. Ah! here he comes!

Enter PIP VAN WINKLE, JR., R. I. E.

Rip. Is dat my baby? Come here, Rip, come here, you dog; I am your father. What an interesting brat it is.

Knick. But tell us, Rip, where have you hid yourself for the last twenty years.

Rip. Ech wool—ech woll. I will take mine glass and tell mine strange story, and drink the health of mine frients. Unt ladies and gents, here is your goot health and your future families, and may you all live long and prosper.

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BY E. FITZBALL.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 12.]

First Produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, November, 1835.

LORD MAULEVERER	Mr. W. H. Williams.	GENTLEMAN GEORGE	Mr. Huckle.
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON	Mr. Thompson.	VALENTINE, Valet to Lord	
PAUL CLIFFORD	Mr. Collins.	Mauleverer	Mr. Collet.
LONG NED	Mr. C. Hill.	MRS. SLOPPERTON	Mrs. Battersby.
AUGUSTUS TOMLINSON	Mr. J. Webster.	MRS. MARGERY LOBKINS	Mrs. Griffith.
SCARLET JACK	Mr. Manvers.	LUCY BRANDON	Miss Turpin.
DOCTOR SLOPPERTON	Mr. Tilbury.	MISS TERPSICHORE SLOP-	
DUMMIE DUNNAKER	Mr. Vale.	PERTON	Miss Taylor.
DENNIS O'HOONEY	Mr. Griffith.	SALLY ROSEMARY	Miss Wroughton.

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C O S T U M E.

PAUL.—Green coat and silver buttons—black leather belt—white breeches—high black boots—yellow waistcoat—cocked hat. *2nd dress*: Similar, more richly trimmed, coat blue. *3rd dress*: Black satin coat, richly embroidered—white satin embroidered waistcoat—white satin breeches—silk stockings—shoes—diamond buckles.

LORD MAULEVERER.—Green travelling coat—fur cap—buff pantaloons—half boots—white vest—powder. *2nd dress*: Buff and silver court dress.

SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.—Court dress.

DUMMIE DUNNAKER.—Brown coat—red waistcoat—patched breeches—blue stockings—shoes and buckles—old-fashioned cocked hat.

LONG NED.—Gray old-fashioned suit, slightly laced—white stockings—shoes and buckles. *2nd dress*: Court dress, laced with gold. *3rd dress*: Slouched hat—black cloak.

SCARLET JACK.—Scarlet suit, trimmed with gold lace—high black boots.

AUGUSTUS.—Blue suit, slightly trimmed with silver—high boots.

SLOPPERTON.—Old fashioned black coat—white waistcoat—black breeches.

LUCY.—Pink satin open robe—white satin petticoat—veil. *2nd dress*: Similar, in green and gold—few flowers in the hair, &c.

MRS. SLOPPERTON.—Old fashioned brown satin robe—white lace apron—shoes and buckles—round eared cap and hood.

TERPSICHORE.—Open embroidered robe—white satin petticoat. *2nd dress*: Plain black gown—white veil or hood.

MRS. LOBKINS.—Brown gown—white apron—round eared cap.

SALLY.—Brocade gown tucked up—white apron—blue petticoat.

The rest of the Characters to harmonize.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R RC C LC L

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

PAUL CLIFFORD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Interior of the Mug. Fire-place, with Fire burning, R. H. in F., Door L. H. in F. Cuckoo Clock over Door, Portrait of Mrs. Lobkins, in a scarlet body, and Hat and Plume. Print of Fat Pig, and Ballads on Wall. Score chalked over Mantel-piece. &c.

MRS. LOBKINS discovered half-asleep in an easy chair, by fire, R. H.—Guests drinking at table, L. H., on which are bottles, jugs, horns, &c.—Cuckoo clock strikes nine to symphony.

CHORUS.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! goes the clock—
Listen to its warning sound;
Neighbours, fill a sparkling bumper,
Pass the parting goblet round.

Here's to many a merry meeting,
Over cans of spicy ale—
May our hearts still warm with friendship,
May our spirits never fail.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! goes the clock—
Dimly burns the taper's light;
'Tis the hour of rest and slumber,
Jolly toppers, all, good night!

[*Exeunt, L. H. D. in F.*]

Mrs. L. (*Locking the door.*) Past nine o'clock, I declares. The customers all gone, yet leetle Paul hasn't returned—rare hours! I'm hawfully out o' spirits. (*Rain—Loud knocking at door, L. H. in F.*) Ah! there he be at last, and it's a raining outside like a watering-pot. So, my dainty young Master Paul Clifford, stand awhile under the eaves: it may moisten your fine curls for you. I'll not be your porter, not I, indeed!

(*Throwing herself back in her chair—rain heard more violently.*)

Paul. (*Outside.*) Dame! mother! Dame Lobkins!

Mrs. L. I'm fast asleep!

(*The door is lifted violently up, and PAUL enters through L. H. C., swinging his hat, as if wet with rain, which is heard.*)

Paul. (*Advancing on L. H.*) What a shower! Ah! dame, I thought you were in bed. Is there anything left in this bottle?

(*Drawing a bottle, which he takes from L. H. table.*)

Mrs. L. (*Wrathfully.*) Look ye, my fine spark! None of your soft-spoken familiarlarities with me: how do you think I should rist in my slape, an' my doors to be brick open at all hours, by you an' your reprobate companions? I tell you what, my spruce

young master, 'tis time you gives up your vulgar sociates, or that you gives up me!

Paul. Give up my friends?

Mrs. L. Friends i'feaks! rare friends! And pray who be your best friend, if I beant, honest Peg Lobkins, of the Mug, under whose roof you were bred and eddicated like a gentleman of distinction? And bekays your mother died in my lodgings, without so much as paying a halfpenny of rint, or even letting me know her name; and bekays you'd no father, nor no mother, wasn't I father and mother both to you, and now—

Paul. Well—well, dame, I know all this; indeed, I must say, you take good care to impress it on my memory. However, to please you, I will renounce the club, and return thither no more, except to discharge my debts of honour.

Mrs. L. Debts of honour! Marry! if so be as how you thinks that I shall go for to supply your wiscious necessities—

Paul. But I owe Long Ned a guinea, and Scarlet Jack another. I should be posted if—

Mrs. L. Posted, indeed! The whipping-post for all such unthrifty knaves: I'll tell you what, Master Paul—

Paul. Now, dearest dame, only look kindly, and I'll be everything you desire: one buss before you go to bed, and reformation shall be the order of the day, depend on't.

(*Dame brings down a chair, and sits, R. H.*)

SONG.—PAUL.

Mother, give your boy a buss,
And calm this angry riot—
Dearest mother, no more fuss,
I'm for peace and quiet.
Like gossamer this heart, mother,
Howe'er you would restrain,
When angry storms blow o'er, mother,
Will rise, and float again!

(*Mrs. Lobkins rises and comes to L. H.*)

Mother, I am young and gay,
And cannot yield to sorrow;
My spring of life is in its May—
Kill care until to-morrow.
My heart is like this cork, mother—
So cast upon the main;
Though deep it sink awhile, mother—
'Twill rise and float again.

(*Dame crosses back again to R. H., and moves her chair up stage—During the last stanza he wrings a cork from a bottle, and throws it carelessly away.*)

Mrs. L. All this won't do; and despite your wheedling, I'll pay none of your debts. A guinea,

forsooth, to Long Ned, and a guinea, Scarlet Jack!

Paul. And three crowns to Dummie Dunnaker.

Mrs. L. Dummie Dunnaker lend you three crowns! The warlet! why, it was only this morning I axed him to pay me one crown for lodgings and liquor, due a fortnight, and he wowed that he hadn't a bawbee to bless himself with.

(Rain—Dummie, without at D. in F. L. H.)

Mrs. L. Oh, here the reptile comes! Three crowns, indeed! let him look to the crown atwixt his two ugly shoulders, or pay off my score against him.

(Rain heard violently—DUMMIE pops his head in and looks cautiously around.)

Paul. (Aside, L. H.) Poor Dummie! his lodgings will be warm enough to night! (Laughing.)

Mrs. L. (Fawningly.) Pray walk in, Master Dunnaker; I'm sure you be wastly welcome.

(Curtseying)

Dum. (Coming down, c.) Vell, I'm sure! I feels most grateful for this here kind reception, I only wishes it may last; you are unkimmonly good-natured, Mrs. Lob.

Mrs. L. Not a bit more than you disarves, Master Dunnaker; a gentleman as is full of his cash is sure to be welcome everywhere.

Dum. Cash! I doesn't understand them sorts of remarks!

Mrs. L. Maybe you'll just cast your eyes over them there chawks above the mantel-piece.

Dum. I doesn't understand fieryglificks. (Aside.) She's getting me into a line. What is it—eh, leetle Paul?

Mrs. L. (Brushing a chair with her apron.) Please to take a sate, sich lots o' money, I'm sure you must be tired wi' carrying it about; won't you take a drap o' summut to help you under your *fataque*? (Curtseying.) Pray take a sate, Muster Dunnaker?

Dum. (Retreating.) No, I thank you, Mrs. Lob; it's a warm evening, thof it be wet, and I feels more comfortabler near the door.

(Shuffling away.)

Paul. I'm sure it was very obliging of Mr. Dunnaker to assist me with the loan of his purse this evening, madam, and I expect that you will pay him at once.

Dum. (Aside.) It's all out. Thank you, I'm in no hurry; you know it wasn't my own money, as I told you, and my frind can wait, he's unkimmerly indulgent.

Mrs. L. Frind, again! Ha, ha, ha! wait, eh, Muster Dunnaker? well, that's a convenient frind I take it, a—

Paul. (Rises, and crosses to c.) Madam, I must have money to support myself like a gentleman, and if you won't give it me, I am determined to throw myself upon the world, and seek my fortune? (Going.)

Mrs. L. (Detaining him.) Stay a hinstant, you toad of a thousand! Leave me—will you? this comes of my giving you book-larning, and letting you eat the bread of idleness! Take that, you ungrateful wiper!

(She throws her hand back as if about to dash a jug, which she had taken from the table, at Paul—It strikes Dummie, who staggers away, R. H.)

Dum. A wiper! yes, a pretty wiper! Oh, leetle Paul, here's a high! (Pointing to his face.)

Paul. (To Dame.) This decides me! I'll eat the bread of idleness and charity no longer. The foundling will find himself a home; 'tis time I should cease to be an encumbrance. Good-bye, dame, if ever I can pay you what I cost, I will.

AIR.—PAUL.

'Tis unworthy of a man,
Dependant, like a hound, to dwell—
I'll pay you, mother, when I can—
Till then, farewell!

[Exit, L. H. D. in F.—Rain heard.]

Mrs. L. (Following him up to the door.) Paul! Paul! boy! Gone! not a word! Oh, you sarpent! may the gentleman that keeps the fire-office below go along wi' you (To Dum, following him round the Stage, as he retreats before her.) And you—

Dum. (Beseechingly.) Sweet Missis Lobkins, consider—

Mrs. L. Consider what? you—you'll lend my Paul three crowns, will you? Get out o' my house! If ever I knows you encourages my Paul to keep vulgar company I'll weave you a hempen collar, I will. Budge—begone! (Rain.)

Dum. But, Mrs. Lob, this is so unkimminly—don't you hear it's a-raining? I shall take cold!

Mrs. L. Out, I say—dog!

(She pushes him out—Rain heard—She shuts the door, and, falling into her chair, R. H. C, drinks, as the scene closes.)

SCENE II.—London Bridge, at Night.

Enter LONG NED and SCARLET JACK, R. H., meeting PAUL CLIFFORD, L. H.

Paul. Ned! Ned Pepper!

Ned. 'Tis Paul Clifford! (Paul crosses to c.)

Scar. J. So it is, positively. Why, my dear fellow, you came so suddenly upon us, I took you for a bailiff.

Ned. Why, Paul, what brings you back to us so late to-night? Has the ancient gentlewoman of the Mug supplied you for another turn-over of the ivories? (Imitates dicing.)

Paul. No; and what is more, I am going to follow your advice for the first time—throw myself upon the world, and seek my fortune!

Ned. What! determined to cut the old crib at last—eh? Well, I always said you'd shine out a bright star, when the gale of reason had blown aside the cloud which obscured your genius! But what are your views?

Paul. I fancy I have a great turn for the stage, since I saw Garrick the other evening in Richard.

(Throws himself into an attitude.)

Ned. Oh, the devil! I once did Cassio myself, in a barn.

Scar. J. (R. H.) And acted the drunken scene to perfection.

Ned. (L. H.) Yes, it was too natural; so, according to the rules and regulations of the establishment, I got discharged by the manager. No—no, Paul, under my direction you will soon be on the high-road to fortune!

Scar. J. And eventually become an exalted character! (Both laugh at Paul.)

Paul. (Crosses to L. H.) Gentlemen, I did not expect to be laughed at!

Ned. I was never more serious, I assure you. I enlist you instantly into my regiment of free and independent gentlemen; but you must learn never to take offence at trifles, I never do, I never take anything—(Aside.)—but money—except, indeed, watches. I'm never petulant, one is always losing points by one's petulance—think what you please of the world, and let the world think what it pleases of you, that's the way to keep the nerves steady. But, come, what say you to the last half-hour at the theatre—shall we drop in?

Paul. With all my heart.

Scar. J. But not with mine; I have an appointment elsewhere.

Ned. A pale face and a pretty foot, that's your taste; so, your servant, sentimental Jack. Well, go your ways, and prosperity attend you, Paul and I are for a ripe orange,—(Crosses to L. H.)—and a bill of the play. So, allons, Paul!

[Exit Ned and Paul, L. H.]

Scar. J. This country doctor's daughter, Miss Terpsichore, as she is called, that I have seen at her milliner's, through the intriguing assistance of my third wife, living, Sally Rosemary, runs strangely in my head. She takes me for a gentleman, would elope with me, no doubt, and marry me. Poor girl! if I were not the husband of half-a-dozen already, I do think I could be content to quit London for a cottage, and the pleasure of looking on her bright eyes and rosy cheeks for the rest of my days.

SONG.—SCARLET JACK.

Oh, for a cot by a silvery lake,
In the sunny calm of a quiet vale;
Where distant bells soft music wake,
And sweetly sings the nightingale.
No more I'd seek this flaunting town,
Nor sigh 'midst gilded throngs to move,
I'd rather view, than jewell'd crown,
The rosy cheek of the maid I love.

Oft have I wish'd, in some leafy dell,
When the woodman's song I have paus'd to hear,
My life could be, like his, to dwell
'Neath bow'ring oaks the live-long year.
Then what to me were ball or play?
Through village dance, more pleas'd, I'd rove,
And rather view than pageant gay,
The rosy cheek of the maid I love!

[Exit, R. H.]

SCENE III.—Outside of Covent Garden Theatre, at Night.

Enter 2. E. R. H. from Theatre—DOCTOR and MRS. SLOPERTON and TERPISCHORE, Cloaked, &c.

Slop. I repeat to you, Mrs. S., that I don't like these sing-song entertainments: squall, squall, squall! from beginning to end. Madam—madam, one might as well expect to find recreation in a nursery.

Mrs. S. You have no taste, Doctor Slopperton—not like to hear an opera? one would never take you to be the father of a daughter, who executes *Handel*, and surprises everybody on the harpsichord!

Terp. For my part, that handsome young man, signor—what did they call him?—quite enchanted me! Such spangles! such feathers! such a nice young man!

Mrs. S. Then, the fiddlers!

Slop. Psha! fiddlededee!

Enter JACK, R. H. meeting Ned, who comes from Theatre, U. E. R. H.

Scar. J. (Whispering Ned, at back, R. H. C.) 'Tis my young miss, the country doctor's daughter!

Terp. (Aside.) He, there! I hope he'll not speak to me before pa!

Slop. Terpsey, child! staring at the gentlemen, at your age? Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Mrs. S. Fie, indeed! Why, fie? how's the girl ever to get a husband if there's to be nothing but fying?

(Terpsichore makes signs to Jack to be on his guard.)

Slop. Mrs. S.—Mrs. S., please to recollect that you are in the open street, madam!

Mrs. S. Where you seem inclined to keep me standing all night, doctor.

Slop. You make such a noise, madam, if the devil himself were a coachman he could not hear!

Mrs. S. What horrid language! Oh, you inhuman doctor! in the streets of London bringing on my hysterics!

Slop. Curse me! but I shall have all the people in the play-house about me presently. Hallo! coachee, you sleepy scoundrel! Coachee! coachee!

[Exit, L. H.]

Mrs. S. Such indifference—such contempt of my poor nerves! I cannot support it—I—oh—oh!

Terp. (Supporting Mrs. S., L. H.) Oh, my dear—my poor ma! she's sinking!—help! (Aside.) An excellent opportunity for an introduction.

(Beckons Jack down.)

Scar. J. (Comes forward c., bowing profoundly.) Can I render your ladyship the slightest assistance?

Mrs. S. (Suddenly appearing better.) Ladyship! what discernment.

Ned. (Who has advanced on R. H. of Mrs. S.) I have an essence bottle, pray use it. Might I presume to offer the humble support of my arm? You tremble, and turn pale! Heavens! allow me to fasten the strings of your calash, and to wrap your shawl about you, madam: coming out of the warm theatre is so dangerous, and you so evidently delicate!

(He assists her with Shawl and Calash, and at the same time steals her watch.)

Mrs. S. What attention! how unlike the doctor!

Terp. How fortunate that these gentlemen should come up at this moment, ma; we might have been robbed else.

Mrs. S. (Alarmed.) Robbed!

Scar. J. Yes, this part of the town is filled with thieves.

Ned. The most impudent knaves in the world, madam, who lay their hands on everything they can catch, and rob you while they look you in the face.

(Cuts the ribbon of Mrs. S's miniature, and steals it.)

Mrs. S. Mercy on me! I hope they won't steal the doctor. (Calling.) Doctor! dear me—Terpsichore!

Terp. Ma

Mrs. S. I miss your pa's likeness set in gold! Where can it be? (Searching.)

Ned. (Coolly.) It's some of those rascally pick-pockets about here, that have taken it, I'll be sworn.

Mrs. S. I wish we were at home safe. What a

time the doctor is gone!—where is it we live, Terpsichore?

Terp. I don't know, I'm sure, ma; perhaps these gentlemen can tell us.

Mrs. S. Our name is Slopperton, sir.

Ned. What a charming name—Slopperton! Gods! how poetical!

Scar. J. (*Aside to Terp.*) A beautiful name, but I hope you'll change it soon.

Terp. Oh, sir!

Enter DOCTOR SLOPPERTEON, L. H.

Slop. Here's the coach.

(*Jack crosses behind to Ned.*)

Mrs. S. Oh, doctor! doctor! I've been robbed! my watch, my miniature.

Slop. (*Crosses to Mrs. S.*) Robbed? Miniature! what could you expect? carrying about so openly exposed, that valuable likeness of myself? the temptation was too irresistible. But come to the coach.

Terp. (*Pulling Slop's Coat.*) But, pa, you haven't thanked the gentlemen for protecting us.

Slop. (*Crosses to Ned, bowing.*) I beg pardon, sirs, we shall be happy to see you at our lodgings, while we remain in London. Always breakfast at seven—eggs, hot-rolls; come as often as you please.

Ned. Thank you, sir.

Slop. There's my address, sir. (*Gives card.*)

Ned. (*Reading card.*) "Number 1, Old Bailey." Hem!

Slop. Yes, up a flight of steps. Shall expect to see you there some morning—the sooner the better.

Mrs. S. and Terp. The sooner the better.

Scar. J. and Ned. (*Both bowing.*) Hem! thank you. (*Crowd appears coming from Theatre.*)

Slop. The folks are coming out of the play-house; bustle—bustle, Mrs. S. Remember, gentlemen, you are to mount a flight of steps, Number 1, Old Bailey.

Ned. We shan't forget.

Terp. (*Aside.*) What a nice young man!

(*Scar. J. kissing Terp.'s hand aside—The audience keep coming from Theatre, Link-men enter, 2 E. L. H. to light them.*)

CHORUS.—PEOPLE, LINK-MEN, &C., &C.

Linkmen. Light, light, your honour!
This way to approach—
Light, light, your honour!
Shall I call a coach?

People. Oh, what horrid crowding—
Past endurance, quite.
Ho! ho! a coach, there—
Boy, boy, a light!
Oh, what horrid crowding, &c.

Enter BRANDON, from Theatre, supporting LUCY, followed by PAUL.

Paul. (*Gazing at Lucy.*)
What a lovely creature—
Eyes as diamonds bright;
Beauty in each feature—
She enchants me quite.

Lucy.

Still my heart is beating—
Dancing with delight!
Memory fresh repeating
Ev'ry charming sight.

Jack and Ned. (*Concerting together.*)

We must look about us,
Different ways to range—
Watches, rings, and boxes,
Now must masters change.

Chorus. Light, light, your honour, &c.
(*The company by the end of the vocal pair off at the various entrances, lighted by several link-boys.*)

Enter VALENTINE, R. H. bowing to BRANDON.

Val. The carriage, sir, is not more than twenty yards distant, but cannot get up to the theatre.

Sir W. Can you walk to the carriage, my dear?

Lucy. Oh, yes, dear uncle, with pleasure.
(*Brandon looks at his Watch by the light of a Linkman's Torch.*)

Paul. (*Aside.*) There's fascination in her voice!

Ned. (*Aside.*) So there is in his watch!

Sir W. Already past ten o'clock! Now, Lucy.

Paul. (*Eagerly.*) She's gone!

Ned. (*Aside.*) The watch is mine. (*Snatches it.*)
Down with the torches! Paul! look to yourself.
(*Ned and Jack strike out the torches, and escape, U. E. L. H.*)

Sir W. (*Crossing to and seizing Paul.*) Rascal! my watch!

Paul. (*Confused.*) Watch! what watch?

Sir W. Officers! thieves! thieves! (*Officers and crowd, with Linkmen re-enter, U. E. R. H.*) Officer, secure him! I give him in strict charge. I'll swear that this fellow's companion, at least, snatched my watch; the thief is gone, but we have the accomplice—if you let him escape, look to the consequences.
Lucy, my dear, calm this perturbation!

CONCERTED PIECE.

Paul. (*In custody of officers, L. H.*)
This degradation must I endure,
And base suspicion cloud my name?
'Tis well dark night conceals my brow,
Or I should instant sink with shame.

Lucy. (*L. H.*)

With agitation, though overcome,
For him, so young, I intercede,
A mother, he, perhaps, may have—
For her—for him, oh, let me plead.

CHORUS.

The hardn'd villain to justice drag—
No doubt transported he will be.
Such rogues deserve for all their crimes,
Alike to swing on Tyburn tree.

(*Sir W. and Lucy Brandon go out, followed by Valentine, R. H., as Paul is hurried away 2 E. L., H. crowd following—Scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.—A room in Dr. Slopperton's lodgings—A window, practicable, R. H. in F., opening to the street—A practicable closet door in L. H. F.—A table and two chairs brought on R. H. and placed near L. H.

Enter SALLY, with lighted candle, showing in JACK.

Sally. (*Placing candle on Table.*) I'll tell you, I'll be married before parson, or I'll not consent to carry on your intrigues with other women.

Scar. J. Only you assist me to run off with this Miss Slopperton, and when I'm fairly in possession

of her fortune, you and I, Sally, will go and settle contentedly in a foreign land.

Sally. Well, that looks honest on your part, I must say, and is no more than business-like.

Scar. J. But this is not the sole purpose of my visit. Paul Clifford has been committed by mistake for Ned Pepper, to Bridewell, and Ned, as you know, is a grateful fellow, has hit upon a scheme to liberate him this very night.

Sally. Indeed! and pray how?

Scar. J. Why, you are to repair to your old lodgings, which overlook the wall of the garden adjoining the Bridewell, into which Ned is to descend by a rope ladder, and assist, not only Paul Clifford, but two of our most valuable men, Augustus Tomlinson and Dummie Dunnaker, to escape.

Sally. Dummie Dunnaker! is he locked up also?

Scar. J. Yes, for tipping a little too much, and then falling, poor fellow, with his elbow through a goldsmith's window; and for that trifle they gave him in custody.

Sally. How severe people are becoming, to be sure; but still I don't see how this escape will be brought to bear.

Scar. J. Ned will acquaint you with every particular—you'll surely go, won't you, Sally?

Sally. Yes, since I can be of service to any of the band.

(A coach is heard to drive up, and ringing heard at door bell, L. H.)

Sally. (Running to window.) A coach! 'tis Sir William Brandon! he has brought home the doctor and madam; they are alighting, and, no doubt, Terpsichore will come hither at once.

Scar. J. I'll effect my escape out of this window.

Sally. And I shall pretend to be gone to bed with the toothache, and so slip out at the street door; they'll not suspect anything, especially as I was ordered not to sit up. [Exit, L. H.]

Scar. J. (At window.) The deuce! there's that rascally footman of Sir William Brandon's marching up and down exactly under the window, I can't descend till the carriage drives off. Footsteps coming, too—'tis Terpsichore! Sally's well got rid of; who knows but I may find a favourable opportunity to plead my own cause. This closet!

(Enters closet, L. H. D. in F.)

Enter TERPSICHORE and LUCY, L. H.

Terp. How fortunate it was that you should overtake us just as we were disappointed of our coach.

Lucy. But what is this secret which you wish to disclose? My uncle will be impatient if I detain him.

Terp. Not he; they are talking of being robbed of their watches, I can't help laughing at the circumstance.

Lucy. It makes me shudder!

Terp. La, child, what's the loss of a watch?

Lucy. A mere trifle! But a poor young man, whose features I confess I could scarcely discern—the torches being suddenly extinguished—was apprehended for the offence, of which he protested his innocence so solemnly, that it makes my heart ache for his situation. But I heard my uncle's voice!

Terp. No—no! speaking of a nice young man, I know such a dear! He meets me at ma's milliner's, follows me about like a lap dog. I saw him to-

night at the theatre; he and I are in love with each other to desperation! There's a secret for you.

Scar. J. (Listening at door—Aside.) She'll run away with me to-morrow, that's certain.

Lucy. And your father approves the acquaintance?

Terp. I tell you it's a secret.

Lucy. A secret! wherefore a secret?

Terp. He has his reasons, which I am to know when we are married, as we are to be in the Fleet.

Lucy. Married clandestinely! never think of such a thing; indeed you must not—shall not!

Terp. You won't betray me?

Lucy. Not for the world! but I advise you—I warn you, that mystery with a young maiden's heart cannot end happily to her peace of mind.

SONG.

These men are all deceivers,
I heard an old wife say—
The flower that's lightly gather'd,
As light they throw away.
Then maiden, too confiding,
From freedom ere you part—
Beware of snares—beware of tears—
And guard from guile your heart.

The lake—which one bright sunbeam
Can clothe in golden light—
The soonest is o'ershadow'd
By one dark cloud of night.
Then heed the old wife's saying,
From freedom ere you part—
Beware of thorns 'neath ev'ry rose,
And guard from guile your heart.

Terp. I thank you for your advice, Lucy, but your turn may come next, and then we shall see.

Lucy. I never can be angry with a friend for putting me on my guard.

Terp. (Stifling her vexation.) Neither am I, I promise you.

Lucy. Promise me also, as a proof of your sincerity, not to proceed further in your love affair till we meet again.

Terp. With all my heart, if you say that you'll call early in the morning.

Lucy. Depend on me. Good night, dear Terpsichore. (Kissing her.)

Terp. Good night, Lucy—you'll call early. [Exit Lucy, L. H.] I suppose she's envious; however, 'tis impossible I should see my lover to-night, or, I'm a little afraid I should be induced to break my word with Lucy, and—

Scar. J. (Suddenly coming from closet.) And elope with me this very hour!

Terp. (Astonished.) Mr. Scarlet, in this apartment! How did you dare to—

Scar. J. (Detaining her.) Stay! lovely ruler of my destiny! promise but to grant me an interview at your window when the family have retired, but for five minutes, and I vanish instantly.

Terp. Well—well, I promise. If you are discovered here I shall be taken home to the country, and we shall never meet again. Go, now—pray go!

DUET.—(Piano.)

Jack. Oh, promise me, by those bright eyes,
Whose beams my soul with transport fill
To meet me at thy window, love,
When all—when all is still.

Terp. I promise thee by these deep throbs
Which now my trembling bosom thrill—
To meet thee at my window, yes—
When all—when all is still.

Both. One hour from hence, the silent hour,
By yon pure stars the heavens that fill—
I } vow to meet thee once again,
Oh } me
When all—when all is still.

[He kisses her hand—She runs out terrified,
L. H., as he gets out of window, R.
H. in F.]

SCENE V.—Stage dark. On the R. H. is the section of a High Wall, which divides the Bridewell Yard from a Garden, in which is a Watch-box, L. H. Another Wall crosses at the back, covered with Fruit Trees, above which, a House and Attic Window, a Light in Window. Beyond this House, Church Steeple and House-tops, &c. Under the Window a Water-butt. Prison Bell tolling. On R. H. within the Grating the Bridewell Door is seen through, &c. Everything practicable.

Dennis. (Coming from Watch-box.) Ah! sure it's that infernal bell a tolling them prisoners to their cells, on t'other side o' the prison wall there. Isn't it a shameful thing that an honest watchman can't get a wink o' slape on his post for dat big black-guard? But sure dat's the signal whereby the gimmen kindly promised to come, and knock me down wid a couple of Georges. Surely I'll be after getting my slape forward a bit, till he wakes me wid his own ugly voice! Yaw! yaw! (Rubs his eyes.) Past ten at night, and—and—a foggy morning!

(Goes into his box and sleeps—Ned appears cautiously at window at back on the other side wall.)

Ned. All seems quiet, and the coast quite clear—I'll descend.

(Comes out of window and descends; when in the garden calls, "Sally! Sally!")

SALLY appears at window with candle.

Sally. Have you reached the ground?

Ned. Yes.

Sally. Is all right?

Ned. All. Put out a stronger rope, and while I make it fast below, do you secure the other to the bed-post.

Sally. Wait an instant, I've a ladder.

(Bell tolls—Sally throws a rope ladder from window, Ned arranges it in garden—During this business the Prisoners enter two and two from back, U. E. R. H. of Prison Yard, conducted by Gaolers, and march into Chapel Door—PAUL, AUGUSTUS, and DUMMIE, the last, who steal behind the door till it closes.)

Aug. Dummie, secure the Bridewell door with that nail.

Dum. Won't I make 'em fast!

(He nails up the chapel door, using a large stone for a hammer.)

Paul. See, the ascent is not very difficult.

(Bell ceases tolling.)

Aug. (Searching on ground.) Now for the signal: a stone over the wall!

Den. (Waking, and leaving his box.) Oh! dhere he is. (Seeing Ned.) Faith! it's so dark intirely, it isn't myself that sees anybody that's handling a rope ladder—not I, by my sowl. (Crosses R. C. under Prison Wall.) Past ten o'clock, and—

(Aug. climbs the wall and throws a large stone, which strikes Dennis on the head.)

Den. (Falling.) A stoney night! Oh, murter! murter!

Ned. (Running to him and picking him up.) What's the matter?

Den. Oh! it's kilt I am intirely—my head's brick!

Ned. I should think so. Isn't this a pretty remedy?

(Shaking a purse.)

Den. Faith! and I'll try; only pour a few drops into my hand, darlint.

(Looks at purse by his lantern.)

Ned. (Putting money into his hand.) There—there!

Den. A few drops more! It's very bad I am, I reckon; mine's a very serious case, and wants a strong dose, jewel.

Ned. This is a composing draught; take the bottle into your keunel, and when the danger is at end I'll summon you.

Den. (Taking purse and winking.) True, I'll not stir abroad again widout the doctor's lave.

(He takes the purse and enters his box, where he appears chinking the money, as Ned listens under the wall—Augustus by this time is at the summit—Paul clinging to the spout.)

Dum. We are all going up the spout.

Aug. Ned!

Ned. All's right!

(Music—Augustus throws down a cord, which Ned secures to a tree—Augustus descends, then Paul—Dummie is on the summit of the wall, and knocks down stones on the turnkey and prisoners, as they burst from the chapel.)

CONCERTED PIECE—NED, DUMMIE, PAUL, AUGUSTUS.

All is ready, let us hasten,
From this dang'rous place away.
Over tops of houses scrambling,
Here we must no longer stay.

Sally. All is ready—up the ladder
Quickly mount, now, one by one—
Hark, I hear a watchman's rattle,
From this place you must be gone.

(Distant rattle heard.)

All. All is ready, up the ladder, &c.,

CHORUS OF TURNKEYS AND PRISONERS.

What the devil is the matter?
Oh, my back, my bones, my head;
Up the spout, there—Watchmen, turnkeys!
Help—help! prisoners three have fled.

DENNIS. (*Pretending to be knocked down.*)

*What the devil is the matter?
Oh, I'm kilt—and now I'm dead!*

(*Augustus, Paul and Ned, ascend the ladder, and enter the chamber—Dummie pursues them—Watchmen, &c. enter on all sides springing rattles.*)

CHORUS.

*Cursed villains! hold them—seize them!
Back to prison see them led.
Oh, confusion—kill'd the watchman!*

(*They raise Dennis.*)

He is murdered! he is dead!

Dennis. *Yes, I'm murdered—I am dead.*

(*Dummie is about to enter the window—Watchmen get on the ladder, and break it by their weight—Dummie falls into the water-butt—a splash of water—drop descends.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I—*A room at the Jolly Angler, with a window. (The moon during the scene is seen to rise, through the window.)—opening to the road.*

PAUL, NED, R. H. AUGUSTUS, SCARLET JACK, L. H., GENTLEMAN GEORGE, &c., at table, drinking and smoking. Candles on table. DUMMIE seated apart.

AIR AND CHORUS.

*Laughing at sorrow, strangers to fear.
A round, there, a round to the bold cavalier:
Though fortune frown, brothers, never despair,
But jingle the glasses and ring away care.*

Ned. (*R. of table.*) *Now gentlemen! three cheers for our gallant captain Paul Clifford!*

(*They all rise and cheer, they drink, beat the tables and then re-seat themselves.*)

Dum. (*L. H.*) *Leetle Paul for ever! hurrah! I wonders vat Mrs. Lob would say if she could see him now?*

Paul. (*Rising.*) *Gentlemen! you all know, that, when, some months ago, you were pleased to elect me to the high honour of commander of this district. I was, myself, by no means ambitious to assume that rank, but your voices overruled my own. Your kindness overpowered me, and I became your captain.*

All. Hear! hear!

Ned. *Gentlemen! gentlemen! chair! chair!*

Dum. *Gemmen! gemmen! respect the dignity of the chair!*

Paul. *Since then I hope you will allow, gentlemen, that I have done all in my power to advance your interests?*

All. Hear! hear!

Paul. *I have kept a vigilant eye upon our neighbours. I have throughout the country, established numerous correspondents, and our*

exertions have been carried on, with a promptitude that has ensured success. (Applause.) But now, my friends and followers, gentlemen of the road, the street, and the theatre, I resign that power again into your hands, and am ready to do my duty as faithfully, as a private, as I trust I have done it as a general.

(*Applause; he quits the chair.—All come down.*)

Ned. *Gentlemen! anticipating, as I am sure I do, the unanimous sentiments of this enlightened, independent, and I may say, a society whose members seem born for elevation—*

All. Hem! h—e—m!

Ned. *I move that Paul Clifford be again chosen as our captain for the ensuing three months.*

Dum. (*Rising.*) *And, gemmen, I seconds that there unkimminly sinsible proposal. And, gemmen, I stands on my two fit—gemmen—you as knows what sinsibility is—there's a hinternal something that overpowers a man—and—*

(*Sits down.*)

Ned. *Gentlemen, I call on you all to name the one man whom you will agree to elect as the properest representative of our high and independent community for the ensuing term.*

All. Clifford! Clifford!

Dum. *Leetle Paul! leetle Paul! how proud I is on him!*

(*Looking proudly at Paul.*)

All. Resume the chair! resume the chair!

(*Paul returns to the chair.—All sit.*)

Dum. *Presume the chair! I declares I hasn't felt my nat'ral feeling so unkimminly excited in I went to scramble over them rooms of them 'ouses, and slid plump down into the Bridle water-butt.*

(*All laugh.*)

Ned. *Didn't I caution you never to mention that?*

Paul. *Now, gentlemen; to business, and to horse; Lord Mauleverer travels this road, to-night, on his way to Bath; to ascertain the exact hour of his reaching the Tunnell in the Holloway would be a thousand guineas at least into our treasury.*

Ned. *Then depend on my making a thousand anxious inquiries; and every one of us will go different routes to inquire kindly after his lordship's health.*

All. Ay! ay! ay!

Paul. *See our old acquaintance, the moon, is peeping in at the window, as if to inquire after us: we must not neglect her admonition. So the stirrup cup—(all drink)—and, to the road—to the road!*

(*They all come forward, waiters clear the stage.*)

SONG AND CHORUS.

Paul. *The stirrup cup, my gallant lads.
Your courage to preserve—
It warms the heart, inspires the soul,
And steadies every nerve.*

Chorus.

*The stirrup cup—the stirrup cup!
Our courage to preserve.
It warms the heart, inspires the soul,
And steadies every nerve.*

Paul. *It is our pledge that we will meet
Again, when strife is o'er;
One pledge of true sincerity,
E'en though we meet no more.*

(*They take off their hats.*)

Chorus.

It is our pledge, &c.

- Paul. *Then follow, follow to the road,
With courage firm and bold;
We seek not harm to human kind,
We only seek their gold.*

Chorus.

Then follow, follow, &c.

[*Exeunt, headed by Paul, L. H.*

SCENE II.—*The parlour at Dr. Sloperton's. Fireplace 2 E. L. H. Door 2 E. R. H. Table R. H., and Music-stand with Music on it. Table in centre. Small work-table, L. H. C. Six chairs. Shawl and Bonnet on table.*

MRS. SLOPERTON is discovered knitting by the fire, L. H., TERPSICHORE playing on the Guitar. A chiffoiniere R. H.; two lighted candles on table L. H. SERVANT comes down on R. H., placing Music-stand, stool, and footstool, and Exit, L. H.

Terp. I tell you, ma, it's the last new song, and what's new must be pretty; besides it's so tender and sentimental—heigho! only listen to it again.

AIR.

*Phillis, have you seen my love,
Wandering with his sheep this way?
If you meet him you will know him,
By his smile and manner gay.*

*Bright his eye as summer sunshine,
Sweet his lip as rose in June—
If you see him send him to me,
My poor heart is out of tune.*

Terp. There, ma!

Mrs. S. Dear me, child, what melancholy love-ditties you have taken to of late. You have never been yourself since our visit to London.

Terp. The country is so dull; nobody to speak to but the curate's wife, or the churchwarden's gawky daughters; the Miss Figginses; and, as for a young man of a tolerable appearance, there isn't such a creature in the county—nothing but Smiths—Browns—Joneses—faugh!

Mrs. S. (*Rises and comes down, L. H.*) Talking of young men, child, your father thinks of discontinuing the visits of the young music master, who comes occasionally to give you lessons on the harpsichord.

Terp. (*Starting up.*) Dismiss Mr. Scarlet?

Mrs. S. Yes, for although, to be sure, he teaches you for nothing, we don't know who he is—and Mr. Figgins, who has an excellent estate in the parish, thinks you a very nice girl, but, he doesn't like this music master—who, I must say, is over attentive to you.

Terp. (*Vehemently.*) What's Mr. Figgins to me, ma? or his estate either. I'd sooner drown myself than become Mrs. Figgins, it's an odious name.

Mrs. S. Odious! my dear Terpsy! that's very bad language.

Terp. And, as for dismissing Mr. Scarlet, nobody knows half what he has taught me. Pa may do just as he pleases, I'll never marry Mr. Figgins—and if Mr. Scarlet is to be forbid the house, why I know what I know—

Mrs. S. And pray what's that?

Terp. You'll see! (*Playing violently on guitar.*)

Mrs. S. You threaten, eh, miss. Do cease that horrid jangling on the guitar there! I declare I've dropt six stitches; will you leave off making a noise or—(*Terp. leaves off playing, and twirling herself round on the music stool, sits like an automaton.*) Well, are you going to sit there, mum chance, like a wax doll?

Terp. You told me to leave off making a noise.

Mrs. S. Play me something this moment, finish, or—

Terp. (*Singing and playing violently.*) "Phillis, have you seen my love?"

Mrs. S. (*Stopping her ears.*) Ugh! I shall go distracted. I wish your father would come home, and lock you up in the surgery.

Terp. If I'm locked up in the surgery I'll break all the glass cases, and upset the electrifying machine—and I'll smash every gallipot.

Mrs. S. The girl's mad! (*Door bell rings.*) Goodness be praised! there's your father at last! if he can't cure you of your madness, he's no true doctor—

Enter SERVANT, L. H.

Ser. Miss Brandon!

Terp. (*Jumping about.*) Lucy Brandon! she and I will have such a gossip, a thousand secrets.

(*Removes things up.*)

Mrs. S. Lucy Brandon! and I in such a flutter.

Enter LUCY, preceded by Servant, L. H., and crosses to R. H.

Mrs. S. Dear Miss Brandon, you find me and Terpsichore harmoniously engaged; a little knitting and a little music.

Terp. Harmoniously! La, ma!

Mrs. S. Terpsy, my sweet child, a chair for Miss Brandon.

Lucy. Thank you, my dear madam, but I have merely walked from the manor house with an invitation from my uncle to request Dr. Sloperton will pass a few hours with him at chess. And, really, I have been so terrified by a report which I have just now heard, that I wish to return, before it grows late.

Mrs. S. Report, my dear! what report?

Lucy. They say that three highwaymen have stopped some one, beyond the mill, at the end of the village.

Mrs. S. Mercy on me! why, that's the very road the Doctor comes, from visiting Mr. Curry, the rich nabob, at Curry Lodge, from whom he expects to receive the amount of last year's bill. A considerable sum, though very inferior to the dear Doctor's merits.

Terp. La, ma! if they should rob pa! wouldn't it be droll? ha! ha!

Mrs. S. Droll! what will she say next? the girl's turned idiot. (*Aside.*)

Terp. I wonder what sort of young men highwaymen are? Lucy, how would you like to see a highwayman?

Lucy. Oh! not for the world. I tremble at the mere idea! (*Ringing and knocking, L. H.*)

Mrs. S. Ugh! dear me! I grow quite nervous! excuse me a moment, Miss Brandon, I hope that's my dear Doctor.

[*Exit, L. H.*

Terp. I'm glad ma's gone; ill-tempered thing! would you believe it? Lucy, she's been talking of marrying me to that hideous Mr. Figgins.

Lucy. Is he not a respectable young man?

Terp. I hate respectable young men! I like such young men as—as—my singing master, for instance, who comes once a month to teach me—*(Whispering.)* And maybe oftener to give me private lessons.

Lucy. Private lessons—

Terp. I'll tell you a secret, for I know you can keep it. Lucy, can't you guess who my singing master is? Ha! ha! ha!

Lucy. Impossible!

Terp. Don't you remember what I told you about a Lieutenant Scarlet.

Lucy. My dear girl, you surely are not carrying on a clandestine connexion with—

Terp. There! if I had thought you would have said one word.

Slop. *(Without, L. H.)* I never was so served in all my life!

Terp. I—here's pa! he'd kill me if he knew—

Lucy. Depend on me.

Terp. That's a dear.

Enter DR. SLOPPER-TON, leaning on MRS.

SLOPPER-TON, followed by PAUL, L. H.

Terp. La pa! how pale you look!

(Crosses to him.)

Slop. Suppress your alarm, my sweet child, and you Miss Brandon, your medical adviser has been robbed by highwaymen!

Lucy. Robbed, sir!

Terp. Robbed, pa!

(Two Servants bring on tea things, and remain on and wait, and Mrs. Slopper-ton superintends the tea table, &c.)

Mrs. S. My poor dear Doctor!

Slop. Yes, and had it not been for the timely coming up of this brave young gentleman! the whole country might have been in mourning for the irreparable misfortune of my death. *(Crosses and embracing Mrs. S. and weeping. Goes up.)*

Oh, Mrs. S.

Terp. Young gentleman! what young gentleman? *(Seeing Paul, who bows.)* What a handsome fellow! look at him, Lucy!

(Goes to Lucy on R. H.)

Lucy. Surely that form—I—somewhere—what agitation is this—

Paul. *(Looking at Lucy.)* 'Tis the same lovely creature! she cannot possibly recognize me!

Slop. This, sir, is my daughter. *(Comes down centre.)* The most affectionate and dutiful of children; and this is our near neighbour, Miss Brandon. They must thank you for your bravery this night, displayed in my defence.

Lucy. Which we do most sincerely.

Paul. Thanks from your lips, fair lady, overpay my poor services to this good gentleman, far, far, beyond their worth.

Slop. Make the tea, dear Mrs. S.

Mrs. S. 'Tis ready, dear! but, touching this robbery?

Terp. Do tell us all about it?

Slop. Oh! 'tis an awful story. I was coming home, and thinking of several serious cases; when, suddenly, I saw an uncommonly tall personage, with a fine head of hair, and a very large pistol in his hand: standing right before me in the gap of a hedge! and in a voice of thunder he exclaimed—

Mrs. S. Sugar! Miss Brandon—

Slop. No, my dear, he didn't say anything half so sweet; but calling to another ruffian, just at his elbow, Augustus, said he—

Mrs. S. *(To Terp.)* Terpsy! how you are spilling your tea.

Slop. Augustus, said he, that quack is too contemptible to be robbed by two, so I leave him to you—think my dear, he not only wanted to rob me of my purse, but of my character, called me quack—abominable!

Terp. Ha! ha! ha! Quack! quack!

Mrs. S. But the purse, my duck?

Slop. How I lost it I can't imagine. But certain it is when I recovered—that I found it—

Mrs. S. Where?

Slop. Gone!

Paul. I picked it, sir, from the ground, where you had dropt it, in your agitation; and here it is. *(Giving him the purse.)*

Mrs. S. Ah sir! you are the Doctor and the purse's preserving angel!

(All rise, and come forward.)

Slop. I am determined however, to lay my case before Lord Mauleverer; who is expected in this neighbourhood, on his way to Bath, this very night.

Paul. *(Aside.)* Ah!

Lucy. My uncle told me that his lordship's valet had written for post horses to meet him, at Wyburn, at ten o'clock.

Paul. It is now near nine. *(Aside.)* The very information I wanted.

(Servants clear tea things &c.)

Slop. *(Crosses, placing his hand on Paul's arm.)* But touching these highwaymen?

Paul. I—sir. *(Looking at the guitar.)* You are musical I perceive, Miss Slopper-ton?

Slop. Yes—would you like a chord?

Paul. You are too kind.

Mrs. S. Our Terp plays on the guitar like a nightingale.

Terp. La, ma! how you talk. Miss Brandon sings like a nightingale—you mean.

(Servants bring down chairs, characters all sit but Clifford.)

Lucy. Fie, Terpsichore!

Paul. Might I entreat? *(Crosses to her.)*

Lucy. Pardon me, sir, it grows late, and—

Terp. What nonsense, Lucy! here's the very song which—you know which I mean.

Lucy. No! not that song—

Paul. Sing it, I entreat. *(Crosses to her.)*

SONG.—LUCY.

*I saw him but once—I saw him in sorrow,
It scarcely appear'd as we ever had met.
He spoke not, he gazed not, 'twas only a sigh,
But, oh, 'twas a sigh I shall never forget.
It seem'd like the last gale that wafts o'er the rose,
When the autumn blight falls e'er the summer
hath fled,
And the flower whose beauty was scarce in its prime,
'Mid its glory and perfume lies withered and dead.*

*I saw him no more, his doom they reveal'd me,
His name, too, they branded with words how
severe.
It might be deserv'd, but his fate seem'd so hard,
I still must accord to its victim a tear.
I've thought, one so young, and the grief of his voice,
Spoke a heart from whose centre remorse had not
fled—
For renown might have liv'd, screen'd from misery's
blight,
Ere his name or his glory fell wither'd and dead.*

Paul. Thanks! thanks! air and words are alike most touching.

Terp. Yes; and would you believe it, both are Miss Brandon's own composition.

Paul. Indeed! and the hero of the ballad?

Lucy. Was a young man, who robbed, or was supposed to have robbed, my uncle of his watch on coming out of the theatre in London.

Slop. The rogue! he was caught and sent to Bridewell.

Lucy. They say he was very hardened, though extremely young. (Paul appears troubled.) I was foolish enough to beg, very earnestly, that my uncle would intercede for him, but in vain.

Paul. That angel-like generosity was worthy of Miss Brandon.

Slop. Ah! I see! as usual, Miss Brandon, enlists everybody in her cause.

(Servants clear stage.)

Paul. (R. C.) The cause which sympathizes with the unfortunate, even though sometimes a mistaken one, is the best to live for; and the best to die for.

Slop. I presume, sir, that you were brought up to the bar?

(Crosses to Paul.)

Paul. (Smiling.) No; it is my aversion.

Enter SERVANT, L. H.

Lucy. I must depart. (Crosses L. H.) I hope in the morning to hear that you have all perfectly recovered from this alarm; good night! (To Paul.) Sir, your servant.

Paul. My way to the village inn lies past the manor house; might I be permitted to offer Miss Brandon the support of my arm? (Crosses to her.)

Slop. Excellent! such a brave protector cannot but be accepted.

Mrs. S. But won't you return and take a bed, sir?

Paul. Thank you, no madam. I have to meet a gentleman, very particularly, at ten o'clock; good night!—madam, I attend you.

[Exit with Lucy, L. H.]

Slop. Bless me! I forgot to ask either his name or address; but doubtless he'll call in the morning. Terpsy dear, see the hall door be locked double.

Terp. Yes, pa!

[Crosses and exit, L. H.]

Slop. And Mrs. S., lend me your arm up-stairs to bed, for really, love, I have been, as we say in the profession, well shaken.

(Exit supported by Mrs. S. R. H. Mrs. S takes a candle off with her.)

Re-enter TERPSICHORE, L. H.

Terp. If I could but hear that one of these highwaymen had shot that horrible Mr. Figgins—

(Listening.)

Scar. J. (Outside L. H.) Terpsichore! angel.

Terp. Ah! as sure as my name is Terpsichore, that's his voice at the keyhole. Yes; he's watched the light into pa's chamber, and is here to renew his beautiful declarations—you may come in—(Opens door, 2. E. L. H. SCARLET JACK enters.) Speak low!

Scar. J. My soul's love! this letter, left for me at the inn—

Terp. (On R. H.) Written by my pa, to decline your future visits—yes, and I am to become Mrs. Figgins. I'll die a thousand deaths sooner

Scar. J. I'll shoot the monster?

Terp. Do!

Scar. J. He would marry you for your little fortune?

Terp. No doubt, but I'll disappoint him, I'll drown myself before I come of age, rather than he shall gain possession of the thousand pounds, left me by poor aunt.

Scar. J. (Aside.) A thousand pounds! it will do—Terpsichore I am here for the last time.

(With affected emotion.)

Terp. The last time! (Trembling.)

Scar. J. Unless you consent to go with me to London this night, and marry me in the Fleet to-morrow?

Terp. Be married to-morrow?—elope!

Scar. J. Yes; the Bath coach passes the end of the lane in a quarter of an hour; it will aid our flight, and—

Terp. My father is unkind, and my mother talked of Mr. Figgins—and you are forbid the house—I'm a very ill-treated daughter.

Scar. J. (Horn in the distance, R. H.) Listen there's the coach.

Terp. This is so sudden—I—tremble my mother—my father.

Scar. J. Would marry you to another—happy Figgins—well, Terpsichore—for ever—

(As if going to rush out with emotion.)

Terp. Stay a moment—I—give me my hat, then my cloak.

(Horn heard. He gives her the bonnet and shawl, which she puts on with hurried agitation. The horn of the coach sounds nearer. He draws her gently to the back scene; she repels him a moment, and running to the door, by which her father and mother retired, kneels down, as if invoking a blessing; she then sinks into Jack's arms, fainting. He supports her out, nearly insensible, the horn of the coach still approaching.)

SCENE III.—Landscape by moonlight. Lamps down.

Enter PAUL, L. H.

Paul. The moon looks smilingly to-night, as if auspicious of our coming fortune! Fortune! alas! what fortune can give happiness to a heart lost in the remembrance of beauty it can never possess? Lucy Brandon, I love her fondly, devotedly, but—alas! in vain. The difference of our conditions render hope impossible—for her awaits honour, dignity; for me—well, then, be it so—the road, the road!

SONG.—PAUL.

Hurra! on Hounslow heath to roam—
Hurrah for the stilly hour—
When the moon looks pale from her lofty dome,
As a maid from a battle tow'r.
When sparks of fire from my courser's feet,
Spring, flashing at every goad,
And the distant sounds of wheels I greet,
Then hurra! hurra for the road!
Stop—stop's the word all dread to hear—
Your gold and your gems resign—
When my pistol's cocked, and my look severe—
For a desperate life is mine—
How ladies scream—how with rage men glow,
While their purses I unload.
Then cry good night, with a smile and a bow,
And hurra—hurra for the road!

What mirth, at jovial house of call,
O'er wine cups our deeds to tell
To forget, one day, we must pay for all,
And swing high to the dismal bell,
Remorse, too late, this despised heart,
Why with dungeon fetters bode,
With courage I've liv'd, so with life I'll part—
Then hurrah—hurra for the road!

[Exit, R. H.]

SCENE IV.—The tunnel in the hollow-way on the Bath Road. The high road winds down the distant country. Moonlight.

Enter AUGUSTUS and NED, U. E. L. H.

Aug. Do you know what o'clock it is, Ned?
Scar. J. (Looking at his watch.) On the strike of ten. Hark!

Enter DUMMIE, from back.

Dum. He's a coming!
Scar. J. Who—the captain?
Dum. No; his lordship.
Aug. Lord Mauleverer.
Ned. How know you?
Dum. (Comes to c.) Let me rekiver my breath, and I'll tell you. Foh! I hid myself under a truss of hay, just alongside a donkey, which was a feeding at the door of the post-house, and—foh! and I hears—

Ned. (Emphatically.) Well, what is you hears?
Dum. Why, I hears from his lordship's wally de shamble, who had sich a beautiful portmantel in his hand, how his lordship's coach was brick down, so he was a coming there to proceed in a blue fly.
Ned. The Bath coach?

Enter PAUL, hastily, 2. E. R. H.

Paul. The report is true; I heard the landlord of the Queen's Head speak of the circumstances ten minutes since. (Horn.) Listen!

Ned. The coach is leaving the village.
Paul. And if my eye deceive me not there it comes.

Aug. and Ned. Captain, you are right.
Paul. Summon our comrades from the Red Cave; let us all be prepared, there are many passengers to contend with. (Dummie whistles, at which,

Enter GENTLEMAN GEORGE, leading a band of Highwaymen.

Gen. G. Captain, what are your commands? we are all prepared,

Omnes. All—all!
Paul. (Putting on a mask.) Put on your masks, then, and follow, we must receive his lordship with suitable dignity. Now to the hedge! to the hedge! courage and success!

(They go up the ruins, and march out after Paul, as if to meet the coach—Dummie looks after them from behind the entrance.)

Dum. Ah! it's a mighty fine thing that fighting for gold; if the treasurer be killed, what's the use of the money; besides, I don't know how it is, but I always feel a modest kind of a hinclination not to put myself too forward in affairs of business, yet, I must say, I feels an unkinmon desire to go and look arter that ere portmantel—I think I will venture. (Pistol fires, R. E. L. H.) I—oh, la!

[Sneaks off.]

Paul and Rob. (Outside.) Stop your horses!—wo—wo! Money or your lives!

(Noise and screams of Women.)
Lord M. (Outside.) Wascals! what the devil are ye about?

Enter PAUL, NED, and AUGUSTUS &c. leading forward the horses which drag the coach laden with passengers, boxes, &c.—Lord Mauleverer is dragged from the coach by Augustus and Ned, the Robbers guarding the other passengers.

Paul. (Presenting pistols.) Stop—stop—stop! drag him from the carriage! Don't be alarmed, my lord, we merely require your watch, that diamond ring which adorns your finger, and your money.

Lord M. Weally, sir, I must say your wequest is so twuly polite, that I were worse than cruel to refuse you; my purse is not very full, and you may as well have it as one of my wascally duns, but my watch I have a love for, pon honour!

Paul. I understand, my lord. And, pray, at what do you value your watch?

Lord M. Humph! ppositively, I can't tell—I should say, twenty guineas.

Paul. Allow me to look at it?

Lord M. With wemarkable pleasure: it was too slow this morning.

Dum. (Cautiously observing, R. H.) It's going fast enough now.

Paul. Your lordship was too modest in your calculation, permit me to assure you, that the diamonds on this watch are worth, at least, two hundred pounds. I have taken quite a fancy to it, but if you will write me a cheque for two hundred guineas, payable at your bankers—I know them—Lombard Street.

Lord M. Pardon me, but weally, it is impossible to write cheques without pen, ink, or paper, positively—eh?

Paul. Ah, your lordship will find that I have neglected nothing necessary for your lordship's accommodation—the back of a letter will do.

(He turns his head to search in his pocket-book for a letter, Lord Mauleverer fires at him—Paul staggers, hurt.)

Ned. Shoot that infernal lord at once.

Paul. (Starting up.) Hold! on your souls no bloodshed!

Ned. Your blood flows freely, and by his hands—why not his by ours?

Paul. Not so: while I am captain here, no blood shall be wantonly taken, and least of all to resent violence towards myself.

Dum. (Aside, R. H.) What an ero! I only wishes Mrs. Lob could see him now, he's so unkinmonly grand!

Paul. (To Lord M.) Would you like, sir, to try another pistol? (Offering a pistol of his own.)

Lord M. Weally, pon honour, I'm exceedingly sorry that—

Paul. That your aim was not more certain. But we detain my lord in the night air, which is dangerous, especially to lords like Lord Mauleverer. Here is a paper on which your lordship can write a cheque; and suppose you double the amount, for you perceive I am wounded, and surgeons are famous as snipes for their long bills.

Lord M. Four hund—ah! with the most agwee-able satisfaction in life, anything to oblige so

wespectable a gentleman. Wascal! your chapeau!

(Valentine, who stands on one side of Lord M.'s portmanteau, lets it fall, and kneeling, offers the crown of his hat for his master to write upon—Dummie, who has had an eye on the portmanteau, takes it up.)

Dum. How unkimmunly fortunate I'm here to take charge of this property, some rogue would be a stealing it else.

(Carries it to the back—During this, Scar. J. has brought forward Terp. from the coach, insensible.)

Paul. This lady demands assistance. How! the doctor's daughter here!

Scar. J. (Placing his finger on his lip.) My future wife.

Paul. (Laughing.) I invite myself to your wedding.

Ned. and Aug. And I—and I!

Terp. (Terrified, having recovered.) What said they?

Scar. J. Nothing, love! but that they will allow the coach to proceed for your sake without further violence. Come, resume your place.

(He conducts her back to the coach, as Lord M. hands the cheque to Paul.)

Lord M. Sir, the cheque is fairly signed; the excessive gratification it affords me to hand it to you is the most exquisite thing in nature, pon honour!

Paul. Your lordship is too gracious. Good night, my lord!

Lord M. Good night! I shall see you again soon, no doubt—upon my soul, I hope so. (Aside.) On the gibbet. (To Val.) Wascal! open the door of the carriage.

Dum. (Aside.) Yes, and I'll open the portmantel.

(Chorus of Highwayman, all masked, and taking off their hats to Lord M.)

CHORUS.

Robbers. Good night, my lord,
Good night, my lord!

Lord M. Au revoir! au revoir!

Robbers. Good night, my lord!

Farewell, my lord.

Drive on coachee, fasten the door—

Good night, my lord—

Au revoir!

(Paul bows Lord M. to the Coach, into which he enters; Paul fastens the Door—Val. and the other Passengers resume their places—Dum., apart, is opening the portmanteau—The Robbers bow to Lord M.—He waves his hand at window, and the Coach drives on as the Drop falls.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A magnificent Apartment at Lord Maul- everer's, illuminated. A Staircase and window.

Various Characters dancing as the Scene opens— amongst them, LUCY, PAUL, LORD MAUL- EVERER, &c. Paul full dressed.

CHORUS.

Weave the fairy round of pleasure—
Hearts more light than footsteps bounding,
Bright eyes sparkling, sweet lips smiling,
Music's note enchanting sounding.
Time spreads wide her silken wing—
Laugh and dance, and banish sorrow.
Joy is here, but in its spring—
Wintry woe may come to-morrow.

Enter NED and AUGUSTUS, R. H., as Officers observing the Dancers. LORD M. and SIR WILLIAM B. advance, L. H.

Lord M. My dear Sir William, who the dweuce is Miss Bwandon dancing with? 'Pon honour, the fellow excites the admivation of the women in such a wemarkable manner, it's absolutely wiculous!

Sir W. It's a gentleman we met with by accident at Bath—a very amiable young man, I assure you; a—a—Captain Clifford.

Lord M. I don't wecollect issning any cards to a person of that name; but as all my fwiends are not pwesent, I can't say but some of my admissions may have been twansferred, positively. Now, Clifford is just one of the names selected by persons of no name of their own. Ha! he appwoaches! do, Sir William, cwoss-question him a little; it's absolutely indispensable that you should know who is paying such wemarkable attention to your niece.

(Retires and listens. Clifford comes down, L. H.)

Sir W. Ah, Captain Clifford! have you left my niece?

Paul. Miss Brandon has given her hand for the next cotillion, sir, to a Mr. Muskwell.

Sir W. Good family name that, sir; comes from Primrose Hall. By the by, captain, I forget where you said your family resided?

Lord M. (Listening on L. H.) Excellent ruse, 'pon honour!

Paul. Family? Oh, my dear sir, I descend from a very ancient family, indeed.

Lord M. (Aside.) As old as Adam, no doubt!

Sir W. In what part of the world did you say, sir?

Paul. (Carelessly.) Scotland, sir—Scotland!

Sir W. And you belonged to—what regiment, did you say, sir?

Paul. (Aside.) What the devil does all this mean? (Observing Lord M.) Oh! what regiment, sir—the Rifles—the Rifles!

Lord M. I suspected as much! Wifes! he! he! Sir W. Gallant body of men, sir. They say it's a famous regiment for promotion.

Paul. Famous, sir. And what is more, no man envies his comrade's elevation.

Sir W. Excellent! I long to be acquainted with such a corps—gentlemen who, doubtless, have many other good qualifications.

Paul. It has been proved, sir, that the meanest amongst them would scorn, at any bribe, to play the detestable part of a spy, even to detect his most suspected enemy,

(Goes up to meet Lucy.)

Lord M. Weally, I don't understand what the fellow means by spwy!

Sir W. (*Aside.*) His lordship's ears tingle a little, I should think.

(*Lucy advances from U. E. R. H., with company, &c.*)

Enter VALENTINE and servants, down stairs.

Val. Supper is served!

Lord M. Allow me to lead the way. Countess, your arm;

(*All exeunt up stairs—Paul detains Lucy.*)

Paul. (*Giving note.*) Miss Brandon, on this depends my doom; I wait the verdict from your lips!

[*Exit, U. E. R. H.*]

Lucy. How extraordinary is this circumstance! What means he? (*Reads.*) "I entreat—I implore you, see me alone, if but for one single instant. I propose to tear myself from the place in which you reside, to go abroad. One moment—by the purple lamp in the pavilion, at the end of the avenue, is all I ask."—"P. C." The request is singular! Ought I—dare I to comply? He appeared unhappy—troubled. An instant is soon ended, They will scarcely miss me from the table. My heart—my curiosity, I mean—impels me. I will follow!

RONDO.

By the light, which in his eye,
Sadly told a suffering heart,
I'll not leave him—no, I cannot—
So in sorrow to depart.
Friends may chide me, foes deride me,
He perhaps be form'd of art—
Still some pitying angel whispers,
Let him not unheard depart.
Yes, the light, &c.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Enter DUMMIE, in a tawdry livery, followed by VALENTINE and two servants, down steps, c.

Dum. But I say, this is unkimmerly rude in one gentleman of the livery to another.

Val. I'm sure it's the same voice, and I'm positive you're the same man.

Enter NED and AUGUSTUS down stairs.

Ned. What dispute is this with my fellow?

Dum. There, you see, I'm this here gentleman's servant?

Val. Then it's time he should know your character.

Dum. Well, and so he does; disn't you, sir?

Ned. I think, nobody better.

Dum. Disn't I take care of things?

Ned. Nobody better.

Val. Yes; especially of portmanteaus. Where's the green silk purse you filched out of my pocket?

Dum. Now, gentlemen, you hears this! Supposing as how I wasn't the most innocentest futman in England, why this ere rascal—

Val. Rascal! Recollect, hound, you are not amongst your stage coach robbing companions now. I'll soon show the world what you are; and if ever there was a rogue hanged—come along!

Dum. Why, master, you won't see your faithful wally used in this unkimminly unhorsepital vay, I hopes.

Ned. Oh, as to that—it's beneath the dignity of a gentleman to interfere in the low disputes of his

servants. Come, Augustus—(*Apart.*)—if we are not off we shall be suspected—that fool will betray us!

Aug. But the captain—

Ned. He's taken the hint before. (*To Val.*) My friend, if you think the scoundrel deserves it, punish him severely. I'll give you a crown when we meet again. Now, Augustus, allons!

[*Exeunt, L. H.*]

Dum. Oh, la! I shall be left in pawn here, I sees that, clear enough. Now, I tells you what—if so being as you doesn't let go my collar, I'll—I'm a honest man as ever hentered this here house!

Val. Help! help! thieves!

(*They struggle—pieces of plate, &c., fall from Dummie's coat. Lord Maul-evever, Sir William Brandon, and servants re-enter down stairs. Dummie knocks the things out of servants' hands, runs up stairs, &c.—Scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—A Chamber. A practicable door,
I E. R. H.

Enter PAUL, leading on LUCY.

Lucy. Indeed, Captain Clifford, I fear that it is very improper in me to meet you thus, almost a stranger to me—your family unknown to me—the world—

Paul. Madam, what the world thinks of me avails nothing, if I dared to hope that you would not despise me.

Lucy. Despise you! I—oh, no!

Paul. Ah, lady, everyone courts you; the proud, the rich—all are at your feet. You will select one of that number for your husband; may he watch over you, as I would have done—love you, as I do, he cannot! (*Falls at her feet.*)

Lucy. Captain Clifford, for this I was unprepared—I must retire.

Paul. Stay but for one moment. I am unworthy of you, Miss Brandon. Under fairer auspices I might have been other than I am. Bless you, Miss Brandon! Lucy, bless you—(*Kissing her hand.*)—and now, farewell! (*Going.*)

Lucy. Oh, Clifford, why will you not trust me? You do not know me. You are ignorant of my nature if you think me unworthy of your confidence.

Paul. A destiny, irrevocable, o'er shadows my every dream of happiness.

Lucy. You would leave the country—

Paul. Oh, yes! in a foreign service—in a foreign land, I may one day become worthy even of you. When the gay guests have departed, has Miss Brandon the courage to meet me here, alone? when—yes, all shall be explained.

Lucy. Listen to me; tell me your history, or not, as you will. You profess to love me. I have the fond hope, that if you have been unfortunate, I may console you. I know, Mr. Clifford, I am saying that for which many would despise me—but there is some power in my heart urges me, despite myself. An hour hence, then, will I meet you here.

DUET.—PAUL and LUCY.

PAUL.

I'll tell thee, when we meet again,
My heart's unseen distress,
Which none but he who feels its pain,
Can e'er express.

LUCY.

I'll hear thee when we meet again,
Thine ev'ry thought confess—
And mine the power, thy bosom's pain
I will redress.

BOTH.

Sweet lady ere the glorious ray,
I promise Forsake the dewy plain,
Oh, whisper but one word to say—
Or ere the dark night fly the day—
We'll meet again!

Enter SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, LORD MAUL-
EVERER, VALENTINE, and Two Servants, at
door.

Lord M. Lock that door!

(They do so, and give him the key.)

Lucy. Heavens! my uncle!

Paul. What means this violent proceeding?

Lord M. I cannot but be happy, sir, that my poor place has afforded you any convenience, as regards this incomprehensible interview with Miss Brandon: but if I am not very impertinent, sir, may I ask by what means you and your friend, who have abruptly departed, became possessed of the cards of admission to my fete?

Paul. My lord, do you suspect—

Lord M. Because, Captain Clifford, those cards happen to be counterfeit—they do, upon my responsibility! But positively, Captain Clifford, you and I have met before. I certainly recollect your voice—it reminds me of a wascal's who stopped me on my woad to Bath—a highwayman!

Paul. For this insult I will demand satisfaction elsewhere. For the present, I leave you, with feelings of scorn!

Lord M. (Making a sign to Servants.) No, sir—'pon honour, you stir not from this place 'till I am twuly convinced of—

Paul. That key, sir—or, by every indignant feeling—

(Seizing Lord M., who gives the key to Brandon.)

Lord M. Am I to be massacred? (To Servants.) Scoundrels! Why don't you assist me? (The Servants seize Paul—a miniature falls from his breast.) What have we here? Perhaps Lucy's miniature. Sure I should remember those features!

(Shows miniature to Sir W.)

Sir W. Oh, heaven! my wife! and he is, perhaps—Ha! that thought—

(Falls, senseless, on chair, L. H.)

Lord M. My friend!

(Hurrying to Sir W., who is insensible—the Servants release Paul, and support Sir W., who has dropped the key.)

Lucy. (Who gets on L. H. of Sir W.) My dear uncle! Ha! this key!

[Seeing Paul trying the door, she runs and unlocks it, and, with a gesture of gratitude, he escapes.]

Sir W. Ah! where am I? Lucy—it was no dream! Where is he? (Looking about.)

Lord M. Why, he has escaped! and curse me, if

he hasn't locked us in: The scoundrel! force the door, and follow—he eludes not me!

[They force the door open—Lord M. and Servants exeunt.]

Lucy. Should they overtake him!

Sir W. Heaven grant they may!—some explanation of my faithless wife I may obtain through him. I cannot delay an instant—I must follow and learn the worst.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A miserable attic, with a broken window on L. H. flat, commanding a view of house tops. A door in flat R. H.

TERPSICHOPE discovered, in shabby mourning, writing a letter, by a miserable lamp. Sally stands R. H. of table.

Terp. "My dear Father,—I have at length summoned resolution to write to you. I think, if I could but see you, and my poor mother once again—to cast myself at your feet—to hear your lips pronounce forgiveness—that I could die content—that I could follow to the grave, him who persuaded me to abandon my once happy home—"

(She bursts into tears, and buries her face in her hands on the table.)

Sally. Yes, he is dead—but what of that?—there are many as good men as ever Scarlet Jack was, have been carried off by the sessions, before his time, and many that will be carried off by the sessions to come. A gentleman who risks his life on the road knows what he has to expect, and where's the use of weeping and wailing, when a man's once gone?

Terp. (Bitterly.) He was my husband!

Sally. Men are all tyrants—they know their power, and abuse it accordingly. Imitate my example—never let a single tear dim the lustre of your eye, for the best fellow amongst them.

Terp. You are mistaken—you have only looked upon mankind in their worst light. If you had known some, all goodness, all tenderness—

(Bursting into tears.) Oh, my dear—dear father!

(Sinking into the chair. Noise of footsteps.)

Sally. Hark! what noise was that? Should it be the police! but what is there here to suspect? Ah! is that you, Ned Pepper?

(Music.—The door is suddenly opened and NED enters, followed by AUGUSTUS—they are evidently disguised, and drag in with them a trunk, &c.)

Ned. We are safe from pursuit! Sally, double bolt the door.

Aug. (Looking out at window.) I thought the dogs were at our heels. (Listening.) All's right, Ned!

Ned. Now for the booty. (Opening the trunk.)

Sally. What have you got there?

Ned. A trunk, which dropped off the York Safety. Safety! ha, ha, ha! (They laugh.) This is brave plunder! (Showing plate from the trunk.) It shall be well disposed of in the morning. Put it away, Augustus—and you, Sally, give us a draught of liquor. I parch!

Sally. (Sulkily.) I have neither liquor nor money.

Ned. No money! Have you any blunt Augustus.

Aug. Only a counterfeit half guinea.

Ned. (Taking a silver box from trunk.) Stay—take

this patch-box to the pawnshop, Sally—(Taking a spoon from trunk.) you'll be back on the instant. (She goes out, R. H. D. in F.) Now, Augustus, into the false floor with the goods.

Terp. Alone—with such companions.

Ned. (Detaining her.) Who the deuce are you? I didn't see you before. She's damned pretty!

Aug. (Who is dragging away the trunk to R. H.) Don't you know her? that's Scarlet's Jack's widow—

Ned. Who's to have a thousand pounds when she comes of age. My dear, I and your husband had a great esteem for each other, and I always promised that I would marry his unprotected widow.

Aug. (Drags out trunk, 2 E. R. H.) And the thousand pounds.

Terp. Release me! I beg—I entreat! I wish to quit this house for ever!

Ned. (Detaining her as she endeavours to go out.) Nonsense, child; extinguish those bright eyes in the country? No, no—London's the place for you. Look at me—you won't find a prettier fellow 'twixt Bow Church and Temple Bar.

Terp. Let go my hand, I implore! Consider, I am a woman, distressed, heart-broken—friendless!

Ned. I'll marry you to-morrow—upon my soul, I'm in earnest! By this kiss, I—

(Attempts to kiss her.)

Terp. (Struggling.) Ruffian! help! help!

Enter PAUL, interposing, D. 2 E. L. H.

Paul. What conduct is this, Ned Pepper? offering insult to a woman!

Ned. She's my wife! Scarlet Jack left her to me as a legacy.

(Takes off and throws down cloak, &c.)

Paul. Scarlet Jack! (Looking at Terp.) Ah, surely I should know that face—the doctor's daughter, of—

Terp. Oh, yes—and I know you also. Pray pity me. I am a miserable wretch, decoyed from my home—rash, mad, deceived, but not guilty. Oh, sir, in mercy restore me to my parents. I have broken their hearts, perhaps they are dead!—pray—pray restore me to them, even if it be in their grave.

(Weeping bitterly.)

Paul. Poor girl! Come with me—I swear to protect you.

Ned. (Interposing.) Stay, Clifford; you take it upon you too much in this instance. Give me up that girl, or—

Paul. (Firmly—passing her over to L. H.) Ned, did you not hear me swear to protect her—and when did Paul Clifford ever break his word.

Ned. (Feroiciously.) I see how this will terminate—you and I must fight out the difference.

Paul. (Drawing his sword.) With all my heart—at least I'll guard the door while the girl escapes.

Ned. If you were fifty times Paul Clifford, this I'd not endure!

Terp. (At door.) Oh, heaven! escape is vain—(Falls, fainting, into a chair.)—the stairs are filled with officers!

(Recoiling.)

Enter SALLY, hastily, R. H. D. AUGUSTUS re-cutters, R. H.

Paul. Officers!

All. Officers!

Sally. Yes, the silver box has been detained. A gentleman, who was making inquiries in the

neighbourhood about his lost daughter, being in the shop, knew the crest.

[Noise without. Sally crosses and exit, R. H.]

Ned. They are here—flight is in vain.

Enter Two Officers, Four Bailiffs, DR. SLOPERTON, &c. L. H. D.

Slop. (Pointing to Ned.) 'Tis the very man! I saw him take the trunk out of the inn yard; and the crest advertised on the plate is the same.

Officer. Seize the plunderers! (Ned and Augustus are secured.) And this person also?

(Looking at Paul.)

Slop. (Staring at Paul.) That per—no—sure I should know that face! Why, it is my brave young defender! I'll be responsible for this gentleman. Take away those rascals! (To Paul.) My friend!

Paul. Doctor!

Ned. Rascals—gentleman—hem! it's a rare distinction. However, don't be under the least apprehension, captain, we won't peach—honour—mum—your hand!

Paul. (With emotion.) Ned!

Ned. Oh, don't fret, your chance may come next. Augustus, let us walk together. Have you any snuff about you?

[They go out, taking snuff, followed by the officers, &c., L. H. D.]

Slop. (Apart.) What ails you, my friend? You don't forget that you saved my life, eh?

Paul. (Apart.) He little thinks he this moment has, perhaps, saved mine.

Slop. Oh, sir! all is changed since you were at my house. My poor wife broken-hearted—my disobedient girl—

Paul. Have you not seen her?

Slop. Alas, no—I have inquired for her everywhere. I heard that she was in this neighbourhood, but—

Paul. She was here this moment—

Slop. (Looking about.) Here?

Paul. Yes—see—behold!

Slop. Ah, my lost one, I have thee again! Look up, child! I meant to curse thee, but I can't—no, no, no! (Kissing her.) Bless thee—bless—bless thee! Look up, I say. Come, to thy mother—we'll be so happy—so happy!

Terp. That still affectionate voice! Do not look at me, father; I cannot look at you. You forgive me, father—you forgive me—my own dear, dear father! Ha, ha, ha!

(Sinks into his arms with an hysterical laugh.)

Enter SIR WILLIAM and DUMMIE.

Sir W. (To Paul.) Thanks to this good fellow, I've tracked your steps.

Dum. (Coming down.) Yes, it's all discovered. I was cotched, and told Sir William all about Mrs. Lobb and the pickter.

Sir W. (Showing miniature.) This miniature—is it not of your mother?

Paul. Yes, my poor deserted mother!

(Kissing miniature.)

Slop. Ah, Sir William! I have found my daughter.

Sir W. And I, in this young man, my son!

Paul. Your son! Oh, sir—

(Falling at his feet.)

Sir W. The tale is too long to be told here. Let us quit this wretched place.

(Noise of footsteps heard.)

Dum. Oh, la! there's lots of sodgers, and that unkimminly busy Lord Mallrower, at the door.

Sir W. (To Paul.) Is there no way to avoid him?

Paul. Yes; by the window.

Sir W. Fly, then, and meet me within the hour at this address.

Paul. I go. Farewell!

Slop. Heaven will befriend you for your goodness to me and my poor child.

[Paul gets out at the window.]

Sir W. Let us depart.

Slop. Come, my daughter!

Terp, To my mother—my dear mother!

[Exeunt, L. H. D.]

Dum. Wherever leetle Paul goesis, I gis also.

[Gets out at window.]

SCENE IV.—A landing-place near the Tower, commanding a view, through an archway, of the River and Shipping. On one side is a part of the Tower, on the other a Tavern, with the sign, "George the Second's Head."

Sailors, &c., discovered drinking. Enter DUMMIE, peeping in, R. H.

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Hurra for the bowl,
That can light up the soul—
And hurra for the lads of the sea!
Three cheers for the brave,
Who can conquer to save,
Hurra for the sons of the sea!

Dum. All's right. While I secure a boat of them sailing chaps you may enter here. I knows it's a safe place.

(He beckons on PAUL, who is followed by SIR WILLIAM BRANDON—Dummie advances to the sailors, and appears bargaining for a boat. Dummie and Sailors go out together, L. H.)

Paul. And my mother, you say, sir, abandoned her husband and her home—

Sir W. We had been scarcely married a year, ere, led by a wretch to believe me unfaithful, to revenge herself she fled with her betrayer, leaving you, her infant, my only consolation. Two years had elapsed when my house was beset by robbers—They entered my very bed-room, in which you with myself were sleeping, headed by a woman, who, though fearfully changed indeed, I recognised to be your mother. "Brandon!" she cried, in hoarse, denouncing accents, "I am miserable—why should you be happy? My child! I will no longer live from my child! or, were it only to be revenged on you, its father, I would bear it thus away!" So saying, while the ruffians overpowered me, she snatched you, frantically, in her arms, and suddenly disappeared, nor, from that moment, could I ever gain the least intelligence of either her or yourself, 'till the miniature falling from

your bosom fortunately assured me that I had found my long-lost son!

Paul. There cannot be a doubt.

Sir W. None. The woman—to whose house I speedily pursued your steps—has told me all the sad circumstances of your mother's death, and of your—

Paul. Mine have been errors of the head, not of heart. Thrown by early neglect into bad society, I scarcely knew the difference between vice and virtue, but my hand is free from bloodshed—I never wronged, but always defended, the unfortunate.

Sir W. (As Dummie re-enters.) Now, friend, is the boat in readiness?

Dum. (Whimpering.) Oh, no! It's all up wi' leetle Paul! That unkimminly busy man, Lord Mollyrower, has gone and laid a lumbargo on every cockle-shell, both on and under the vater—(Drum beats)—and as I lives here he's coming with a corps of sodgers to take the captain! (Lord Mauleverer enters with a Corporal and a body of soldiers.) He's got the warrant in his hand! Now, he's a going to sarve it on leetle Paul!

Lord M. (Bowling to Paul.) Captain Brandon, I salute you.

(The soldiers salute Paul at the same time.)

Paul. Captain Brandon! What am I to understand—

Lord M. A few words from the lips of your father, Sir William, revealed to me your secret. I had not quite forgotten the way in which you wesced me from the hands of those wascals, who would so kindly have cut my throat on the Bath road. On the score of old friendship there—(To Sir W.)—and the score of gratitnde here—(To Paul)—allow me to present you with this commission—under the Duke of Cumberland—to join the forces in aid of the Queen of Hungary—an enterprise in which a brave heart may be certain to find both honour and advancement.

Sir W. My friend?

Paul. My benefactor!

Dum. Oh, if leetle Paul's a going for a sodger, won't I enlist also—it's a unkimminly fine opportunity. Muster Corporal, I just troubles you for a silver George!

(He speaks apart to the Corporal.)

Lord M. But here comes one in whose gentle mind originated the design. She is anxious to breathe a prayer on the young soldier's embarkation.

Enter LUCY, DR. SLOPPERTON, and TERPSICHORE.

Sir W. Perhaps to share it. Lucy, your cousin—

Lucy. (Tenderly.) My consin!

(Accepting Paul's hand.)

Paul. My own dear consin! The Doctor also!

(Crosses to Sir W.)

Slop. Yes, and even my poor Terpsichore.

Terp. (Crosses to Paul.) Her brave defender from insult will never be forgotten.

Paul. A foreign foe and a brave sword shall justify me in my country's good opinion. Thus resolved, may I not dare to hope? Pardon for th' faults of Paul Clifford.

Enter SAILORS and LASSES.

FINALE.

Paul.

Farewell, dear old England!
 God bless dear old England!
 And all the friends I leave behind,
 When deeds of martial glory
 Shall tell my brighter story,
 'Tis here renown I hope to find,
 Farewell, dear old England, &c.

Lucy.

Heaven shield the soldier!
 God bless the soldier!
 To honour's noblest cause inclined,

When deeds of future glory
 Shall tell his brighter story,
 Yes, here renown long may he find.

Chorus. Heaven shield the soldiers &c.
 Omnes. Huzza!

(During the Chorus the Drum beats—the English flag is displayed—a shot is fired from the Tower—a Vessel appears to be going up the River, displaying the arms of Cumberland as her ensign—a body of Soldiers march over the archway, &c., as if for the purpose of embarkation. Grand picture.)

The Curtain falls.

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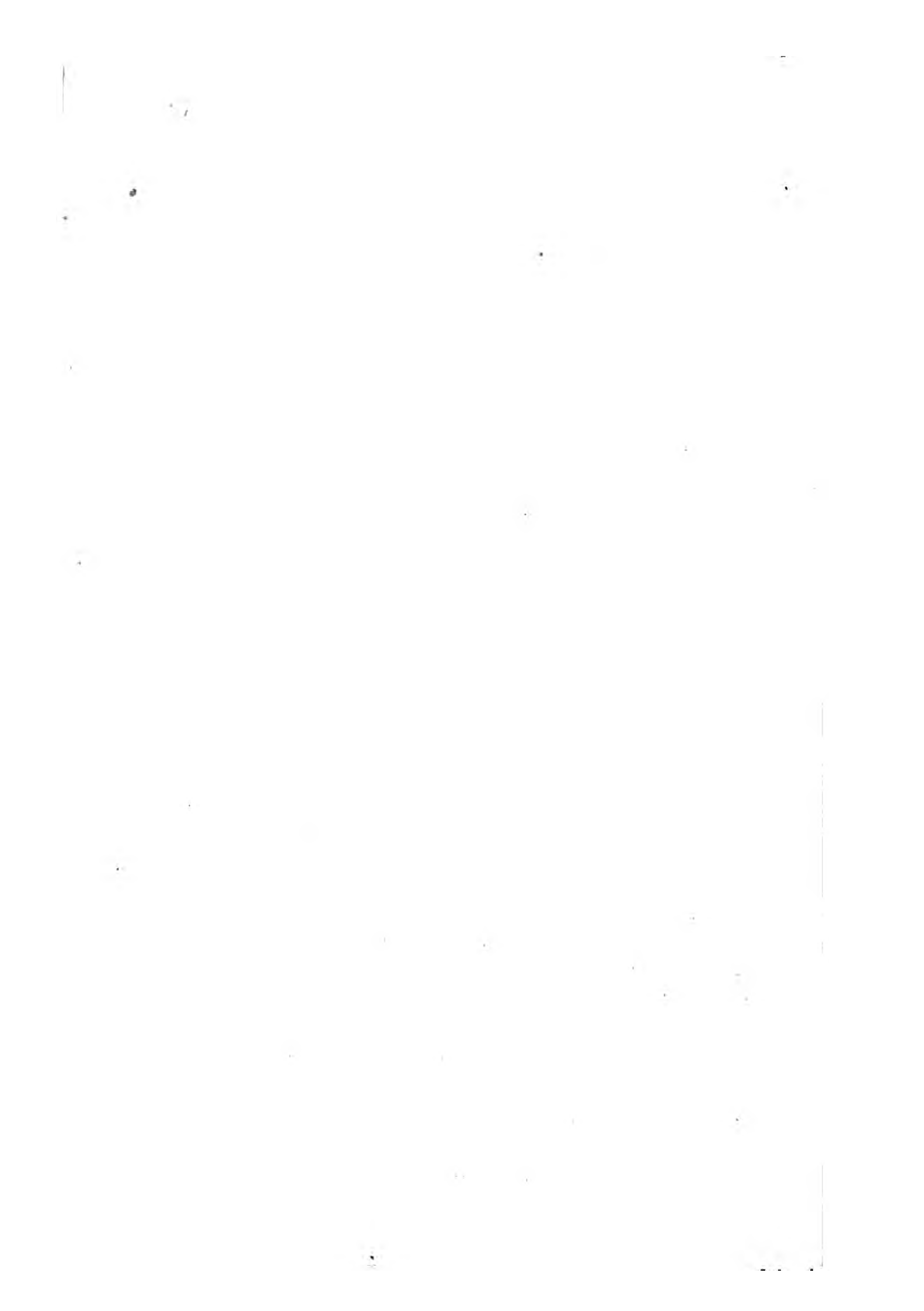
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A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO, BY J. M. WESTON.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 16.]

First Produced at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, 1844.

DON ALPHONSO D'ESTE (Duke of Ferrara)	Mr. Foster.	MAFFIO ORSINI	} Cavaliers of Venico	} Mr. Wright. Mr. Russell. Mr. Uhl. Mr. Stanley. McVicker.
GENNARO (a young Soldier of Fortune)	Mr. J. M. Weston.	JEPP0 LIVERETTO		
GUBETTA (the Poisoner, under the assumed name of the Count de Belverana, a Spaniard)	Mr. Neafie.	DON APOSTOLO GAZELLO		
RUSTIGHELLO (an Officer and Spy of the Duke's)	Mr. Newton.	OLOFERNO VETILLOZZO		
ASTOLFO (a Servant of the Duchess)	Mr. McMahon.	ASCANIO PETRUCCA	BAPTISTE (Captain of the Guard)	Mr. Saunders.
		PIETRO	LUCRETIA BORGIA (Duchess of Ferrara)	Mr. Martin.
		PRINCESS NEGRONI		Mrs. Farren.
				Mrs. Warren.

Monks, Maskers, Lords, Pages, Ladies, &c.

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C O S T U M E .

COSTUME.—15th Century.

DON ALPHONSO.—Violet hauberk,* large sleeves, broad gold belt, gypsire and dagger; gold chain round neck, and another below hips; violet tights, black velvet ankle boots, laced-up front, and embroidered peaked toes. *Second Dress*—Circular jewelled hat, small feathers, splendid ducal; same style, short armhole cloak, trimmed with ermine; ducal chain, hat, &c.; buff boots, embroidered.

GENNARO.—Plain plum hauberk, belt, gypsire and dagger; tights to correspond; ankle boots; and cowl, with small cape, to match hauberk; dark Spanish rocqueleau, vandyked edges.

GUBETTA.—Plain black hauberk, trimmed with scarlet, vandyked sleeves and skirt; hood and cape to match; belt, gypsire and dagger; plain buff ankle boots; a gray and black rocqueleau, vandyked.

ORSINI.—Handsome red hauberk; properties to correspond with the same period.

JEPPPO.—Handsome buff and silver hauberk. Properties, &c., as Orsini.

APOSTOLO.—Hauberk, sky-blue and silver. Properties, &c., as Orsini.

OLOFERNO.—Black or gold hauberk. Properties, &c., as Orsini.

RUSTIGHELLO.—Shirt of mail, covered with a buff hauberk, open and laced up the front, shorter than the mail; velvet hat, small red feather.

ASCANIO.—Green and gold hauberk. Properties, &c.

ASTOLFO.—Plain green hauberk, amber sleeves, badge on arm, shoes, &c.

BAPTISTE.—Short red shirt, breastplate, gauntlet, and helmet, sword, &c.

PIETRO.—Short brown shirt. Properties, &c.

SIX MONKS.—Black gowns, with hoods and rosaries.

TWENTY MASKERS.—Various costumes, previous to the fifteenth century.

TEN LORDS.—Velvet hauberks, hats and feathers, and properties to correspond.

SIX PAGES.—Short shirts, full hanging sleeves, hats, &c.

EIGHT SOLDIERS.—Same as Baptiste.

LUCRETIA.—*First Dress*—Light gray, trimmed with black velvet, and train, veil and mask. *Second Dress*—Red velvet, trimmed with ermine. Stomacher of jewels, jewelled cestus and belt; duchess's coronet of diamonds. *Third Dress*—Black velvet bugle dress, with train; black jewelled cestus and belt, and black jewelled coronet; dagger.

PRINCESS.—Satin petticoat, velvet over-dress, trimmed with ermine, and tiara of diamonds.

LADIES.—Satin and velvet dresses, with trains and head-dresses.

* The *hauberk* was a tight body shirt, laced or buttoned up the front, sometimes vandyked, the belts broad, jewelled, and worn considerably below the hips; circular caps with jewelled bands, no rims, small ostrich feathers.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. R.C. C. L.C. L.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

LUCRETIA BORGIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The palace of Barbarigo, at Venice, splendidly illuminated. Grand entrance, with three steps to ascend. A terrace in front, extending from the first wing to the U. E. The terrace is festooned with flowers, &c. Back is a magnificent view of Venice by moonlight, with the canal of Jucca in front, with handsome gondolas passing and repassing, from which music is heard, gay and sad alternately, which gradually dies away in the distance.*

Time—night. *A carnival. Maskers of all kinds pass and repass to appropriate music. Several of the Maskers come forward and perform an appropriate dance, and exeunt L. and R. U. E.*

Enter, L. U. E., GENNARO, MAFFIO ORSINI, DON APOSTOLO GAZELLA, ASCANIO PETRUCCA, OLOFERNO VITELLOZZO, JEPPU LIVERETTO, come down, and GUBETTA, who rather conceals himself from observation, up stage, L. 2. E. All have masks in their hands, and all very richly dressed.

SITUATIONS.

APOSTOLO. JEPPU. GENNARO. OLOFERNO.

MAFFIO.

ASCANIO.

R.

L.

Jeppo. Now, signors, I am best acquainted with this story.

Maffio. Well, then, give us the full particulars.

Oloferno. There never was a tale more full of horror! there never was a deed more black and damning!

Ascanio. Ay, a dark and bloody deed, perpetrated by some malicious demon who revels in blood and crime.

Jeppo. I know all the particulars, gentlemen: I have them from his excellency, my cousin, the Cardinal Carriale. You all know the Cardinal Carriale, who—

Gennaro. (*Throwing himself on a bench, R., and yawning.*) Ah me! I see how it is: Jeppo is going to tell us one of his long stories. Good by: I can't stand it: I am already sufficiently worn out.

Maffio. These things, Gennaro, are of too trifling and domestic a nature for your bold and daring spirit. You have no kindred, no father or mother, to whose safety you must look. We have. You are the child of chance; but that you are noble, your look, your words, your conduct fully proves, and stamp your greatness on your brow.

Gennaro. (*Yawning.*) Thank you, worthy friend. *Maffio.* But still you cannot claim a right to these honours yet.

Gennaro. (*Starting up.*) Maffio, I make no boast of the purity of my blood, of the nobleness of my rank, or of claims to honours, only as I win them. God is the only parent I have ever known; and the proudest potentate that ever reared his haughty crest to awe us into reverence by his birth and rank can vaunt no higher lineage, or feel more noble than I do now, when I acknowledge that to HIM alone I address the holy name of Father!

Maffio. Believe me, I meant not offence. We are brothers in arms; you saved my life at Romana; and we have sworn to aid each other in war and in love, and to revenge each other's wrongs, when required. Our very fates are allied; for, by the predictions of an astrologer, all of us, friends and companions in arms, now together here, are doomed to perish on the self-same day. You say truly, no earthly parent has yet called you son. What, then, are the histories of families to you, who have none? We have an interest in these secret murders: our fathers, mothers, and relatives are concerned. No one of us, except yourself, but has felt the deadly malice of this invisible fiend in the death of some near relative. Our hearts have quivered from the secret stabs of these midnight murderers.

Gennaro. (*Giving his hand.*) My friend, pardon my ill-timed rashness.

Maffio. From my heart. Come, Jeppo, tell us what you know.

Gennaro. (*Throwing himself again on bench, R., in a sleeping position.*) Pray wake me when Jeppo finishes his story.

Jeppo. Well, well, fear not our care. And now for my story, which, on my life, is a marvellous one. It was in the year 1480—

Gubetta. (*L., against column.*) Ninety-seven.

Jeppo. Ninety-seven! Yes, yes, you are right. In the year 1497, on a certain Sunday—

Gubetta. Friday!

Jeppo. Well, Friday—in November—

Gubetta. December!

Jeppo. Well, you may be right, count, but it does not matter; November or December, it is all the same. But on a certain Friday night, a waterman of the Tiber, who was sleeping in his boat, just below the church Santo Hieronimo, at Ripetta, was awakened by a tramp of footsteps, and raising his head, he perceived through the mists of the night (or, rather, morning, I should say, for it was two hours past midnight), two men coming down the street on the left of the church, who walked cautiously about, hither and thither, along the

quay. 'In a few moments two others appeared on the street at the right of the church, who, at a signal from the first, advanced to the river; these were joined by three others, one of whom was mounted on a large white horse, and attended by a comrade on either side—making, in all, seven men.

Gennaro. What! the white horse made the seventh man, Jeppo?

Jeppo. The quay was silent and deserted. The houses around were shrouded in gloom and darkness, save one, from which gleamed a lonely light. The seven men and the white horse drew nigh to the water's edge, and then the boatman, to his horror and surprise, distinctly perceived a corpse hanging across the pommel of the saddle. Two of the men watched at the corners of the streets, while the others hastily disencumbered the horse of its burden, and, with a violent swing, committed the body to the stream. The man upon the horse then asked, "Is all safe?" to which one of the men replied, "Yes, yes, my lord; no fear of that." They then departed, taking the road to Saint Jacques. This is the boatman's story.

Maffio. Mysterious, indeed! doubtless a man of rank, who had been murdered, and the rider was the assassin.

Gubetta. (Down L.) Mysterious indeed! for on that white horse were two brothers!

Jeppo. You are right, De Belverana. The horseman was no other than Caesar Borgia, and the corpse was that of his only brother, John Borgia!

Maffio. A house of demons is that of Borgia. But tell us, Jeppo, why a brother thus assassinated his brother.

Jeppo. That is almost too horrible to repeat. I cannot tell you now; this is nor time nor place.

Gubetta. (Crossing to Maffio, c.) I will tell you, signor. Caesar Borgia, Cardinal of Valence, assassinated John Borgia, Duke of Candia, his brother, with his own hand, at his own altar, because they both loved the same woman!

Maffio. And the woman?—who was the woman?

Gubetta. Their cousin. She yet lives, and her name is—

Jeppo. Enough, enough, Belverana! Do not insult our ears even with the name of that fiend in an angel's form. There is not one of us but has experienced the effects of her infernal power.

Maffio. Methinks I have heard of a child connected with this affair. Is it not so?

Jeppo. Yes, there was a child, and I have heard his father named.

Gubetta. Yes; John Borgia.

Maffio. The child, if living, would be now a man.

Oloferno. Ay; but he has disappeared long since; and whether Caesar Borgia conceals him from the mother, or the mother from him, no one can tell.

Apostolo. She does wisely, if it be the mother, for this Caesar Borgia, since he has become Duke of Valence, has slain, besides his brother John, his two nephews, sons of Godfrey Borgia, and his cousin, the cardinal, Francois Borgia, and has even attempted the life of the Pope. He riots in human blood!

Jeppo. He aims to become the sole male of the name, and then his wealth would be enormous.

Gubetta. That cousin, whom you (to Jeppo.) are so loth to name, made a secret pilgrimage to the nunnery of St. Sixtus, at the time of the assassination of John Borgia, and secluded herself for many months, no one exactly knowing why.

Jeppo. I have heard a cause assigned. It was to separate herself from her second husband, John Sforza.

Maffio. What was the boatman's name who saw the act related by you? Know you who he was?

Jeppo. I do not know.

Gubetta. His name was Georgio Schiavone; his business was to trade in provisions and fuel down the Tiber to Ripetta. He is dead—died some time since—died rather suddenly, some say by poison! It is very likely.

(Crosses to R., and goes up the stage.)

Maffio. (In a low tone, to his companions.) This Spaniard knows more of our affairs than we do ourselves. 'Tis strange.

Ascanio. (Low, to Maffio.) I distrust him, as well as yourself. Say nothing, but let us keep an eye upon his movements. Despite that smooth tongue of his, there is danger in him, or I greatly err.

Jeppo. Ah, gentleman, what an age we live in. What with war, pestilence, love, intrigue, murder, poison, and the Borgias, show me the man in Italy sure of life for a single day.

Apostolo. Well, comrades, we are, as you are doubtless aware, all attached to the embassy, which the republic of Venice sends to the Duke of Ferrara, to congratulate him on the recapture of Rimini, upon the Maltesta. When do we leave Venice?

Oloferno. The day after to-morrow, certain. The two ambassadors are already appointed—the Senator Tripoli and Grimani, the captain of the galleys.

Ascanio. Does Captain Gennaro accompany us?

Maffio. Yes, if I do. We never separate; we are more than brothers in heart.

Ascanio. (In a low voice.) Gentlemen, one word—an important suggestion; for the present let none of us drink Spanish wine.

(Looking towards Gubetta.)

Jeppo. I have another important word. Have you taken care to see that we have any other wine? I have no partiality for Spain, but if the choice is between Spanish wine or no wine at all, I shall embrace Spain decidedly.

Maffio. Let us in. Hulloa, Gennaro! Faith, Jeppo, your story had its effect; he sleeps soundly.

Jeppo. Let him sleep, then. I'll drink his share with my own, for I am devilish thirsty.

[Exit all, R. U. E., except Gubetta.]

Gubetta. (Comes forward, L. C.) "This Spaniard knows more of our affairs than we do ourselves," said they. I heard their words, low as they spoke them. Ha, ha, ha! They are right; I do know more than they themselves; but Donna Lucretia knows more than I, and my Lord of Valentinois knows more than Donna Lucretia; the devil knows more than my Lord of Valentinois, and Pope Alexander the Sixth knows more, I believe, than the devil himself! (Looks on Gennaro.) How these young men sleep! (Goes down to L. H. corner, and leans against a pillar.) Ha! she comes!

Enter LUCRETIA, L. U. E., magnificently dressed, with her face masked. She looks hurriedly round (does not see Gubetta), approaches Gennaro, and gazes fondly and earnestly on his face some moments, then speaks.

Lucretia. He sleeps! The fête has wearied him! How beautiful! That pale forehead, those jetty locks, those long, silken lashes, those proud lips,

that noble form. (*Looking up, starts on seeing Gubetta, L. Lucretia goes down c.*) Ha, Gubetta!

Gubetta. (L. c.) Hush! (*Looking warily around.*) Speak lower, if you please, signora. I am not known as Gubetta here, but as the Count of Belverana, a Castilian noble. And you, madam, do not forget that you are the Countess of Pontequadrato, a Neapolitan lady. We must appear as strangers to each other; such were your highness's commands. Remember, you are not in Ferrara, but in Venice!

Lucretia. (R. c.) Right; you are quite right. But are there none within sound of our voices now, save this young soldier, who calmly and soundly sleeps. I wish a moment's converse.

(*About to remove mask.*)
Gubetta. Might I presume to urge your highness not to remove your mask. Someone will recognise you.

Lucretia. Well, and if I am recognised, what then? What have I to fear? Let him who makes the discovery tremble; he has most cause.

Gubetta. We are in Venice, signora, where you have many foes, and they are free! The republic will guard your person from violence, but they cannot shield you from insult.

Lucretia. (*Sadly.*) True, alas, too true! My very name excites horror, wherever heard.

Gubetta. Besides, it is the middle of the carnival, and the city is filled with Romans, Neapolitans, Tuscans, Genoese, Lombards, Romagnols—Italians of all Italy.

Lucretia. (*Mournfully.*) And all Italy hates me! Ah me! how sad my fate! But it must not, shall not longer be. I was not born to be the thing I have been and am; and I realize it now, alas! more than I ever did. The example of my family has made me what I am. (*Crosses to L. She paces the stage hurriedly a moment.*) It shall be so! Gubetta!

Gubetta. (R. c.) Your highness.

Lucretia. Issue immediate orders that all be in readiness for me to visit Spoletti.

Gubetta. Your commands have been anticipated; all is now prepared for your instant departure.

Lucretia. What has been done with Galeas Accailoi?

Gubetta. In prison, only awaiting your order to be hanged.

Lucretia. And Godfrey Buondelmonte?

Gubetta. Is in his dungeon. The sentence is not yet signed for his execution.

Lucretia. And Manfredi de Carsola?

Gubetta. Is not yet strangled.

Lucretia. And Spadacappa?

Gubetta. According to your orders, he will receive poison on Easter day. It is now carnival; it will be Easter in six weeks.

Lucretia. And Pierre Copra?

Gubetta. Is still Bishop of Pesaro, and Regent of Chancery, but ere one month is over, he will be but a lump of cold clay. Your father, St. Peter, the Pope, has, at your request, given the order for his arrest, and he will be retained in the chambers of the Vatican until beheaded.

Lucretia. (*Calmly and quietly.*) Gubetta, write in haste to the Pope, and say I crave pardon for Pierre Copra, and then let no time be lost ere Accailoi, Manfredi de Carsola, Buondelmonte, and Spadacappa are set at liberty!

Gubetta. (*Astonished.*) Pray, your highness, let me breathe! By heavens, it hails mercy, and

rains pardons! I'm drowned in them! I fear I shall never recover from this terrible flood of good actions.

Lucretia. Be my actions good or bad, indifferent or otherwise, what care you? What does it signify to you, so long as I reward your service?

Gubetta. Ah, signora, much! A good action is far more repugnant to my nature than a bad or even indifferent one. I like ease.

Lucretia. (*Solemnly.*) Attend to me. I am tired of this feast of blood. I'll no more of it. You have long been my firm and faithful confidant.

Gubetta. (R.) For fifteen years have I had the honour of being your highness's faithful coadjutor.

Lucretia. (L.) Gubetta, my old friend, my faithful accomplice, do you not feel a desire to change this kind of life? have you no wish to be blessed? we who have drawn down curses which, like a mountain's crushing weight, now presses on my heart. Have you not had enough of crime?

Gubetta. (*Coolly.*) I perceive plainly that you are about becoming the most virtuous lady in Italy!

Lucretia. Are not our names the synonymes of death—of murder? and does not that sometimes trouble you, as it does me?

Gubetta. Not at all, lady. Often, as I pass through the streets of Spolletto or Ferrara, I catch the suppressed execrations of the citizens near me. "There goes Gubetta!" "Gubetta!" cries a second, "the poisoner!" "Gubetta—poniard! Gubetta—gibbet" exclaims a third; and "Cut-throat! assassin!" with other delicate and complimentary terms pass around; while others, who dare not wag their vile tongues, speak quite as emphatically with their eyes. But what care I for this? I laugh at them, and with a look can make even the boldest tremble. It is my reputation, and as useful to me in my calling as is bravery to a soldier, or devotion to priest.

Lucretia. But see you not that this reputation might incite hatred and horror in some heart, where you might wish for love?

Gubetta. There are but few in the world whom one can love, and they are not always those whom one should love.

Lucretia. Gubetta, Gubetta, be silent; you do not comprehend this heart. There is even now in Italy—this fated Italy—one pure and noble heart—a heart throbbing with high and holy feelings—brave, noble, daring—though of unknown origin, for whom—God knows it's truth!—I would resign ALL—life, fame, everything! O! to inspire his breast with one gleam of tenderness, one ray of love for me—a miserable, guilty woman—hated, abhorred, cursed of man, and spurned by Heaven—a very slave, though the proud mistress of thousands! O, could I hope but one day to feel that pure heart throb free and joyously against my own, I would welcome torture, chains, or death, to win it! Do you now comprehend me? Can you now conceive my anxiety to efface the past, to remove the plague spot from my name, and, in place of the infamy which all Italy now associates with my character, win one of penitence, virtue, and glory?
(*Lucretia crosses to R.*)

Gubetta. Madam! madam! upon what strange herb has your highness trodden to-day, thus to change your very nature? 'Tis droll, in sooth!

Lucretia. Beware! beware, sir! Jest not with me! This is no new fancy; it is not evanescent.

But when a weak mortal is hurried on in a current of crime, it is not easy for her to stop when and where she would. Two spirits have for years been struggling here, within this bosom—a good and an evil one. God grant the good one triumph at last! (She crosses to L., turns up stage, and down again.)

Gubetta. All is now explained. All is now clear that before puzzled me. One month ago, your highness left your husband, my lord Don Alphonso D'Este, with an apparent intention of visiting Spoleto. But, under a Neapolitan name, you came direct to Venice, and I, your faithful servitor, am directed to take the garb and name of a Spaniard; to this is added a strict injunction neither to speak to or of you, or give sign of recognition, should we meet. You visit fêtes, operas, balls, and, availing yourself of the privilege of the carnival, go ever masked, while it is seldom you speak to any one, and but a word at a time even to me, and that hurriedly and in secret. And now, lo! all this mummery ends in a sermon!—a homily, madam, from you to me! Is't not strange? You have changed name, dress, rank, residence, bearing, and now it seems your very nature is also changed. This is carrying the carnival to an extreme. (Crossing to L.)

Lucretia. (On his R. She grasps his arm, and draws him towards Gennaro, and points to him.) Do you see that youth?

Gubetta. (L. c.) He is no stranger to me! He sleeps soundly now, but could sleep still sounder.

Lucretia. (c.) Is he not strangely beautiful?

Gubetta. He looks well enough for a soldier, and would look better were his eyes not closed. A face like that without eyes is like a palace without windows. (They come down.)

Lucretia. (R.) Ah, you cannot dream, Gubetta, how tenderly I love him.

Gubetta. No; that is a dream better suited for your royal husband! But your highness loses time. That young man is reported to be in love with a fair young girl called Fiametta.

Lucretia. (Eagerly.) And the girl—does she return his love? Speak!

Gubetta. Most truly, it is said.

Lucretia. Thank Heaven! O, how I pray for his happiness! (She goes up to Gennaro.)

Gubetta. Stranger still! another change! I imagined those who loved to be jealous, and I never had cause to consider your highness an exception to the rule, to say the least.

Lucretia. (Gazing on Gennaro.) What a noble figure! and his countenance—so proud, and yet so melancholy! Leave me, Gubetta.

Gubetta. (Crossing to R.) I obey your highness's wishes. She's metamorphosed so strangely that I scarcely know her; and it will puzzle even her holy father, the Pope, or his own brother, the devil, to recognise her now, I fancy.

[Exit Gubetta, R. 1 E.]

(Lucretia remains gazing a moment then, perceiving the absence of Gubetta, she looks around to see if she is alone, then speaks.)

Lucretia. This, then, is he. At last I am so blest as to be permitted to gaze on his dear face without peril. Dear, O, how dear thou art to me!

(Pause. Enter DUKE D'ESTE, L. U. E., accompanied by RUSTIGHELLO, both masked and cloaked. They watch her motions, unseen by her.)

Lucretia. O Heaven! spare me the anguish of ever being scorned or hated by him, for thou knowest he is all under heaven that I love! I dare not remove my mask, yet I must wipe away these flowing tears.

(She takes off her mask, kisses Gennaro's hand, and bends over him; then, kneeling, clasps her hands, as if in prayer.)

Duke D'Este. (At back, L. U. E.) That is sufficient. My visit to Venice was to satisfy myself of her infidelity, and I have this night beheld enough to convince me that my suspicions are just. I will now return to Ferrara. That young man is her lover! Who is he, Rustighello?

Rustighello. He is called Captain Gennaro, a soldier of fortune, brave and generous; a man, too, without parents or kin, so far as he knows. He is at present in the service of the republic of Venice.

Duke D'Este. He must be brought to Ferrara.

Rustighello. He will proceed there of his own accord the day after to-morrow, with several of his comrades, who are members of the embassy of Tripoli and Grimani.

Duke D'Este. 'Tis well, 'tis well; he falls easily into the toils. We can now return.

[Exit D'Este and Rustighello, L. U. E.]

Lucretia. O Heaven! may there be as much of happiness in store for him as there has been of misery endured by me!

(She rises, looks anxiously round, kneels, and bends over Gennaro, parts the hair from his forehead, and fondly presses her lips to it. Gennaro starts and grasps her R. hand before she can rise, and, partly rising, exclaims:)

Gennaro. A woman! a kiss! by my faith, an adventure! (They come down stage.) Happy indeed must those slumbers be which beauty guards. On my honour, were you a queen and I a poet, this would be an adventure for Alain Chartier, the troubadour of Provence. You have the grace, the bearing of a queen, but I, alas! am no poet; I am but a soldier.

Lucretia. (L. c. With dignity.) Captain Gennaro, leave me, leave me. Someone approaches. In Heaven's name, do not, do not follow!

Gennaro. (c.) Any command but that, and I am your slave.

Lucretia. (L. c.) Do not let your wild companions see me, I entreat; and as you hope to see me more, follow me not now.

[Exit, L. 2 E.]

Gennaro. "As I hope to see her more," I'll not lose sight of her now.

[Exit Gennaro, following, L. 2 E.]

Enter JEPPO, R. U. E., as they exeunt. Catches a glimpse of them.

Jeppo. Halloa! Gennaro! What form is that which he pursues? Can it be she? It is, it is, by heavens! That woman at Venice! What does she here?

Enter MAFFIO, R. U. E.]

Ha, Maffio!

Maffio. (Down R. c.) How now? what is the matter?

Jeppo. (L. c.) She is here!—that woman of whom we were speaking!—she that—

Maffio. Ha! are you sure?

Jeppo. Quite; as I am that this is the palace of Barbarigo, and not that of Labia.

Maffio. She has an affair of gallantry with Gennaro, then! He must be saved. It is imperiously necessary to draw my brother from the spider's web which that dangerous woman is weaving round him. Quick! let us seek and inform our friends.

[*Exeunt, R. U. E.*]

(*Gondolas pass at back; music plays from them. Re-enter GENNARO, holding the hand of LUCRETIA, L. 3 E. She is now closely masked again.*)

Lucretia. (R.) The terrace is now deserted, and I can unmask with safety. I wish you to see my face, Gennaro. (*Unmasks.*)

Gennaro. (L., with rapture.) Beautiful! Ah, signora, you are very beautiful!

Lucretia. Look, Gennaro, and look earnestly; then tell me you do not regard my features with horror.

Gennaro. Horror, lady? On the contrary, my heart involuntarily draws me towards you.

(*Attempts to clasp her. She avoids him.*)

Lucretia. Tell me, O, tell me truly, could you love me?

Gennaro. Why should I not love you, beautiful as thou art? But, frankly, my heart is not my own; I love another.

Lucretia. I know who she is—the fair Fiametta.

Gennaro. No, lady, O no!

Lucretia. Ah! who, then?

Gennaro. MY MOTHER!

Lucretia. Your mother! your mother! can it be that you love her above all others?

Gennaro. Ay, 'tis true; next my God, I adore my mother! And yet I have never seen her face, or heard her voice, or felt her soft embrace, or the warmth of her holy kiss upon my lips. How strange is the feeling that impels me towards you, and makes me speak of that which I never yet imparted even to my foster brother, Maffio Orsini! But it seems as if we had met before—I know not when or where. It is as a dream to me. But listen to me, lady. Of my origin I nothing know. I was reared to the age of seven years by a fisherman of Calabria, whom I had ever looked upon as my father. It was at that period he informed me he was not my sire—that he could not claim that sacred title. Some time after this, a cavalier, with vizard closed, brought me a letter, and then, without disclosing his face or name, departed. That letter was from my mother. Ah, how full of love and tenderness was that letter! It apprised me that I was of noble birth, of ancient family, but no more. She said that she herself was unhappy. Alas, my dear mother!

Lucretia. (*With great emotion.*) Dear, dear Gennaro!

Gennaro. Since that day I have been an adventurer, because, being noble by birth, I wished to make myself truly so by my sword. I have roved over all Italy, to discover the secret of my birth, but in vain. Yet, no matter where I am, the first of every month the same messenger brings me a letter from my mother, receives my answer, and

departs. We cannot even converse together, for he is deaf and dumb.

Lucretia. And you know nothing of your family?

Gennaro. I only know I have a mother that loves me, and is herself unhappy.

Lucretia. And her letters—what have you done with them?

Gennaro. Here! (*Laying his hand upon his breast.*) Here I have them, next my heart! The letters of my mother are the only breastplate I ever wear. Here is her last letter, lady.

(*Gennaro takes a letter from his bosom, kisses it, and hands it to Lucretia. She opens and reads it.*)

Lucretia. (*Reads.*)

“Seek not to know me, my dear Gennaro, until the day which I shall appoint. I am ever surrounded by those who would destroy me, as they have your poor father. The secret of your birth, my child, must for the present be confined to myself. I fear your daring spirit would start forth and blazon to the world an origin so illustrious as yours. You cannot understand the perils by which you are surrounded. O, be content, then, for a little time, to know that you have a mother who adores you, and who watches night and day, unceasingly, over your safety. The time will come, dearest, when you may, without danger, know all; until then, as you regard your own life, and the life of her who gave you existence, seek not to know more. My son—my own Gennaro—*adieu!* My heart beats wildly when I think of thee! my eyes fill with unrestrained tears of tenderness, and my hand falters as I trace these lines for thy dear eyes to gaze upon, while language fails to express the depth, the fathomless depth, of my love for—”

(*She pauses, overcome with emotion, hands the letter back to him, which he again kisses and places in his bosom.*)

Gennaro. Ah, madam, how tenderly you have read my poor mother's words! You weep too. Bless you, bless you, lady, for this kind sympathy. You can understand now why I do not yield myself up to pleasure, like my gay comrades. It is because my heart is always full; one thought alone possesses it—*my mother!* Give me her—to console, to avenge, to serve—and then I can think of love. I am a soldier of fortune, it is true, but I fight no cause, but a just one, for I live in the faith and cheering hope of one day laying at my mother's feet a sword bright, unsullied by a single breath. I have ever refused the princely offers proffered me to enter the service of the infamous Lucretia Borgia, but—

Lucretia. Gennaro, Gennaro, hold! you know not what you say. O, you should pity the bad, though you condemn their deeds.

Gennaro. Should we, then, pity those who are themselves so pitiless? But let us speak no more of her. I have told you my history; tell me, lady, who you are.

Lucretia. An unhappy woman, who loves you purely, truly, holily.

Gennaro. And your name, lady?

Lucretia. Ask me no more now; I must not, dare not answer.

Maffio. (*Outside, R. U. E.*) Nay, Jeppo, follow me; I insist.

Lucretia. (*Crossing to L. H.*) Great Heaven! what is this? I cannot avoid them; it is too late!

Gennaro. Fear not, lady; I will defend you with my life.

(She hastily resumes her mask; then enter, R. 3. E., MAFFIO, JEPPPO, ASCANIO, OLOFERNO, APOSTOLO, Attendants with lords, ladies, pages, &c., &c., as from the palace within. Maffio and friends range down on R., Lucretia L., Gennaro, L. C. Others group above and around, intently observing all.)

Maffio. Gennaro, know you to whom you are speaking of love?

Lucretia. (Aside.) Just Heaven, spare him and me!

Maskers at back,

OLOFERNO. ASCANIO. JEPPPO. MAFFIO. GENNARO.

APOSTOLO.

LUCRETIA.

R.

L.

Maffio. Behold her face, and then—

(Advancing.)

Gennaro. (Drawing his sword.) Maffio Orsini, stand back! You are my friend; you are all friends of mine; but, by Heaven, who touches that mask, or lays finger upon this lady, save in kindness, dies! Be she what she may, she is a woman, and my sword and life are pledged to her defence.

Maffio. We wish not to wrong her. Permit us to introduce ourselves.

Gennaro. (Pausing a moment.) Well, be it so.

(Retires up a little, c.)

Maffio. (Crossing to Lucretia.) Madam, I am Maffio Orsini, brother to the Duke of Gravina, whom you caused to be stabbed in his dungeon.

Jeppo. (Crossing to her.) Madam, I am Jeppo Liveretto, brother of Liveretto Vittelli, whom your ruffians strangled while he slept.

Ascanio. (Crossing to her.) Madam, I am Ascanio Petrucca, cousin of Pandolpho Petrucca, Lord of Sciennie, who was assassinated by your order, that you might seize his fair city.

Gennaro. (In c., a little up.) Gracious Heavens! what means all this?

Oloferno. (Crossing to her.) Madam, I am called Oloferno Vittellozzo, nephew of Iago D'Appiani, whom you poisoned at a fête, to pillage his lordly castle of Piombino.

Apostolo. (Crossing to her.) Madam, you beheaded Don Francisco Gazella, maternal uncle of Don Alphonse of Arragon, your third husband, whom you caused to be murdered on the grand staircase of St. Peter's I am cousin of one victim and son of the other.

(N.B.—Each gentleman, after addressing Lucretia, passes up the stage, and falls down to his former situation on R., excepting Jeppo, who remains L. C., near Gennaro.)

Lucretia. (L. Aside.) O, patience, patience! must I bear all this?

Gennaro. (C.) In Heaven's name, who is this woman?

Maffio. (R. C.) And now that we have proclaimed our names and titles, and stated our claims to your regard, permit us to reveal your name.

Lucretia. No, no, no! (Crossing to c., and falling on her knees.) Have pity! spare me! Have compassion, though I merit none; but O, do not speak!

Plunge me into your deepest dungeon, and proclaim it there! shriek it amongst howling fiends—anywhere—but not before Gennaro!

Maffio. (Drawing off her mask.) Let us see if you can yet blush at your crimes. (She starts up.)

Gennaro. (Enraged, and drawing his sword.) Maffio Orsini! thus to insult a woman! No more, but draw!

Jeppo. (L. H. of Gennaro.) Gennaro (laying his hand on his arm), you know not what you do! This woman, for whom you would risk your life, is an assassin and an adulteress!

Maffio. And her name—

Lucretia. Spare me! O, spare me this! As you hope for mercy, spare me!

Maffio. Her name, I say—'tis a spell to empty hell withal, and people earth with devils! Her name is—

Lucretia. (Turning to him.) Gennaro, do not, do not listen! I entreat, on my knees, as thou dost revere thy mother, dear Gennaro!

(Gennaro drops his sword at the word "Mother," and clasps his hands.)

Maffio. Her name is LUCRETIA BORGIA!

Gennaro. Lucretia Borgia! horror!

(He casts her from him with horror, while she, with a shriek of despair, starts up, advances towards him a step, and falls fainting at his feet.)

TABLEAU.

Lords.	Pages.	Ladies.	Pages.	Lords.
	APOSTOLO.	MAFFIO.	LUCRETIA.	
	OLOFERNO.		GENNARO.	
ASCANIO.				JEPPPO
B.				L.

Quick drop.

Duke and Lucretia change dress.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Grand square in Ferrara; on the R. a Palace, with a latticed Balcony, and a grand Escutcheon of Stone, and with Armorial Bearings, over which, in bold relief, on a white surface of marble, is the word "Borgia," in large gold letters. On the L. H. is a handsome Edifice, opening upon the Square. Streets beyond, with Domes, Towers, Steeples, &c., &c. A large and small Door to Palace.

Enter from U. D. of palace, LUCRETIA and GUBETTA.

Lucretia. (L.) Is all prepared for the night, Gubetta?

Gubetta. (R.) All is quite ready, your highness.

Lucretia. All five of them will be present?

Gubetta. They are all invited, madam.

Lucretia. (With bitterness.) They have most cruelly outraged my feelings!

Gubetta. (Coolly.) I was not present, did all proclaim your name?

Lucretia. They insulted me, mocked my sufferings, vilified my character, publicly tore off my mask, and exposed my face, denounced my name with every epithet of ignomy—and all before him, of all others in this wide world—before Gennaro! Let me remember that!

(Crosses to R.)

Gubetta. (L. H.) Fools, fools, to come to Ferrara, then, I trow! But I forgot they could not do otherwise, having been appointed by the senate members of the embassy, which, by the way, arrived here yesterday.

Lucretia. Anything but that I would have borne. But that *he*—Gennaro—my life's last hope—he now hates, despises me! And *they* have caused it all! Let me not forget it! O God, *revenge* shall yet be mine, be *sure* it shall!

(Crosses to L. H.)

Gubetta. (R.) I rejoice to hear it; I shall again be busy; I like it.

Lucretia. (L.) My very nature seemed changed; my resolves were pure, my aspirations holy. I could have borne *all*, ay, *all but that—his hate!* They should have wrung my heart, and I would have bowed submissively before heaven, so *he* had still thought kindly of me. But to poison him against me more deeply than ever! O heaven! the very thought calls from the centre of my heart, and my swelling brain throbs with anguish, while the dark spirit of despair shrieks in my ear, *revenge!* and *it shall have it!*

(Crosses to R.)

Gubetta. (L.) Good! good! I like this! You are yourself again! Your *phantasies of mercy* have left you, and you act naturally once more. I am now at ease with your highness. As fire opposes water—light, darkness—and black differs from white—so stand I opposed to the so-styled good and virtuous.

Lucretia. (R.) Did Gennaro come here with the others?

Gubetta. He did, your highness.

Lucretia. (Sternly.) Gubetta, on your life see, I charge you, that no harm comes to *him!* If a hair of his is touched, if he stands in peril, and you avert it not, beware the waked wrath of Lucretia Borgia! Would, would I could but see him once more!

Gubetta. That you can do at any hour. I induced his valet to take that *house* (points to L. H.) for his master. Your balcony commands a view of it, and, concealed from sight, you can see him go in and out as often as you choose to enjoy that ineffable delight.

Lucretia. Nay, I would speak with him.

Gubetta. Nothing is easier, signora. Send Astolfo with a message that your highness, to-day, at a certain hour would see him at the palace, on business of high import.

Lucretia. (Thoughtfully.) Yes, I could do that, but would he come?

Gubetta. He could be *caused* to obey. But go in, your highness, for I momentarily expect them to pass this way. It were better that they saw you not. I will meet them.

Lucretia. They still consider you the Count of Belverana?

Gubetta. Ay; I have convinced them on that point past doubt. I have borrowed their money.

Lucretia. Borrowed their money? and why?

Gubetta. To have them in my power. Nothing binds friends so fast as money borrowed or lent; and it is so decidedly Spanish, as an air of poverty, while at the same time we seize the devil by the tail.

Lucretia. Silence, sir! This is no time for jests. But see, they are coming down yonder street, and

Gennaro is with them. **Gubetta,** I charge you, guard from harm or danger *Gennaro!*

[Exit Lucretia into palace, U. D.]

Gubetta. Who the devil is this Gennaro, in whom she takes such an interest? and what the devil does she design doing with him? It is quite plain I am not in *all* the secrets of this fair lady. It touches my curiosity. In faith, she has not reposed her usual confidence in me in this matter. Madame Lucretia is becoming platonic. Well, I am astonished at nothing. But here are the young bloods of Venice. They are not over wise to leave the free state of Venice and come to Ferrara, after having offended the Duchess of Ferrara. Were I they, I should have stayed away. But young people *will* be rash. The throat of a tigress is, of all sublunary places, that into which they precipitate themselves most eagerly. Well, let the fools have their way.

(Retires behind a pillar of the balcony.)

Enter, L. U. E., MAFFIO, DON APOSTOLO, JEPPPO, ASCANIO, OLOFERNO, and GENNARO. They converse in a low tone, and with inquietude.

JEPPPO. MAFFIO. ASCANIO. OLOFERNO.
APOSTOLO. GENNARO.
R. H. L. H.

Maffio. Say what you please, friends, but we are not very safe here in Ferrara, after having insulted the Duchess, Lucretia Borgia.

Apostolo. But what could we do? The signory of Venice appointed us, and their fiat is imperative, were it to exterminate one's own family. There is no disguising it, however, that Lucretia Borgia is to be dreaded, and she is supreme in Ferrara.

Jeppo. She dare not harm us; we are in the service of the Republic of Venice, and form a part of her embassy. Let this duchess touch a hair of our heads, and the Doge would instantly declare war; and Ferrara would not willingly rub against Venice now.

Maffio. Ah, you may be stretched at full length in your sepulchre, without touching a *hair* of your head. It is by *poison* the Borgia family effect their purposes!—a poison of so subtle a nature that no medicine on earth can remedy. It is sure and deadly, noiseless, and better than the axe or the poniard. These Borgias have poisons which kill in a day, a month, or year, as they please. It is by it they impart a more pleasing flavour to their wines, so that the drinker more eagerly drains his cup, and, with joy and rapture in his face, falls dead. Sometimes a foe of the Borgias falls into a state of melancholy, his skin wrinkles, his eyes sink deep in the head, his hair turns white, the teeth fall out, his knees are weak, and while he breathes you hear the death-rattle in his throat. Sleep forsakes him: he shivers in the noonday sun with cold, and youth puts on the appearance of old age. He dies, and then it is recollected that he drank a cup of Cyprus wine at the palace of a Borgia!

Ascanio. This is horrible! It were well that we quit Ferrara. Our ambassadors have an audience of the duke to-day, and we shall then be at liberty to leave. I would we had never come.

Jeppo. Well, to-morrow we can go. I am invited to sup with the Princess Negroni, with whom I am almost *in* love, and I would not fly from the prettiest woman in all Ferrara.

Oloferno. The Princess Negroni! I am invited, too!

Maffio. And I!

Apostolo. And I!

Ascanio. And I!

Gubetta. And so am I, gentlemen.

(Coming forward from behind pillar.)

Jeppo. Aha! the Count of Belverana! (Shaking his hand.) Good! we'll all go together, and a merry night we'll make it!

Gubetta. (Crossing to Jeppo.) May his Holiness have you in sacred keeping many years, Signor Jeppo.

Maffio. (In a low tone to Jeppo.) Let us not go to this feast to-night. I have a presentiment of ill; and, besides, I distrust this amiable count.

Jeppo. Pooh! he was my father's companion in arms! But do as you please; I shall go.

LUCRETIA appears on the balcony, R., listening.

Ascanio. (To Gennaro, who is musing, L. H.) Speak! are you not invited, captain?

Gennaro. No; the princess would not notice a poor soldier like myself. But she would have found me bad company at the best.

Maffio. (Crossing to Gennaro.) Ah! I suspect you have a rendezvous d'amour; is it not so?

Jeppo. Apropos! tell us, what said the fair Lucretia to you the other evening? She is in love with you, 'tis clear. Masked face, but a naked heart!

Maffio. And, my brother, you have taken lodgings directly opposite to hers. Ah, Gennaro, Gennaro!

Jeppo. Take care, Gennaro, for they do say the duke is not a little jealous of his beautiful wife! Come, enlighten us poor devils about her—do!

Omnès. Ay, do! Signor Gennaro in love! Ha, ha, ha!

Gennaro. Gentlemen, I have borne your raillery thus long, because we are sworn friends; but if you couple my name again with that of the infamous Lucretia Borgia, you will see swords flashing in the sun! I respect you all, but I respect my honour more!

Lucretia. (Aside.) Alas! alas! they have accomplished it! He hates my very name!

Maffio. Why, Gennaro, brother, we are only indulging in a little pleasantry, and we have good right to do so when a gallant cavalier wears a lady's colours on his bosom.

Gennaro. I! what mean you?

Maffio. (Pointing to his scarf.) That scarf.

Jeppo. Yes, my friend, that scarf. Is it not the colours of the duchess?

Gennaro. This scarf was sent me by Fiametta Berano, in Venice.

Maffio. You may believe so, if you like, but 'twas from the hands of the fair Lucretia, I'll be sworn.

Gennaro. Gentlemen, I'm in no mood for jesting now. Are you sure of what you say?

Jeppo. Sure! Why, every child knows the colours of the duchess; and, to be plain, your own valet was bribed to tell you this tale, as from Fiametta; he acknowledged it to me.

Gennaro. Damnation! (Tears off the scarf, and tramples it under foot.) Thus do I tread upon her gifts, and thus do I scorn the terrible Borgia!

(Crosses to R. C.)

Lucretia. (Pressing her hands to her forehead. She says, with great feeling.) 'Tis past! Farewell all

my bright visions of happiness! O, farewell to peace! He tramples on my very heart! It is not him I blame; but let those who have caused this, and planted in his heart this horror, beware of a greater one! Let them now, if they can, escape from the awakened wrath of the scorned Lucretia Borgia!

(She retires from the balcony.)

Maffio. How bright and beautiful she is—this Lucretia—notwithstanding her fiendish nature! I am told she was not always so.

Gennaro. Name her not again! I scorn, detest her! Love her, said you? Love the woman who murdered your brother, whose place I now fill in your heart! Let us think only of that! See, here is the accursed palace of luxury, and seat of festering crime—the home of a Borgia! The mark of infamy which I cannot stamp upon the forehead of this woman, I will leave, at least, on the front of her palace!

(He leaps on to a stone step, and with his dagger erases the first letter of the BORGIA on the wall, so that there remains but the word ORGIA.)

Maffio. For God's sake, Gennaro, what have you done? Your life is now in deadly peril every coming moment!

Gubetta. (R. corner.) Signor, you have but shortened the lady's name by a letter; when next she meets you, she'll shorten your body by a head, at least! Half the city will to-morrow be questioned for that pun, signor.

Gennaro. Let the other half, then, say it was I, and be you the first!

Maffio. Gentlemen, let us leave this place. I like it not; and have you not observed those two men, who seem to have been watching us?

Jeppo. I have. They are, no doubt, a couple of amiable cut throats!

Maffio. Gennaro, as you value the safety of your friends, no more bravado! If you are in peril, I have sworn to share it—remember.

Gennaro. Your hand, brother. Fear me not. Gentlemen, good night.

[Exit into house on L. H.]

Jeppo. (Going up with the others.) Good night. The very devil is in our friend to-night. Gentlemen, pause. A last look! (All turn round. Pointing at the word. ORGIA! That is indeed a joke!

[All exeunt, L. U. E., laughing, except Gubetta.]

Gubetta. A joke, is it? Ha, ha! I'm a little afraid, my friends, that you'll find it a serious one before the duchess and myself have got over it! And Gennaro, too! Ha, ha, ha! Good, good, very good! I like that! The lady will not relish such a joke, even from him! I shall soon be wanted, I see plainly. The devil never deserts his friends, and I am a favoured subject. I thank him.

[Exit into palace, through U. D.]

SCENE II. (In 1.)—A Street in Ferrara.

Enter RUSTIGHELLO, R., and ASTOLFO, L. H.

Astolfo. Good day. What movement brought you this way?

Rustighello. The usual one, I believe.

Astolfo. Well, what are you doing here?

Rustighello. Watching and waiting for you to begone! And what are you doing?

Astolfo. Watching and waiting for you to begone!

Rustighello. Indeed! Whom are you looking for?

Astolfo. The young Venetian, Captain Gennaro.

Rustighello. And so am I—with an invitation from the duke.

Astolfo. And I bear an invitation from the duchess.

Rustighello. What awaits him from the duchess, think you?

Astolfo. Love, no doubt. What from the duke?

Rustighello. Death, no doubt.

Astolfo. What's to be done? He can't wait on both these invitations very well at once. He can't be a lover and a corpse at the same time.

Rustighello. Stay, I have an idea how we can settle this. Here's a ducat. I'll toss it up, and let the side which turns up determine which of us shall have the guest. I choose the duke's head; the cross shall be yours.

Astolfo. So be it. If I lose, I'll tell the duchess the bird had flown: and if you lose, you must say the same to the duke.

Rustighello. Certainly. It matters little to me which of us wins; so here goes. I say, *head's up!*

(*Tosses up the coin.*)

Astolfo. And *head* it is. He is yours, and will die! The man was born to be hanged, it seems. So be it. *Fate* settles it, not I. There's his lodging. (L. H.) Now I'll return to the duchess.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Rustighello. Now for the captain! The duke invites!

[*Exit, L. H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Splendid apartment in the Ducal Palace. Hangings of tapestry of Hungarian leather, elaborately stamped with arabesque and grotesque figures of gold, in the style of the fifteenth century, (the latter part.) A large door in C., and two small doors R. and L. H. The (D.) one on L. H. is a secret door, and looks like the panelling, until it is opened. On R. H., state chair, embroidered with arms of the house of D'Este. On R. C., an elegant table, covered with a rich cloth of scarlet, with books, papers, rich inkstand, pens, &c. A Gothic chair beside the table. DON ALPHONSO (D'ESTE, in splendid attire, in his robe of rank, is discovered at table, writing.*

Enter RUSTIGHELLO, L. H. D., 1 E.

Rustighello. My lord duke, your first orders are executed. The prisoner is in the palace. I await your further order.

Alphonso. (*Taking a small key from bosom.*) Take this key, and go to the Numa Gallery! count all the panels of the wainscot, commencing at the figure of Hercules, till you come to the twenty-third. Search carefully, and in the mouth of one of the painted dragons you will find a small opening. Insert this key, then press upon it, and the panel will turn, as upon pivots. In this recess you will find a small *salver* of gold, and near it a golden *flagon*, and a *flagon* of silver, with two enamel cups. Take them, without disturbing their contents in any way, to my private cabinet. I need not warn you not to *taste* their contents.

Rustighello. Is that all, my lord?

Duke. No; when you have executed my order, do you take your station in my cabinet, there (R. D. F.), where you may hear all that passes. If I ring this silver bell, immediately enter with your

drawn sword; but if I call you by name, enter with the *salver* and wine. Go!

(*Rustighello bows and exits by the small D. R. F. in F. The Duke rises, paces the chamber with an agitated air a moment, and then throws himself into his chair, and leans his head upon his hands.*)

Enter ASTOLFO, C. D.

Astolfo. My lady, the duchess, demands an audience with your highness.

Duke. We await the duchess.

[*Exit Astolfo, C. D.*]

Enter the DUCHESS LUCRETIA, C. D., impetuously.

Lucretia. My lord duke! Someone has mutilated the name of your wife, engraved over the armorial bearings of our house, in front of this palace; some one of *your* people I fear it is. This is an indignity too infamous to patiently bear! It has been done in public, in the broad face of day! Do you hear it, sir? I know not the offender's name, but, by the Virgin, I will not tamely tolerate this insult! I would rather a thousand times die by the poniard than have my name made the vile jest, the quibble, and sarcasm of the rabble! I demand *justice!* Can you calmly sit there and hear of this insult to your wife? or is it because it is not against yourself that you bear it thus? You say you love me; show that you love my fair fame! You are jealous, too; show that it is for my reputation! I demand justice! You are the duke, and can give it. You are my husband, and *shall* protect me! You have given me your hand, and I now demand the strength of your strong arm.

Duke. (*Calmly.*) Madam, what you complain of was known to me.

Lucretia. Known, sir, and the criminal not discovered!

Duke. The criminal is discovered.

Lucretia. Let him be instantly arrested.

Duke. He is arrested.

Lucretia. Then why is he not punished?

Duke. I awaited your counsel, madam.

Lucretia. I thank you. Where is the miscreant?

Duke. Here, in the palace.

Lucretia. Here! He shall be made an example of. It is high treason, my lord. It is fitting that the head which conceives, and the hand that executes, should be forfeited. I will pass sentence with my own lips.

Duke. You shall do so. Baptiste! (*Enter BAPTISTE, L. H. D., 1 E.*) Show in the prisoner!

[*Exit Baptiste, L. H. D., 1 E. Duke rises.*]

Lucretia. A word yet, my lord. Be this man who he may—one of your own family—an officer of your household—even a *subject of Venice*—swear by your ducal crown he shall not depart alive!

Duke. Mark me well. I swear, by my sacred honour and by my ducal crown, he *dies*, be he who he may!

Lucretia. My lord, I am content; now I would see the prisoner.

Enter, L. H. D., 1 E., GENNARO, disarmed, and four guards. The Duke sits in state chair, R. H.

Lucretia. (*Seated in chair L. of table.*) Gennaro! (*With agony.*) My lord, what fatality is this?

Duke. (*Smiling, and in an undertone.*) What! you know this man, then, Lucretia?

(*She gazes a moment on him, then sinks into the chair at table.*)

Gennaro. My lord duke, I am a simple captain in the service of Venice. You have ordered my arrest; I address you with that respect befitting your rank, and ask of what I stand accused.

Duke. Signor, the crime of high treason! The family name of our much-loved duchess, Lucretia Borgia, has been shamefully mutilated on the façade of our own ducal palace! We seek the criminal.

Lucretia. (*Eagerly.*) It is not him, Alphonso! it is not this young man!

Duke. How know you that, Lucretia?

Lucretia. It cannot be. He is of Venice, not of Ferrara. The act was committed this morning, and he was then, I'm told, with one named Fiametta.

Gennaro. (*L.*) Your pardon. It is not true, your highness.

Duke. You see your highness has been wrongly informed. Captain, on your honour, are you the man who committed this offence?

Lucretia. (*In terror. Rises.*) Air! air! I suffocate! (*Crosses to L., and in passing whispers to Gennaro, rapidly.*) O, say it was not you!

Duke. (*Aside.*) She whispered him as she passed!

Gennaro. Duke Alphonso, the fisherman of Calabria who reared me taught me this maxim: "Do what you promise, and honestly say what you have done." By acting thus, one may often hazard life, but he preserves his honour! Duke, I am the man!

Duke. Madam, you have my oath on my ducal crown!

Lucretia. (*With effort.*) Guards, retire with your prisoner a moment. My lord, a word with you.

(*Duke comes down.*)

[*Exeunt Baptiste and Guards, D. L. 1 E., with Gennaro.*]

Duke. (*R.*) Madam, what would you with me?

Lucretia. (*L.*) It is my will, Alphonso, that this young man should live.

Duke. Indeed! how very strange! A few moments since, you demanded, with tears and imprecations, justice against one who had insulted you. You made me pledge my word—nay, swear an oath—that the offender should die! I did so. You have my oath. He is guilty, by his own confession; and again, mark me—*by my soul, he dies!* You are at liberty to choose the manner of his death; but I have called God to witness an oath, and it shall be sacred.

Lucretia (*Laughing, and with great tenderness.*) Don Alphonso, I am a true woman—wayward and capricious, spoiled by foolish indulgence. You know my temper. Let us reason, cordially, tenderly, like man and wife. Be seated.

(*Lucretia sits R. of table. Duke kneels to her on footstool, on her L.*)

Duke. (*With an air of gallantry.*) At your feet. I am ever happy to be here, for you are queen of love, as well as of beauty.

Lucretia. You know I love you, Alphonso. I am cold sometimes, and it is natural to my character: but it does not proceed from want of affection for you. Whenever you have chid me mildly, have I not yielded? and I would do so ever, dear lord!

Duke. Nay, I bow to you. My fair wife—(*Putting his arm round her waist*)—you are brilliant as the star of evening, and your bright eyes, soft

lips, and angel form would wake an anchorite to passion.

Lucretia. Is it not ridiculous that we should quarrel—we who are seated on the first ducal throne in the world—about a Venetian adventurer, a mere soldier of fortune? We must put him away, and say no more about it. A silly braggart, to annoy us thus! Let him depart. I will tell Baptiste to send this Gennaro out of Ferrara instantly, that he may no longer be the cause of discord.

Duke. Nay; why such haste? there is time enough.

Lucretia. I wish to have it from our thoughts. Nay, you must let me have this affair my own way.

Duke. This must be my way, Lucretia. The man must die!

Lucretia. Why, what cause have you to wish for this young man's life?

Duke. (*Rising.*) My word is given. The oath of a prince is sacred.

Lucretia. That is well enough to tell the people; but between you and me, Alphonso, we know what it is. You gave your oath to Petrucci to render Sienne; you have not done it, nor ought you to do it. The history of nations is full of this.

Duke. (*L.*) But, Lucretia, an oath!

Lucretia. (*R.*) Give me no more of such reasoning: I am no fool. Come, give me his life as readily as you gave me his death, unless you have a reason to give instead, You are silent. It is I who am insulted, not you.

Duke. That is precisely why I will not accord him grace.

Lucretia. My lord, if you love me, you will no longer deny this trivial boon. Let us be merciful. Mercy, Alphonso, is that quality alone in which man may imitate his Maker.

Duke. Mark me, for the last time! I cannot, will not! he dies!

Lucretia. Will not and cannot! Why will you not?

Duke. I will tell you why. This adventurer is your lover! (*She starts.*) You sought him in Venice, and met him there. I was on your track; I followed you; saw you, masked and breathless, bending over his sleeping form, while the burning kiss was fastened on his lips. It is time to avenge my honour; and if in no other way I'll trench round my nuptial couch a rivulet of blood! Watch well your lovers hereafter, for the door by which they enter you may guard as you please; but at the door by which they depart shall be but one porter, and he the headsman! (*Crosses to R.*)

Lucretia. (*L.*) My lord, I swear to you, solemnly, you wrong him and me.

Duke. (*R.*) Nay, it is useless. "Oaths are well enough for the people. Give me no more such reasoning." I am no fool.

Lucretia. O, Alphonso! if you knew—

Duke. Hold, madam! Hear, once for all! I hate the whole bloodthirsty race of Borgia, and you, whom I have so fondly, fervently loved, I now cast from my heart for ever! I know your whole race to be polluted by every crime.

Lucretia. (*Kneeling.*) My lord! my lord! use me as you will, heap upon me every epithet of reproach; but, in the name of the holy Mother, spare, O spare this Gennaro!

Duke. Within one hour you may have his corpse! He dies, by my soul!

Lucretia. (*Starting up, and with great emphasis*

folding her arms on her bosom.) Duke of Ferrara, beware! I am *Lucretia Borgia!* and there does not breathe on earth the being who has scorned and yet escaped my vengeance! *(Crosses to R.)*

Duke. *(L.)* I fear you not. I am a man and a soldier! My duchy swarms with warriors good and true. I fear not the Pope, with his Vatican thunders, for I have not, like the poor King of Naples, resigned my artillery into his hand, nor shall I do so.

Lucretia. You may repent this language, my lord. You forget who I am.

Duke. You are *Lucretia Borgia!* You are the daughter of St. Peter, but you are not at Rome. You are the wife, subject, and servant of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, who can command and will enforce obedience and respect. *(She gazes a moment at him, and then she sinks into the ducal chair, pale and trembling with rage and fear.)* Why, how is this? You tremble! You may well do so! I am no longer your slave, for, regardless of a censorious world, my future course is marked; and now this, the first of your lovers whom I have put my hand upon, *dies!* The choice of his death is with you; quick! decide!

Lucretia. O, my God! my God! Would I dare tell all! O, Alphonso, listen to me! How can he be my lover, who so grossly insults me?

Duke. Do lovers never quarrel? His mode of death! decide! No answer? then the sword!

(About to raise the bell from table.)

Lucretia. *(Seizing his hand.)* Stay! O, stay!

Duke. Will you please to pour out for your lover a glass of *Syracuse wine?*

Lucretia. O, Gennaro!

Duke. He must die!

Lucretia. Not by the sword! not by the sword! I—I—choose the other mode.

Duke. You cannot deceive me! The wine must be poured out from the gold flagon! You know its superior qualities; and till he drinks, be sure I leave not your side. Baptiste! *(Enter BAPTISTE, L. H. D. 1 E.)* Bring in your prisoner!

(Baptiste exits, and re-enters L. H. D. 1 E., with GENNARO, guarded, as before.)

Duke. *(Seated L. of table.)* Captain Gennaro, we have reason to believe the offence of this morning was the thoughtless folly of youth, rather than malice and design of insult. On this account the Duchess of Ferrara pardons you, on condition that you immediately depart for Venice. You are called brave and generous, and we desire not to deprive the republic of a single faithful arm now, when Candia and Cyprus are threatened by the Saracen.

Gennaro. *(L.)* My lord duke, your clemency has my thanks, and doubly so, as I looked not for mercy at your hands. I thank you.

Duke. Well, that is past. How like you the service of Venice? on what conditions are you engaged?

Gennaro. I command fifty mounted men, my lord, whom I feed, clothe, and pay, for which I am allowed two thousand sequins of gold a year.

Duke. Would you enter my service if I were to give you four thousand sequins?

Gennaro. For two years I must still serve the republic of Venice, for which term I am bound.

Duke. How bound, captain?

Gennaro. My lord, by oath!

Duke. *(Low to Lucretia, with a smile.)* You hear, madam; even a poor adventurer regards his oath.

Have you any favour to ask, any boon to crave, before you leave Ferrara?

Gennaro. I have not; but I will mention one thing before I depart, as an equivalent return for the life you have now spared. As your clemency has been freely extended, I name it, but should not have done so otherwise. Your highness may not have forgotten that at the storming of Faenza, two years since, your brother, the Duke Hercules D'Este, was in deadly peril from two halberdiers of the enemy. His life was saved by a young soldier of Venice.

Duke. *(Rising.)* 'Tis true, and I have sought that brave soldier in vain.

Gennaro. He now stands before you, duke.

Duke. Ah, is it so, indeed? My gallant captain! *(Comes forward, and grasps his hand; duchess starts up, and advances, R. H.; after a pause, returns to seat. The duke, observing the joy of the duchess, drops Gennaro's hand.)* Will you accept this purse of gold sequins?

Gennaro. *(L.)* My lord duke, I am pledged to the republic not to receive gold from any foreign prince. Yet, though I may not take it for myself, I will, with your permission, present it to these brave soldiers here—my guard.

Duke. *(c.)* The purse is yours. But you will not refuse to join us in a glass of *Syracusan wine?* *(Going up to table.)*

Gennaro. Most willingly, my lord.

Duke. *(At table.)* Rustighello! *(He enters, R. D. F.)* The wine! *(He exits.)* And to do honour to the brave soldier who saved my brother's life, the duchess shall with her own fair hand pour out for you. *(Gennaro bows, and turns to the soldiers, to whom he gives the money. Enter Rustighello, with the wine, R. D. F.)* 'Tis well. Lucretia, listen to what I tell this man. Place yourself near that door; if I ring this bell, enter with your drawn sword. Now go! *(Exit Rustighello, R. D. F.)* Captain Gennaro! Madam, pour out for our friend, from the gold flagon.

Lucretia. *(Seated R. of table. In a low tone to duke.)* O, must it be? Alphonso! husband! think—he saved your brother's life! Must it be so? As there is a heaven above, I swear to you, your suspicions are false! Did you but know what a horrible crime you are forcing me to commit, you would pause, my lord—you would pause!

Duke. *(L. of table. Carelessly.)* Take care, Lucretia: do not mistake the flagon. Pray what may be your age, captain?

(Duke fills for himself from the silver flagon, and raises it to his lips.)

Gennaro. *(L. c.)* Twenty years, your highness.

(The duchess is about to fill from the silver flagon the cup which Gennaro holds out as he replies.)

Duke. Lucretia, fill from the gold flagon, if you please. Or, shall I ring for the servant who waits my order at the door? It would, indeed, have been cruel, Lucretia, to have cut him off from life, from love, from the bright future that before him,—on the very threshold of manhood, too, only twenty years of age—from the gay fêtes, the masks, and carnivals of Venice, and the fair ones who love him, and whom he doubtless loves—would it not?

Lucretia. *(Aside.)* Oh, Heaven! if he would but meet my eye, I might warn him with a glance.

Gennaro. My lord duke, I value not life; but for the sake of my poor mother I thank you for preserving it.

Lucretia. Oh, horror! (*Aside. Sinks into chair.*)

Duke. Your health, Captain Gennaro. May you live a thousand years.

Gennaro. God bless you, my lord duke. (*Both drink.*)

Duke. Farewell, captain; you are free to depart, and I wish you a safe and speedy journey. I must leave you now. (*Duke rises. Aside, to Lucretia.*) I leave you with your lover, Lucretia. He is now all your own—yours while he lives, and if you choose to share his fate, you are at liberty to be his in death. Thus perish all your paramours, madam!

[*Exit, C. D.*]

Lucretia. Guards, you may withdraw. (*Exit guards, L. 1 E. Lucretia watches them off, then starts up wildly from her seat, goes to C. D., R. H. D. F., and D. L. 1 C.; fastens them; then rushes to Gennaro, and exclaims:*) Gennaro, Gennaro, you are poisoned!

Gennaro. Poisoned, madam!

Lucretia. Yes, yes, Gennaro. Oh, my God, you are poisoned!

Gennaro. The wine was poured out by your own hand. True, true, I might have suspected it. You are Lucretia Borgia!

Lucretia. Gennaro, Gennaro, you will drive me mad! Do not, oh, do not you reproach me, or my senses will forsake me! Listen to me. The duke is mad with jealousy, believes you to be my lover, and left me no alternative but to see you poniarded by Rustighello (who is even now there), or pour out for you that wine with my own hands. It is a sure and deadly poison—a poison the very mention of which makes every Italian turn pale who knows the history of the last twenty years; it is the poison—

Gennaro. Of the Borgias!

Lucretia. Yes, and you have it in your veins! I can and must save you! (*Producing a small and elegant gold phial from her bosom.*) Here, here is an antidote, known but to two persons in the wide world—my father and myself. Quick! one drop on your lip, and you are saved! (*She approaches with the phial; he recoils from her, and gazes fixedly upon her face.*)

Gennaro. Madam, is not this the poison?

Lucretia. Oh, misery! misery!

Gennaro. I have not forgotten the fate of the brother of Bajazet. He was persuaded that he was poisoned, and took the proffered antidote; it caused his death.

Lucretia. Great Heaven! must he perish by my hand. Oh, wretched, wretched woman that I am! Gennaro, hear me! (*On her knees.*) By the dread name of Him who readest the hearts of all—by the sacred love you bear your mother—I swear you are poisoned! Drink, drink this, ere I go mad! Your reproaches crush me—warp my reason—but I have but one thought, hope, wish, prayer—to save you! Curse me, heap on my head your maledictions, crush me with contempt and scorn, but, as you ever hope to know your mother, drink this!

Gennaro. Madam, I saved the life of the duke's brother; he is loyal and noble. You I have offended, and I have reason to dread your vengeance.

Lucretia. Gennaro, if to give up my whole life would add one hour to yours—if to spill the last drop of my blood could hinder you from shedding one tear—if by torture I could seat you on a throne—I would not hesitate—murmur—I would do it,

and die happy, too happy, to be your slave! The duke may soon return; he thinks you already dead; in a few moments it will be too late to save! It is a choice of life or death! Gennaro, drink this, and live!

Gennaro. Lucretia Borgia, give me the phial! I am a friendless orphan, a lone being on earth. It may be that you speak truly; if not, be sure the God of the fatherless will avenge me. (*He drinks, and hands it to her.*)

Lucretia. (*Falls on her kness in thankfulness.*) He's saved! he's saved! thank God, he's saved! (*Rising.*) Now, lose not a moment, but mount a fleet steed, and begone! I have already sent one to your house; he waits your coming. Escape to Venice, and Heaven guard you! Have you money?

Gennaro. I have, madam. (*She takes him up to secret door, L. F., and opens it.*)

Lucretia. Stay one instant. Here, take this phial; keep it ever near you, for poison is in every cup! Now fly for your life! Yet one word more, and then farewell for ever!

Gennaro. Speak; I trust you now; I listen.

Lucretia. (*With great emotion.*) We are parting for ever. I had hoped to have seen you during your bright career—to have marked your rising greatness. It cannot be; it puts your life in peril. We are parting, then, for ever in this life! Gennaro, Gennaro, one word; have you not one kind word for me at parting? only one, for the being who loves you better than her own soul—only one, ere we separate for eternity?

Gennaro. You have saved my life, you say. I will believe it; I will forget all I ever heard; ay, I will leave you with Heaven's blessing, if you but swear, by all that is sacred—by my own life, since I am dear to you—that your crimes have not caused misery to my dear but unknown mother.

Lucretia. Gennaro, all I ever utter to you is truth; I will not be false in word or deed to you, and I cannot swear that oath.

Gennaro. O, heavens! my mother! This, then, is the being who caused you a life of misery!

Lucretia. Gennaro, hold! No; I am—

Gennaro. You have avowed it! Adieu, Lucretia, Borgia—adieu for ever! Be thou accursed!

[*Exit, L. D. F.*]

Lucretia. And be thou blessed for ever!

Noise, C. D. She rushes up to L. D. F., closes the door, and comes down R., just as the DUKE bursts open C. D., and rushes in.

Duke. (*Comes down L.*) Now, where is Gennaro, madam?

Lucretia. Seek him!

Duke. Guards! (*Rushes to L. D. 1 E.; finds it fast.*) Ah! closed! Rustighello! (*Rushes up to R. D. F.*) All closed! Where, where is Gennaro?

Lucretia. With a drug I preserved his life! He is now on his road to Venice, and out of your power for ever! Ha, ha, ha! I triumph now! He's safe! he's safe! thank God, he's safe!

(*Falls fainting on the stage.*)

Duke. Escaped! Furies seize thee!

[*Rushes out, C. D.*]

Quick Drop.

Lucretia changes dress.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A magnificent Chamber in the Negroni Palace. On the R. a. D. In c., very large curtain, size of half the flat, to draw aside each way. Splendid chandeliers and candelabra. Magnificent banquet, with wines, fruit, and all kinds of eatables, served up in the costly style of the fifteenth century. Pages attending. Music, soft but gay, is heard as the curtain rises. All the guests are seated—ASCANIO, OLOFERNO, APOSTOLO, JEPPO, and GUBETTA, and several Ladies, elegantly dressed. At the head of the table is the PRINCESS NEGRONI.

Oloferno. Here's the wine of Xeres! Xeres de la Frontera is a city of Paradise.

Jeppo. Bravo, Signor Oloferno! you improve. But this wine is of great power and unequalled flavour. The last time we cavaliers drank together, 'twas in Venice, at the Palace of his serene highness, Doge Barbarigo; now we are at Ferrara, and in the palace of the divine Princess of Negroni. We drink to your health and your beauty.

All rise, and raising their glasses, bow to her. Enter, R. D. 1 E., MAFFIO and GENNARO, the latter very reluctantly.

Maffio. Why, brother, what unaccountable dullness is this? and why am I obliged to go to your lodgings ere I can get you here? Egad! 'twas devilish lucky I went when I did, or you would have escaped us. When I saw your horse at the door, I suspected your trick, my friend.

Gennaro. I know not why I have consented to delay my departure for Venice, and I regret that I have done so, even now. Had you not convinced me that I had been the dupe of that artful woman, I should have been already far on my way.

Maffio. Ha, ha, ha! it was excellent, i' faith! The duke poisons you, and the duchess gives you a counter poison! Why, what a farce! The fair Lucretia is desperately in love, and she pretends to save your life, so that from gratitude you may at last reciprocate her regard.

Gennaro. (R.) But the duke!

Maffio. (L.) O, he's a good-natured, easy fellow, a little jealous of his fair rib, and he has cause, I fear, you rogue! but utterly incapable of poisoning. Besides, you saved his brother's life.

Gennaro. But why is the duchess so anxious for my absence from Ferrara, if, as you say, she loves me?

Maffio. For obvious reasons. You see her husband is in the way here, and she can easily seek you in Venice.

Gennaro. True, very true; it must be so. (Crosses to L.)

Maffio. (R.) Come, now, Gennaro! In pity's name, rouse up! Be either a child or a man; go to your nurse again, or join us at the table. (Maffio and Gennaro seat themselves at table.)

Jeppo. (Down L. c.) Aha, sir truant! you have been found at last! Why, Maffio, where was he concealed? We thank you for executing your mission so faithfully, and bringing the poor wight before us: ha, ha!

Maffio. Come, Jeppo, give us a merry tale. The last time we met in Venice you gave us a serious story. Now give us its opposite, if you can.

Princess. (Coming forward.) Signor Maffio (he rises,) your friend seems not to participate in the

general merriment. I trust he is not ill. He seems depressed and abstracted.

Maffio. Madam, he is ever thus. You must pardon me for having brought him here without your invitation. He is my brother in arms, and we never separate. A Bohemian predicted that we should both die on the same day.

Princess. (Laughing.) Did he say you would die in the morning or the evening?

Maffio. In the morning, I think.

Princess. Then he knew nothing about it, I can tell you! So you love this young soldier?

Maffio. Ay, madam, as much as one man can love another.

Princess. Then in friendship you must be happy.

Maffio. Friendship does not occupy the entire heart, madam.

Princess. Indeed, count, what then?

Maffio. Love, lady.

Princess. Ah, count, you always have love on your lips.

Maffio. And you in your eyes, dear lady.

(Kissing her hand.)

Princess. You are a bold man, Count Orsini.

Maffio. And you—you are a charming woman, princess. (Puts his arm round her.)

Princess. Count, release me! I shall be stifled, sir!

Maffio. One kiss of this fair hand!

Princess. No, no.

(She escapes from him; goes to her seat again.)

Gubetta. (Coming forward, R.) You seem in a fine train with the princess.

Maffio. (L.) And yet she always tells me "No."

Gubetta. Well, no on a woman's lips is the twin brother to "yes."

Jeppo. (Comes forward, L.) Well, how do you get on? how do you find the princess?

Maffio. (c.) Adorable!

Jeppo. And her supper?

Maffio. A feast for the gods! By the way, the princess is a widow.

Jeppo. I should have known that by her gaiety. Count Belverana, you'd hardly believe that Maffio was almost afraid to come here to-night.

Gubetta. (Crossing to c.) Afraid, was he? And of what?

Jeppo. Of poison! and all because the palace of the Negroni touches the palace of the Borgia.

Gubetta. Devil take the Borgias! Let us drink, and think of them no more.

(Crosses behind to table, L.)

Jeppo. (Low to Maffio.) I like the count for one thing. He hates the Borgias.

Maffio. Yes, he never lets a chance escape of sending them to the devil, without grace; and yet, Jeppo, I have observed that this Spaniard to-night has drank nothing but water.

Jeppo. Suspicious again!

Gubetta. (Coming forward, L.) Do you know, Signor Maffio, you resemble my grandfather, named Gil Basieo-Fernan-Ireno Filipe Frasco Frasqueto, Count of Belverana?

Jeppo. (Low, to Maffio, R.) I hope and trust you'll never doubt his Spanish origin after that! A good name, that of yours, count; I hope you keep 'em catalogued!

Gubetta. My name was all my father had to give, and he gave me plenty of that. (They laugh, and go up to table, R. Aside.) I must try some way to get the ladies from the room, or I can never go to work. I have it! Signor Oloferno is drunk; I'll

draw him into a quarrel—that'll do it. (*Goes to table, R. H.*)

Oloferno. (*Partially drunk.*) Ladies, taste this wine! It is sweeter than the wine of Lachryma Christi, and more ardent than the wine of Cyprus. Drink; it is the wine of Syracuse, gentlemen.

Gubetta. It is evident that our friend is tipsy.

Oloferno. Ladies, I will recite you some verses I have composed for this occasion. I wish I were a better poet; I would raise myself to heaven. I wish I had two wings.

Gubetta. Of the pheasant on my plate. Devil take your verses! More wine!

All. More wine!

Oloferno. O, you're no poet! Silence, for my song!

Gubetta. Spare us, Marquis of Oloferno. We beg leave to drink to your departed reason. I dispense you from your song.

Oloferno. You dispense me from my song! You dispense!

Gubetta. Ay, as I would dispense a barking dog, or the devil from blessing me.

Oloferno. You mean to insult me, Sir Spaniard!

Gubetta. I merely decline listening to your song, Signor Italian! I had rather taste the Cyprus wine in my throat than have your song in my ears.

Oloferno. Your ears, you miserable Castilian refugee! I'll shave them off close to your dog's head!

Gubetta. You are an absurd and ridiculous dunce! Didst ever see the like? He gets drunk with Syracuse wine, and has the demeanour of a man intoxicated with beer. I can't stop to carve such poultry as you now; it is too troublesome.

Oloferno. I'll carve you to pieces!

Gubetta. As I do this pheasant now. Ladies, shall I help you?

Oloferno. (*Seizing a knife.*) By the Virgin, I'd stab the miscreant, were he in a church.

(*The lords and ladies rise in alarm, and exclaim, "They are going to fight!" rush out of the room, R. and L. The friends hold Oloferno, and disarm him.*)

Oloferno. Set me free!

Gubetta. My worthy friend, your poetry has put the ladies to flight. On my word, you are a gay troubadour, Signor Vitellozzo!

Jeppo. The ladies have gone, indeed!

Maffio. Let a knife glitter, and a woman flies.

Oloferno. Count, keep your valour warm till morning, and I'll meet you then.

Gubetta. If you do, I'm your man! Ha, ha, ha! You have put to flight the fairest ladies of Ferrara, with a carving-knife and a song. You should have wings, for in truth you are a perfect goose of a man.

Jeppo. Come, cease this quarrel. It is enough that we have lost the ladies. Cut one another's throats in the morning at your leisure, and fight like gentlemen, with swords, and not like cooks, with carving-knives.

Ascanio. Apropos! where are our swords?

Apostolo. You forget they obliged us to leave them in the ante-room, as we came in.

Gennaro. (*Who has not moved.*) It was a wise precaution, too, it seems.

Maffio. Egad, brother Gennaro! that is the first thing you have uttered to-night. And you have

not drank. You are dreaming of the fair Lucretia; do not deny it.

Gennaro. No more of that, Maffio! Come, fill me to drink. I'll meet my friend with good wine with the same courage as I would a foe in the field with weapons of death.

Maffio. Fill me with the wine of Syracuse!

All. The wine of Syracuse!

Jeppo. A pest on all brawls! The ladies have gone, and will not return, it seems. (*Tries all the doors.*) And every door is fastened on the other side, too!

Gubetta. Rather a wise movement, I think, from past experience. Come, the wine!

Enter ASTOFOLO, 1 E., L. H., with salver, one bottle of wine, and seven glasses.

Gennaro. Gentlemen, let us drink!

Maffio. Ay, to the health, long life, and happiness of Gennaro; and may you soon find your mother.

Gennaro. May Heaven grant it!

(*All drink, except Gubetta, who throws his wine over his shoulder.*)

Maffio. (*Aside to Jeppo.*) Ha! did you see that?

Jeppo. See what?

Maffio. The Spaniard did not drink!

Jeppo. Well.

Maffio. He has thrown it over his shoulder!

Jeppo. Pooh! the count is drunk, and so are you, I think.

Maffio. (*Carelessly.*) Very like—very like.

Gubetta. (*Aside.*) I must feign to be drunk. A drinking song, gentlemen! I will give you a bacchanalian song worth more than the love sonnet of our amiable friend, the Marquis of Oloferno. But first let me swear, by the old skull of my old father, that this same song is none of my making. I'm not a poet, and never could jingle two lines into rhyme in any way. So here goes. It is addressed to Monsieur St. Peter, the famous doorkeeper of paradise—a jolly lover of wine, like ourselves.

Jeppo. He's drunk as Bacchus! He's more than drunk: he's a drunkard!

All, except Gennaro. The song! the song!

Gubetta. (*Rising and reeling.*)

"St. Peter, I pray you, quick open your gates,
And let in some toppers, you know;
With voice full and strong, and thick fuddled pates,
In chorus to chant Domino!"

All, except Gennaro. Gloria Domino!

(*General laughing, clinking of glasses, &c.; cries of "Bravo!" Amid the uproar, distant voices are heard with out, chanting, in a slow and solemn strain, from the Roman ritual.*)

Chorus of monks. "De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine! Conquassabat capita in terra multorum!"

(*Lights gradually down.*)

Jeppo. (*Roaring with laughter.*) Do you hear that? By the rubicund visage of jolly old Bacchus, while we sing bacchanalian songs, echo chants the vespers! A full church chorus!

Maffio. Some procession is passing, I think

Gennaro. (*Who is seated in L., apart from the others.*) A procession at midnight! No, no; that is rather too late

Jeppo. O, nonsense! On with your song, count!

All. Ay! the song, the song!

(*Beat table. Gubetta rises, reeling.*)

Monks chant without, nearer. "De profundis

clamavi ad te, Domine! Conquassabat capita in terra multorum!"

(All laugh again vociferously.)

Jeppo. How these monks bellow! They are regular night brawlers!

(Lights half down.)

Ascanio. Ay, but they are kicking up a riot in the streets; we indoors!

(Lights down.)

Maffio. Halloa! the lamps are going out! We shall be in the dark presently!

Gennaro. They seemed to be near at hand, and I think it is the service for the dead!

Maffio. Very likely, very likely.

Jeppo. Let us drink to the poor defunct—poor devil!

Gubetta. (Meaningly.) I shouldn't wonder if it were for four or five, instead of one.

Jeppo. Well, more or less, here's to all their healths, and a safe journey through purgatory. (All laugh.) Go on, count, with your song—your invocation to St. Peter.

Gubetta. Speak civilly of Monsieur St. Peter, the grand usher and patent turnkey of paradise. We may need his good offices soon.

All. The song! the song!

GUBETTA.

"To the songster so joyous, glass filled to the brim,
And belly so large, ripe for fun,
When he enters your portals, at first glimpse of him,
You would swear it a butt or a tun!"

All. Gloria Domino!

(Chant—solemn music. All touch glasses, with peals of laughter, which is continued, while the large curtains slowly open, discovering a large hall hung with black. A large altar in c., lighted, covered with black, with a large silver crucifix in c. of it. SIX MONKS slowly enter, in cowl and scapulaire of black, with their faces all concealed, except by the apertures of their vizards, for them to see through. Each bears a torch; and as they range down stage on R., they chant in a loud and solemn tone.)

Monks. "De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine! Conquassabat," &c.

(All the cavaliers stare with astonishment at them and each other.)

Maffio. What—what does this mean?

Jeppo. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha! a capital joke! I see it now! These are our charming countesses, disguised thus to try our courage. If we raise their masks, we shall find them the visages of mischievous, laughing, and beautiful women. Just see!

(He lifts the mask of one of the monks, and it reveals the pale and ghastly countenance of an aged man, calm, silent, motionless. Jeppo and others stand horrorstruck.)

Maffio. Great heavens! what means this? My blood congeals with horror round my heart!

Jeppo. This is too awful! We are ensnared! Our swords! our swords!

Maffio. Quick, or we are lost! This is the house of fiends!

LUCRETIA, dressed in black, appears at c. D.

Lucretia. Yes, you are in my palace!

(Close curtains, and lights up gradually.)

All but Gennaro (who is unseen, on L. H.) LUCRETIA BORGIA!

Lucretia. Ay, Incretia Borgia! (She slowly advances, with a sarcastic smile, and gazes on them.) Yes, gallant Venetians, you are the guests of the Duchess of Ferrara—of Lucretia Borgia! There was a time—I have not forgotten it—when, in Venice, you spoke that name with scorn, contempt, and withering hatred; now it comes from the trembling lips of terror. Look on me, and listen. When last we met, my heart was softened, my feelings changed, my nature humanized, and sorrow and repentance for the past had bowed me to the earth. I had resolved never more to terrify Italy with frightful deeds. One feeling of nature still filled my bosom; it was love—a pure and holy love for one whose fate for years I had in secret and in silence watched. You met me before him, and your eyes feasted on my wretchedness with exultation and triumph. You scorned my anguish, you mocked my sufferings, laughed at my misery, insulted my despair, tore from my face the mask, while my supplications for mercy were met with shouts of derision, and every epithet of ignominy and shame heaped upon my head. I could have borne all, had you not spoken it before HIM! It was but that I begged for; but you were merciless! I rose from that spot with the spirit of a demon in my heart; I swore to have revenge—awful and fearful revenge! I have kept my oath! Ay, look at me once more! You are all poisoned! Ha, ha, ha!

All. Poisoned!

Lucretia. Ay, do not stir; the room without is full of armed men, and, my good friends, your deaths are sealed beyond the power of fate itself to change. Now, hear me; it is my turn. I think I have returned your civilities to me. You entertained me at a ball in Venice, I you with a supper at Ferrara—fête for fête, feast for feast!

Jeppo. This is a horrible waking from a wild dream of mirth!

Maffio. Ay, my friend. We are dying! I feel it even now; but let us meet death unshrinkingly, and like men!

Lucretia. Remember me at the carnival of Venice! and tell me, have I not, for a woman, well avenged myself for the agony you then forced me to endure? Do you understand the word vengeance now? Holy fathers, conduct these men into the adjoining room, and shrive them: and do it quickly, for their time is short! For you, sirs, fear not; these are real monks of St. Sixtus; and I will also comfort you with the assurance that while I have thought of your souls, I have not neglected your bodies. (Stamps.) Open! Behold! (Music—end with chord. Curtains open, and ranged round the altar are five coffins, covered with black, on which are painted, in large white letters, the names of the five cavaliers. All start with horror.) The exact number—FIVE!—Maffio, Jeppo, Oloferno, Ascanio, and Apostolo—exactly five!

Gennaro. (Coming forward.) And mine, madam—where is the sixth?

Lucretia, (Starting back.) Powers of mercy! Gennaro!

Gennaro. Yes, I am Gennaro.

Lucretia. I am accursed and helpless! (Sees Gubetta on R.) Traitor! villain! accursed fiend! Did I not bid thee shield him as thine own eye?

Gubetta. I knew not thy motive; thy secret was too much for me, and he drank what I prepared, with the others—his potion the same.

Lucretia. (Stabbing him.) And this be thine, thrice damned villain!

Gubetta. I die, but he dies also, mistress? I—
O— (Dies.)

Lucretia. Cast that carrion into the street! (The body is carried off, R., by the guards.) Monks, accompany your charges to the altar! All, all leave me, except Gennaro; and whatever may be heard or conjectured of what passes here, let no one dare to enter! Begone!

(She sinks into a chair, R. Solemn music is heard behind. Monks go off, C., each with a cavalier, chanting, "De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine!" &c., &c. Curtains close. *Lucretia* comes down, R., and gazes a moment, with agony, on *Gennaro*, who returns it sternly.)

Lucretia. O, Gennaro!

Gennaro. Well, madam.

Lucretia. Gennaro! Gennaro! how do I find you here, when I thought you leagues away? By what strange fatality does every blow from my hand fall on thy devoted head? Father of mercy! why are you here?

Gennaro. It is my destiny.

Lucretia. Gennaro! O, my God! Gennaro, you are dying—again poisoned!

Gennaro. Well, madam. And yet I still have your gift—this!

Lucretia. (With a scream of joy.) Thank Heaven! The antidote! You are saved! Drink!

Gennaro. One word first: is there enough in this phial to save my friends?

Lucretia. (Examines it.) Barely enough for thee, Gennaro! O, quick! take it!

Gennaro. Can you obtain more in time to save them?

Lucretia. All that I possessed you have. Ere I could get more it would be too late.

Gennaro. It is very well.

(Putting phial into his bosom.)

Lucretia. (Alarmed.) What is well? Nothing can be well till you have taken that. I implore you, do not play with your life! trifle not now! a few moments longer, and it will be too late! Quick! you can yet escape, and ere the dawn be far from Ferrara! I will furnish the means. Drink that antidote, and let us part! O, you must, you shall take it, and live, Gennaro, live!

Gennaro. (Seizing knife from table, R.) And you, madam, must die! (Sternly.)

Lucretia. (Incredulously.) How? what say you, Gennaro?

Gennaro. You have, through your hellish agent, infamously, treacherously poisoned five men, my dear friends, men of rank and name, and among them Maffio Orsini, my brother in heart, my companion in arms, he who twice saved my life in battle; and between us all, vengeance is common. I am his and their avenger! You must die!

Lucretia. Die! and by your hand, Gennaro? No; that is impossible! it cannot be!

Gennaro. It will be, madam, and quickly, too, for I am dying also! I feel it here! So, while I address my prayers on high for mercy, do you the same, with clasped hands and bended knees, before that God you have so terribly outraged!

Lucretia. This is some awful dream! Thou take my life? It is too fearful! No, no; I'll not believe it! I say again, it is impossible! Amid my most frightful conceptions, that is the most

agonizing that ever swept across my brain! No, no; He who knows all will not permit it.

(Crosses to L. H.)

Gennaro. (Seizing her arm.) My throbbing brain and beating heart cry out for haste; I must obey their voice! (Raises his arm.)

Lucretia. (Winding about him, and falling before him on her knees.) Gennaro, cast aside that knife, as you hope for Heaven's mercy! (He raises knife.) Hold, O hold, one moment, and listen to me! Did you but know all! But cast that knife aside; I cannot speak while that flashes in my sight! Stay! know you who I am or who you are? The time has come when you must know all. The same blood flows in our veins, Gennaro! you are a Borgia, son of the Duke of Candia, and I—

Gennaro. I, then, am a Borgia!—nephew of Lucretia Borgia! O, horror! My mother, then, was the Duchess of Candia, she whom the Borgias have made wretched! It is you of whom my poor mother spoke in her letters as the cause of her unhappiness! It is you who murdered my father, and drowned in tears and blood the hopes of a wife and mother! I am a Borgia! The thought will drive me mad! Hear me! I have a mother's wrongs to avenge, and on you, my aunt! Your life has been blackened by so many crimes, it must be hateful to you! I will rid you of its heavy burthen! I, Lucretia Borgia, am to slay you; therefore commend your soul to God, for your fate is sealed!

Lucretia. Gennaro, Gennaro, you are as yet innocent of crime! O, have mercy; Your hands are yet free from innocent blood, your heart yet unlogged by crime; O, keep it so! I entreat you, commit not this murder!

Gennaro. Murder! crime! My head wanders, my sight darkens! Is it with the thought of crime? No, no; am I not a Borgia! My heritage is murder! shall I disgrace my name by mercy to another? No!

Lucretia. I will call for help.

Gennaro. Do so! No one will answer! You yourself forbade it; and if they did, ere they could reach you it would be too late.

Lucretia. Gennaro, would you assassinate a woman—a helpless woman—and you a soldier? You have a soul too noble for so vile a deed! You call me vile, criminal, wicked; if I am, cut me not off thus; or, if I must die, it cannot, must not be by your hand!

Gennaro. I will not, dare not hear more. Are you not my aunt? Lucretia Borgia, where, where is my mother?

Lucretia. O, my heart! I cannot tell him all. Spare my life! I will submit to any infliction! Shall I hie to a cloister? Say you so, I'll do it. Yes, to obey you, I'll look for the last time on the bright world; for you my head shall be shorn, my bed ashes, my raiment sackcloth, while my bare feet shall tread the flinty floor of my cell, and my hours shall be passed in prayers for forgiveness of Heaven for past sins, and for blessings upon you. Gennaro, hear me! (He seems faint.) Ah, you turn pale! Why have we wasted the precious moments? Quick! drink that antidote! It is not yet too late! save your own life—spare mine! Do not, I beg—implore you, perpetuate crime to your name, and by such a deed as will for ever blast your peace while living and your memory when dead! Speak! let me hear your voice! and do not,

do not kill an unhappy woman, who kneels and supplicates for mercy!

Gennaro. (*Moved and softened.*) Madam!
(*Drops knife.*)

Lucretia. Ah, you relent! your eyes fill with tears, your hand trembles in mine; you will not, cannot slay me!

Maffio. (*Within c.*) Gennaro!

Gennaro. (*Starting.*) Ah! what voice is that? Who is it calls me?

Maffio. It is I—Maffio—your brother! I die, Gennaro! *avenge me!*

Gennaro. Avenge thee, my brother? I will, I will! Lucretia Borgia, you've heard your doom! A voice cries from the grave, *Revenge!* Hark! You must die!
(*Raises knife.*)

Lucretia. (*Struggling.*) Mercy! One word more!

Gennaro. No! it is too late!

Lucretia. Oh, spare me! spare me!

Gennaro. No!

Lucretia. In the name of Heaven!

Gennaro. Fate decrees it! *Die!* (*Stabs her.*)

Lucretia. Gennaro, you have killed me! I AM YOUR MOTHER!

Gennaro. (*With a scream of despair.*) O God, my mother! (*He falls dead before her.*)

Lucretia. Gennaro! dear Gennaro! My son, I do forgive thee! It may not be too late yet! the phial! (*Crawls to his body. She gets the phial, puts it to his lips, then exclaims:*) Dead! (*Kisses him. Monks within chant, "De profundis," &c.*) Gennaro! (*Dies.*)

Slow Curtain.

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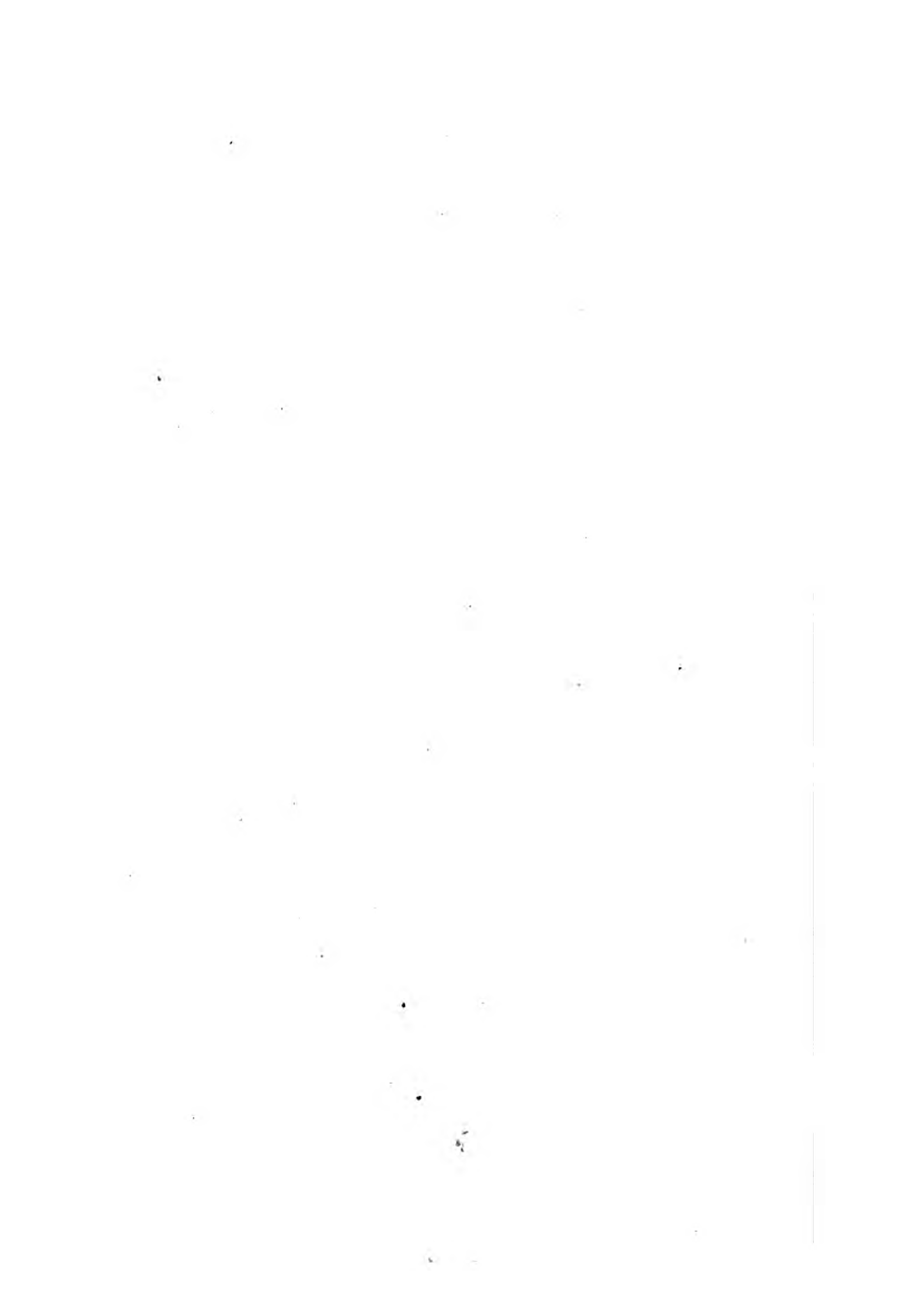
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Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 15.]

First Performed at Miss Laura Keene's Theatre, New York, March 27th, 1860.

MYLES-NA-COPPALEEN	Mr. Dion Boucicault.	SERVANT	Mr. Goodrich.
HARDRESS CREGAN ...	Mr. H. F. Daly.	CORPORAL	Mr. Clarke.
DANNY MANN	Mr. Charles Wheatleigh.	EILY O'CONNOR	Miss Agnes Robertson.
KYLE DALY	Mr. Charles Fisher.	ANNE CHUTE	Miss Laura Keene.
FATHER TOM	Mr. D. W. Leeson.	MRS. CREGAN	Madame Ponisi.
MR. CORRIGAN	Mr. J. G. Burnett.	SHEELAH	Miss Mary Wells.
BERTIE O'MOORE ...	Mr. Henry.	KATHLEEN CREGAH ...	Miss Josephine Henry.
HYLAND CREAGH ...	Mr. Levick.	UCIE BLENNERHASSET	Miss Hamilton.

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C O S T U M E .

COSTUMES.—Period, 179—.

HARDESS.—*1st dress*: Green broad-skirted body coat of the time, double-breasted light silk waistcoat, leather pantaloons, top boots, hair rather long, steeple-crowned gold-laced hat, and white muslin cravat. *2nd dress*: Blue body coat, white waistcoat, white kerseymere breeches, silk stockings, and shoes.

DALY.—*1st dress*: Brown coat, &c., same fashion as above. *2nd dress*: Full dress.

CREAGH, O'MOORE AND GENTLEMEN.—*Evening dress*.

FATHER TOM.—Broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, faded black suit, black riding boots, and white cravat.

DANNY (A hunchback).—Blue frieze jacket, corduroy breeches, yellow waistcoat, grey stockings, shoes and buckles, and old seal-skin cap.

MYLES.—Drab great coat, with cape, red cloth waistcoat, old velvet breeches, darned grey stockings, and shoes.

CORRIGAN.—Black suit, top boots, and brown wig.

MRS. CORRIGAN.—*1st dress*: Puce silk dress of the time, white muslin neckkerchief, and powdered hair. *2nd dress*: Handsome embroidered silk dress, jewels and fan.

ANNE.—*1st dress*: Gold laced riding habit, hat and veil. *2nd dress*: White embroidered muslin dress, and coloured sash.

EILY.—Blue merino petticoat, chintz tuck-up body and skirts, short sleeves, blue stockings, hair plain with neat comb, red cloak and hood.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. U. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. R.C. C. L.C. L.

•• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Night.—*Torc Cregan—the Residence of Mrs. Cregan, on the banks of Killarney.—House, L. 2 E.—Window facing Audience, light behind (light to work in drop at back)—stage open at back.—Music (seven bars before curtain).*

Enter HARDRESS CREGAN from house, L.

Hard. (Going up, c.) Hist! Danny, are you there?

DANNY appearing from below at back.

Danny. Is it yourself, Masther Hardress?

Hard. Is the boat ready?

Danny. Snug under the blue rock, sir.

Hard. Does Eily expect me to-night?

Danny. Expict, is it? Here is a lether she bade me give yez; sure the young thing is never aisy when you are away. Look, masther dear, do ye see that light, no bigger than a star, beyant on Muckcross Head?

Hard. Yes, it is the signal which my dear Eily leaves burning in our chamber.

Danny. All night long she sits beside that light wid her face fixed on that lamp in your windy above.

Hard. Dear, dear Eily, after all here's asleep, I will leap from my window, and we'll cross the lake,

Danny. (Searching.) Where did I put that lether?

Enter KYRLE DALY from house, L.

Kyrle. (L.) Hardress, who is that with you?

Hard. (C.) Only Danny Mann, my boatman.

Kyrle. That fellow is like your shadow.

Danny. (R.) Is it a cripple like me that would be the shadow of an illigant gntleman like Mr. Hardress Cregan?

Kyrle. (L.) Well, I mean that he never leaves your side.

Hard. (C.) And he never shall leave me. Ten years ago he was a fine boy—we were foster-brothers and playmates—in a moment of passion, while we were struggling, I flung him from the gap rock into the reeks below, and thus he was maimed for life.

Danny. Arrah! whist aroon! wouldn't I die for yez? didn't the same mother foster us? Why, wouldn't ye brake my back if it plazed ye, and welkim? Oh, Masther Kyrle, if ye'd seen him nursin' me for months, and cryin' over me, and kneelin'! Sin' that time, sir, my body's been crimpin' up smaller and smaller every year, but my heart is gettin' bigger for him every day.

Hard. Go along, Danny.

Danny. Long life t'ye, sir! I'm off.

[Runs up and descends rocks, c. to R.]
Kyrle. Hardress, a word with you. Be honest with me—do you love Anne Chute?

Hard. Why do you ask?

Kyrle. Because we have been fellow collegians and friends through life, and the five years that I have passed at sea have strengthened, but have not cooled, my feelings towards you. (Offers hand.)

Enter MRS. CREGAN, from house, L.

Hard. (L.) Nor mine for you, Kyrle. You are the same noble fellow as ever. You ask me if I love my cousin Anne?

Mrs. C. (C., between them.) And I will answer you, Mr. Daly.

Hard. (R.) My mother!

Mrs. C. (C.) My son and Miss Chute are engaged. Excuse me, Kyrle, for intruding on your secret, but I have observed your love for Anne with some regret. I hope your heart is not so far gone as to be beyond recovery.

Kyrle. (L.) Forgive me, Mrs. Cregan, but are you certain that Miss Chute really is in love with Hardress?

Mrs. C. Look at him! I'm sure no girl could do that and doubt it.

Kyrle. But I'm not a girl, ma'am; and sure, if you are mistaken—

Hard. My belief is that Anne does not care a token for me, and likes Kyrle better.

Mrs. C. (C.) You are an old friend of my son and I may confide to you a family secret. The extravagance of my husband left this estate deeply involved. By this marriage with Anne Chute we redeem every acre of our barony. My son and she have been brought up as children together, and don't know their true feelings yet.

Hard. Stop, mother, I know this: I would not wed my cousin if she did not love me, not if she carried the whole county Kerry in her pocket, and the barony of Kenmare in the crown of her hat.

Mrs. C. Do you hear the proud blood of the Cregans?

Hard. Woo her, Kyrle, if you like, and win her if you can. I'll back you.

Enter ANNE CHUTE, from house, L.

Anne. (L. C.) So will I—what's the bet?

Mrs. C. (C.) Hush!

Anne. I'd like to have a bet on Kyrle.

Hard. Well, Anne, I'll tell you what it was.

Mrs. C. (C.) Hardress!

Anne. (L. C.) Pull in one side, aunt, and let the boy go on.

Hard. (R.) Kyrle wanted to know if the dark brown colt, Hardress Cregan, was going to walk over the course for the Anne Chute Stakes, or whether it was a scrub race open to all.

Anne. I'm free-trade—coppreens, mules and biddys.

Mrs. C. How can you trifle with a heart like Kyrle's?

Anne. Trifle! his heart can be no trifle, if he's all in proportion.

Enter SERVANT from house, L.

Ser. Squire Corrigan, ma'am, begs to see you.

Mrs. C. At this hour, what can the fellow want? Show Mr. Corrigan here. [*Exit Servant into house, L.*] I hate this man; he was my husband's agent, or what the people here call a middle-man—vulgarly polite, and impudently obsequious.

Hard. (R.) Genus squireen—a half sir, and a whole scoundrel.

Anne. I know—a potato on a silver plate: I'll leave you to peel him. Come, Mr. Daly, take me for a moonlight walk, and be funny.

Kyrle. Funny, ma'am, I'm afraid I am—

Anne. You are heavy, you mean; you roll through the world like a hogshead of whisky; but you only want tapping for pure spirits to flow out spontaneously. Give me your arm. (*Crossing, R.*) Hold that glove now. You are from Ballinasloe, I think?

Kyrle. I'm Connaught to the core of my heart.

Anne. To the roots of your hair, you mean. I bought a horse at Ballinasloe fair that deceived me; I hope you won't turn out to belong to the same family.

Kyrle. (R. c.) What did he do?

Anne. Oh! like you, he looked well enough—deep in the chest as a Pool-a-Dhiol, and broad in the back, as the Gap of Dunloe—but after two days' warm work he came all to pieces, and Larry, my groom, said he'd been stuck together with glue.

Kyrle. (R.) Really, Miss Chute!

[*Music.—Exit, R. 1. E.*]

Hard. (Advancing, laughing.) That girl is as wild as a coppleen—she won't leave him a hair on the head. (*Goes up.*)

Enter Servant, showing in CORRIGAN from house, L.

[*Exit Servant, L.*]

Corrig. (L.) Your humble servant, Mrs. Cregan—my service t'ye, 'Squire—it's a fine night entirely.

Mrs. C. (c.) May I ask to what business, sir, we have the honour of your call?

Corrig. (Aside, L. c.) Prond as Lady Beelzebub, and as grand as a queen. (*Aloud.*) True for you, ma'am; I would not have come but for a divil of a pinch I'm in entirely. I've got to pay £8,000 to-morrow, or lose the Knockmakilty farms.

Mrs. C. (c.) Well, sir?

Corrig. And I wouldn't trouble ye—

Mrs. C. Trouble me, sir?

Corrig. Yes, ma'am—ye'd be forgettin' now that mortgage I have on this property. It ran out last May, and by rights—

Mrs. C. It will be paid next month.

Corrig. Are you reckonin' on the marriage of Mister Hardress and Miss Anne Chute?

Hard. (Advancing, R.) Mr. Corrigan, you forget yourself.

Mrs. C. Leave us, Hardress, awhile. (*Hardress*

retires, R.) Now, Mr. Corrigan, state, in as few words as possible, what you demand.

Corrig. Mrs. Cregan, ma'am, you depend on Miss Anne Chute's fortune to pay me the money, but your son does not love the lady, or, if he does, he has a mighty quare way of showing it. He has another girl on hand, and betune the two he'll come to the ground, and so bedad will I.

Mrs. C. That is false—it is a calumny, sir!

Corrig. I wish it was, ma'am. D'ye see that light over the lake?—your son's eyes are fixed on it. What would Anne Chute say if she knew that her husband, that is to be, had a mistress beyant—that he slips out every night after you're all in bed, and like Leandher, barrin' the wettin', he sails across to his sweetheart?

Mrs. C. Is this the secret of his aversion to the marriage? Fool! fool! what madness, and at such a moment.

Corrig. That's what I say, and no lie in it.

Mrs. C. He shall give up this girl—he must!

Corrig. I would like to have some security for that. I want by to-morrow Anne Chute's written promise to marry him or my £8,000.

Mrs. C. It is impossible, sir; you hold ruin over our heads.

Corrig. Madam, it's get to hang over your head or mine.

Mrs. C. Stay, you know that what you ask is out of our power—you know it—therefore this demand only covers the true object of your visit.

Corrig. 'Bon my honour! and you are as 'cute, ma'am, as you are beautiful!

Mrs. C. Go on, sir

Corrig. Mrs. Cregan, I'm goin' to do a foolish thing—now, by gorra I am! I'm richer than ye think, maybe, and if you'll give me your personal security, I'll take it.

Mrs. C. What do you mean?

Corrig. I mean that I'll take a lien for life on you, instead of the mortgage I hold on the Cregan property. (*Aside.*) That's nate, I'm thinkin'.

Mrs. C. Are you mad?

Corrig. I am—mad in love with yourself, and and that's what I've been these fifteen years.

(*Music through dialogue till Ann Chute is off.*)

Mrs. C. Insolent wretch! my son shall answer and chastise you. (*Calls.*) Hardress!

Hard. (Advancing.) Madam.

Enter ANNE CHUTE and KYRLE, R.

Corrig. Miss Chute!

Hard. Well, mother? } (*Together.*)

Anne. Well, sir?

Mrs. C. (Aside.) Scoundrel! he will tell her all and ruin us! (*Aloud.*) Nothing. (*Turns aside.*)

Corrig. Your obedient.

Anne. Oh!

[*Crosses with Kyrle, and exit, L. U. E.—Music ceases.*]

Corrig. You are in my power, ma'am. See, now, not a soul but myself knows of this secret love of Hardress Cregan, and I'll keep it as snug as a bug in a rug, if you'll only say the word.

Mrs. C. Contemptible hound, I loathe and despise you!

Corrig. I've known that fifteen years, but it hasn't cured my heart ache.

Mrs. C. And you would buy my aversion and disgust!

Corrig. Just as Anne Chute buys your son, if she knew but all. Can he love his girl beyant, without hatin' this heirsch he's obliged to swallow?—ain't

you thriven to sell him? But you didn't feel the hardship of being sold till you tried it on yourself.

Mrs. C. I beg you, sir, to leave me.

Corrig. That's right, ma'am—think over it, sleep on it. To-morrow I'll call for your answer. Good evenin' kindly.

[Music.—Exit Corrigan in house.

Mrs. C. Hardress.

Hard. What did he want?

Mrs. C. He came to tell me the meaning of yonder light upon Muckcross Head.

Hard. Ah! has it been discovered. Well, mother, now you know the cause of my coldness, my indifference for Anne.

Mrs. C. Are you in your senses, Hardress? Who is this girl?

Hard. She is known at every fair and pattern in Munster as the Colleen Bawn—her name is Eily O'Connor.

Mrs. C. A peasant girl—a vulgar, barefooted beggar.

Hard. Whatever she is, love has made her my equal, and when you set your foot upon her you tread upon my heart.

Mrs. C. 'Tis well, Hardress. I feel that perhaps I have no right to dispose of your life and your happiness—no, my dear son—I would not wound you—Heaven knows how well I love my darling boy, and you shall feel it. Corrigan has made me an offer by which you may regain the estate, and without selling yourself to Anne Chute.

Hard. What is it? Of course you accepted it?

Mrs. C. No, but I will accept, yes, for your sake—I—I will. He offers to cancel this mortgage if—I will consent to—become his wife.

Hard. You—you, mother? Has he dared—

Mrs. C. Hush! he is right. A sacrifice must be made—either you or I must suffer. Life is before you—my days are well nigh past—and for your sake, Hardress—for yours; my pride, my only one. Oh! I would give you more than my life.

Hard. Never—never! I will not accept it. I'll tear that dog's tongue from his throat that dared insult you with the offer.

Mrs. C. Foolish boy, before to-morrow night we shall be beggars—outcasts from this estate. Humiliation and poverty stand like spectres at yonder door—to-morrow they will be realities. Can you tear out the tongues that will wag over our fallen fortunes? You are a child, you cannot see beyond your happiness.

Hard. Oh! mother, mother, what can be done? My marriage with Anne is impossible.

Enter DANNY MANN, up rock, at back.

Danny. (R. c.) Whisht, if ye plaze—ye're talkin' so loud she'll hear ye say that—she's comin'.

Mrs. C. Has this fellow overheard us?

Hard. If he has, he is mine, body and soul. I'd rather trust him with a secret than keep it myself.

Mrs. C. (L. c.) I cannot remain to see Anne; excuse me to my friends. The night perhaps will bring counsel, or at least resolution to hear the worst! Good night, my son!

[Music.—Exit into house, L.

Danny. (R. c.) Oh! mather, she doesn't know the worst! She doesn't know that you are married to the Colleen Bawn.

Hard. Hush! what fiend prompts you to thrust that act of folly in my face.

Danny. Thru for ye, mather! I'm a dirty mane scut to remind ye of it.

Hard. What will my haughty, noble mother say when she learns the truth! how can I ask her to receive Eily as a daughter?—Eily, with her awkward manners, her Kerry brogue, her ignorance of the usages of society. Oh! what have I done?

Danny. Oh! vo—vo, has the ould family come to this! Is it the daughter of Mihil-na-Thraducha, the ould rope-maker of Garryowen, that 'ud take the fure as your wife?

Hard. Be silent, scoundrel! How dare you speak thus of my love?—wretch that I am to blame her!—poor, beautiful, angel-hearted Eily.

Danny. Beautiful is it! Och—wurra—wurra, deelish! The looking-glass was never made that could do her justice; and if St. Patrick wanted a wife, where would he find an angel that 'ud compare with the Colleen Bawn. As I row her on the lake, the little fishes come up to look at her; and the wind from heaven lifts up her hair to see what the devil brings her down here at all—at all.

Hard. The fault is mine—mine alone—I alone will suffer!

Danny. Oh! why isn't it mine? Why can't I suffer for yez, mather dear? Wouldn't I swallow every tear in your body, and every bit of bad luck in your life, and then wid a stone round my neck, sink myself and your sorrows in the bottom of the lower lake.

Hard. (Placing hand on Danny.) Good Danny, away with you to the boat—be ready in a few moments, we will cross to Muckcross Head.

[Looks at light at back.—Music.—Exit Hardress into house, L.

Danny. Never fear, sir. Oh! it isn't that spalpeen, Corrigan, that shall bring ruin on that ould place. Love Danny alone. Danny, the fox, will lade yez round and about, and cross the scint. (Takes off his hat—sees letter). Bedad, here's the letter from the Colleen Bawn that I couldn't find awhile ago—it's little use now. (Goes to lower window, and reads by light from house.) "Come to your own Eily, that has not seen you for two long days. Come, acushla agra machree. I have forgotten how much you love me—Shule, shule agra. —Colleen Bawn." Divil an address is on it.

Enter KYRLE and ANNE, L. U. E.

Anne. (c.) Have they gone?

Kyrle. (L. c.) It is nearly midnight.

Anne. Before we go in, I insist on knowing who is this girl that possesses your heart. You confess that you are in love—deeply in love.

Kyrle. I do confess it—but not even your power can extract that secret from me—do not ask me, for I could not be false, yet dare not be true.

[Exit Kyrle into house, L.

Anne. (L. c.) He loves me—oh! he loves me—the little bird is making a nest in my heart. Oh! I'm faint with joy.

Danny. (As if calling after him.) Sir, sir!

Anne. Who is that?

Danny. I'm the boatman below, an' I'm waitin' for the gentleman.

Anne. What gentleman?

Danny. Him that's jist left ye, ma'am—I'm waitin' on him.

Anne. Does Mr. Kyrle Daly go out boating at this hour?

Danny. It's not for me to say, ma'am, but every night at twelve o'clock I'm here wid my boat

under the blue rock below, to put him across the lake to Muckcross Head. I beg your pardon, ma'am, but here's a paper ye dropped on the walk beyant—if it's no vally I'd like to light my pipe wid it.

(Gives it.)

Anne. A paper I dropped!

(Goes to window—reads.)

Danny. (Aside.) Oh, Misther Corrigan, you'll ruin mather will ye! asy now, and see how I'll put the cross on ye.

Anne. A love-letter from some peasant girl to Kyrle Daly! Can this be the love of which he spoke? have I deceived myself?

Danny. I must be off, ma'am; here comes the signal.

(Music.)

Anne. The signal?

Danny. D'ye see yonder light upon Muckcross Head? It is in a cottage windy; that light goes in and out three times winkin' that way, as much as to say, "Are ye comin'?" Then if a light in that room there (points at house above) answers by a wink, it manes no! but if it goes out entirely, his honour jumps from the parlour windy into the garden behind, and we're off. Look! (Light in cottage disappears.) That's one. (Light appears.) Now again. (Light disappears.) That's two. (Light appears.) What did I tell you? (Light disappears.) That's three, and here it comes again. (Light appears.) wait now, and ye'll see the answer. (Light disappears from window, L.) That's my gentleman. (Music change.) You see he's goin'—good night, ma'am.

Anne. Stay, here's money; do not tell Mr. Daly that I know of this.

Danny. Divil a word—long life t'ye. (Goes up.)

Anne. I was not deceived; he meant me to understand that he loved me! Hark! I hear the sound of some one who leaped heavily on the garden walk. (Goes to house, L.—looking at back.)

Enter HARDRESS, wrapped in a boat cloak, L. U. E.

Danny. (Going down, R. C.) All right, yer honour. (Hardress crosses at back, and down rock, R. C.)

Anne. (Hiding L.) It is he, 'tis he. (Mistaking Hardress for Daly—closed in.)

SCENE II.—The Gap of Dunloe. (1st grooves.)
Hour before sunrise.

Enter CORRIGAN, R. 1. E.

Corrig. From the rock above I saw the boat leave Torc Cregan. It is now crossing the lake to the cottage. Who is this girl? What is this mysterious mistress of young Cregan?—that I'll find out.

(Myles sings outside. L.)

"Oh! Charley Mount is a pretty place,
In the month of July—"

Corrig. Who's that?—'Tis that poaching scoundrel—that horse stealer, Myles na Coppaleen. Here he comes with a keg of illicit whisky, as bold as Nebuckadezzar.

Enter MYLES, singing, with keg on his shoulder, L.

Is that you, Myles?

Myles. No! it's my brother.

Corrig. I know ye, my man.

Myles. Then why the devil did ye ax?

Corrig. You may as well answer me kindly—civility costs nothing.

Myles. (L. C.) Ow now! don't it? Civility to a lawyer manes six-and-eight-pence about.

Corrig. (R. C.) What's that on your shoulder?

Myles. What's that to you?

Corrig. I am a magistrate, and can oblige you to answer.

Myles. Well! it's a boulster belongin' to my mother's feather bed.

Corrig. Stuff'd with whisky!

Myles. Bedad how would I know what it's stuff'd wid? I'm not an upholsterer.

Corrig. Come, Myles, I'm not so bad a fellow as ye may think.

Myles. To think of that now!

Corrig. I am not the manecreature you imagine!

Myles. Ain't ye now, sir? You keep up appearances mighty well, indeed.

Corrig. No, Myles! I am not that blackguard I've been represented.

Myles. (Sits on keg.) See that now—how people take away a man's character. You are another sort of blackguard entirely.

Corrig. You shall find me a gentleman—liberal, and ready to protect you.

Myles. Long life t'ye, sir.

Corrig. Myles, you have come down in the world lately; a year ago you were a thriving horse-dealer, now you are a lazy ragged fellow.

Myles. Ah! it's the bad luck, sir, that's in it.

Corrig. No, it's the love of Eily O'Connor that's in it—it's the pride of Garryowen that took your heart away, and made ye what ye are—a smuggler and a poacher.

Myles. Thim's hard words.

Corrig. But they are true. You live like a wild beast in some cave or hole in the rocks above; by night your gun is heard shootin' the otter as they lie out on the stones, or you snare the salmon in your nets; on a cloudy night your whisky still is going—you see, I know your life.

Myles. Better than the priest, and devil a lie in it.

Corrig. Now, if I put ye in a snug farm—stock ye with pigs and cattle, and rowl you up comfortable—d'ye think the Colleen Bawn wouldn't jump at ye?

Myles. Bedad, she'd make a lape I b'leve—and what would I do for all this luck?

Corrig. Find out for me who it is that lives at the cottage on Muckcross Head.

Myles. That's asy—it's Danny Mann—no less, and his ould mother Sheelah.

Corrig. Yes, Myles, but there's another—a girl who is hid there.

Myles. Ah, now!

Corrig. She only goes out at night.

Myles. Like the owls.

Corrig. She's the mistress of Hardress Cregan.

Myles. (Seizing Corrigan.) Thurra mon dhiol, what's that?

Corrig. Oh, lor! Myles—Myles—what's the matter—are you mad?

Myles. No—that is—why—why did ye raise your hand at me in that way?

Corrig. I didn't.

Myles. I thought ye did—I'm mighty quick at takin' thim hints, bein' on me keepin' agin' the gangers—go on—I didn't hurt ye.

Corrig. Not much.

Myles. You want to find out who this girl is?

Corrig. I'll give £20 for the information—there's ten on account. (Gives money.)

Myles. Long life t'ye; that's the first money I iver got from a lawyer, and bad luck to me but there's a cure for the evil eye in thim pieces.

Corrig. You will watch to-night?

Myles. In five minutes I'll be inside the cottage itself.

Corrig. That's the lad.

Myles. (*Aside.*) I was goin' there.

Corrig. And to-morrow you will step down to my office with the particulars?

Myles. To-morrow you shall breakfast on them.

Corrig. Good night, entirely.

[*Exit Corrigan, L.*]

Myles. I'll give ye a cow's-tail to swally, and make ye think it's a chapter in St. Patrick, ye spalpeen! When he called Eily the mistress of Hardress Cregan, I nearly sthretched him—begorra, I was full of sudden death that minute! Oh, Eily! acushla agraph asthore machree! as the stars watch over Innisfallen, and as the wathers go round it and keep it, so I watch and keep round you, avourneen!

SONG.—MYLES.

*Oh, Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows,
The river Shannon's full of fish, beside that city
flows;
But it is not the river, nor the fish that preys upon
my mind,
Not with the town of Limerick have I any fault to
find.
The girl I love is beautiful, she's fairer than the
dawn;
She lives in Garryowen, and she's called the Colleen
Bawn.
As the river, proud and bold, goes by that famed
city,
So proud and cold, widout a word, that Colleen goes
by me!*

Oh, hone! Oh, hone-

*Oh, if I was the Emperor of Russia to command,
Or Julius Cæsar, or the Lord Lieutenant of the
land,
I'd give up all my wealth, my manes, I'd give up my
army,
Both the horse, the fut, and the Royal Artillery;
I'd give the crown from off my head, the people on
their knees,
I'd give my fleet of sailing ships, upon the briny
seas,
And a beggar I'd go to sleep, a happy man at dawn,
If by my side, fast for my bride, I'd the darlin'
Colleen Bawn.*

Oh, hone! Oh, hone!

I must reach the cottage before the masher arrives; Father Tom is there waitin' for this keg o' starlight—it's my tithe; I call every tenth keg "his riverinee." It's worth money to see the way it does the old man good, and brings the wather in his eyes; it's the only place I ever see any about him—heaven bless him!

(*Sings.*)

[*Exit Myles, R.—Music.*]

SCENE III.—Interior of Eily's Cottage on Muckcross Head; fire burning, R. 3 E.; table, R. C.; arm-chair; two stools, R. of table; stool L. of table; basin, sugar spoon, two jugs, tobacco, plate, knife, and lemon on table.

FATHER TOM discovered smoking in arm-chair, R. C.—EILY in balcony, watching over lake.

Father T. (*Sings.*) "Tobacco is an Injun weed."

And every weed wants wathering to make it come up; but tobacco bein' an Injun weed that is accustomed to a hot climate, water is entirely too cold for its warrum nature—it's whisky and water it wants. I wonder if Myles has come; I'll ask Eily. (*Calls.*) Eily alanna! Eily, a sailish machree!

Eily. (*Turning.*) Is it me, Father Tom?

Father T. Has he come?

Eily. No, his boat is half a mile off yet.

Father T. Half a mile! I'll choke before he's here.

Eily. Do you mean Hardress?

Father T. No, dear! Myles na Coppaleen—cum spiritu Hiberneuse—which manes in Irish, wid a keg of poteen.

Enter MYLES, R. U. E, down c.

Myles. Here I am, your riverinee, never fear. I tould Sheelah to hurry up with the materials, knowing ye'd be dhry and hasty.

Enter SHEELAH with kettle of water, R. U. E.

Sheelah. Here's the hot water.

Myles. Lave it there till I brew Father Tom a pint of mother's milk.

Sheelah. We'll thin, ye'll do your share of the work, and not a ha'porth more.

Myles. Didn't I bring the sperrits from two miles and more? and I deserve to have the preference to make the punch for his riverinee.

Sheelah. And didn't I watch the kettle all night, not to let it off the boil?—there now.

Myles. (*Quarrelling with Sheelah.*) No, you didn't, &c.

Sheelah. (*Quarrelling.*) Yes, I did, &c.

Eily. No, no; I'll make it, and nobody else.

Father T. Asy now, ye bocanns, and whist; Myles shall put in the whisky, Sheelah shall put in the hot water, and Eily, my Colleen, shall put the sugar in the cruiskeen. A blessin' on ye all three that loves the ould man. (*Myles takes off hat—Women curtsey—they make punch.*) See, now, my children, there's a moral in everything, e'en in a jug of punch. There's the sperrit, which is the sowl and strength of the man. (*Myles pours spirit from keg.*) That's the whisky, Sheelah's the sugar, which is the smile of woman; (*Eily puts sugar*) without that, life is without taste or sweetness. Then there's the lemon (*Eily puts lemon*) which is love; a squeeze now and again does a boy no harm; but not too much. And the hot water (*Sheelah pours water*) which is adversity—as little as possible, if ye plaze—that makes the good things better still.

Myles. And it's complate, ye see, for it's a woman that gets into hot wather all the while.

(*Pours from jug to jug.*)

Sheelah. Myles, if I hadn't the kettle, I'd bate ye.

Myles. Then, why didn't ye let me make the punch? There's a guinea for your riverinee that's come t'ye—one in ten I got awhile ago—it's your tithe—put a hole in it, and hang it on your wather chain, for it's a mighty grate charm entirely.

(*They sit, Sheelah near fire, Colleen on stool beside her, Father Tom in chair, Myles on stool, L. of table.*)

Father T. Eily, look at that boy, and tell me haven't ye a dale to answer for?

Eily. He isn't as bad about me as he used to be; he's getting over it.

Myles. Yes, darlin', the storm has passed over, and I've got into settled bad weather.

Father T. Maybe, afther all, ye'd have done better to have married Myles there than be the wife of a man that's ashamed to own ye.

Eily. He isn't—he's proud of me. It's only when I spake like the poor people, and say or do anything wrong, that he's hurt; but I'm gettin' clane of the brogue, and learnin' to do nothing—I'm to be changed entirely.

Myles. Oh! if he'd lave me yer own self, and only take away wid him his improvements. Oh! murder—Eily, aroon, why wasn't ye twins, an' I could have one of ye, only nature couldn't make two like ye—it would be oureasonable to ax it.

Eily. Poor Myles, do you love me still so much?

Myles. Didn't I lave the world to folly ye, and since then there's been neither night nor day in my life—I lay down on Glenna Point above, where I see this cottage, and I lived on the sight of it. Oh, Eily! if tears were pison to the grass there wouldn't be a green blade on Glenna Hill this day.

Eily. But you knew I was married, Myles.

Myles. Not thin, aroon—Father Tom found me that way, and sat beside, and lifted up my soul. Then I confessed to him, and, sez he, "Myles, go to Eily; she has something to say to you—say I sent you." I came, and ye tould me ye were Hardress Cregan's wife, and that was a great comfort entirely. Since I knew that—(drinks—voice in cup)—I haven't been the blackguard I was.

Father T. See the beauty of the priest, my darlin'—*videte et admirate*—see and admire it. It was at confession that Eily tould me she loved Cregan, and what did I do?—sez I, "Where did you meet your sweetheart?" At Garryowen," sez she, "Well," says I; "That's not the place." "Thruce," your riverince, it's too public intirely," sez she. "Ye'll mate him only in one place," sez I; "and that's the stile that's behind my chapel," for, d'ye see, her mother's grave was forenint the spot, and there's a sperrit round the place—(Myles drinks)—that kept her pure and strong. Myles, ye thafe, drink fair.

Sheelah. Come now, Eilly, couldn't ye cheer up his riverince with the tail of a song?

Eily. Hardress bid me not sing any ould Irish songs; he says the words are vulgar.

Sheelah. Father Tom will give ye absolution.

Father T. Put your lips to that jug; there's only the sthrippens left. Drink! and while that thruce Irish liquor warms your heart, take this wid it. May the brogue of ould Ireland niver forsake your tongue—may her music niver lave yer voice—and may a true Irishwoman's virtue niver die in your heart!

Myles. Come, Eily, it's my liquor—haven't ye a word to say for it?

SONG.—EILY.—"Cruiskeen Lawn."

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
As the huntsman doth his hounds,
And the shepherd his fresh and dewy morn;
But I, more blest than they,
Spend each night and happy day,
With my smilin' little Cruiskeen Lawn, Lawn,
Lawn.

Chorus. (Repeat.) Gramachree, mavourneen, slanta gal avourneen,
Gramachree ma Cruiskeen Lawn, Lawn, Lawn,
With my smiling little Cruiskeen Lawn.

(Chorused by Myles, Father T., and Sheelah.)

MYLES.

And when grim Death appears
In long and happy years,
To tell me that my glass is run,
I'll say, begone, you slave,
For great Bacchus gave me lave
To have another Cruiskeen Lawn—Lawn—
Lawn.

Chorus.—Repeat.

Gramachree, &c., &c.

Hard. (Without, L. U. E.) Ho! Sheelah—Sheelah!

Sheelah. (Rising.) Whist! it's the master.

Eily. (Frightened.) Hardress! oh, my! what will he say if he finds us here?—run, Myles—quick, Sheelah—clear away the things!

Father T. Hurry now, or we'll get Eily in throuble.

(Takes keg—Myles takes jug—Sheelah kettle.)

Hard. Sheelah, I say!

[Exit Father Tom and Myles, R. U. E., quickly.]

Sheelah. Comin' sir; I'm puttin' on my petticoat.

[Exit Sheelah, R. U. E., quickly.]

Enter HARDRESS and DANNY, L. U. E. opening.
Danny immediately goes off, R. U. E.

Eily. (c.) Oh, Hardress, asthore!

Hard. (L. c.) Don't call me by those confounded Irish words—what's the matter? You're trembling like a bird caught in a trap.

Eily. Am I, mavou—no, I mean—is it tremblin' I am, dear?

Hard. What a dreadful smell of tobacco there is here, and the fumes of whisky punch, too, the place smells like a shebeen. Who has been here?

Eily. There was Father Tom and Myles dhropped in.

Hard. Nice company for my wife—a vagabond.

Eily. Ah! who made him so but me, dear? Before I saw you, Hardress, Myles coorted me, and I was kindly to the boy.

Hard. Damn it, Eily, why will you remind me that my wife was ever in such a position?

Eily. I won't see him again—if yer angry, dear, I'll tell him to go away, and he will, because the poor boy loves me.

Hard. Yes, better than I do, you mean?

Eily. No, I don't—oh! why do you spake so to your poor Eily?

Hard. Spake so! Can't you say speak?

Eily. I'll thry, aroon—I'm sthrovin—'tis mighty hard, but what wouldn't I undert-tee-ta—undergo for your sa-se—for your seek.

Hard. Sake—sake!

Eily. Sake—seek—oh, it is to bother people entirely they mixed 'em up! Why didn't they make them all one way?

Hard. (Aside.) It is impossible! How can I present her as my wife? Oh! what an act of madness to tie myself to one so much beneath me—beautiful—good as she is—

Eily. Hardress, you are pale—what has happened?

Hard. Nothing—that is, nothing but what you will rejoice at.

Eily. What d'ye mane?

Hard. What do I mane! Mean—mean!

Eily. I beg your pardon, dear.

Hard. Well, I mean that after to-morrow there will be no necessity to hide our marriage, for I

shall be a beggar, my mother will be an outcast, and amidst all the shame, who will care what wife a Cregan takes?

Eily. And d'ye think I'd like to see you dhragged down to my side—ye don't know me—see now—never call me wife again—don't let on to mortal that we're married—I'll go as a servant in your mother's house—I'll work for the smile ye'll give me in passing, and I'll be happy, if ye'll only let me stand outside and hear your voice.

Hard. You're a fool. I told you that I was betrothed to the richest heiress in Kerry; her fortune alone can save us from ruin. To-night my mother discovered my visits here, and I told her who you were.

Eily. Oh! what did she say?

Hard. It broke her heart,

Eily. Hardress! is there no hope?

Hard. None. That is, none—that—that I can name.

Eily. There is one—I see it.

Hard. There is. We were children when we were married, and I could get no priest to join our hands but one, and he had been disgraced by his bishop. He is dead. There was no witness to the ceremony but Danny Mann—no proof but his word, and your certificate.

Eily. (Takes paper from her breast.) This!

Hard. Eily! if you doubt my eternal love keep that security, it gives you the right to the shelter of my roof; but, oh! if you would be content with the shelter of my heart.

Eily. And will it save ye, Hardress? and will your mother forgive me?

Hard. She will bless you—she will take you to her breast.

Eily. But you—another will take you to her breast.

Hard. Oh! Eily, darling—d'ye think I could forget you, machree—forget the sacrifice more than blood you give me.

Eily. Oh! when you talk that way to me, ye might take my life, and heart, and all. Oh! Hardress, I love you—take the paper and tare it.

(Hardress takes paper.)

Enter MYLES, c., opening.

Myles. No. I'll be damned if he shall.

Hard. Scoundrel! you have been listening?

Myles. To every word. I saw Danny, wid his ear agin that dure, so as there was only one key-hole I adopted the windy. Eily, aroon, Mr. Cregan will giv' ye back that paper; you can't tare up an oath; will ye help him then to cheat this other girl, and to make her his mistress, for that's what she'll be if ye are his wife. An' afther all, what is there agin' the crature? Only the money she's got. Will you stop lovin' him when his love belongs to another? No! I know it by myself; but if ye jine their hands together your love will be an adultery.

Eily. Oh, no!

Hard. Vagabond! outcast! jail bird! dare you prate of honour to me?

Myles. (c.) I am an outlaw, Mr. Cregan—a felon, may be—but if you do this thing to that poor girl that loves you so much—had I my neck in the rope—or my fut on the deck of a convict ship—I'd turn round and say to ye, "Hardress Cregan, I make ye a present of the contimpt of a rogue."

(Snaps fingers.)

Music till end of Act.—Enter FATHER TOM, SHEELAH, and DANNY, R. U. E.—Hardress throws down paper—goes to table—takes hat.

Hard. Be it so, Eily, farewell! until my house is clear of these vermin—(Danny appears at back)—you will see me no more.

[Exit Hardress, L. c., followed by Danny.]

Eily. Hardress—Hardress! (Going up.) Don't leave me, Hardress!

Father T. (Intercepts her.) Stop, Eily! (Danny returns and listens.)

Eily. He's gone—he's gone!

Father T. Give me that paper, Myles. (Myles picks it up—gives it.) Kneel down there, Eily, before me—put that paper in your breast.

Eily. (Kneeling.) Oh! what will I do—what will I do!

Father T. Put your hand upon it now.

Eily. Oh, my heart—my heart!

Father T. Be the hush, and spake after me—by my mother that's in heaven.

Eily. By my mother that's in heaven.

Father T. By the light and the word.

Eily. By the light and the word.

Father T. Sleepin' or wakin'.

Eily. Sleepin' or wakin'.

Father T. This proof of my truth.

Eily. This proof of my truth.

Father T. Shall never again quit my breast.

Eily. Shall never again quit my breast.

(Eily utters a cry and falls—Tableau.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—(1st grooves)—Gap of Dunloe; same as Second Scene, Act I.—Music.

Enter HARDRESS and DANNY, L. 1 E.

Hard. (R.) Oh! what a giddy fool I've been. What would I give to recall this fatal act which bars my fortune?

Danny. (L.) There's something troublin' yez, Mather Hardress. Can't Danny do something to aise ye?—spake the word and I'll die for ye.

Hard. Danny, I am troubled. I was a fool when I refused to listen to you at the chapel of Castle Island.

Danny. When I warned ye to have no call to Eily O'Connor.

Hard. I was mad to marry her.

Danny. I knew she was no wife for you. A poor thing widout manners, or money, or book larnin', or a ha'porth of fortin'. Oh! worra. I told ye dat, but ye bate me off, and here now is the way of it.

Hard. Well, it's done, and can't be undone.

Danny. Bedad, I dun know that. Wouldn't she untie the knot herself—couldn't she untie the knot herself—couldn't ye coax her?

Hard. No.

Danny. Is that her love for you? You that giv' up the divil an all for her. What's her ruin to yours? Ruin—geredontha—ruin is it? Don't I pluck a shamrock and wear it a day for the glory of St. Patrick, and then throw it away when it's gone by my likin'. What, is she to be ruined by a gentleman? Whoo! Mighty good, for the likes o' her.

Hard. She would have yielded, but—

Danny. Asy now, an I'll tell ye. Pay her passage out to Quaybec, and put her aboard a three-master widout sayin' a word. Lave it to me. Danny will clare the road forenint ye.

Hard. Fool, if she still possesses that certificate—the proof of my first marriage—how can I dare to wed another? Commit bigamy—disgrace my wife—bastardize my children!

Danny. Den, by the powers, I'd do by Eily as wid the glove there on yer hand; make it come off, as it come on—an' if it fits too tight, take the knife to it.

Hard. (Turning to him.) What do you mean?

Danny. Only gi' me the word, an' I'll engage that the Colleen Bawn will never throuble ye any more; don't ax me any questions at all. Only—if you're agreeable, take off that glove from yer hand and give it me for a token—that's enough.

Hard. (Throws off cloak—seizes him—throws him down.) Villain! Dare you utter a word or meditate a thought of violence towards that girl—

Danny. Oh! murder—may I never die in sin, if—

Hard. Begone! away, at once, and quit my sight. I have chosen my doom; I must learn to endure it—but, blood! and hers! Shall I make cold and still that heart that beats alone for me?—quench those eyes, that look so tenderly in mine? Monster! am I so vile that you dare to whisper such a thought?

Danny. Oh! masther, divil burn me if I meant any harm.

Hard. Mark me well, now. Respect my wife as you would the queen of the land—whisper a word such as those you uttered to me, and it will be your last. I warn ye—remember and obey.

[Exit Hardress, R.]

Danny. (Rises—picks up cloak.) Oh! the darlin' crature! would I harrum a hair of her blessed head?—no! Not unless you gave me that glove, nd den I'd jump into the bottomless pit for ye.

[Exit Danny, R.—Music—change.]

SCENE II.—Room in Mrs. Cregan's house; window, R. in flat, backed by landscape; door, L. in flat; backed by interior. (Lights up.)

Enter ANNE CHUTE, L. in flat.

Anne. That fellow runs in my head. (Looking at window.) There he is in the garden, smoking like a chimney-pot. (Calls.) Mr Daly!

Kyrle. (Outside window.) Good morning!

Anne. (Aside.) To think he'd smile that way, after going Leandering all night like a dissipated young owl. (Aloud.) Did you sleep well? (Aside.) Not a wink, you, villain, and you know it.

Kyrle. I slept like a top.

Anne. (Aside.) I'd like to have the whipping of ye. (Aloud.) When did you get back?

Kyrle. Get back! I've not been out.

Anne. (Aside.) He's not been out! This is what nen come to after a cruise at sea—they get sunburnt with love. Those foreign donnas teach them to make fire-places of their hearts, and chimney-pots of their mouths. (Aloud.) What are you doing down there? (Aside.) As if he was stretched out to dry. (Kyrle puts down pipe outside.)

Enter KYRLE through window, R., in flat.

Kyrle. (R. c.) I have been watching Hardress coming over from Divil's Island in his boat—the wind was dead against him.

Anne. (L. c.) It was fair for going to Divil's Island last night, I believe.

Kyrle. Was it?

Anne. You were up late, I think?

Kyrle. I was. I watched by my window for hours, thinking of her I loved—slumber overtook me and I dreamed of a happiness I never can hope for.

Anne. Look me straight in the face.

Kyrle. Oh! if some fairy could strike us into stone now—and leave us looking for ever into each other's faces, like the blue lake below, and the sky above it.

Anne. Kyrle Daly! What would you say to a man who had two loves, one to whom he escaped at night, and the other to whom he devoted himself during the day, what would you say?

Kyrle. I'd say he had no chance.

Anne. Oh! Captain Cautious! Well answered. Isn't he fit to take care of anybody?—his cradle was cut out of a witness box.

Enter HARDRESS through window, R., in flat.

Kyrle. (R.) Anne! I don't know what you mean, but that I know that I love you, and you are sporting with a wretchedness you cannot console. I was wrong to remain here so long, but I thought my friendship for Hardress would protect me against your invasion—now I will go.

(Hardress advancing.)

Hard. (c.) No, Kyrle, you will stay. Anne, he loves you, and I more than suspect you prefer him to me. From this moment you are free; I release you from all troth to me: in his presence I do this.

Anne. (L.) Hardress!

Hard. There is a bar between us which you should have known before, but I could not bring myself to confess. Forgive me, Anne—you deserve a better man than I am.

[Exit, L.]

Anne. A bar between us! What does she mean?

Kyrle. He means that he is on the verge of ruin: he did not know how bad things were till last night. His generous noble heart recoils from receiving anything from you but love.

Anne. And does he think I'd let him be ruined any way? Does he think I wouldn't sell the last rood o' land—the gown off my back, and the hair off my head, before the boy that protected and loved me, the child, years ago, should come to a hap'orth of harrum. (Crosses to R.)

Kyrle. Miss Chute!

Anne. Well, I can't help it. When I am angry the brogue comes out, and my Irish heart will burst through manners, and graces, and twenty stay laces. (Crosses to L.) I'll give up my fortune, that I will.

Kyrle. You can't—you've got a guardian who cannot consent to such a sacrifice.

Anne. Have I? then I'll find a husband that will.

Kyrle. (Aside.) She means me—I see it in her eyes.

Anne. (Aside) He's trying to look unconscious. (Aloud.) Kyrle Daly, on your honour and word as a gentleman, do you love me and nobody else?

Kyrle. Do you think me capable of contaminating your image by admitting a meaner passion into my breast?

Anne. Yes, I do.

Kyrle. Then you wrong me.

Anne. I'll prove that in one word.—Take care now—it's coming.

Kyrle. Go on.

Anne. (*Aside.*) Now I'll astonish him. (*Aloud.*) Eily!

Kyrle. What's that?

Anne. "Shule, shule, agraph!"

Kyrle. Where to?

Anne. Three winks, as much as to say, "Are you coming?" and an extinguisher above here means "Yes." Now you see I know all about it.

Kyrle. You have the advantage of me.

Anne. Confess now, and I'll forgive you.

Kyrle. I will—tell me what to confess, and I'll confess it—I don't care what it is.

Anne. (*Aside.*) If I hadn't eye-proof he'd brazen it out of me. Isn't he cunning? He's one of those that would get fat where a fox would starve.

Kyrle. That was my little excursion into my past life—a sudden descent on my antecedents, to see if you could not surprise an infidelity—but I defy you.

Anne. You do? I accept that defiance, and mind me, Kyrle, if I find you true, as I once thought, there's my hand; but if you are false in this, Anne Chute will never change her name for yours. (*He kisses her hand.*) Leave me now.

Kyrle. Oh! the lightness you have given to my heart. The number of pipes I'll smoke this afternoon will make them think we've got a haystack on fire.

[*Exit Kyrle, through window, R.*]

Anne. (*Rings bell on table, R.*) Here, Pat—Barney—some one.

Enter SERVANT, L. door in flat.

Tell Larry Dolan, my groom, to saddle the black mare, Fireball, but not bring her round the house—I'll mount in the stables.

[*Exit Servant, L. door in flat.*]

I'll ride over to Muckross Head, and draw that cottage; I'll know what's there. It mayn't be right, but I haven't a big brother to see after me—and self-protection is the first law of nature.

[*Exit Anne, R. 1. E.*]

Music.—Enter MRS. CREGAN and HARDRESS, L. door in flat.

Mrs. C. (*R. c.*) What do you say, Hardress?

Hard. (*L. c.*) I say, mother, that my heart and faith are both already pledged to another, and I cannot break my engagement.

Mrs. C. And this is the end of all our pride!

Hard. Repining is useless—thought and contrivance are of no avail—the die is cast.

Mrs. C. Hardress—I speak not for myself, but for you—and I would rather see you in your coffin than married to this poor, lowborn, silly, vulgar creature. I know you, my son, you will be miserable, when the infatuation of first love is past; when you turn from her and face the world, as one day you must do, you will blush to say, "This is my wife." Every word from her mouth will be a pang to your pride—you will follow her movements with terror—the contempt and derision she excites will rouse you first to remorse, and then to hatred—and from the bed to which you go with a blessing, you will rise with a curse.

Hard. Mother! mother!

[*Throws himself in chair, R.*]

Mrs. C. To Anne you have acted a heartless and dishonourable part—her name is already coupled with yours at every fireside in Kerry.

Enter SERVANT, L. door in flat.

Ser. Mr. Corrigan, ma'am.

Mrs. C. He comes for his answer. Show him in.

[*Exit Servant, L. door in flat.*]

The hour has come, Hardress—what answer shall I give him?

Hard. Refuse him—let him do his worst.

Mrs. C. And face beggary! On what shall we live? I tell you the prison for debt is open before us. Can you work? No! Will you enlist as a soldier, and send your wife into service? We are ruined—dy'e hear—ruined. I must accept this man only to give you and yours a shelter, and under Corrigan's roof I may not be ashamed perhaps to receive your wife.

Enter SERVANT, showing in MR. CORRIGAN, L. door in flat.

Corrig. (*L.*) Good morning, ma'am; I am punctual you perceive.

Mrs. C. (*c.*) We have considered your offer, sir, and we see no alternative—but—but—

Corrig. Mrs. Cregan, I'm proud, ma'am, to take your hand.

Hard. (*Starting up.*) Begone—begone, I say—touch her and I'll brain you.

Corrig. Squire! Sir! Mr. Hardress.

Hard. Must I hurl you from the house?

Enter two SERVANTS, door in flat.

Mrs. C. Hardress, my darling boy, restrain yourself.

Corrig. Good morning, ma'am. I have my answer. (*To Servant.*) Is Miss Chute within?

Ser. No, sir, she's just galloped out of the stable yard.

Corrig. Say I called to see her. I will wait upon her at this hour to-morrow. (*Looking at the Cregans.*) To-morrow! to-morrow!

[*Exit followed by Servants, L. door in flat.*]

Mrs. C. To-morrow will see us in Limerick Jail, and this house in the hands of the sheriff.

Hard. Mother! heaven guide and defend me; let me rest for awhile—you don't know all yet, and I have not the heart to tell you. (*Crosses L.*)

Mrs. C. With you, Hardress, I can bear anything—anything but your humiliation and your unhappiness—

Hard. I know it, mother, I know it.

[*Exit, L. 1. E.—Music.*]

DANNY appears at window, R. in flat.

Danny. Whisht—missiz—whisht.

Mrs. C. (*L. c.*) Who's there?

Danny. It's me sure, Danny—that is—I know the trouble that's in it. I've been through it all wid him.

Mrs. C. You know, then—?

Danny. Everything, ma'am; and, shure, I sthruv hard and long to impache him from doing it.

Mrs. C. Is he, indeed, so involved with this girl that he will not give her up?

Danny. No; he's got over the worst of it, but she holds him tight, and he feels kindly and soft-hearted for her, and darn't do what another would.

Mrs. C. Dare not?

Danny. Sure she might be packed off across the wather to Ameriky, or them parts beyant? Who'd ever ax a word afther her?—barrin' the masher.

who'd murder me if he knew I whispered such a thing.

Mrs. C. But would she go?

Danny. Ow, ma'am, wid a taste of persuasion, we'd mulvather her aboard. But there's another way again, and if ye'd only coax the masther to send me his glove, he'd know the manin' of that token, and so would I.

Mrs. C. His glove?

Danny. Sorra a haporth else. If he'll do that, I'll take my oath ye'll hear no more of the Colleen Bawn.

Mrs. C. I'll see my son.

[Exit, L. D. F.]

Danny. Tare an' 'ouns, that lively girl, Miss Chute, has gone the road to Muckcross Head; I've watched her—I've got my eye on all of them. If she sees Eily—ow, ow, she'll get the ring itself in that helpin' of kale-canon. Be the piper, I'll run across the lake, and, maybe, get there first; she's got a long round to go, and the wind rising—a purty blast entirely. (Goes to window—Music.)

Re-enter MRS. CREGAN, L. D. F., with glove.

Mrs. C. (Aside.) I found his gloves in the hall, where he had thrown them in his hat.

Danny. Did ye ax him, ma'am?

Mrs. C. I did—and here is the reply.

(Holds out glove.)

Danny. He has changed his mind, then?

Mrs. C. He has entirely.

Danny. And—and—I am—to—do it?

Mrs. C. That is the token.

Danny. I know it—I'll keep my promise. I'm to make away with her?

Mrs. C. Yes, yes—take her away—away with her!

[Exit Mrs. Cregan, L. door in flat.]

Danny. Never fear, ma'am. (Going to window.) He shall never see or hear again of the Colleen Bawn.

[Exit Danny through window—change.]

SCENE III.—Exterior of Eily's Cottage; Cottage, R. 3 E.; set pieces, backed by Lake; table and two seats, R. C.

SHEELAH and EILY discovered knitting.

Sheelah. (R.) Don't cry, darlin'—don't, alaina!

Eily. (L.) He'll never come back to me—I'll never see him again, Sheelah;

Sheelah. Is it lave his own wife?

Eily. I've sent him a letter by Myles, and Myles has never come back—I've got no answer—he won't spake to me—I am standin' betune him and fortune—I'm in the way of his happiness. I wish I was dead!

Sheelah. Whisht! be the husht! what talk is that? when I'm tuk sad that way, I go down to the chapel and pray a turn—it lifts the cloud off my heart.

Eily. I can't pray; I've tried, but unless I pray for him, I can't bring my mind to it.

Sheelah. I never saw a colleen that loved as you love; sorra come to me, but I b'lieve you've got enough to supply all Munster, and more left over than would choke ye if you wern't azed of it.

Eily. He'll come back, I'm sure he will; I was wicked to doubt. Oh! Sheelah! what becomes of the girls he doesn't love. Is there anything goin' on in the world where he isn't?

Sheelah.—There now—you're smilin' again.

Eily. I'm like the first mornin' when he met me—there was dew on the young day's eye—a smile on the lips o' the lake. Hardress will come back—oh! yes; he'll never leave his poor Eily all alone by herself in this place. Whisht, now, an' I'll tell you. (Music.)

SONG.—Air, "Pretty Girl Milking her Cow."

'Twas on a bright morning in summer,
I first heard his voice speaking low,
As he said to a colleen beside me,
"Who's that pretty girl milking her cow?"
And many times after he met me,
And vow'd that I always should be
His own little darling alanna,
Mavourneen a sweetish machree.
I haven't the manners and graces
Of the girls in the world where ye move,
I haven't their beautiful faces,
But I have a heart that can love.
If it please ye, I'll dress in satins,
And jewels I'll put on my brow,
But don't ye be after forgettin'
Your pretty girl milking her cow.

Sheelah. Ah, the birds sit still on the boughs to listen to her, and the trees stop whisperin'; she leaves a mighty big silence behind her voice, that nothin' in nature wants to break. My blessin' on the path before her—there's an angel at the other end of it.

[Exit Sheelah in cottage, R.]

Eily. (Repeats last line of song.)

Enter ANNE CHUTE, L. U. E.

Anne. There she is.

Eily. (Sings till facing Anne—stops—they examine each other.)

Anne. My name is Anne Chute.

Eily. I am Eily O'Connor.

Anne. You are the Colleen Bawn—the pretty girl.

Eily. And you are the Colleen Ruaidh.

Anne. (Aside.) She is beautiful.

Eily. (Aside.) How lovely she is.

Anne. We are rivals.

Eily. I am sorry for it.

Anne. So am I, for I feel that I could have loved you.

Eily. That's always the way of it; everybody wants to love me, but there's something spoils them off.

Anne. (Showing letter.) Do you know that writing?

Eily. I do, ma'am, well, though I don't know how you came by it.

Anne. I saw your signals last night—I saw his departure, and I have come here to convince myself of his falsehood to me. But now that I have seen you, you have no longer a rival in his love, for I despise him with all my heart, who could bring one so beautiful and simple as you are, to ruin and shame!

Eily. He didn't—no—I am his wife! Oh, what have I said!

Anne. What?

Eily. Oh, I didn't mane to confess it—no, I didn't! but you wrung it from me, in defence of him.

Anne. You his wife?

Enter DANNY, L. U. E.

Danny. (At back—aside.) The divil! they're at it—an' I'm too late!

Anne. I cannot believe this—show me your certificate.

Eily. Here it is.

Danny. (Advances between them.) Didn't you swear to the priest that it should niver lave your breast?

Anne. Oh! you're the boatman.

Danny. Iss, ma'am!

Anne. Eily, forgive me for doubting your goodness and your purity. I believe you. Let me take your hand. (Crosses to her.) While the heart of Anne Chute beats, you have a friend that won't be spoiled off, but you have no longer a rival, mind that. All I ask of you is that you will never mention this visit to Mr. Daly—and for you (To Danny.) this will purchase your silence. (Gives money.) Good-bye!

[Exit Anne, L. U. E.]

Danny. Long life t'ye. (Aside.) What does it mane? Hasn't she found me out.

Eily. Why did she ask me never to spake to Mr. Daly of her visit here? Sure I don't know any Mr. Daly.

Danny. Didn't she spake of him before, dear?

Eily. Never!

Danny. Nor didn't she name Master Hardress?

Eily. Well, I don't know; she spoke of him and of the letter I wrote to him, but I b'lieve she never named him intirely.

Danny. (Aside.) The divil's in it for sport; She's got 'em mixed yet.

Enter SHEELAH from cottage, R.

Sheelah. What brings you back, Danny?

Danny. Nothing! but a word I have from the mather for the Colleen here.

Eily. Is it the answer to the letter I sent by Myles?

Danny. That's it, jewel, he sent me wid a message.

Sheelah. (c.) Somethin' bad has happened. Danny, you are as pale as milk, and your eye is full of blood—yez been drinkin'.

Danny. May be I have.

Sheelah. You thrimble, and can't spake straight to me. Oh! Danny, what is it, avick?

Danny. Go on now, and stop yer kennin'.

Eily. Faith, it isn't yourself that's in it, Danny; sure there's nothing happened to Hardress.

Danny. Divil a word, good or bad, I'll say while the mother's there.

Sheelah. I'm goin' (Aside.) What's come to Danny this day, at all, at all; bedad, I don't know my own flesh and blood. [Runs into cottage.]

Danny. Sorro' and ruin has come on the Cregans; they're broke intirely.

Eily. Oh, Danny.

Danny. Whisht, now! You are to meet Mather Hardress this evenin', at a place on the Divil's Island, beyant. Ye'll niver breathe a word to mortal to where yer goin', d'ye mind, now; but slip down, unbeknown, to the landin' below, where I'll have the boat waitin' for yez.

Eily. At what hour?

Danny. Just after dark, there's no moon to-night, an' no one will see us crossin' the water.

(Music till end of scene.)

Eily. I will be there; I'll go down only to the little chapel by the shore, and pray there 'till ye come. [Exit Eily into cottage, R.]

Danny. I'm wake and cowld! What's this come over me? Mother, mother, acushla.

Enter SHEELAH, R.

Sheelah. What is it, Danny?

Danny. (Staggering to table.) Give me a glass of spirits! (Falls in chair.—Change quickly.)

SCENE IV.—The old Weir Bridge, or a Wood on the verge of the Lake—(1st grooves.)

Enter ANNE CHUTE, R.

Anne. Married! the wretch is married! and with that crime already on his conscience ne was ready for another and similar piece of villany. It's the Navy that does it. It's my belief those sailors have a wife in every place they stop at.

Myles. (Sings outside, R.)

“Oh! Eily astoir, my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost.”

Anne. Here's a gentleman who has got my complaint—his love is all crost, like a bud in the frost.

Enter MYLES, R.

Myles.

“And there's no use at all in my goin' to bed,
For it's drames, and not sleep, that comes into my head,
And it's all about you,” &c. &c.

Anne. My good friend, since you can't catch your love, d'ye think you could catch my horse?

(Distant thunder.)

Myles. Is it a black mare wid a white stockin' on the fore off leg?

Anne. I dismounted to unhook a gate—a peal of thunder frightened her, and she broke away.

Myles. She's at Tore Cregan stables by this time—it was an admiration to watch her stride across the Phil Dolan's bit of plough.

Anne. And how am I to get home?

Myles. If I had four legs, I wouldn't ax better than to carry ye, an' a proud baste I'd be.

(Thunder—rain.)

Anne. The storm is coming down to the mountain—is there no shelter near?

Myles. There may be a corner in this ould chapel. (Rain.) Here comes the rain—murder! ye'll be wet through. (Music—pulls off coat.) Put this round yez.

Anne. What will you do? You'll catch your death of cold.

Myles. (Taking out bottle.) Cowld is it. Here's a wardrobe of top coats. (Thunder.) Whoo! this is a fine time for the water—this way, ma'am.

[Exit Myles and Anne, L.]

Enter EILY, cloak and hood, R.

Eily. Here's the place where Danny was to meet me with the boat. Oh! here he is.

Enter DANNY, L.

How pale you are!

Danny. The thunder makes me sick.

Eily. Shall we not wait till the storm is over?

Danny. If it comes on bad we can put into the Divil's Island Cave.

Eily. I feel so happy that I am going to see him, yet there is a weight about my heart that I can't account for.

Danny. I can. (Aside.) Are you ready now?

Eily. Yes; come—come.

Danny. (*Staggering.*) I'm wake yet. My throat is dry—if I'd a draught of whisky now.

Eily. Sheelah gave you a bottle.

Danny. I forgot—it's in the boat. (*Rain.*)

Eily. Here comes the rain—we shall get wet.

Danny. There's the mather's boat cloak below.

Eily. Come, Danny, lean on me. I'm afraid you are not sober enough to sail the skiff.

Danny. Sober! the dhrunker I am the better I can do the work I've got to do.

Eily. Come, Danny, come—come?

[*Exit Eily and Danny, R.—Music ceases.*]

Re-enter ANNE CHUTE and MYLES, L.

Myles. It was only a shower, I b'lieve—are ye wet, ma'am?

Anne. Dry as a biscuit.

Myles. Ah! then it's yerself is the brave and beautiful lady—as bould an' proud as a ship before the blast. (*Anne looks off, R.*)

Anne. Why there is my mare, and who comes with— (*Crosses to R.*)

Myles. It's Mr. Hardress Cregan himself.

Anne. Hardress here?

Myles. Eily gave me a letter for him this morn'ing.

Enter HARDRESS, R.

Hard. Anne, what has happened? Your horse galloped wildly into the stable—we thought you had been thrown.

Myles. Here is the letter Eily tould me to give him. (*To Hardress.*) I beg your pardon, sir, but here's the taste of a letter I was axed to give your honour. (*Gives letter.*)

Hard. (*Aside.*) From Eily!

Anne. Thanks, my good fellow, for your assistance.

Myles. Not at all, ma'am. Sure, there isn't a boy in the county Kerry that would not give two thumbs off his hands to do a service to the Colleen Ruaidh, as you are called among us—iss indeed. (*Going—aside.*) Ah! then it's the purty girl she is in them long clothes.

[*Exit Myles, R.*]

Hard. (*Reads, aside.*) "I am the cause of your ruin; I can't live with that thought killin' me. If I do not see you before night you will never again be troubled with your poor Eily." Little simpleton! she is capable of doing herself an injury.

Anne. Hardress! I have been very blind and very foolish, but to-day I have learned to know my own heart. There's my hand, I wish to seal my fate at once. I know the delicacy which prompted you to release me from my engagement to you. I don't accept that release; I am yours.

Hard. Anne, you don't know all.

Anne. I know more than I wanted, that's enough. I forbid you ever to speak on this subject.

Hard. You don't know my past life.

Anne. And I don't want to know. I've had enough of looking into past lives; don't tell me anything you wish to forget.

Hard. Oh, Anne—my dear cousin; if I could forget—if silence could be oblivion.

[*Exit Hardress and Anne, L.*]

SCENE V.—*Exterior of Myle's Hut. (1st grooves.)*

Enter MYLES, R., singing "Brian O' Linn."

"Brian o' Linn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair;
The skinny side out and the woolly side in,
'They are cool and convanient,' said Brian O' Linn."

(*Locks door of cabin.*) Now I'll go down to my whisky-still. It is under my feet this minnte, bein' in a hole in the rocks they call O'Donoghue's stables, a sort of water cave; the people around here think that the cave is haunted with bad spirits, and they say that of a dark stormy night strange onearthly noises is heard comin' out of it—it is me singing "The night before Larry was stretched." Now I'll go down to that cave, and wid a sod of live turf under a kettle of warty, I'll invoke them sperrits—and what's more they'll come.

[*Exit Myles singing, R.—Music till Myles begins to speak next scene.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Cave; through large opening at back is seen the Lake and moon; rocks R. and L.—flat rock, R. C.; gauze waters all over stage; rope hanging from c., hitched on wing, R. U. E.*

Enter MYLES singing, top of rock, R. U. E.

Myles. And this is a purty night for my work! The smoke of my whisky-still will not be seen; there's my distillery beyant in a snug hole up there, (*Unfastens rope, L.*) and here's my bridge to cross over to it. I think it would puzzle a gauger to folly me; this is a patent of my own—a tight-rope bridge. (*Swings across from R. to L.*) Now I tie up my drawbridge at this side till I want to go back—what's that—it was an otter I woke from a nap he was takin on that bit of rock there—ow! ye devil! if I had my gun I'd give ye a leaden supper. I'll go up and load it, may be I'll get a shot; them stones is the place where they lie out of a night, and many a one I've shot of them.

[*Music.—disappears up rock. L. U. E.*]

A small boat with DANNY and EILY appears from R., and works on to rock, C.

Eily. What place is this you have brought me to?

Danny. Never fear—I know where I'm goin'—step out on that rock—mind yer footin'; tis wet there.

Eily. I don't like this place—it's like a tomb.

Danny. Step out, I say; the boat is lak'ing.

(*Eily steps on to rock, R. C.*)

Eily. Why do you spake to me so rough and cruel?

Danny. Eily, I have a word to say t'ye. listen Eily. I won't, Danny—I won't.

Danny. Wonst Eily, I was a fine brave boy, the pride of my ould mother, her white-haired darlin'—you wouldn't think it to look at me now. D'ye know how I got changed to this?

Eily. Yes, Hardress told me.

Danny. He done it—but I loved him before it, an' I loved him afther it—not a dhrop of blood I have, but I'd pour out like wather for the mather.

Eily. I know what you mean—as he has deformed your body—ruined your life—made ye what ye are.

Danny. Have you, a woman, less love for him than I, that you wouldn't give him what he wants of you, even if he broke your heart as he broke my back, both in a moment of passion? Did I ax him to ruin himself and his ould family, and all to mend my bones? No! I loved him, and forgave him that.

Eily. Danny, what d'ye want me to do?
(Danny steps out on to rock.)

Danny. Give me that paper in your breast?
(Boat floats off slowly, R.)

Eily. I can't—I've sworn never to part with it! You know I have!

Danny. Eily, that paper stands between Hardress Cregan and his fortune; that paper is the ruin of him. Give it, I tell yez.

Eily. Take me to the priest; let him lift the oath off me. Oh! Danny, I swore a blessed oath on my two knees and ye would ax me to break that?

Danny. (Seizes her hands.) Give it up, and don't make me hurt ye.

Eily. I swore by my mother's grave, Danny. Oh! Danny dear, don't. Don't, acushla, and I'll do anything. See now, what good would it be: sure, while I live I'm his wife. (Music changes.)

Danny. Then you've lived too long. Take your marriage lines wid ye to the bottom of the lake.

(He throws her from rock backwards into the water, L. C., with a cry; she reappears, clinging to rock.)

Eily. No! save me. Don't kill me. Don't, Danny, I'll—do anything, only let me live.

Danny. He wants ye dead. (Pushes her off.)

Eily. Oh! Heaven help me. Danny—Dan—
(Sinks.)

Danny. (Looking down.) I've done it. She's gone.

(Shot is fired, L. U. E.; he falls—rolls from the rock into the water, R. C.)

MYLES appears with gun on rock, L. U. E.

Myles. I hit one of them bastes that time. I could see well, though it was so dark. But there was somethin' moving on that stone. (Swings across to R. U. E.) Divil a sign of him. Stop! (Looks down.) What's this? it's a woman—there's something white there. (Figure rises near rock, R. U. E.—kneels down; tries to take the hand of figure.) Ah! that dress; it's Eily. My own darlin' Eily.

(Pulls off waistcoat—jumps off rock.)

Eily rises R.—then Myles and Eily rise up, C.—he turns, and seizes rock, R. C.—Eily across left arm.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Interior of an Irish hut; door and small opening R. C., door L. C. flat.

Truckle bed and bedding, R. C., on which DANNY MANN is discovered; table with jug of water; lighted candle stuck in bottle, L.; two stools—SHEELAH at table, L.—Music.

Danny. (In his sleep.) Gi' me the paper, thin—screeching won't save ye—down, down! (Wakes.) Oh, mother, darlin'—mother!

Sheelah. (Waking.) Eh! did ye call me, Danny?

Danny. Gi' me a dhrop of wather—it's the thirst that's killin' me.

Sheelah. (Takes jug.) The fever's on ye mighty bad.

Danny. (Drinks, falls back, groans.) Oh, the fire in me won't go out! How long have I been here?

Sheelah. Ten days this night.

Danny. Ten days dis night! have I been all that time out of my mind?

Sheelah. Iss, Danny. Ten days ago, that stormy night, ye crawled in at that dure, wake an' like a ghost.

Danny. I remind me now.

Sheelah. Ye tould me that ye'd been poachin' salmon and had been shot by the keepers.

Danny. Who said I hadn't?

Sheelah. Divil a one! Why did ye make me promise not to say a word about it? didn't ye refuse even to see a doctor itself?

Danny. Has any one axed after me?

Sheelah. No one but Mr. Hardress.

Danny. Heaven bless him.

Sheelah. I tould him I hadn't seen ye, and here ye are this day groanin' when there's great doin's up at Castle Chute. To-morrow the masther will be married to Miss Anne.

Danny. Married! but—the—his—

Sheelah. Poor Eily, ye mane?

Danny. Hide the candle from my eyes, it's painin' me, shade it off. Go on, mother.

Sheelah. The poor Colleen! Oh, vo, Danny, I knew she'd die of the love that was chokin' her. He didn't know how tindher she was, when he give her the hard word. What was that message the masther sent to her, that ye wouldn't let me hear?

It was cruel, Danny, for it broke her heart entirely; she went away that night, and, two days after, a cloak was found floatin' in the reeds, under Birkeen Bridge; nobody knew it but me. I turned away, and never said—. The creature is drowned, Danny, and woe to them as dhruv her to it. She has no father, no mother to put a curse on him, but there's the Father above that niver spakes till the last day, and then—(She turns and sees Danny gasping, his eyes fixed on her, supporting himself on his arm.) Danny! Danny! he's dyin'!

(Runs to him, R. of bed.)

Danny. Who said that? Ye lie! I never killed her—sure he sent me the glove—where is it?

Sheelah. He's ravin' agin.

Danny. The glove, he sent it to me full of blood. Oh! master dear, there's your token. I tould ye I would clear the path foreninst ye.

Sheelah. Danny, what dy'e mane?

Danny. I'll tell ye how I did it, masther; 'twas dis way, but don't smile like dat, don't, sir! she wouldn't give me de marriage lines, so I sunk her, and her proofs wid her! She's gone! she came up wonst, but I put her down agin! Never fear—she'll never throuble yer agin, never, never.

(Lies down, mutters—Sheelah on her knees, in horror and prayer.)

Sheelah. 'Twas he! he!—my own son—he's murdered her, and he's dyin' now—dyin', wid blood on his hands! Danny! Danny! Spake to me.

Danny. A docther! will dey let me die like a baste, and never a docther?

Sheelah. I'll run for one that'll cure ye. Oh! weerasthrue, Danny! Is it for this I've loved ye? No, forgive me, acushla, it isn't your own mother that 'ud add to yer heart-breakin' and pain. I'll fetch the docther, avick. (Music—puts on cloak,

and pulls hood over her head.) Oh! hone—oh! hone!

[Exit Sheelah, L. door in flat—a pause—knock—pause—knock.]

Enter CORRIGAN, door in flat, L. C.

Corrig. Sheelah! Sheelah! Nobody here?—I'm bothered entirely. The cottage on Muckcross Head is empty—not a sowl in it but a cat. Myles has disappeared, and Danny gone—vanished, bedad, like a fog. Sheelah is the only one remaining. I called to see Miss Chute; I was kicked out. I sent her a letter; it was returned to me unopened. Her lawyer has paid off the mortgage, and taxed my bill of costs—the spalpeen! (Danny groans.) What's that? Some one asleep there. 'Tis Danny!

Danny. A docther—gi' me a doctor!

Corrig. Danny here—concealed, too! Oh! there's something going on that's worth peepin' into. Whist! there's footsteps comin'. If I could hide a bit. I'm a magistrate, an' I ought to know what's goin' on—here's a turf hole wid a windy in it.

[Exit Corrigan, opening in flat, R. C.]

Enter SHEELAH and FATHER TOM, L. C. door.

Sheelah. (Goes to Danny.) Danny!

Danny. Is that you, mother.

Sheelah. I've brought the docther, asthore. (Danny looks up.)

Danny. The priest!

Sheelah. (On her knees R. of bed.) Oh! my darlin', don't be angry wid me, but dis is the docther you want; it isn't in your body where the hurt is; the wound is in your poor sowl—there's all the harrum.

Father T. Danny, my son—(sits L. on bed)—it's sore-hearted I am to see you down this way.

Sheelah. And so good a son he was to his ould mother.

Danny. Don't say that—don't. (Covering his face.)

Sheelah. I will say it—my blessin' on ye—see that, now, he's cryin'.

Father T. Danny, the hand of death is on ye. Will ye lave your sins behind ye here below, or will ye take them with ye above, to show them on ye? Is there anything ye can do that'll mend a wrong? leave that legacy to your friend and he'll do it. Do ye want pardon of any one down here—tell me, avick; I'll get it for ye, and send it after you—may be ye'll want it.

Danny. (Rising up on arm.) I killed Eily O'Connor.

Sheelah. (Covers her face with her hands.) Oh! Oh!

Father T. What harrum had ye agin the poor Colleen Bawn? (Corrigan takes notes.)

Danny. She stud in his way, and he had my heart and sowl in his keeping.

Father T. Hardress!

Danny. Hisself! I said I'd do it for him, if he'd give me the token.

Father T. Did Hardress employ you to kill the girl?

Danny. He sent me the glove; that was to be the token that I was to put her away, and I did—I—in the Pool a Dhiol. She wouldn't gi' me the marriage lines; I threw her in and then I was kilt.

Father T. Killed! by whose hand?

Danny. I don't know, unless it was the hand of heaven.

Father T. (Rising, goes down—aside.) Myles na Coppaleen is at the bottom of this; his whisky still is in that cave, and he has not been seen for ten days past. (Aloud—goes to Danny.) Danny, after ye fell, how did ye get home?

Danny. I fell in the wather; the current carried me to a rock; how long I was there half drowned I don't know, but on wakin' I found my boat floatin' close by, an' it was still dark, I got in and crawled here.

Father T. (Aside.) I'll go and see Myles—there's more in this than has come out.

Sheelah. Won't yer riverince say a word of comfort to the poor boy?—he's in great pain entirely.

Father T. Keep him quiet, Sheelah. (Music.) I'll be back again with the comfort for him. Danny, your time is short; make the most of it. (Aside.) I'm off to Myles na Coppaleen. Oh, Hardress—(going up)—Cregan, ye little think what a bridal day ye'll have!

[Exit door in flat, L. C.]

Corrig. (Who has been writing in note-book, comes out—at back.) I've got down every word of the confession. Now, Hardress Cregan, there will be guests at your weddin' to-night ye little dhrame of.

[Exit door in flat, L. C.]

Danny. (Rising up.) Mother, mother! the pain is on me. Wather—quick—wather!

(Sheelah runs to L. table—takes jug—gives it to Danny—he drinks—Sheelah takes jug—Danny struggles—falls back on bed—close on picture.)

SCENE II.—Chamber in Castle Chute. (1st grooves.)

Enter KYRLE DALY and SERVANT, R.

Kyrle. Inform Mrs. Cregan that I am waiting upon her.

Enter MRS. CREGAN, L.

Mrs. C. I am glad to see you, Kyrle.

[Exit Servant, L.]

Kyrle. (R. C.) You sent for me, Mrs. Cregan. My ship sails from Liverpool to-morrow. I never thought I could be so anxious to quit my native land.

Mrs. C. I want you to see Hardress. For ten days past he shuns the society of his bride. By night he creeps out alone in his boat on the lake—by day he wanders round the neighbourhood, pale as death. He is heartbroken.

Kyrle. Has he asked to see me?

Mrs. C. Yesterday he asked where you were.

Kyrle. Did he forget that I left your house when Miss Chute, without a word of explanation, behaved so unkindly to me?

Mrs. C. She is not the same girl since she accepted Hardress. She quarrels—weeps—complains, and has lost her spirits.

Kyrle. She feels the neglect of Hardress.

Anne. (Without, R.) Don't answer me, Obey! and hold your tongue.

Mrs. C. Do you hear? she is rating one of the servants.

Anne. (Without.) No words—I'll have no sulky looks neither.

Enter ANNE, R., dressed as a bride, with veil and wreath in her hand.

Anne. Is that the veil and wreath I ordered? How dare you tell me that. (Throws it off, R.)

Mrs. C. Anne!

(Anne sees Kyrle—stands confused.)

Kyrle. You are surprised to see me in your house, Miss Chute?

Anne. You are welcome, sir.

Kyrle. (Aside.) She looks pale! She's not happy—that's gratifying.

Anne. He doesn't look well—that's some comfort.

Mrs. C. I'll try to find Hardress.

[Exit Mrs. Cregan, L.]

Kyrle. I hope you don't think I intrude—that is—I came to see Mrs. Cregan.

Anne. (Sharply.) I don't flatter myself you wished to see me, why should you?

Kyrle. Anne, I am sorry I offended you; I don't know what I did, but no matter.

Anne. Not the slightest.

Kyrle. I released your neighbourhood of my presence.

Anne. Yes, and you released the neighbourhood of the presence of somebody else—she and you disappeared together.

Kyrle. She!

Anne. Never mind.

Kyrle. But I do mind. I love Hardress Cregan as a brother, and I hope the time may come, Anne, when I can love you as a sister.

Anne. Do you? I don't.

Kyrle. I don't want the dislike of my friend's wife to part my friend and me.

Anne. Why should it? I'm nobody.

Kyrle. If you were my wife, and asked me to hate anyone, I'd do it—I couldn't help it.

Anne. I believed words like that once when you spoke them, but I have been taught how basely you can deceive.

Kyrle. Who taught you?

Anne. Who?—your wife.

Kyrle. My what?

Anne. Your wife—the girl you concealed in the cottage on Muckross Head. Stop now, don't speak—save a falsehood, however many ye have to spare. I saw the girl—she confessed.

Kyrle. Confessed that she was my wife?

Anne. Made a clean breast of it in a minute, which is more than you could do with a sixteen foot waggon and a team of ten in a week.

Kyrle. Anne, hear me; this is a frightful error—the girl will not repeat it.

Anne. Bring her before me and let her speak.

Kyrle. How do I know where she is?

Anne. Well, bring your boatman then, who told me the same.

Kyrle. I tell you it is false; I never saw—never knew the girl!

Anne. You did not? (Shows Eily's letter.) Do you know that? You dropped it, and I found it.

Kyrle. (Takes letter.) This! (Reads.)

Enter HARDRESS, L.

Anne. Hardress! (Turns aside.)

Kyrle. Oh! (Suddenly struck with the truth—glances towards Anne—finding her looking away, places letter to Hardress.) Do you know that?—you dropped it.

Hard. (Conceals letter.) Eh?—oh!

Kyrle. 'Twas he. (Looks from one to the other.) She thinks me guilty; but if I stir to exculpate myself, he is in for it.

Hard. You look distressed, Kyrle. Anne, what is the matter?

Kyrle. Nothing, Hardress. I was about to ask Miss Chute to forget a subject which was painful to her, and to beg of her never to mention it again—not even to you, Hardress.

Hard. I am sure she will deny you nothing.

Anne. I will forget, sir; (aside) but I will never forgive him—never.

Kyrle. (Aside.) She loves me still, and he loves another, and I am the most miserable dog that ever was kicked. (Crosses to L.) Hardress, a word with you.

[Exit Kyrle and Hardress, L.]

Anne. And this is my wedding day. There goes the only man I ever loved. When he's here near by me, I could give him the worst treatment a man could desire, and when he goes away he takes the heart and all of me off with him, and I feel like an unfurnished house. This is pretty feelings for a girl to have, and she in her regimentals. Oh! if he wasn't married—but he is, and he'd have married me as well—the malignant! Oh! if he had, how I'd have made him swing for it—it would have afforded me the happiest moment of my life.

[Music.—Exit Anne, L.]

SCENE III.—Exterior of Myles's Hut, door R. in flat. (2nd grooves.)

Enter FATHER TOM, L.

Father T. Here's Myles's shanty. I'm nearly killed with climbin' the hill. I wonder if he at home? Yes, the door is locked inside. (Knocks.)

Myles—Myles, are ye at home?

Myles. (Outside, R. 2 E.) No—I'm out.

Enter MYLES, R. 2 E.

Arrah! is it yourself, Father Tom, that's in it?

Father T. Let us go inside, Myles—I've a word to say t'ye.

Myles. I—I've lost the key.

Father T. Sure it's stikken inside.

Myles. Iss—I always lock the dure inside and lave it there when I go out, for fear on losin' it.

Father T. Myles, come here to me. It's lyin' ye are. Look me in the face. What's come to ye these tin days past—three times I've been to your door and it was locked, but I heard ye stirrin' inside.

Myles. It was the pig, yer riverince.

Father T. Myles, why did yer shoot Danny Mann?

Myles. Oh, murther, who tould you that?

Father T. Himself.

Myles. Oh, Father Tom, have ye seen him?

Father T. I've just left him.

Myles. Is it down there ye've been?

Father T. Down where?

Myles. Below, where he's gone to—where would he be, afther murthering a poor crature?

Father T. How d'ye know that?

Myles. How! how did I?—whisht, Father Tom, it was his ghost.

Father T. He is not dead, but dyin' fast, from the wound ye gave him.

Myles. I never knew 'twas himself 'till I was tould.

Father T. Who tould you?

Myles. Is it who?

Father T. Who? who?—not Danny, for he doesn't know who killed him.

Myles. Wait, an' I'll tell you. It was nigh twelve that night, I was comin' home—I know the time, betoken Murty Dwyer mademe step in his shebeen, bein' the wake of the ould Callaghan, his wife's uncle—and a dacent man he was. "Murty," ses I—

Father T. Myles, you're desavin, me.

Myles. Is it afther desavin' yer riverence I'd be?

Father T. I see the lie in yer mouth. Who tould ye it was Danny Mann ye killed?

Myles. You said so awhile ago.

Father T. Who tould ye it was Danny Mann?

Myles. I'm comin' to it. While I was at Murty's, yer riverence, as I was a tellin' you—Dan Daley was there—he had just kim'd in. "Good morrow good day"—ses he. "Good morrow, good Dan, ses I,"—jest that ways entirely—"it's an opening to the heart to see you." Well, yer riverence, as I ware sayin',—"long life an' good wife to ye, Masther Dan," ses I. "Thank ye," ses he, "and the likes to ye, anyway." The moment I speck them words, Dan got heart, an' up an' tould Murty about his love for Murty's darty—the Colleen Rue. The moment he heard that, he puts elbows in himself, an' stood lookin' at him out on the flare. "You flog Europe, for boldness," ses he—"get out of my sight," ses he,—"this moment," ses he,—"or I'll give yer a kick that will rise you from poverty to the highest pitch of affluence," ses he—"away out o' that, you notorious delinquent; single yer freedom, and double yer distance," ses he. Well, Dan was forced to cut an' run. Poor boy, I was sorry for his trouble; there isn't a better son nor brother this moment goin' the road than what he is—said—said—there wasn't a better, an', an'—oh! Father Tom, don't ax me; I've got an oath on my lips. (Music.) Don't be hard on a poor boy.

Father T. I lift the oath from ye. Tell me, avich, oh! tell me. Did ye search for the poor thing—the darlin' soft-eyed Colleen? Oh! Myles, could ye lave her to lie in the cowl'd lake all alone?

Enter EILY from door R. flat.

Myles. No, I couldn't.

Father T. (Turns—sees Eily.) Eily! Is it yerself, and alive—an' not—not—Oh! Eily, mavourneen. Come to my heart. (Embraces Eily.)

Myles. (Crosses to L.) D'ye think ye'd see me alive if she wasn't? I thought ye knew me better—it's at the bottom of the Pool a Dhiol I'd be this minute if she wasn't to the fore.

Father T. (c.) Speak to me—let me hear your voice.

Eily. Oh! father, father, won't ye take me, far, far away from this place.

Father T. Why did ye hide yourself this way?

Eily. For fear he'd see me.

Father T. Hardress. You knew then that he instigated Danny to get rid of ye?

Eily. Why didn't I die—why am I alive now for him to hate me?

Father T. D'ye know that in a few hours he is going to marry another?

Eily. I know it. Myles tould me—that's why I'm hiding myself away.

Father T. What does she mean?

Myles. (L.) She loves him still—that's what she manes.

Father T. Love the wretch who sought your life!

Eily. Isn't it his own? It isn't his fault if his love couldn't last as long as mine. I was a poor, mane creature—not up to him any way; but if he'd only said, "Eily, put the grave between us and make me happy," sure I'd laid down, wid a big heart, in the loch.

Father T. And you are willing to pass a life of seclusion that he may live in his guilty joy?

Eily. If I was alive wouldn't I be a shame to him an' a ruin—ain't I in his way? Heaven help me—why would I trouble him? Oh! he was in great pain o' mind entirely when he let them put a hand on me—the poor darlin'.

Father T. And you mean to let him believe you dead?

Eily. Dead an' gone: then perhaps, his love for me will come back, and the thought of his poor, foolish little Eily that worshipped the ground he stood on, will fill his heart awhile.

Father T. And where will you go?

Eily. I don't know. Anywhere. What matters?

Myles (Against wing, L.) Love makes all places alike.

Eily. I'm alone in the world now.

Father T. The villain—the monster! He sent her to heaven because he wanted her there to blot out with her tears the record of his iniquity. Eily, ye have but one home, and that's my poor house. You are not alone in the world—there's one beside ye, your father, and that's myself.

Myles. Two—bad luck to me, two. I am her mother; sure I brought her into the world a second time.

Father T. (Looking, R.) Whist! look down there, Myles—what's that on the road?

Myles. (Crosses, R.) It's the sogers—a company of red-coats. What brings the army out?—who's that wid them?—it is ould Corrigan, and they are going towards Castle Chute. There's mischief in the wind.

Father T. In with you, an' keep close awhile; I'll go down to the castle and see what's the matter. (Crosses R.)

Eily. Promise me that you'll not betray me—that none but yourself and Myles shall ever know I'm livin'; promise me that, before you go.

Father T. I do, Eily; I'll never breathe a word of it—it is as sacred as an oath.

[Exit L.—Music.]

Eily (Going to cottage). Shut me in, Myles, and take the key wid ye, this time.

[Exit in cottage, R. C.]

Myles (Locks door). There ye are, like a pearl in an oyster; now I'll go to my bed as usual on the mountain above—the bolster is stuffed wid rocks, and I'll have a cloud round me for a blanket.

[Exit Myles, R. 2 E.]

SCENE IV.—Outside of Castle Chute. (1st grooves).

Enter CORRIGAN and six SOLDIERS, R. 1 E.

Corrig. Quietly, boys; sthrew yourselves round the wood—some of ye at the gate beyant—two more this way—watch the windies; if he's there to escape at all he'll jump from a windy. The house is surrounded. (Quadrille music under stage.—Air, "The Boulanger.") Oh! oh! they're dancin'—dancin' and merry-making, while the net is closin' around 'em. Now Masther Hardress Cregan—I

was kicked out, was I; but I'll come this time wid a call that ye'll answer wid your head instead of your foot. My letters were returned unopened; but here's a bit of writin' that ye'll not be able to hand back so easy.

Enter CORPORAL, R.

Corp. All right, sir.

Corrig. Did you find the woman, as I told ye?

Corp. Here she is, sir.

Enter SHEELAH, guarded by two SOLDIERS, R.

Sheelah. (Crying.) What's this? Why am I thrated this way—what have I done?

Corrig. You are wanted awhile—it's your testimony we require. Bring her this way. Follow me!

[Exit, L.

Sheelah. (Struggling.) Let me go back to my boy. Ah! good luck t'ye, don't kape me from my poor boy! (Struggling.) Oh! you dirty blackguards, let me go—let me go!

[Exit Sheelah and Soldiers, L.

SCENE V.—Ball Room in Castle Chute. Steps, C.; platform—balustrades on top; backed by moonlight landscape—doors R. and L.; table, L. C.; writing materials, books, papers on; chairs; chair, L. 2. E.; Chairs, R.; chandeliers lighted. LADIES and GENTLEMEN, WEDDING GUESTS discovered, HYLAND CREAGH, BERTIE O'MOORE, DUCIE, KATHLEEN CREAGH, ADA CREAGH, PATSIE O'MOORE, BRIDESMAIDS and SERVANTS discovered.—Music going on under stage.

Hyland. Ducie, they are dancing the Boulanger, and they can't see the figure unless you lend them the light of your eyes.

Kathleen. We have danced enough; it is nearly seven o'clock.

Ducie. Mr. O'Moore; when is the ceremony to commence?

O'Moore. The execution is fixed for seven—here's the scaffold, I presume. (Points to table.)

Hyland. Hardress looks like a criminal. I've seen him fight three duels, and he never showed such a pale face as he exhibits to-night.

Ducie. He looks as if he was frightened at being so happy.

Hyland. And Kyrle Daly wears as gay an appearance.

Enter KYRLE DALY, down steps, C.

Ducie. Hush! here he is.

Kyrle. That need not stop your speech, Hyland. I don't hide my love for Ann Chute, and it is my pride, and no fault of mine if she has found a better man.

Hyland. He is not a better man.

Kyrle. He is—she thinks so—what she says becomes the truth.

Enter MRS. CREGAN, L. 2 E.

Mrs. C. Who says the days of chivalry are over? Come, gentlemen, the bridesmaids must attend the bride. The guests will assemble in the hall.

Enter SERVANT, R. 2 E., with letter and card on salver.

Serv. Mr. Bertie O'Moore, if you please. A gentleman below asked me to hand you this card.

O'Moore. A gentleman; what can he want? (Reads card.) Ah, indeed; this is a serious matter, and excuses the intrusion.

Hyland. What's the matter?

O'Moore. A murder has been committed.

All. A murder?

O'Moore. The perpetrator of the deed has been discovered, and the warrant for his arrest requires my signature.

Hyland. Hang the rascal.

(Goes up with Ducie.)

O'Moore. A magistrate, like a doctor, is called on at all hours.

Mrs. C. We can excuse you for such a duty, Mr O'Moore.

O'Moore. (Crossing, R.) This is the result of some brawl at a fair, I suppose. Is Mr. Corrigan below?

Mrs. C. (Starting.) Corrigan?

O'Moore. Show me to him.

[Exit O'Moore and Servant, R. 2. E.—

Guests go up and off, L. U. E.

Mrs. C. Corrigan here! What brings that man to this house?

[Exit Mrs. Cregan, R. 3 E.

Enter HARDRESS, down steps, C. from R., pale.

Hardress. (Sits, L.) It is in vain—I cannot repress the terror with which I approach these nuptials—yet, what have I to fear? Oh! my heart is bursting with its load of misery.

Enter ANNE, down steps, C. from R.

Anne. Hardress! what is the matter with you?

Hard. (Rising, L. C.) I will tell you—yes, it may take this horrible oppression from my heart. At one time I thought you knew my secret; I was mistaken.—The girl you saw at Muckcross Head—

Anne. (R. C.) Eily O'Connor.

Hard. Was my wife!

Anne. Your wife?

Hard. Hush! Maddened with the miseries this act brought upon me, I treated her with cruelty—she committed suicide.

Anne. Merciful powers!

Hard. She wrote to me bidding me farewell for ever, and the next day her cloak was found floating in the lake. (Anne sinks in chair.) Since then I have neither slept nor waked—I have but one thought, one feeling; my love for her, wild and maddened, has come back upon my heart, like a vengeance. (Music—tumult heard, R.)

Anne. Heaven defend our hearts, what is that?

Enter MRS. CREGAN, deadly pale, R. 3 E.—Locks door behind her.

Mrs. C. Hardress! my child!

Hard. Mother!

Anne. Mother, he is here. Look on him—speak to him—do not gasp and stare on your son in that horrid way. Oh! mother, speak, or you will break my heart.

Mrs. C. Fly—fly! (Hardress going, R.) Not that way. No—the doors are defended! there is a soldier placed at every entrance! You—you are trapped and caught—what shall we do?—the window in my chamber—come—come—quick—quick!

Anne. Of what is he accused?

Hard. Of murder! I see it in her face. (Noise, R.)

Mrs. C. Hush! they come—begone! Your boat is below that window, Don't speak! when oceans are between you and danger—write! Till then not a word. (Forcing him off, L. 3 E.—noise, R.)

Anne. Accused of murder! He is innocent!

Mrs. C. Go to your room! Go quickly to your room, you will betray him—you can't command your features.

Anne. Dear mother, I will.

Mrs. C. Away, I say—you will drive me frantic, girl. My brain is stretched to cracking. Ha!

(Noise, R.)

Anne. There is a tumult in the drawing-room.

Mrs. C. They come! You tremble! Go—take away your puny love—hide it where it will not injure him—leave me to face this danger!

Anne. He is not guilty.

Mrs. C. What's that to me, woman? I am his mother—the hunters are after my blood! Sit there—look away from this door. They come!

(Knocking loudly—crash—door R. 3. E. opened—enter CORPORAL and SOLDIERS, who cross stage, facing up to charge—GENTLEMEN with drawn swords on steps, c.; LADIES on at back—O'MOORE, R. 3 E.—Enter CORRIGAN, R. 3 E.—KYRLE on steps, c.)

Corrig. Gentlemen, put up your swords, the nouse is surrounded by a military force, and we are here in the king's name.

Anne (R.) Gentlemen, come on, there was a time in Ireland when neither king nor faction could call on Castle Chute without a bloody welcome.

Guests. Clear them out.

Kyrle. (Interposing.) Anne, are you mad? Put up your swords—stand back there—speak—O'Moore, what does this strange outrage mean?

(Soldiers fall back—Gentlemen on steps—Kyrle comes forward.)

O'Moore. Mrs. Cregan, a fearful charge is made against your son; I know—I believe he is innocent. I suggest, then, that the matter be investigated here at once, amongst his friends—so that this scandal may be crushed in its birth.

Kyrle. Where is Hardress?

Corrig. Where?—why he's escaping while we are jabbering here. Search the house.

[Exit two Soldiers, R. 3 E.]

Mrs. C. (L.) Must we submit to this, sir? Will you, a magistrate, permit—

O'Moore. I regret, Mrs. Cregan, but as a form—

Mrs. C. Go on, sir!

Corrig. (At door, L. 3 E.) What room is this? 'tis locked—

Mrs. C. That is my sleeping chamber

Corrig. My duty compels me.

Mrs. C. (Throws key down on ground). Be it so sir.

Corrig. (Picks up key—unlocks door). She had the key—he's there.

(Exit Corrigan, Corporal, and two Soldiers.)

Mrs. C. He has escaped by this time.

O'Moore (At L. table). I hope Miss Chute will pardon me for my share in this transaction—believe me, I regret—

Anne (R.) Don't talk to me of your regret, while you are doing your worst. It is hate, not justice, that brings this accusation against Hardress, and this disgrace upon me.

Kyrle. Anne!

Anne. Hold your tongue—his life's in danger, and if I can't love him, I'll fight for him, and that's more than any of you men can do. (To O'Moore). Go on with your dirty work. You have done the worst now—you have dismayed our guests, scattered terror amid our festival, and made the remembrance of this night, which should have been a happy one, a thought of gloom and shame.

Mrs. C. Hark! I hear—I hear his voice. It cannot be.

Re-enter CORRIGAN, L. 3 E.

Corrig. The prisoner is here!

Mrs. C. (c.) Ah—(utters a cry)—is he? Dark bloodhound, have you found him? May the tongue that tells me so be withered from the roots, and the eye that first detected him be darkened in its socket?

Kyrle. Oh, madam! for heaven's sake!

Anne. Mother! mother!

Mrs. C. What! shall it be for nothing he has stung the mother's heart, and set her brain on fire?

Enter HARDRESS, handcuffed, and two SOLDIERS, L. 3 E.

I tell you that my tongue may hold its peace, but there is not a vein in all my frame but curses him. (Turns—sees Hardress; falls on his breast.) My boy! my boy!

Hard. (L.) Mother, I entreat you to be calm. (Crosses to c.) Kyrle, there are my hands, do you think there is blood upon them?

(Kyrle seizes his hand—Gentlemen press round him, take his hand, and retire up.)

Hard. I thank you, gentlemen; your hands acquit me. Mother, be calm—sit there.

(Points to chair, L.)

Anne. (R.) Come here, Hardress; your place is here by me.

Hard. (R. c.) Now, sir, I am ready.

Corrig. (L. of table.) I will lay before you, sir, the deposition upon which the warrant issues against the prisoner. Here is the confession of Daniel or Danny Mann, a person in the service of the accused, taken on his death-bed; in articulo mortis, you'll observe.

O'Moore. But not witnessed.

Corrig. (Calling.) Bring in that woman.

Enter SHEELAH and two SOLDIERS, R. 3 E.

I have witnesses. Your worship will find the form of law in perfect shape.

O'Moore. Read the confession, sir.

Corrig. (Reads.) "The deponent being on his death-bed, in the presence of Sheelah Mann and Thomas O'Brien, parish priest of Kinmare, deposed and said"—

Enter FATHER TOM, R. 3 E.

Oh, you are come in time, sir.

Father T. I hope I am.

Corrig. We may have to call your evidence.

Father T. (c.) I have brought it with me.

Corrig. "Deposed and said, that he, deponent, killed Eily O'Connor; that said Eily was the wife

of Hardress Cregan and stood in the way of his marriage with Miss Anne Chute; deponent offered to put away the girl, and his master employed him to do so."

O'Moore. Sheelah, did Danny confess this crime?

Sheelah. (L. c.) Devil a word—it's a lie from end to end. That ould thief was niver in my cabin—he invented the whole of it—sure you're the devil's own parverter of the truth!

Corrig. Am I? Oh, oh; Father Tom will scarcely say as much. (To him.) Did Danny Mann confess this in your presence?

Father T. I decline to answer that question!

Corrig. Aha! you must—the law will compel you!

Father T. I'd like to see the law that can unseal the lips of the priest, and make him reveal the secrets of heaven.

Anne. So much for your two witnesses. Ladies, stand close. Gentlemen, give us room here.

(Bridesmaids down, R.)

[Exit Father Tom, R. 3 E.]

Corrig. We have abundant proof, your worship—enough to hang a whole county. Danny isn't dead yet. Deponent agreed with Cregan that if the deed was to be done, that he, Cregan, should give his glove as a token.

Mrs. C. Ah!

Hard. Hold! I confess that what he has read is true. Danny did make the offer, and I repelled his horrible proposition.

Corrig. Aha! but you gave him the glove?

Hard. Never, by my immortal soul—never!

Mrs. C. (Advancing.) But I—I did! (Movement of surprise.) I, your wretched mother—I gave it to him—I am guilty! thank heaven for that! remove those bonds from his hands, and put them here on mine.

Hard. 'Tis false, mother, you did not know his purpose—you could not know it.

(Corporal takes off handcuffs.)

Mrs. C. I will not say anything that takes the welcome guilt from off me.

Enter MYLES from steps, c. from R.

Myles. Won't ye, ma'am? Well, if ye won't, I will.

All. Myles!

Myles. Save all here. If you plaze, I'd like to say a word; there's been a murder done, and I done it.

All. You!

Myles. Myself. Danny was killed by my hand. (To Corrig.) Wor yez any way nigh that time?

Corrig. (Quickly.) No.

Myles. (Quickly.) That's lucky; then take down what I'm sayin'. I shot the poor boy—but widout manin' to hurt him. It's lucky I killed him that time, for it's lifted a mighty sin off the sowl of the creature.

O'Moore. What does he mean?

Myles. I mane, that if you found one witness to Eily O'Connor's death, I found another that knows a little more bout it, and here she is.

Enter EILY and FATHER TOM, down steps, c. from R.

All. Eily!

Myles. The Colleen Bawn herself!

Eily. Hardress!

Hard. My wife—my own Eily. }

Eily. Here, darlin', take the paper, and tear it, if you like. (Offers him the certificate.)

Hard. Eily, I could not live without you.

Mrs. C. If ever he blamed you, it was my foolish pride spoke in his hard words—he loves you with all his heart. Forgive me, Eily.

Eily. Forgive.

Mrs. C. Forgive your mother, Eily.

Eily. (Embracing her.) Mother!

(Mrs. Cregan, Hardress, Eily, Father Tom group together—Anne, Kyrle, and Gentlemen—Ladies together—their backs to Corriyan—Corriyan takes bag, puts in papers, looks about, puts on hat, buttons coat, slinks up stage, runs up-stairs, and off, R.—Myles points off after him—several Gentlemen run after Corriyan.)

Anne. But what's to become of me? is all my emotion to be summoned for nothing? Is my wedding dress to go to waste, and here's all my blushes ready? I must have a husband.

Hyland and Gentlemen. Take me.

O'Moore. Take me.

Anne. Don't all speak at once! Where's Mr. Daly?

Kyrle. (R.) Here, I am, Anne!

Anne. (R. c.) Kyrle, come here! You said you loved me, and I think you do.

Kyrle. Oh!

Anne. Behave yourself now. If you'll ask me, I'll have you.

Kyrle. (Embracing Anne.) Anne!

(Shouts outside, R. U. E.)

All. What's that?

Myles. (Looking off at back.) Don't be uneasy! it's only the boys outside that's caught ould Corriyan thryin' to get off, and they've got him in the horsepond.

Kyrle. They'll drown him.

Myles. Nivir fear, he wasn't born to be drowned—he won't sink—he'll rise out of the world, and divil a fut nearer heaven he'll get than the top o' the gallows.

Eily. (To Hard.) And ye won't be ashamed of me?

Anne. I'll be ashamed of him if he does.

Eily. And when I spake—no—speak—

Anne. Speak is the right sound. Kyrle Daly, pronounce that word.

Kyrle. Spake.

Anne. That's right; if you ever spake it any other way I'll divorce ye—mind that.

Father T. Eily, darlin', in the middle of your joy, sure you would not forget one who never forsook you in your sorrow.

Eily. Oh, Father Tom!

Father T. Oh, it's not myself, I mane.

Anne. No, it's that marauder there, that lent me his top-coat in the thunderstorm.

(Pointing to Myles.)

Myles. Bedad, ma'am, your beauty left a linin' in it that has kept me warm ever since.

Eily. Myles, you saved my life—it belongs to you. There's my hand; what will you do with it?

Myles. (Takes her hand and Hardress's.) Take her, wid all my heart. I may say that, for ye can't take her widout. I am like the boy who had a penny to

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

put in the poor-box—I'd rather keep it for myself. It's a shamrock itself ye have got, sir; and like that flower, she'll come up every year fresh and green forenent ye. When ye cease to love her may dyin' become ye, and when ye do die, lave yer money to the poor, your widdy to me, and we'll both forgive ye. (Joins hands.)

Eily. I'm only a poor, simple girl, and it's frightened I am to be surrounded by so many—

Anne. Friends, Eily, friends.

Eily. Oh, if I could think so—if I could hope that I had established myself in a little corner of their hearts, there wouldn't be a happier girl alive than
THE COLLEEN BAWN.

Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

SOLDIERS.
GUESTS.

SOLDIERS.
GUESTS.

KYRLE. ANNE. MYLES. HARDRESS. EILY. FATHER TOM. MRS. CREGAN.
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THE WANDERING JEW.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM EUGENE SUE'S CELEBRATED ROMANCE, BY
GEORGE LANDER.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 18.]

First Produced at the Britannia Theatre July 23, 1873.

ORIGINAL CAST.

ABBE, MARQUIS D'AIGRIGNY (a scheming Jesuit)	Mr. R. Bell.	DAGOBERT BAUDOIN (an old Soldier of the Imperial Guard)	Mr. E. Newbound.
FATHER RODIN (his Secretary) ...	Mr. J. Reynolds.	PRINCE DJALMA SING (an Indian Prince)	} Descendants of, and heirs to, the Inheritance of Marius de Rennepont
MOROK (a Beast Tamer)	} Spies and creatures of d'Aigrigny and Rodin	JACQUES RENNEPONT	
FARANGHEA (a Thug, or Strangler)		Mr. C. Pitt.	GABRIEL RENNEPONT
DR. BALENIER (Keeper of a Madhouse(... ..	Mr. J. Pitt.		
	Mr. Robinson		

No. 397. Dicks' Standard Plays.

CONTINUATION OF DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARSHAL SIMON (ex-officer of the Imperial Army)	ADRIENNE DE CAR-	{ Descendants } of, and heirs to, the In- heritance.	Miss L. Mac- donald. Miss K. Perry. Miss L. Rayner.
SAMUEL (Custodian of the Inheritance of De Ren-	DOVILLE,		
nepont) Mr. J. Parry.	ROSE SIMON		
M. DUMESNIL (a Notary) Mr. F. Wilton.	BLANCHE SIMON		
NINNY MOULIN (a dissipated, eccentric, but good-	MADAME BAUDOIN (wife of Dagobert)		
hearted individual) Mr. E. Elton.	BATHSHEBA (wife of Samuel) ...	Mrs. W. Newham.	Miss J. Coveney.
BLANC (a Police Officer) Mr. Moore.	CEPHYSE SOLIVEAU (called the Bacchanalian	Queen, a Jesuit Agent)	Miss Bellair.
THE WANDERING JEW (a Mystery), Mr. T. Graham.	ROSE POMPON (a pretty little Grisette)		Miss J. Summers.
SERVANT, INNKEEPER, BURGOMASTER, MASQUE-			
RADERS, &c.			

C O S T U M E.

D'AIGRIGNY.—A long military frock-coat, buttoned closely up to his chin; blue velvet cap with tassel; trousers, with straps; well-fitting boots, with square toes; collar turned down over a dark stock; cuffs, and well-fitting gloves of a suitable colour.

RODIN.—An old threadbare long-tailed blue coat, with a greasy collar; a pocket handkerchief for a cravat; vest and trousers of black cloth, worn white at the seams and knees; oiled leather shoes; an old hat and shabby umbrella for out-doors.

DAGOBERT.—A long grey loose military overcoat, confined at the waist with a leathern belt, to which, when travelling, is attached a small flask of spirits; blue cap with a red tassel; knapsack on shoulder; long staff; dusty gaiters; worn shoes.

DJALMA.—A tunic of white cashmere, the border ornamented with a variety of colours, reaching to the knees, and fastened round the waist with a large orange-coloured shawl: a sort of gaiter of crimson velvet, hollowed out over the instep, meets a small slipper of white morocco with a red heel.

JACQUES.—Workman's blue blouse; dark trousers and large full cap.

GABRIEL.—A priest's long black cassock, with a broad girdle; white neck-band; black silk stockings; shoes with black buckles; small black skull-cap.

MARSHAL SIMON.—1st dress in Act ii.: Worn and ragged coat and trousers, and no hat. In Act iii.: A blue frock-coat, buttoned up to his chin; in the top button-hole a piece of red riband; dark blue trousers; hat and gloves.

MOROK.—A long blood-red pelisse, trimmed with black fur; untanned leather boots; no cap; long thick and straight yellow hair, falling over his shoulders.

FARANGHEA.—A long gown of dark green, fastened with a chequered girdle.

DR. BALENIER.—Black vest, coat, and cravat, of a somewhat clerical cut; black satin breeches, with gold buckles at the knees; black leather shoes; cambric ruffles.

NOTARY.—Usual notary's dress.

SAMUEL.—An old dressing-gown of maroon-coloured barracan, with loose hanging sleeves.

NINNY MOULIN.—A workman's dress, carelessly worn; a sort of red brewer's cap. He is very stont, and has a red and pimply face and nose.

BLANC.—A gendarme's dress.

THE WANDERING JEW.—A long black robe, with a broad girdle; sandals; no hat; long jet-black hair and jet-black eyebrows; ghastly pale face.

BURGOMASTER.—High cloth cap; large cloak, with fur tippet; knee-breeches; stockings; shoes. He is very stont.

ADRIENNE.—A robe of dark-blue kerseymere, fitting pretty tightly to the figure, and embroidered on the front part with broad black lacings (*mode of 1832*), well displaying her figure and bust; a small square cambric collar turned back over a broad checked riband, tied in a neat rosette; magnificent golden hair, worn in ringlets.

ROSE AND BLANCHE SIMON.—Dark-coloured garments, somewhat faded. In Act i, they wear hoods of black velvet. They have clustering curls of bright chestnut hair.

MADAME BAUDOIN.—A homely stuff dress.

BATHSHEBA.—A flat head-dress of stiffened lawn; dress of deep mourning.

CEPHYSE SOLIVEAU AND ROSE POMPON.—The usual smart grisette's dress.

Change of dress required for those who appear in the Masquerade (Act ii., scene 5). For further particulars, see Heath's Illustrations to the "Wandering Jew," published by Chapman and Hall, 1845.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE WANDERING JEW.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE—The Polar Regions.—Mountains covered with snow and ice.—In centre of Stage a Mountain, with an ascent from R. to L. As the Curtain rises a crash is heard, as though an avalanche had fallen—Wind and Thunder.

Male Voices, off R. H., heard. Onward! onward!

(Hurried Storm Music.—The JEW—a man, apparently thirty years of age, with long black hair and beard, and ghastly pale face, clad in a dark robe, and staff in hand—staggers on from R. H., and partly ascends Mountain, c. A strong double lime-light falls on him.)

Jew. "Onward!" Aye, "onward!" that cry is ever ringing in my ears, and will continue to do so until atonement is made. Let me, by doing good, erase, in some measure, the memory of the fatal past.

Female Voices off R. H. Onward! onward!

Jew. (Kneeling.—Organ Music during this speech, piano.) Hear me, Great Powers! Harken unto my prayer! Let me—O, let me reach Paris by the 13th of February, to preserve for the descendants of my sister their just rights! (Music Lessens.)

Male Voices off. Onward! onward!

(The Jew advances a few steps, then raises his arms wildly.)

Jew. Let my voice be heard! The poor descendants of my sister are not guilty, I alone am! Let not my sins fall on them. They are beset by the snares of the wicked. Oh! spare them! in mercy, spare them!

Female Voices off. Onward! onward!

Jew. (Leaning on his staff and sobbing.) No rest! No rest!

(Wind and Thunder heard.—The lime-light now throws a dark-blue shade on his face.—Music to rise and fall Tremo until end of scene.)

Jew. The spirit of the storm impels me onward! The fiat has gone forth, and I must obey! O! ye whose blood is tinged by mine, woe and misery to you, for there is a curse on me! I carry desolation where'er I go!

Male Voices. Onward! onward!

Jew. Mercy! Mercy!

(A crash of thunder.)

Jew. (Looking up to Heaven.) Whither shall I go?

Male Voices. Onward! onward!

Jew. (Dropping staff, falls on his knees in c. of

ascent, lifting his hands up as red light now falls on him.) I obey! I obey!

(Gives vent to a despairing sob.)

Male and Female Voices. Onward! onward!

SCENE CLOSED IN ON TABLEAU.

THE FIRST PLOT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—(1st Grooves.)—The Abbé D'Aigrigny's Study.

Enter D'AIGRIGNY, L. H., meeting RODIN, R. H.

(Note—In this the Abbé must show the utmost pride, and Father Rodin the deepest humility, till final speech of Scene.)

D'Aig. (L.) Rodin, are there any letters from our correspondents relative to the great and important affair of the medals?

Rod. (R.) Several. Here is one from Leipsic, from Morok, the beast tamer, announcing that in pursuance of your orders, he will delay the departure of Dagobert and the daughters of Marshal Simon.

D'Aig. Marshal Simon! Bah! You made a note just now in reference to the medals that will explain those letters; read it.

Rod. (Music tremo, while he is reading from papers.) "A hundred and fifty years ago, a French Protestant family voluntarily expatriated itself, to escape the severe arrests issued against the reformers of the Holy Catholic religion. They took refuge in various quarters of the globe. At present there are, it is believed, but six surviving descendants of the family, which has experienced great vicissitudes of fortune. These descendants are—the demoiselles Rose and Blanche Simon, minors, daughters of General Simon; the Prince Djalma Sing, son of the King of Mondri; Jacques Rennepont, a mechanic; the demoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville, daughter of the Duke de Cardoville; and, lastly, the Sieur Gabriel de Rennepont, a missionary in foreign parts."

D'Aig. Good; continue!

Rod. "Each of the members of this family possesses, or ought to possess, a bronze medal, on which is engraved the following inscription:—

'Victim of L. C. D. I.

Pray for me!

At No. 3, Rue St. François, Paris, on the 13th of February, 1832.

In a century and a half, you will be.'"

(Music ceases.)

These words, and this date, indicate that there is some powerful reason why all these descendants of the family should be personally in Paris, on the 13th of February, 1832. But others have an interest in preventing that—the presence of Gabriel de Rennepont being alone desired. To succeed in this, much has been done, and all possible means must be resorted to, but *appearances* must be carefully studied.

D'Aig. That is most important.

Rod. The following is the description of these people, and of what has been done to prevent their appearance at Paris, on the 13th of February. (*Reads.*) Note No. 1.—“The girls, Rose and Blanche Simon, are twins; their father, Marshal Simon, who is exiled abroad, confided them to the care of Dagobert Baudoin, an old soldier of the Imperial Guard, who has reached the frontier with them, where he is watched by our agent Morok, the prophet and beast tamer, who will use all means to prevent their arrival in Paris on the 13th.”

D'Aig. Morok is trusty and unscrupulous; continue.

Rod. Note 2.—“The Prince Djalma is of a generous disposition, and as proud as Lucifer, and was at the château of Adrienne de Cardoville, where he was received on the occasion of the shipwreck of the vessel that was carrying him and his attendant, Faranghea the Thug, our spy, to France. She, being of a headstrong and romantic disposition, saw him there, and fell in love with him, and offered him an asylum, which he accepted, and he is now staying in splendidly furnished apartments at the Hotel de Cardoville, closely watched by Faranghea.” Note 3.—“Jacques Rennepont is a dissipated mechanic, to whom, I, acting under your orders, have, in the character of Mons. Oliver, a money-lender, advanced money, which he has neglected to re-pay, and for which neglect we can arrest him.” Note 4.—“Gabriel de Rennepont, the missionary, is in our hands, and on him our hopes of possessing the inheritance depend. He will be in Paris on the 13th.”

D'Aig. 'Tis well, Rodin. Should perfect success crown our endeavours to gain possession of the inheritance, the Holy Society of Jesuits, for which we labour, will not forget the faithful labours of Father Rodin.

Rod. (*Humbly.*) I am thankful, most reverend Abbé, but need no pecuniary reward. To toil with heart and brain, night and day, in the interests of the society, is all my ambition.

(*With a crafty glance at D'Aigrigny.*)

D'Aig. I know you are a mere automaton, Rodin—bloodless, without feeling, and dead to the world.

Rod. Exactly, even as you yourself are.

D'Aig. What!

Rod. I say it with *all* respect. Were you not sixteen years ago the gay Marquis D'Aigrigny, the life and soul of fashionable society? Have you not resigned all those delights of wine and women, to assume a humble black robe—giving all your wealth to the Church?

D'Aig. I had a motive.

Rod. And perhaps I have one.

D'Aig. (*Contemptuously.*) Bah! You are a worm! But enough. Respecting this affair of the 13th! Write to Rome, that to-morrow, which is the 13th, the missionary Gabriel will be in Paris. I shall see him, and bend him to our scheme. Come!

—at midnight we shall go to the house in the Rue St. François.

[*Exit R. H., followed slowly by Rodin.*]

Rod. (*Rubbing his hands.*) To claim the legacy left by Marius de Rennepont a century and a half ago to accumulate for the benefit of his descendants. A great scheme, Abbé Marquis—a great scheme! But will it succeed?—will it succeed, most sapient Marquis—most reverend Abbé? Ha! ha! ha! I think not! I think not! I hope not!

[*Exit R. H., chuckling to himself, and rubbing his hands.*]

SCENE II.—*Night. The White Falcon Inn, on the road to Paris. House built R. H., sign over door, lights inside. Shed, L. H. up stage, built with rude barred door, beyond is the country.*

DAGOBERT at door, side of Inn, R. H., with a tub before him on a stool, his sleeves tucked up, washing, and humming a tune.

MOROK enters with a letter in his hand. (*Music lively.*)

Mor. (*Reading as he enters.*) Good! good! I see. This letter tells me to prevent the departure of the old soldier, Dagobert, for Paris, with the girls, at all risks. How can I do that? Let me see. I have it. His horse must be destroyed. It is stabled next to the cages of my wild animals; the partition is thin, I'll break it down and let my panthers in to the horse! Yes, yes; my lively panthers of the forest—“Cain,” “Death,” and “Judas.” You shall aid me. If the old fellow kicks up a row afterwards, I'll accuse him of being an escaped thief. (*Looking at Dagobert.*) How he scrubs. (*Dagobert sings a verse of the “Marseillaise.”*) Ha! ha! you'll sing on the other side of your mouth by and by. (*Noise off, as of brutes growling.*) There are my panthers growling for their food. I'll go and attend to that affair.

[*Exit into hut, L. H.*]

Dag. There! I'd sooner charge a battery of cannon than do this woman's work. Soap, scrub, and rub—there is no end to it. It's lucky I can turn my hand to anything. It isn't that I mind for myself—no, no; old Dagobert could put up with a dirty—Ahem! but I can't neglect my pretty little dears, Rose and Blanche. No, no; their clothes must be as white as snow. Bless their pretty faces! Bombshells and blazes! How my dear old spouse in Paris, Madame Baudoin, would shake her fat sides at her grizzly old Dagobert, if she could see him now. Ha! ha! ha! (*Scrubs away vigorously.*) We must be up and away to-morrow morning early. (*Music lively.*)

Enter ROSE and BLANCHE from rear of Inn. They steal down on tiptoe, and surprise Dagobert, one on each side of him.

Rose. Now we've found you out.

Dag. Bombshells and blazes!

Blanche. Old Dagobert a washerwoman! Ha! ha! ha!

Rose. Oh! you pretty little laundress!

Dag. Why, I thought you were fast asleep in bed, my dears. (*They laugh.*) Ah! that's right, my darlings! laugh, laugh away, and I'll laugh too. Ha! ha! ha! am I not an old fool? (*Slaps his chest*) an exquisite old donkey, eh?

Rose. A donkey? No! But you're very funny!

Dag. Oh! yes, I can be funny at times, even though

my heart is breaking. But let us be serious. Tell me why you have disobeyed me in not going to bed.

Rose. Dear Dagobert, don't scold us. We could not sleep for dreaming.

Dag. That wasn't for too much supper. Never mind, we shall be well fed in Paris.

Blanche. When shall we reach there?

Dag. We start to-morrow at daybreak. (*Puts his finger up cautiously.*) That is why I wanted you to sleep so soundly to-night. I don't like this place and these people, and I want to get away to-morrow morning without their knowledge.

Rose. Who could have an interest in harming us?

Dag. (*Evasively.*) Nobody, but the sooner we are on our journey to Paris the better. We must be there on the 13th of February. So your poor father said, when, fifteen years ago he entrusted you and the medal to me on the occasion of his banishment to Siberia.

Rose. What is this mystery about the medal, the 13th of February, and the house in the Rue St. François?

Dag. I don't know, but there is great importance attached to it. Several times during your mother's life a mysterious stranger of Jewish aspect appeared to her, and warned her not to neglect the injunction on the medal. The night of her death he appeared suddenly at her bedside, and in the most solemn manner warned her of its importance.

Rose. What was he like?

(*Music tremo, till end of Dagobert's speech.*)

Dag. He was apparently about thirty years of age, pale and melancholy, with jet black hair and eyebrows. His form was of the middle height, and was enveloped in a long black robe, reaching to his feet; his head was uncovered. Your mother had noticed that during the intervals of his visits, and they were long, his appearance had never changed. Fifteen years ago, at your mother's bedside, I saw him, and again last night, and he was still the same in face, form, and dress!

Rose. How strange!

Blanche. Where did you see him?

Dag. (*Points off.*) In yonder pathway, which, you know, in one part is wet with the running of a little spring. I was standing smoking my pipe, when he suddenly appeared, and in thrilling accents warned me to mind the injunction on the medal. Ere I could question him, he had disappeared, but on the ground where he had stood was left the imprint of seven nails, arranged thus, in the form of a cross. (*Makes a cross on his hand.*) The same thing was observed by me on the snow outside the hut in Siberia when he last visited your mother!

Rose and Blanche. How strange!

Dag. Wherever that cross has been seen—and it has been seen in various parts of the world—misfortune has followed. Depend on it, it is an unlucky omen, and that is why I am anxious to resume our journey. And now, to bed, my darlings, to bed! Don't be alarmed! Old Dagobert will protect and guard you, and you must be ready to start the first thing to-morrow morning. (*Slow music.*) Good-night, and angels bless and guard you!

[*Kisses them, and goes inside Inn, R. H., with them.—Hurried music to bring on MOROK, who enters from Hut, L. H., closing and fastening door.*

Mor. I've broken down the partition, and let Cain, Death, and Judas loose. They'll make mincemeat of that old soldier's horse. (*A noise off, and sound of wild animals growling.*) They're at it! Bravo, my panthers! Finish him quick! I must not be seen.

[*Exit, L.—The noise continued.*

Enter DAGOBERT from Inn.

Dag. I've seen my darlings to bed. What noise is that? (*Runs up to door of hut, and looks through bars.*) Ah! my poor old horse is being worried to death by the panthers. Help! help! (*Runs wildly about.*) My horse is being killed! Oh! the accursed brutes!

Enter MOROK, L., INNKEEPER and others from Inn, R. H.—*During this, the growling and the noise are continued.*

Dag. (*To Morok*) You villain! Your brutes are killing my horse! (*Runs up to hut, looks in, makes gestures of despair.*) My horse is dead! dead! (*Sobs.*) My poor old horse! (*To Morok.*) You scoundrelly brute-tamer, you shall be held responsible.

Mor. I? A likely story! You shouldn't have put your horse so near my panthers.

Dag. You shall buy me another horse.

Mor. Indeed I shan't! Ha, ha! what a notion!

Dag. Ah! you laugh, do you, you yellow-bearded dog of Satan? Oh! I see it all. You are rejoiced because you planned the affair. You let loose the panthers on my poor horse. Wretch! I will have your life for my horse. I will murder you!

(*Seizes him.*)

Mor. Help! help! He'll murder me!

(*Struggle.—The others throw themselves on Dagobert, who struggles with them and Morok.*

Enter BURGOMASTER, from Inn, R.

Bur. Hilloa! hilloa! What's all this about? (*Dagobert releases Morok.*)

Mor. Worthy Mr. Burgomaster, you will see fair play. This brute has assaulted me.

Dag. For good reason: his brutes have killed my horse. It is a planned thing. He is a villain!

Bur. Silence!

Mor. I charge him with a murderous assault. The accident was unpreventible.

Dag. You rascally fellow! (*To Burgomaster.*) Hear me, sir!

Mor. (*To Burgomaster.*) Hear me first!

Innkeeper and Others. The soldier struck the first blow.

Bur. What a din! Bring me a chair. (*A chair is brought on—Burgomaster sits.—To Morok.*) (Now, state your case.

Dag. That rascally old beast tamer!—that yellow-bearded villain!—who pretends—

Bur. (*Stroking his beard, which is yellow.*) Silence, sir! Don't abuse yellow beards!

Mor. You see, worthy sir, that this old fellow is of an insulting disposition.

Bur. Perfectly.

Mor. This is the case, sir: "My brutes were in the den next to the stable, and his horse, which was as restive a creature as could be—

Dag. 'Tis false! Jovial was amiability itself.

Mor. Kicked down the partition, and excited my panthers, which fell upon it and killed it; whereupon this old fellow brutally assaulted me, and

struck me in the face, the marks of which you can see plainly.

Dag. (Threateningly.) I'll—I'll—

Bur. Oh! he's a perfect brute himself, without respect for authority. (To *Dagobert*.) I shall commit you to prison for the assault!

Dag. Commit me to prison! For Heaven's sake, don't do that! I must be in Paris on the 13th of February, and if my journey is delayed, it will be fatal.

Bur. That's my decision.

Mor. You see, my friend, the Burgomaster is just!

Dag. But, Mr. Burgomaster, hear reason.

Bur. No, no!

Dag. The fault is his. My horse is killed, and I deserve—not punishment, but recompense.

Bur. (To *Morok*.) Tell them to fetch the police.

Dag. I'll not go to prison!—and you, Mr. Burgomaster, instead of being a dispenser of justice, slander her holy image!

Bur. (Rising from his chair.) What, sir?—what, sir?

Dag. (Takes chair and sits down.) You were perfectly right to rise, and let an honest man sit down. (Looking round.) Is there anyone here who respects an old soldier who has bled for France? (A Peasant advances—*Dagobert* takes his hand.) Well done, boy, well done! Only in the hour of need do we find a true friend. Fetch my poor girls from the inn, will you?

(The Peasant goes into Inn.)

Mor. (Advancing.) They shall not move!

Dag. (Seizing chair, and striking *Morok* down.) Nor shall you!

Enter PEASANT, ROSE, and BLANCHE, from Inn.

Dag. Come, my children! Thanks, friend! Now who will detain me? Forward, girls, I'm with you! (They go up, c.—*Morok* and others advance, when *Dagobert* flourishes chair over his head.) Ha! ha! ha! the strongest always guards the rear!

(Picture—closed in.)

SCENE III.—(1st grooves.)—Exterior of a Café in a poor quarter of Paris. JACQUES RENNEPONT and CEPHYSE SOLIVÉAU (who has light hair), NINNY MOULIN and ROSE POMPON, enter L. H., the ladies with bottles. Two men and two women follow.

Cep. Come, Jacques, let us be jolly. Drink my health. That will get you out of the mopes.

Nin. Bravo! the health of Cephyse, the Bacchanalian Queen, and a kiss all round to our girls.

(*Ninny* embraces *Pompon*, amidst laughter, and the rest kiss their partners.)

Jac. (Smacking his lips as he kisses *Cephyse*.) Cherries!

Nin. (Embracing *Pompon*.) Strawberries!

Pom. (With grimace.) Tobacco! (Wipes mouth.) I wish, *Ninny*, you wouldn't smoke and drink so much. It hangs on your lips.

Nin. Why, everybody else says it flies to my nose.

Pom. To your what?

Nin. To my nose. My jolly nose!

(*Crows*.)

Pom. *Ninny*, my friend, you'd be a very pretty man if it wasn't for that inflexion on your face. It is a nose.

Nin. Don't be too hard on my nose; it is the only remarkable thing about me. I prize it. It's been my making and my ruin. When I commenced life, intending to be a great man of business, I made this nose, and people liked me because it looked so jolly. But it cost me so much to keep it in flourishing condition, that it beggared me, and here I am, poor *Ninny* Moulin, ex-director, ex-speculator, ex-everything.

Pom. But still a jolly old toper. You are a jolly old stupid, friend *Ninny*.

Nin. Apropos of my nose, I like it. When I am in the blues it is always jolly, looking as if it said, "Look at me, you dog. I'm jolly. Belike me. I can do a glass; let's have one." Then, when I've got no cash, my nose is sure to invite somebody to come and treat me. It's food, light, and fire to me.

Pom. I wonder if it is cold or hot. (Touches it.) Oh! how it burns.

Cep. Jacques, what's the matter? You are melancholy as an owl. Do wake up, there's a dear!

Pom. Your majesty, I'll tell you what it is, Jacques is ashamed of our company. He is thinking how degrading it is for him, a descendant of the Counts of Rennepont, and the inheritor of Lord knows what to-morrow, to associate with us.

Nin. Very much descended from the Counts of Rennepont. (*Crows*.)

Pom. Oh! he is thinking about his luck to-morrow, that's it. If anything good turns up he'll cut all his old friends.

Cep. No, no; Jacques will never abandon me. Will you, dear Jacques?

(Caresses Jacques.)

Jac. No, no, *Cephyse*. If I have any luck to-morrow, I'll make you a fine lady. But I'm afraid I shan't. I was a fool though to part with that medal to that old money-lender. The mysterious Jewish stranger, who has appeared to me so often, warned me that I should have no good fortune if I parted with it. (Savagely to *Cephyse*.) You persuaded me to do so.

Cep. I persuaded you?

Jac. Yes, you, who have been my ruin.

Cep. What next?

Jac. So you have. Before I knew you I was a hard-working fellow enough, and now I'm a poor, broken down, miserable wretch!

Cep. Nonsense!

Pom. Don't be nasty, Jacques.

Nin. Bah! what stuff! It's only a lovers' quarrel. They adore each other, like us, my lovely, blooming Rose!

(Embraces her, and crows.)

Pom. Take your nose away!

Jac. There, we won't quarrel now, *Cephyse*. I've been a weak fool, and it's my own fault. (Kisses her.) But I sometimes have thought that you have had some object in breaking me up as you have. Well, say no more about it. Something may turn up to-morrow. I'm only afraid that confounded old money-lender may spoil my chance of being present to-morrow. It was most unaccountable that he should lend me ten thousand francs on my note of hand, without any security.

Nin. Here's a chance. Give him my card; I'm hard up.

Jac. The money is now overdue a fortnight.

Pom. Oh! bother! no harm will come to you.

(*Crows*.) *Nin.* Confound all roguing old money lenders! May Satan get them all!

Jas. So say I. Come, let us be merry while we can.

BLANC, a police officer, enters, R. H.

Blanc. (Going to Jacques.) Stop! I want you, Jacques Rennepont.

Jac. Want me! What for? Who are you?

Blanc. An officer of the law. I arrest you for a debt of ten thousand francs, at the suit of M. Oliver, money lender.

(Places hand on Jacques—Confusion.)

Jac. (Looking up.) The blow has come at last.

Cep. Cheer up!

Pom. Don't let your pecker go down!

Nin. Do a crow, like me!

[Crows.—Exit all, R. H., Blanc with Jacques, who is terribly crestfallen.]

SCENE IV.—Antechamber in the Hotel de Cardoville.

Enter the ABBE D'AIGRIGNY, R. H.

D'Aig. In a few hours the question will be solved whether our Holy Society, or the heirs of Marius de Rennepont, shall inherit the vast legacy left to accumulate. If I succeed, great will be my reward. If I fail—no, I must not think of failure.

Enter RODIN, L. H.

Rodin, what news?

Rod. Jacques Rennepont has been arrested for debt.

D'Aig. The four Renneponts are then accounted for. It wants but a few hours to midnight, and yet two Renneponts remain to mar our plans—Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville and Prince Djalma.

Rod. You should have found means to cause her absence from Paris.

D'Aig. She refused flatly to quit town; yes, the beautiful little demon defied me, and told me I had no authority over her. What is to be done?

Rod. Resolute measures must be taken if we are to have this legacy—You spoke of Doctor Balenier.

D'Aig. I did.

Rod. And of committing Mademoiselle de Cardoville to the madhouse, for which her extraordinary eccentricity would furnish sufficient excuse. The Doctor, you say, is quite willing to sign the certificate.

D'Aig. Yes, and that must be our plan. I expect the Doctor here presently.

Enter SERVANT, L. 1 E.

Ser. Doctor Balenier.

D'Aig. Admit him. [Exit Servant, L. 1 E.] In a few hours Mademoiselle de Cardoville will be an inmate of a madhouse.

Enter DOCTOR BALENIER, L. 1 E.

Doctor Balenier, we shall need your services.

Doc. They shall be willingly rendered. I have already disposed of Prince Djalma, to whom, he being unwell, I have, in my capacity of medical attendant, administered a potent narcotic that has thrown him into deep slumber, which will last for many hours. I have left Mademoiselle watching over him. She is desperately concerned for his health.

D'Aig. It is ridiculous, this romantic attachment

of hers for an Indian Prince. Listen, I shall now visit her, and sternly forbid her to go to the Rue St. François to-night. She will, of course, defy me; when, at that juncture, you, her supposed friend, will enter, interfere, and offer her your protection. She will accept it! your carriage will be at hand, and you, under pretence of escorting her to the Rue St. François, will convey her speedily to the madhouse, of which you are head physician.

Doc. (Taking snuff.) Precisely.

D'Aig. What say you, Rodin?

Rod. A bold plot! a bold plot!

D'Aig. I will at once to her apartments. You Rodin, come with me, and when the argument is at its height, do you, Doctor Balenier, enter and play your part.

(Doctor B. bows low. D'Aigrigny and Rodin exit, R. H. Doctor B. follows at a respectful distance, taking snuff.)

SCENE V.—Saloon in the Hotel. Two-door Chamber. (2nd Grooves.)

ADRIENNE DE CARDOVILLE enters from door, L. 2 E.

Adr. He sleeps, my soul's beloved! dear Prince! Alas! that we poor women should not be permitted to declare our love! Does he love me? Oh, yes! I think he does, or his eyes and tongue do not speak truth. Djalma, thou art my fate, my destiny!

Enter D'AIGRIGNY and RODIN, R. 1 E.

What is the meaning of this intrusion?

D'Aig. Sorry, fair one, to disturb love rhapsodies at so delicate a moment.

Adr. Be sarcastic as you please, sir. It is my pleasure to afford hospitality to this most unfortunate Prince.

D'Aig. Indeed! Listen to me! Since you are so blind to the opinion of the world, I have come to tell you my irrevocable resolution. I must prove to you that my authority is still potent over you.

Adr. Never will I submit to your dictation! Your guardianship is now at an end by law, and I am my own mistress!

D'Aig. Not so, you still owe me duty and obedience.

Adr. I will only pay that to one man, and it shall one day be to him whom my woman's heart has proclaimed its lord!

D'Aig. You forget yourself, Mademoiselle.

Adr. No, sir; but I spurn your sinister control, and will henceforth do as I please. You have betrayed your sacred trust, and the bond of sympathy, that held us once, is broken!

Rod. Mademoiselle!

(Advancing.)

Adr. Sir, how dare you address me? (Rodin is abashed.) (To D'Aigrigny.) I tell you you have betrayed your trust, and appropriated large sums confided to you in confidence.

D'Aig. (Startled.) Mind what you say.

Adr. I have proofs; and, if you provoke me, I will have you punished for what you have done.

D'Aig. I appeal to the Reverend Father Rodin.

Adr. I shall appeal to the law, if you provoke me.

D'Aig. (Furiously.) You shall not stir from this house until I have found for you a place in the country. I will control you.

Adr. We shall see, sir. Ere midnight, I shall visit the house, No. 13, in the Rue St. François. Ah! confess now that your desire to prevent that is the real reason for this insolent attempt to control my actions. You see, I am well informed. Respected guardian, most reverend Abbé, in spite of your cassock and your assumed sanctity, you are a villain! You mistook me for a weak woman and a fool; but you shall find I am more than a match for you—ay, and for your tool, Monsieur Rodin, too, with all his craft! (*Rodin and D'Aigrigny whisper.*) Ay, put your heads together; you need take counsel of each other.

D'Aig. You are mistaken; I have no reason whatever in preventing your appearance at the Rue St. François.

Adr. Then why have you so persistently endeavoured to convince me that there is nothing in the inscription on the medal? You know to the contrary, that there is something of great importance in it. You know that my father confided that medal to my infant hands, with a most solemn injunction to take care of it, and obey the inscription on it; and, moreover, that he adjured you, by every sacred obligation, to remind me of its importance. Ah! your face flushes—crafty Abbé! you remember!

D'Aig. You have merely reminded me of the vague mental wanderings of a dying man.

Adr. Vague wanderings! Abbé, Marquis D'Aigrigny, guardian that was, and would be now, have you forgotten the oath you pledged by that dying man's bedside to be present with me at the house in the Rue St. François on the 13th of February?

D'Aig. At any rate, you shall not go there to-night.

Adr. But I will!

(*Music tremo till end of scene.*)

D'Aig. To your chamber, girl! I command you! You must be punished for this folly and disobedience. (*Seizes her wrist.*)

Adr. Help! help! Oh! you are brave! Monsieur Rodin, will you see me ill-treated by this wretch?

Enter DOCTOR BALENIER, L. 2 E.

Doctor Balenier, protect me!

(*D'Aigrigny releases her.*)

Doc. (*Taking her hand.*) Really, sir, this violence is disgraceful.

D'Aig. She has duped me, and I must make her acknowledge my authority. She shall not leave this house to-night.

Adr. Doctor Balenier, you are my only friend here while the Prince remains in that deep slumber. In confidence I tell you that I should visit a certain house in the Rue St. François to-night. Will you conduct me there, in defiance of this meddling Abbé, who says I shall not go?

Doc. Mademoiselle, I will protect you with my life! My carriage is below, and at your service.

Adr. Come then, doctor. We waste time. (*Takes his arm.*) To-morrow the Abbé D'Aigrigny shall answer to the law for this gross outrage.

(*Exit with Balenier, L. E., 1 E.*)

D'Aig. Admirably done!

Rod. Do you think so?

D'Aig. Dolt! idiot!

(*Looking after them, L. 1 E.*)

Rod. (*Aside.*) "Dolt! idiot!" Umph! We shall see about that by-and-by.

D'Aig. Ha! Balenier hands her into the carriage!—the door is closed!—he gives the word to the coachman!—the horses gallop into the darkness! Ha! ha! ha! they are en route to the madhouse. Come! let us watch them.

[*Exeunt L. D.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Red Room.* Doors R. and L. The scene is painted a dull red. In c. of flat is a door, studded with large nails to form a cross; above it, the scene is pierced with seven holes, arranged to form a cross, and to admit of illumination from behind. Antique table and chair, L. H.; a small antique chest on a table up R., and a small antique cabinet, opening with a spring and with a paper inside, on table. The centre of stage quite clear. Door pieces L. and R. 2 E. Vampire door in flat. Transparency c. in flat.

SAMUEL and BATHSHEBA discovered. (*Music.*)

Samuel. So, Bathsheba, at last the eventful moment approaches when the inheritance guarded by our family for a century and a half shall be given to its rightful owners, the surviving descendants of the Marquis de Rennepont.

Bath. Well and faithfully have we guarded it.

Samuel. In our hands it has accumulated to a royal fortune. (*The seven points at back are suddenly lit up.*) Look!—look, Bathsheba!—the seven points of light! Look!

Bath. What can they mean?

Samuel. I know not. Our family before us often beheld these lights many years ago.

Bath. 'Tis something supernatural.

Samuel. And it has struck me that yonder mysterious and long-sealed chamber (c. door.) which we have been forbidden to enter, communicates with the catacombs, and is visited by someone who, like us, is devoted to a strange duty in connection with this inheritance. (*The lights gradually disappear.*) Look! the lights disappear! (*Music ceases.*) 'Tis strange, very strange! (*Bell strikes twelve.*) 'Tis the hour! (*Loud knocking, L. H.*) The descendants of Marius de Rennepont!

[*Exit, L. D.*]

Bath. At last my woman's curiosity will be gratified. Two hundred and twelve millions, one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs await them. Heaven grant they may be worthy of so noble a fortune!

Enter SAMUEL, D'AIGRIGNY, GABRIEL DE RENNEPONT, RODIN, and NOTARY, D. L. H.

D'Aig. You are the keeper of this house?

Samuel. I am.

D'Aig. Good! This is the Abbé de Rennepont, one of the descendants of Marius de Rennepont. He is here in obedience to an injunction on a medal in his possession.

Samuel. I understand. And you?

D'Aig. (*Haughtily.*) I am the Abbé D'Aigrigny. This is Father Rodin, my secretary; and this is the Notary, whose services we shall presently require. The Abbé Gabriel has handed over to the Holy Society of Jesuits, to which we belong, his right and title to the inheritance, as the last surviving descendant of the legator, Marius de Rennepont, and I have come to take possession of it. (*Notary sits at table, L. H.*)

Not. Gentlemen, it is now my duty to open the solemn business that calls us together. The note

I am about to read, accompanying the will of Marius de Rennepont, was deposited with the will in the hands of the King's Counsel in the year 1682. (*Music tremo—impressive and piano when the Notary commences to read.*) Reads:—"On the 13th of February my will shall be carried to No. 3, Rue St. François, where, at midnight, the sealed door of the Red Room shall be opened to my surviving descendants, who, having previously established their true descent, shall inherit the legacy I now leave to accumulate for their benefit until that date." This is it that I am engaged by the proper authorities to open the will in the presence of Gabriel de Rennepont, priest, and only descendant, here present, of Marius de Rennepont. (*Breaks seals of will.*) This is the will. Reads:—"I am about to escape by death from the disgrace of the galleys, to which I am doomed, for alleged participation in the assassination of Henry IV. My property has been confiscated; but fifty thousand crowns having been returned secretly by an honest friend, I have entrusted them to the honest Jew, Isaac Samuel, and his descendants after him, to accumulate until the expiration of the one hundred and fiftieth year from this time. To those of my family now surviving and in exile, I have caused medals to be transmitted, on which are graven the date of the convocation of my heirs, but nothing of my motive for the meeting, lest the society, of which I am the victim, should gain knowledge of the vast sums likely to accumulate, and by fraud and malice endeavour to rob my descendants of their just due. Dated the 13th day of February, 1682, at one o'clock in the forenoon.—MARIUS DE RENNEPONT." (*To Samuel.*) Now, sir, tell me the sum, that I may hand it over to Gabriel de Rennepont.

Samuel. (*Pointing to chest.*) 212,175,000 francs, which sum is in this chest, in notes, securities, and hard cash.

D'Aig. and Rod. Enormous!

Not. The said Gabriel de Rennepont, having made over his right to the inheritance to the Abbé D'Aigrigny, I declare the said Abbé sole possessor of the inheritance. (*Chord.*)

D'Aig. (*Triumphantly.*) All ours! all ours!

(*Takes the key of chest from Samuel, and unlocks lid, gloating over contents of the chest. The door R 2 E is suddenly thrown open, and DAGOBERT, ROSE, and BLANCHE enter.*)

Dag. Stop! Others have a claim to share that inheritance. (*Chord.*)

Rod. (*Advancing.*) You are too late.

D'Aig. Yes; you are too late.

Not. Who are you?

Dag. Dagobert, private of the Imperial Guard; protector of these poor orphan children of Marshal Simon, who are heiresses to that inheritance.

Not. Too late! The appointed hour has struck. It is now in the possession of this gentleman.

(*Points to D'Aigrigny.*)

Dag. What right has he to it? (*To D'Aigrigny.*) Have you no feeling—no compassion for the poor children of the man you have so cruelly wronged?

D'Aig. I know nothing of what you say. The Abbé Gabriel has transferred by deed of gift, duly witnessed, signed, and sealed, this inheritance to me, and I shall not give it up.

Dag. (*To Notary.*) Is this true?

Not. Quite true.

Dag. And have I brought these poor children

all the way from Siberia for this miserable reward? Is it for this I have overcome all the terrible perils of the journey? (*With a deep groan, and turning abjectly to D'Aigrigny.*) I appeal to you to be merciful to these poor little ones, and forget your enmity to their unhappy father! Do not, for revenge, rob them of their inheritance! There has only been a few minutes' delay, and that I could not help, for vagabonds on the road killed my poor horse. Oh! be merciful, sir! Ah! you turn away—you frown. Marquis—Abbé—you are a villain!

D'Aig. Rascal!

Dag. Renegade and libertine! You have played the part of a thief to gain possession of these poor children's rights. You have used the most shameful means— (*Music tremo.*)

Gab. Good fellow, do not—

Dag. Oh! you have been deceived and duped! This man is the evil genius of Marshal Simon's family! He has cajoled you into signing away your inheritance, and that of others, for his own vile ends. But you will, in spite of that—you will do justice to these unfortunate children? Yes, you are a Rennepont, and will feel for them! Oh! revoke your gift, and Heaven will bless you!

Gab. (*To D'Aigrigny.*) It does seem that I have done an injustice to these poor children. Let two-thirds of the inheritance be theirs. No?—then I revoke—

D'Aig. It cannot be! Your gift is irrevocable. Is it not, M. Dumesnil? (*To the Notary.*)

Not. It is, the deed of gift being signed and sealed.

Dag. O Sovereign Justice of Heaven! canst thou permit the triumph of this iniquity? My children! my poor little disinherited ones!

(*Sobs and kisses them.*)

Gab. (*To D'Aigrigny.*) Your diabolical plot is revealed, and now I see the blackness of your heart!

D'Aig. Rodin, we waste time. Take the chest, and let us be gone.

(*Rodin seizes the chest and follows D'Aigrigny up stage, when, as they reach D. L. H., a terrific crash of thunder is heard, and the JEW appears through the Vampire door in flat.—Music tremo.*)

Jew. Hold! (*Rodin recoils, and D'Aigrigny also averted, and they retreat down as the Jew slowly advances towards the Notary's table, L. H.—At an imperious gesture from the Jew, Rodin puts the chest down on the stage.—The Jew then touches the secret spring in the cabinet on the Notary's table, which flies back, and reveals a document within.—He takes it and places it in the hands of the Notary.*) Read!

(*The Jew disappears through v. d. in flat.—Music ceases.*)

Not. What's this? (*Opens document, and with surprised air, reads.*) "By this codicil, I hereby adjourn and prorogue to the 1st of June all the provisions contained in my will. The room shall be re-closed, and the funds shall be distributed to the rightful claimants on the 1st of June, 1832.

"Signed, this 13th day of February, 1682, eleven o'clock at night.

"MARIUS DE RENNEPONT."

Dag. Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!

D'Aig. (*Furiously.*) That codicil is a forgery!

Not. No; it has all the appearance of being perfectly valid.

Dag. Ha! ha! My darlings will yet enjoy their inheritance!

Rod. (*Aside.*) Not if I can prevent it!

[*Music slow.—The Jew is seen through the transparency C. in flat.—The Act-drop slowly descends..*

END OF ACT I.

THE SECOND PLOT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—DAGOBERT'S lodging—a poor room (2nd grooves.) Door of Entrance, R. in Flat. Window, L. in Flat. Doors R. and L. Fireplace L. H., at which DAGOBERT is seated in a desponding mood. Table R. H., with BLANCHE, ROSE, and MADAME BAUDOIN seated at a meal. The Jew is seen looking through the window, with a strong limelight upon him.

M. Bau. Do eat something, Dagobert.

Dag. I can't. I am too deeply mortified. But don't mind me. (*To girls.*) Do you eat, girls—do you eat.

M. Bau. You haven't tasted food for hours.

Dag. And I'm not likely to. (*Rising, and with deep excitement.*) Baffled—baffled! My poor children defrauded of their inheritance. Oh! those scoundrelly black cassocks! But I will have revenge! Yes, yes, I'll get at them, some way or other, before I've done!

Rose. Do not be so concerned, dear Dagobert.

Dag. My darlings, you have been cheated out of a fortune. Ah! little simpletons, you don't know what you've lost! Why, it would have made you rich for life!

Blanche. Dear Dagobert, we shall not feel the loss of what we never had.

M. Bau. My dear, you are very sensible.

Dag. Madame Baudoin, you are an old fool! The girls have lost two-thirds of 212,175,000 francs.

M. Bau. How can it be lost, if the codicil pro-rogues the execution of the will?

Dag. In that time what may not occur? Do you think these villains, who have been so actively wicked, will be quiet till then? No! They will devise fresh schemes to baffle us. But, thank Heaven, I know now who our enemies are!

Rose. To think that we should have enemies—we, who have never injured anyone.

Dag. It is always the good and virtuous who suffer from the machinations of villains! I hope to Heaven that my dear old commander will return! They will see then what it is to injure a soldier's children.

(*The Jew, lifting his hands, disappears.*)

Rose. I should so like to see our dear father.

Blanche. Oh! if he would only return!

M. Bau. Alas! I fear he never will!

Dag. It would break his heart to hear of the cruel persecution of his children; but I don't think I should have the courage to face him, to say that I had miserably failed to bring his children at the hour appointed to the house in the Rue St. François.

M. Bau. But it was not your fault that you failed.

Dag. I say it was. I had no business to fail. I had a duty to perform—an enemy to face—dangerous breastworks to carry; but I was the forlorn hope! My life was staked on it, and I had no business to fail. I deserve to be shot!

M. Bau. But you were only a few minutes behind, and the delay was not your fault.

Dag. A few minutes—yes, and the battle was lost in that time.

M. Bau. No, it wasn't; it was only deferred.

Dag. I say it was. Don't argue about it, don't! Oh! what a contemptible old impostor I am!

(*Faces about.*)

M. Bau. I'll go and remove his razors.

[*Rises, and goes into room, R. D.*

Dag. Forgive my frenzy, my dears, but I'm not myself at all; and when I think of what has occurred—and my poor horse, too—dead! dead! Poor old Jovial!

Re-enter MADAME BAUDOIN, R. D.

M. Bau. I feel more comfortable now, for I have thrown his razors out of the window. Come! get on with your breakfast, Dagobert.

Dag. No; I can't touch anything.

Rose. But, dear Dagobert, if you do not eat you will not be able to fight for us.

Dag. I'll fight on a hungry stomach, and fight all the fiercer. Say, my darlings, you do not blame me for this failure?

Rose. Blame you! our good, kind, brave protector! Oh! no! no!

Blanche. (*Rising and crossing to him.*) Heaven bless you, dear old second father!

(*They place their arms around his neck.*)

Dag. (*Weeping.*) Ain't I a stupid old fellow?

Rose. How do you think those bad people became aware of the existence of the medals?

Dag. I don't know.

Blanche. Dagobert, you said something to the Abbe about his enmity to our father. What did it refer to?

Dag. The story is soon told; your father and the Abbé—who was then the Marquis D'Aigrigny, and a colonel in the French service—were rivals for the hand of your mother, and although the Marquis basely traduced your noble father, your father won the day, and ever after the Marquis regarded him with all the rank hatred of a black heart. They fought a duel, and the Marquis was seriously wounded, your father writing on his forehead with his sword point the name of villain. He bears the brand now. The Marquis soon after this fled the French service, and he became a colonel in a Russian regiment. A short time afterwards Waterloo was fought, and the Emperor being exiled, your father, who hated the Bourbons, went to live at Warsaw, of which city your mother was a native. When the Poles rebelled against the Russians, your father took no active part in the rebellion; but the renegade Marquis caused him to be arrested as a conspirator, and got him condemned to perpetual banishment to the inclement region of Siberia. This occurred a few hours before your birth, and your broken-hearted father was ruthlessly torn from all he held dear in this world. The shock of a separation, at a time so critical, killed your bereaved mother, and the cruel Marquis had the news conveyed to your father, whom it drove to the verge of madness. I know no more, saw no

more of the Marquis until the other day, when he proved himself, as of old, a ruffian and a villain.

Rose. I pray that our dear father may be restored to us!

Blanche. And I pray so too, dear sister.

Dag. And I, that to his hands may be entrusted the punishment of the vindictive wretch who has so cruelly wronged him, and those belonging to him. And now I must go out for a little while up the street, to the industrial office, to see about getting some work, for we can't live upon air, and my wife tells me the stock of money is getting low. I shall not stay long.

[Kisses girls.—Exit, D. F.]

Rose. Oh! madame, we are sorry to be such a burthen to you.

M. Bau. Don't talk about that. Our home is your home—such is Dagobert's wish, and mine—and you are our adopted children. Pardon my absence, I have to attend to a few household duties.

Blanche. Cannot we assist you?

M. Bau. Mercy on us! no!—your pretty white hands shan't be soiled with coarse work, in my house.

[Exit into room, R. H.]

Rose. Oh! how kind and good these people are to us! We can never repay them, not if all the inheritance becomes ours!

Enter MARSHAL SIMON, D. F.—Seeing the girls he pauses on the threshold. He is white headed and ragged in appearance, and walks with the aid of a stick.—They turn and see him.

(As the Marshal enters, the Jew appears at window.—He shows by action that he has conducted the Marshal's steps to his children.—Music played tremo to end of scene.)

Rose. Good sir, what do you want?

Blanche. Don't be afraid! Come in! (The Marshal enters nervously.) You seem fatigued. (Aside to Rose.) How ill and feeble he looks! (Placing chair.) Sit down.

Mar. Thank you! I am indeed very tired, for I have travelled many long miles to-day. (Aside.) How like! Can these indeed be my children, or is a father's instinct false? (Eagerly.) Tell me, little ones, is this the house of Dagobert Bau-doin, the soldier?

Rose and Blanche. Yes.

Mar. Oh! then you are—tell me your names.

Rose and Blanche. Rose and Blanche Simon.

Mar. My own children!

(Stretching his arms out, and almost speechless with emotion.)

Rose and Blanche. Are you indeed our poor father?

Mar. Witness these tears—this bursting heart—these trembling limbs, vibrating with the awakening of a father's long-palsied soul! I am your father, escaped from exile! I have come to you, bursting the fetters of the dungeon that for fifteen years held me in its fearful tomb, dead to all hope, save that of seeing you!

Rose and Blanche. Father!

(Kneeling at his feet.)

Mar. Again that sweet word! O Heaven! thou art merciful and kind!

Rose and Blanche. (Softly.) Father!

(He bursts into hysterical tears.)

Mar. (Raising his hands to Heaven.) My prayer is heard!

Rose and Blanche. And mine!

Jew. (At window.) And mine!

(The scene is closed in on the picture.)

SCENE II.—The Abbé D'Aigrigny's Study, as in Scene I., Act I. (1st grooves).

RODIN enters, R. H., in thought, a letter in his hand.

Rod. As I expected! The Abbé D'Aigrigny's bold scheme has collapsed miserably. Conceited fool! to think that he could manage such a difficult business successfully. His coarse, military brain cannot create a web fine enough to encompass these Rennepont flies. But mine can, and shall! As his subordinate, I have hitherto worked and aided him—though unwillingly—but now we shall exchange places. This letter, received by me from the Head of our Order, dethrones this bungling soldier Abbé, and in his high office places me, the obscure, humble, and despised Rodin, as his master!

Enter D'AIGRIGNY, downcast, L. H.

What ails you, most reverend Abbé?

D'Aig. Two hundred millions and odd francs lost to us, and you ask what ails me. Fool!

Rod. Who is the fool?

D'Aig. What?

(Rodin still in his old attitude of humility.)

Rod. I merely asked a question. Pardon me!

D'Aig. Gabriel Rennepont has this very moment declared that he renounces us for our wicked deeds.

Rod. You certainly have done very wicked things, most reverend Abbé; and stupid things, which are infinitely worse.

D'Aig. Well, well, you do right to upbraid me. I have indeed been a fool. Oh! when I think of the failure, I could destroy myself. How shall I break the humiliating news to the Head of our Order? What can I say?

Rod. Nothing. I have already said all that is necessary.

D'Aig. You?

Rod. Yes, I.

D'Aig. Meddling villain! How dare you?

Rod. (With utter change of manner to tone of haughtiness and command.) By my right as your superior.

D'Aig. My superior?

Rod. A truce to this farce—this travesty of common sense. I am your master. Read this letter. (Gives letter to D'Aigrigny, who peruses it.)

D'Aig. (Reading.) "From the Council of the Order—have disgracefully failed—removed from office—acknowledge the Abbé Rodin as your superior—obey him implicitly; witness our hand and seal." (With burst of passion.) Obey you—the grovelling worm I have despised—never!

Rod. Do you refuse?—do you refuse?

D'Aig. (Humbly.) No, most reverend Abbé, I obey.

Rod. 'Tis well. I divined how your bungling schemes would end—in failure, as they have ended. Oh! what gross mistakes you have made—what blunders, what coarseness in the means you have employed in this Rennepont affair.

D'Aig. Most reverend Abbé, you are too severe. Was not the codicil the cause? But for that, should I not have succeeded?

Rod. You would have succeeded, not by means of the schemes you employed, but in spite of them, with all their awkward and revolting brutality.

D'Aig. Did you not yourself aid me?

Rod. Only at your command, and with secret disgust. What did you do? Entrusted to that drunken Morok the care of Dagobert and the girls; confined Adrienne de Cardoville in a madhouse; thrust Jacques Rennepont in prison; quieted Prince Djalma with a narcotic—making this an affair of fisticuffs with the family in broad daylight, to attract attention to your proceedings, instead of preserving secrecy. To make matters still more public, you called in the aid of the law officers and the keepers of a madhouse. Sir, your proceedings were truly pitiable, and nothing but the most brilliant success could have atoned for them.

D'Aig. Sir, I am not used to be thus addressed.

Rod. But you must grow accustomed to it. You have had a false idea of your own value, you lack coolness, lucidity, and penetration. You have been a dashing military rouné, brisk and gay, fond of wine, women, and pelasure. I have not; I have been slovenly, unloving, and unloved. I have not lost my natural strength and quality of mind, as you have. I have all my wits about me, and that is why it is entrusted to me to bring the affair to a successful termination.

D'Aig. It cannot be done.

Rod. Shallow fool! It *must* be, or these Renneponts will overwhelm us; they will crush our Society.

D'Aig. But how will you accomplish their defeat?

Rod. How? Kill them, and get their gold!

D'Aig. Yes, but I ask how?

Rod. Answer me. Do not people die of despair? May there not be such horrible deceptions that suicide is the only refuge from them? Are there not a thousand occasions in which the re-action of the passions brings about the most tragic catastrophes in the lives of men and women?

D'Aig. Truly!

Rod. Very well then, what would you say, if, before many days are over, the most dangerous members of this Rennepont family should be destroyed—and by their own passions?

D'Aig. That you are a—

Rod. Fiend, you were going to say.

D'Aig. A most wonderful man.

Rod. It is much the same to me. Listen! As a beginning, I have released Mademoiselle de Cardoville from the madhouse, and sent her a written apology for your brutality.

D'Aig. (*Enraged, but controlling himself.*) Indeed! what next?

Rod. Jacques Rennepont, in a fit of despair, has dashed his head against the prison walls, and seriously injured himself, or I should also have released him.

D'Aig. But why?

Rod. Simply because I choose to commence at the beginning, to destroy these Renneponts artistically.

D'Aig. It cannot be done.

Rod. Fool! It *shall* be done.

D'Aig. But how?

Rod. I'll not reveal my plan. I cannot trust you.

D'Aig. You fear me?

Rod. No, I despise you.

D'Aig. (*After a pause.*) May I not assist you?

Rod. No

D'Aig. Whom will you first destroy?

Rod. Adrienne de Cardoville and Prince Djalma.

D'Aig. Why them!

Rod. Because they are the master minds of the Renneponts.

D'Aig. Am I to have nothing to do in the affair, then?

Rod. Nothing. And shall I give you a word of advice?

D'Aig. As your reverence pleases.

Rod. It may be of use to you. Marshal Simon has returned to Paris.

D'Aig. (*Thunderstruck.*) Marshal Simon! The devil!

Rod. (*Malignantly, and laughing sardonically.*) No, not the devil, but a Christian, and a father, who, it is said, has sworn in his exile that your black blood shall reek on the point of his sword. Ha! ha! Take care of yourself, Abbé—take care, Marquis, and—keep out of the way—keep out of the way.

[*Exit, R. H., chuckling.—D'Aigrigny, with gesture of wild despair, follows him quickly.*]

SCENE III.—*Saloon in the Hotel de Cardoville, as in Act I.—Chairs—Sofa.*

DJALMA and ADRIENNE enter through c. doors, which stand open.

Music, piano.—Air, "My guiding star."

Adr. (*R. H.*) Nay, nay, my prince; I dare not tell you. I fear to entrust the secret to one of your impulsive nature.

Djal. (*L. H.*) Only tell me the names of the villains who have offered you this vile insult, and I will have terrible revenge. My dagger shall drink their hearts' blood!

Adr. Your fury would but recoil on yourself. The laws of European countries do not permit revenge to be taken, no matter what the injuries done may be.

Djal. True, true, my soul's queen. I forgot. In these climes of boasted civilization and justice, the law makes no allowance for the feelings of the outraged. Hearts may be broken, loves rent asunder, the happiness of peaceful homes violated by the schemes of villains, and the law will not entrust to the injured the weapon of reproof. Oh! if I could only fathom the depths of this miserable plot! Immured in a madhouse! O my love, how you must have suffered by the treachery of that vile Doctor Balenier!

Adr. 'Twas terrible! All night, the cries of the insane mixed with the howling of the wind. Methinks I hear them now! (*Clings to him.*) Then, in my despair, I called on you—but in vain—to save me from that awful tomb.

Djal. (*Embracing her.*) Alas! I heard you not. Drugged with a powerful narcotic, I lay in a sleep like death. And was it for so poor a reward—for gold—that all this was done? Base villains! But did they succeed in getting the inheritance?

Adr. I know not. Our enemies are implacable.

Djal. But our love will yet triumph over their hate. A bright future of happiness is before us.

Adr. Alas! my Djalma, the vengeful combinations of our enemies may yet defeat that hope.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Ser. Father Rodin, Mademoiselle.

[*Exit, L.*]

Adr. (Hastily to Djalma.) Withdraw a short time, Prince. What can Father Rodin want with me?

(Takes Djalma's hand, and leads him up to door of room, R. H.)

Djal. (Reluctantly allowing it.) I am your slave. *(Kisses her hand and enters room. She closing door, R. H.)*

Enter RODIN, L.

Rod. (With cringing bow.) Your humble servant, Mademoiselle. I trust I do not intrude?

Adr. Sir, I have little desire for the presence of black cassocks at any time.

Rod. (With a sigh.) Ah! Mademoiselle, you misjudge me, because you saw me so recently in the society of the Abbé D'Aigrigny. You should not think I am a bad man.

Adr. It would be an injustice to the good to regard you as one of them.

Rod. You judge me harshly. But you are ignorant of the fact that it was I who caused you to be released from the madhouse, to which you had been consigned by that bold, bad man, the Abbé D'Aigrigny.

Adr. What! Is it you who have denounced your accomplice?

Rod. Yes. Nay, hear me out. May I continue?

Adr. Oh yes, I will hear you, though you tell falsehoods.

(Throws herself on sofa, R., and motions him to a seat.)

*Rod. Believe me, I had no share in what occurred. I was merely the Abbé D'Aigrigny's humble secretary, with nothing but my meagre salary to depend on. But when I saw what had been done, my soul revolted at it, and at all pecuniary risks I determined to do you justice and procure your release from the madhouse. I exposed the abominable conspiracy to the authorities, and you were set free. If I have done wrong, forgive me; I am only a poor old man, and my good conscience is sufficient reward for me. *(Rising.)* Your servant—I will go, since I am unhappily so misjudged.*

Adr. (Restraining him.) No, stay—stay. *(With gratitude.)* Is it indeed to you I am indebted for my release. Kind, good man! Forgive me *(takes his hand)* I have wronged you.

Rod. (Wiping his eyes.) O Mademoiselle, this is ample atonement. Your words move me to tears.

*Adr. Do not weep. I am rich, and you shall not suffer for what you have done. You shall no longer be dependent on the Abbé D'Aigrigny. *(Offers purse.)* Meanwhile, take this. There are a few gold pieces in it and some silver. *(He refuses it.)* Permit me!*

Rod. No, let virtue be its own reward.

Adr. But how will you live? The Abbé will discharge you.

Rod. He has already told me he will do so, Mademoiselle, on hearing what I had done. Alas! he is a bold bad man, and I shudder at the atrocious plots that may yet be devised against you.

Adr. What plots?

Rod. Incalculably subtle ones. I—I know not what, but fear—

Adr. But what reason for them?

Rod. Mademoiselle, is it possible you can be so ignorant of the fact that a vast legacy awaits you as one of the descendants of Marius de Rennepont, on the 1st of June?

Adr. Then the payment was postponed. This is news!

Rod. It was, and almost miraculously, by the sudden discovery of a codicil to the will.

Adr. A codicil!

Rod. But look what was done with the other heirs of De Rennepont. Prince Djalma was drugged by Balenier with a narcotic.

Adr. Great Heaven!

Rod. The Abbé's agents obstructed the journey of Marshal Simon's daughters, with Dagobert, their protector. They arrested Jacques Rennepont for debt, and—but my mind revolts at the base artifices of which I have been a witness. Those helpless orphans, that unfortunate mechanic, the pure-minded and virtuous Gabriel, who was induced by the Abbé's vile arts to sign away his right to the inheritance. You, too, so young, so beautiful, so unsophisticated, so intellectual—pardon me! and, lastly, Prince Djalma, a child of nature, so capable of tender emotions—to see you all attacked by fiends—

Adr. It is not the inheritance I covet—the poor should have my share of it. But there are others. Prince Djalma, who has been robbed of all his possessions in India, shall not be plundered here by this villain, D'Aigrigny, and his agents.

*Rod. You love the Prince! *(Music, tremo.)**

*Adr. Sir! *(A mutual glance passes between her and Rodin.)* Well, what if I do?*

Rod. Nothing; only that I would he were more worthy of your love.

Adr. Sir!

*Rod. Forgive me; I mean nothing, and with all respect will take my leave. *(Going.)**

*Adr. *(Agitated, and detaining him.)* Stay, one moment! What do you mean? What of the Prince? 'Tis true he loves me.*

Rod. And others!

Adr. Others! The proof! Come, sir! You make me mad!

Rod. O Mademoiselle, Paris is a gay, a wicked place—full of temptation. You do not know what deceit men are capable of.

Adr. That is true.

Rod. Or you would not wonder that the Prince should yield to the seductions of our beautiful Parisiennes.

Adr. Name one.

Rod. Mademoiselle, I do not live by detraction. I have said enough; but, wait and watch. 'T would be a pity if you should be deceived. Farewell, Mademoiselle, I will call on you to-morrow, and may perhaps bring myself by that time to tell you more. Meanwhile, believe me, I am your most humble but sincere friend.

(Adrienne throws herself on the couch in despair, and covers her face with her hands. Rodin stands at the door 2 E. L., regarding her with great exultation.)

*Rod. *(Rubbing his hands.)* It works—it works splendidly. Those Renneponts will all die by their own passions.*

[Exit, doors c. Music ceases.]

*Adr. *(Slowly recovering.)* Lo, my dream is o'er, and he is false. Oh! agony, and how I loved him! but it is over—and henceforth I can only live to hate.*

Enter DJALMA from room, R. H.

*Dja. *(Going to her.)* My adored Adrienne!*

*Adr. *(Aside.)* O, perjured one!*

(The JEW appears at c. doors.)

Jew. The curse is still on me and mine—the heart's desolation commences.

(Points to Adrienne, whom the Prince approaches, and from whom she turns.)

Dja. Why do you repulse me? What have I done?

Adr. Stand from me! 'Twas all a dream! (She sinks into a chair. Prince, with passion, kneels and takes her hand.) False Prince, plead not to me! Henceforth, to you my heart is stone!

Jew. The curse has fallen on all who inherit my blood! (Picture—closed in.)

SCENE IV.—A Street in Paris. (1st grooves.)

Enter RODIN and FARANGHEA, L. H.

Rod. Faranghea, I have an important service for you.

Far. I will perform it.

Rod. You have influence with your master, the young Prince Djalma, because you are an Indian, like himself.

Far. That is true.

Rod. You have served me faithfully as a spy on his actions when in India, and I presume are willing to do so now?

Far. Quite so. But you know my price.

Rod. Yes, and will pay it. You know that he loves Adrienne de Cardoville?

Far. I do. More disgrace to the son of Kadji Sing!

Rod. He is jealous of her, and I require you to fan his jealousy; and to-night to bring him to the masquerade to witness the perfidy of his beloved.

Far. Name the place and hour, and it shall be done.

Rod. You must lead him to believe that Adrienne de Cardoville will be among the masquers to-night. Someone resembling her will personate her among the throng. Should he wonder at his adored one associating with creatures so low, tell him it is her custom to do so, sinking her high rank in the society of coarse revellers. The woman who will personate her will wear light hair, of a colour like hers, and is called the Bacchanalian Queen; her features will be hidden by a mask, and he will not discover the deception. The place for the masquerade is the Square of Notre Dame; the hour, twelve to-night.

Far. I will see that the Prince is there.

[Bows, and exit, L. H.]

Rod. (Looking after him.) A mysterious creature, that sable attendant of Prince Djalma! He calls himself Faranghea, and is a Thug, or Strangler—one of a tribe devoted to the deity called Bohwanie, whose mission is to strangle and destroy human beings. A strange faith—a strange faith! Now to procure a suitable masquerading disguise for myself. I do not see that there is anything to prevent my speedily destroying all these miserable Renneponcs.

(Chord. The JEW enters L. H., and faces Rodin; shakes his head. Slow music. He goes off, R. H. Rodin goes off, L. H., eyeing him.)

SCENE V.—The Cathedral and Square of Notre Dame. Houses with balconies at each side of stage.—Night.

DJALMA and FARANGHEA, masked and cloaked, enter R. U. E., and secrete themselves in the shadow formed by the Cathedral. Masquers and people enter, some with torches, and shouting "The Masquerade! the Masquerade!" Shouts off. Music. Masquers enter, L., quaintly dressed, NINNY, astride of a barrel on wheels, drawn by Masquers, and crowing lustily. He is dressed as Bacchus, with a wreath on his head, and has a bottle in his hand, from which he drinks. Staff with green leaves for Rose. ROSE POMPON, spicily dressed, follows; then MOROK and CEPHYSE SOLIVEAU, arm in arm, all masked and disguised. Cephyse wears her hair down, and it should resemble Adrienne's exactly in colour. Uproar and shouts. The procession goes round stage. RODIN last, watching.

Ninny. Halt!

1st Mas. Halt!

Ninny. (Hitting him with bottle.) Who told you to speak? (Bawls.) Silence! si—lence! I am about to address you. (Crows.) That's to clear my throat. (All crowd round.) Now, my illustrious and ignoble friends, Bacchus is about to address you. We are a lot of unfortunate devils!

1st Mas. Bravo!

Ninny. Hold your noise! I can blow my own trumpet. We are a lot of unfortunate devils, out of luck and out of elbows—at least, I am. Trade is at a standstill, and I'm very glad of it, because it never gave me a turn in my life; and, to make matters worse, the cholera is about. In short, everybody in Paris is down on his luck, and frightened lest he should die. So, to keep up the public spirit, and make things a bit festive, a lot of us have resolved to have a grand masquerade, to show Mister Cholera that we don't care a bit for him. (All shout. He crows.) We mean to enjoy ourselves to-night, come what may tomorrow! We have the jolliest spirits in all Paris here, and some of the prettiest grisettes, who could point out the specks on the face of the Man in the Moon with their toes. (Business—the men kiss the girls.) We've plenty of brandy in this cask, and mean to be jolly! My friends—my friends—my friends— (Abruptly.) That's all!

(Hugs Rose Pompon, who is by his side.)

Pom. How rough you are. You don't kiss nice at all! (He crows.)

Ninny. Because I don't practise enough, my dear. I must take a lesson of the Bacchanalian Queen. By the gods, she looks radiant to-night!

(Morok is embracing Cephyse.—Djalma at back, furious, but restrained by Faranghea.—Rodin (R. U. E), watching Djalma.)

Pom. (Spitefully.) The Bacchanalian Queen, indeed! She's very constant, with all her beauty! She's forgotten all about poor Jacques, and it was only yesterday he died.

Ninny. Ah! poor Jacques is out of his trouble now he's dead! (Looking at Morok, who is making love to Cephyse violently, she returning it.) How that yellow-bearded fellow is carrying on! But let us keep the game alive. Wake up, musicians, and get on with the sports!

(Music lively.—Procession re-forms, and goes off amid shouts, R. H.—Djalma and Faranghea come down.)

Djal. Wretched slave! Why dost thou restrain me?

Far. My lord, you must not murder.

Djal. Murder! Is she not a wanton! Slave! does she not bandy soft words and kisses with the yellow-bearded dog of Satan?

Far. Be advised, my lord.

Djal. I tell thee, I will take counsel of the blade of my dagger. (*Feeling in his breast.*) And yet—(*With deep emotion.*)—Oh! how I do love her! Why didst thou bring me here to witness her degradation?

Far. (*Taking his hand.*) The masquers return. Be calm, my lord, be calm! You promised me—
(*Leads Djalma up to former place.*)

Rod. (*Aside, and gleefully.*) That Faranghea is doing his work splendidly!

Music lively—Re-enter MASQUERS.

Ninny. Inside there they pray to save us from Goodman Cholera; here, we drink to him. (*Drinks from bottle.*) Fill your cups. (*They offer their cups, which are filled from the barrel by a man in charge of it.*) A toast, my jolly battalion—"The health of Goodman Cholera!" (*Shouts, all drink, Ninny with grimace.*) He has attacked our liquor, for it's decidedly queer. Ugh! And, now, to keep our spirits up, let's have a dance. Who's for a dance?

Ommes. All, all! The Can-can!—the Can-can!

Ninny. (*To Rose Pompon.*) Will you lend me your gracious little paw, my superlative Ariadne?

Pom. Yes; on one condition.

Ninny. Name it.

Pom. That you don't praise the Queen any more.

Ninny. Certainly.

Cep. (*To Morok.*) Do you see the Indian?

Mor. Yes; he's there, in the dark shadow of the Cathedral, watching us.

Cep. How fierce he looks.

Ninny. Now, my illustrious revellers, will you point your gracious toes?

Cep. (*To Morok.*) How his eyes gleam. I hope he will not harm me.

Mor. Pshaw! Don't be afraid. Monsieur Rodin is watching us. Make love to me. (*Puts her arms round his neck.*) That's right.

Ninny. Now, then, if you are ready. Off we go!

(*Can-can music. While they are taking their places, Djalma exhibits violent emotion, Faranghea vainly endeavouring to restrain him. He struggles down, L. H., throwing off Faranghea.*)

Dja. (*L. H., wild with passion, and drawing dagger from his breast.*) Slave! I will kill the wanton! (*Eushes up, and as the dancers suddenly stop in alarm, Djalma seizes Cephyse, and stabs her, c., exclaiming, "Die, false one!—die, false Adrienne!" then stabs Morok, who falls.—Confusion.—Cephyse screams, and falls. The Masquers draw their daggers and knives, take R. H. in a group, and fiercely threaten Djalma with cries of "Death to the assassin!" He stands unmoved, and stupefied at his act.*)

Dja. (*Looking at Cephyse.*) What have I done? I have killed her!

Masquers. Death to the assassin!

The WANDERING JEW suddenly enters, L. H., and seizes Djalma's arm.

Jew. Fly, rash Prince!

Masquers. Death to the assassin!

Djal. No, I will remain to die with her!

Jew. Fly! fly!

(*Drags him reluctantly towards the Cathedral doors, L. U. E.—The Masquers and others, R. H., following, and shouting, "Death! Death!"—when the doors of the Cathedral are thrown open, L. U. E., and GABRIEL steps forth to c., with large cross before Djalma and the Jew.—Organ music.—The mob fall back before the attitude of Gabriel.*)

Gab. Back, back! He has sanctuary! Profane not with human blood these sacred precincts!

Rod. (*Aside.*) Confusion!

[*Tableau and Act-drop, slow.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—(*1st. Grooves.*)—*Dagobert's Lodging in Paris.—Door, c.*

DAGOBERT and MADAME BAUDOIN enter,
R. I E.

Dag. (*Suddenly.*) Bombshells and blazes!

M. Bau. Whatever is the matter, Dagobert?

Dag. Bombshells and blazes! That's what's the matter, Madame Baudoin.

M. Bau. You do nothing but say that, and stamp, and tear your hair, all day long.

Dag. You'd do the same, if you were put out as I am. Oh! confound everything!

M. Bau. Oh! he's going mad!

Dag. Say I've gone mad, and you'll be right—bamboozled, as I have been, by a parcel of scoundrels, working in the dark, and doing all they could to injure you and my little adopted ones! Here, day by day, a lot of anonymous letters are sent, by Heaven knows who, reproaching the Marshal for not taking vengeance on the Abbé D'Aigrigny, the persecutor of himself, his wife, and children; while the poor children are dejected, and can't eat—confound it! the world is bewitched!

M. Bau. Well, well, things will mend. I ain't afraid!

Dag. They won't mend, and it's not "Well, well,"—it's bad, bad, deuced bad, Madame Baudoin! Oh! if I could only get hold of that confounded Abbé D'Aigrigny, I'd make short work of him!

M. Bau. You should find out the Abbé, and trounce him well. I promise you that if I get hold of him, I'll leave the marks of my nails on his face. Here comes the poor Marshal, as miserable as an owl.

[*Exit, R. I E.*]

Enter MARSHAL SIMON, perusing letter, L. I E.

Mar. Yes, yes; my correspondent is right. The Abbé, my enemy, is at the bottom of this. All my old companions in arms repudiate me, as if I had committed some crime. My children, too, avert their eyes. Merciful heaven! have not my sufferings been sufficient?

Dag. Marshal!

Mar. O Dagobert! if I could only find this villain, D'Aigrigny!

Dag. Marshal, I share your indignation.

Mar. This letter!—Dagobert, it is very hard to bear so much. (*Controls his emotion.*) Dagobert, I could endure to be shunned by my old companions in arms; I could endure—oh! anything; but to be shunned by my own offspring—'tis terrible!

Dag. Oh! dear sir, you mistake the respectful concern of your children for coldness. You must not be unjust to them.

Mar. What! you lecture me, do you? and think I do not know my own sufferings?

Dag. I—I—(*Breaking out.*) Bombshells and blazes! I'd lecture anyone who was unjust to my little darlings.

Mar. What! you rebel against me, do you? You bandy words with your old commander.

Dag. (*Repentant.*) No, no; Marshal, pray don't think that. I was hasty. Pray forgive me. We're a couple of old fools together. We are both mad.

Mar. Fools! mad! Oh! I see. You can insult me because I am here on sufferance—a poor old man. Well, well; I'll go, and take my children. We'll not be a burthen on your charity any longer. (*Going.*) I'll seek a lodging somewhere.

Dag. No, no, you shan't go.

(*Seizing his arm.*)

Mar. (*Authoritatively.*) Unhand me, or—(*Dagobert falls back.—Bitterly*) I'll soon return, and fetch my children.

[*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

Dag. What an impetuous man he is. He misjudges me, but I'll fetch him back in spite of his threats.

[*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

Enter ROSE and BLANCHE, R. H. 1 E.

Rose. How unhappy everybody seems to be here, and all through us. I wish I were dead.

Blanche. And indeed, sister, so do I. In the other world we might be happy, and at rest with our dear mother.

Rose. Do you think it would be wrong to die, dear Blanche?

(*Placing her arm round her neck.*)

Blanche. No; but it would be very hard to quit our poor dear father, who loves us so dearly.

Rose. But he would follow us soon. He would not stay away from us and our dear mother.

Blanche. Let us read again what our strange correspondent says. (*Takes letter from pocket, and reads.*) "My Dear Children,—Continue to love your father, for he is very unhappy. Your presence imposes on him great sacrifices. Spare him those demonstrations of tenderness which cause him grief. Your caresses are like daggers to him, for he sees in you the innocent cause of all his suffering. Keep this letter, dear children, secret, for otherwise your father, Dagobert, and your unknown friend who writes this would be in great danger, for you have powerful enemies. Burn this, as, I hope, you have the others." O Rose! this distracts me! Who can our mysterious informant be?

Rose. Perhaps it is the strange visitor who appears so often to us. You know, last night, we saw him, and he bade us think of our poor mother in heaven. O Blanche! let us go to her! Let us die!

Blanche. Yes, yes; let us die! Let us join our mother! Heaven will surely forgive us.

Rose. We have poison in our room.

Blanche. Let us fetch it. Write a few farewell lines to our poor father, and to dear old Dagobert, and good Madame Baudoin, and then say farewell to this wicked world for ever. Come, dear sister!

[*They embrace, and exit, R. H.*]

Enter the JEW, D. in F. C.

Jew. O Heaven! let not thy wrath descend on the last of my race! Let me be the instrument of their salvation! Let them triumph over the dark plots that menace them! Do not inexorably condemn them to suffer for my crime! Let them not be punished for me!

Enter ROSE and BLANCHE with letter and phial.

Rose. (*Dropping letter on stage.*) There is our last adieu to our dear father. Now, Blanche, dear, are you resolved?

Blanche. Yes, dear sister.

Rose. Then let us take one last embrace, and then farewell to the world!

(*They embrace and kneel. Rose holds the phial, prepared to drink from it, when, as she raises it, the Jew, from behind, takes it from her hand. Picture.*)

Jew. Hold! (*They turn, awe-struck.*)

Rose. It is the spirit of our dreams.

Jew. You must not die; you must live to confront your enemies. Come with me; trust in me; I will protect you.

[*Music, slow.—He gazes on them with tenderness—they give him their hands—he leads them up to D. C. F., and they exeunt, closing door.*]

Enter DAGOBERT and MARSHAL SIMON, L. 1 E.

Dag. Indeed, Marshal, you are too hasty. I meant no offence.

Mar. Good Dagobert, say no more. I was hasty. My troubles have made me mad. No more, I pray. You are a good servant, and faithful. Go fetch my children. (*Sees letter on floor.*) What's here? (*Takes it and reads.*) "To our dear father." A presentiment of evil strikes me.

(*About to open it, stops as if in dread; opens it, and is horrified—smites his forehead—staggers.*)

Dag. Marshal, what ails you? Speak!

Mar. My children have taken poison.

Dag. Poison!

Mar. They have gone away to die. Oh! let me die too, let a soldier's sword end a soldier's miserable life.

Dag. No, no, Marshal! No; you must live, live for revenge!

[*Leads off the Marshal, R. H.*]

SCENE II.—(*3rd grooves.*)—A Room in the Hotel de Cardoville. Doors R. and L. Window R. C. Couch C., and near it a table L., and on table a small lamp burning dimly. Secret panel, C. Music.—CEPHYSE SOLIVEAU, draped in white muslin, her breast slightly exposed, and showing a red mark where she has been stabbed—(not too ghastly)—on couch. RODIN present, L. Chord as scene opens.

Cep. Monsieur Rodin, I am afraid to engage in this new plot.

Rod. Have no fear. All you have to do is to counterfeit death by drinking this sleeping potion. (*Shows phial.*) Mademoiselle de Cardoville is away in the country, so you need not fear detection from her. Prince Djalma believes her dead, and will certainly mistake you for her.

Cep. But I am afraid of the Prince. He stabbed and nearly killed me at the masquerade.

Rod. No danger can occur again from him. He believes, I say, that Mademoiselle de Cardoville, whom you personate, is dead by his hand, and he desires to see her form in death, as he supposes, that he may breathe forth his lament, and then die by his own hand. Observe, I place this phial of deadly poison here, that he may use it.

(*Places another phial on table.*)

Cep. Well, I consent, on condition of the munificent reward you promised. I have served you faithfully in decoying Jacques Rennepont to ruin, and—

Rod. Tush, tush! Trust all to me.

Cep. Do I look sufficiently like Mademoiselle de Cardoville?

Rod. To the life. And the dim light of the chamber, and the frenzy under which the Prince labours, will render detection impossible. Compose yourself, and drink this.

(*Offers first phial.*)

Cep. (*Suspiciously.*) It is not poison, I hope.

Rod. Shall I drink some myself?

Cep. (*Looking at him steadfastly.*) No; I'll trust you.

(*Drinks, and falls back motionless.*)

Rod. (*After pause.*) Cephyse! Cephyse! She does not answer! It has done its work. She will never wake again. Fool! to trust in me. Ha! ha! I have removed one witness of my crimes. Now I will bring Prince Djalma here.

[*Exit D. R.*]

Enter the JEW from door L. D. He steals round towards couch and surveys the dead body of Cephyse, then removes phial from table, and substitutes another. Retires by panel c.

Enter RODIN and DJALMA, door R. Rodin points to Cephyse, and disappears. Djalma darts up, and glances in frenzy on Cephyse.

Dja. Dead! dead! my beloved!—and by my hand! How could a half barbarian like me expect that she could love me? Yet she was generous, and concealed her indifference under an appearance of affection that she might not render me unhappy. And for that I have killed her. But I will not live. No, no; I will end my life here in this chamber, the Heaven of my fervent dreams. I cannot look upon that pale face and snowy breast, scarred by my vengeful dagger. One kiss! (*Stoops and kisses her face.*) Farewell, thou beauteous clay! Sweet soul! in heaven I shall not greet thee. My destiny is the yawning gulf of fire reserved for murderers. (*Takes phial.*) By this she died, after my dagger wounded her; so by this will I die. There is sufficient left. (*Gazing on Cephyse.*) Farewell, Adrienne, my sweet! I go—I go!

(*Drinks.*)

(*He is now kneeling by the couch, with the phial in his hand, Rodin peering through half-closed door R., when ADRIENNE DE CARDOVILLE enters, dressed in white, D. L. She advances towards Djalma, comprehends the position, shrieks. Djalma, turning at the sound, recognises her.*)

Dja. What vision is this?

Adr. Djalma! what hast thou done?

Dja. Taken poison, in my remorse. But who art thou?—a spirit?

Adr. No; I am thy Adrienne—thy beloved!

Dja. Not dead!—not dead! But who is this, robed like thee, and with thy face and hair? Look!

Adr. Some woman painted to look like me. Oh! what mystery is this?

Dja. (*Stupefied.*) And did I not stab thee at the masquerade?

Adr. Stab me! At what masquerade?

Dja. (*Smiting his brow.*) Do I dream? Am I mad? Faranghea, my servant, told me thou wert false—promised me proofs of it. I went with him to the masquerade. I saw thee, as I thought, travelling with low masqueraders. I saw one lead thee to the wanton dance. I could endure no more, but, mad with jealousy, rushed forth, and stabbed both. I came here that I might see thee once more in thy white shroud, kiss thy pale lips, and die.

(*Falls on chair.*)

Adr. Oh!—misery!

Dja. Thou art fading from me.

Adr. We will not quit each other.

(*Snatching poison.—Slow music.—The Jew is seen watching Rodin.—She drinks.*)

Dja. Oh!—to think thou canst die for me!

Adr. (*He is now in chair; she at his feet; their hands clasped.*) Heaven wills that we should be reunited in death. Djalma! Djalma!

Dja. Adrienne!

(*They become motionless. Rodin at door, R., watching. He enters, and surveys them.*)

Rod. Five Renneponts dead—Gabriel's deed of gift irrevocable! The game is mine—mine! But Marshal Simon is in Paris. He might, in a rough way, avenge his children. Let me see! The Abbé D'Aigrigny is afraid of the Marshal, and is hiding from him. I have it. I will introduce these old antagonists to each other. They will settle each other's business quickly. They are splendid swordsmen—splendid swordsmen! (*Closed in.*)

SCENE III.—(*Second Grooves.*)—*The Abbé D'Aigrigny's Study.*

D'AIGRIGNY enters L. H.

D'Aig. So, Monsieur Rodin, you would make me the stepping-stone to your power—you would humiliate and crush me! Malediction! But a day of retribution approaches. He thinks to triumph to-morrow at the house in the Rue St. François; but I will destroy this creeping viper who has stepped into my place. (*Draws sword from beneath his cassock.*) Yesterday he reproached me that I was but a stupid soldier; but, by Heaven! he shall find, if I have a weak head, I have a wrist of iron.

Enter RODIN quickly, R. H.

D'Aig. (*Surprised, and replacing his sword.*) Reverend Abbé—

Rod. Don't apologize. Examining your sword? I hope it is sharp—you will need it presently. (*Brings on MARSHAL SIMON, R. H. D'Aigrigny starts back, thunderstruck.*) Here is an old comrade, Marshal Simon, with whom you have an

account to settle. I'll return by-and-by and talk to you—that is, if you are alive.

[Exit, R.—D'Aigrigny and the Marshal confront each other.]

D'Aig. Marshal Simon, what brings you here?

Mar. Monster! I have come to avenge myself on the murderer of my children. Your hate drove me and my wife into exile, where she perished. You and your accomplices sent my children to death. For twenty years you have been my evil demon. By my hand you die! Your coward heart shall palpitate on the point of my sword! Draw, or I will slay you as you stand! Our last duel was in play; I promise you *this* shall be in earnest.

D'Aig. My oath forbids me to fight.

Mar. But not to kill innocent people, it seems. You shall fight!

D'Aig. I will not.

Mar. Base, bloodless coward! (Strikes him.)

D'Aig. (Furiously.) Enough! (Draws sword.) Since you will have blood, it is yours that shall be shed. (Music tremo.)

Mar. At last!

(They cross swords. D'Aigrigny, after a little fencing, pauses, and suddenly snaps the blade of his weapon across his knee.)

D'Aig. I will not fight.

Mar. This contemptible subterfuge shall not avail you. (Snaps his sword. Wraps his handkerchief round the pointed end.) We will fight with daggers! Come on, coward!

D'Aig. What! are you a fiend?

Mar. No; a father whose children you have murdered—the man you have so cruelly and wantonly ruined! Judas—(Spits at him)—I will beat you like a dog, vile murderer!

D'Aig. (Wrapping his handkerchief round the broken weapon, and hoarse with passion.) No more!—no more! You or I only quit this room alive.

(They close; desperate dagger combat. Music sharp hurry till end of combat. The JEW enters as the Marshal stabs D'Aigrigny, who falls.)

Mar. Dead!—At last the penalty is paid! But there is no joy for me on earth. Wife!—little ones!—I come—I come to you—

(As he is about to stab himself, the Jew arrests his hand from behind.)

Jew. Stay!—Come with me! You shall yet on earth behold your children. I say it—I, the Repentant.

SCENE IV.—(1st Grooves.)—Another Street in Paris. Night.

Enter ROSE POMPON and NINNY MOULIN, R. H.

Pom. Come along, you stupid Ninny, do.

Nin. It's all very well to say come along do—but I can't—I've got the gout, I tell you.

Pom. Oh! you've always got something or other. You should drink less, and lead a sober, quiet life.

Nin. This is good chaff from a grisette like you.

Pom. You shan't dance with me any more for that impertinence.

Nin. Thank you; I've no wish to. I've danced too much as it is at that confounded masquerade. I'm done up.

Pom. Don't talk about the masquerade. It sets

me thinking about that stabbing affair. Poor Cephyse!

Nin. Poor Cephyse! She deserves a lot of pity, she does, after ruining poor Jacques Rennepont as she did. Bah!

Enter DAGOBERT and MADAME B., very much depressed, R. H.

Pom. Here is the old soldier, with his wife, who has so often questioned us about the poor orphans.

Nin. If I'd lost any children, I shouldn't trouble about them.

Pom. I believe you—wretch! If I were your wife, you shouldn't have any.

Nin. Rose Pompon, my dear, I'll at once make you an offer of marriage.

Pom. A fine catch. (Tosses her head. Ninny crows.) Behave yourself! Don't you see how sad these poor people are? Have you (to Dag.) heard anything of your poor Rose and Blanche?

Dag. No; and I cannot find them anywhere. I fear they are dead. The Marshal too, their father, has disappeared; and I and my poor old wife are broken-hearted. This is the 1st of June, and our accursed enemies will triumph.

Nin. These medals have been most unfortunate to their possessors.

Dag. They have indeed. If these vipers, who sting in the dark, had wanted two lives, why didn't they take mine and my wife's? We'd have given them rather than Rose and Blanche should have come to harm. I loved them dearly. I was to them a second father for fifteen years. And now they're gone from me for ever. (Imploringly to Heaven.) O Heaven! if thou hearest, restore my children to me, if they live. Rose, Blanche, my darlings! come to me!—come to poor old Dagobert.

Enter GABRIEL RENNEPONT, L. H.

Gabriel, what news?

Gab. None. I can find no traces of the lost ones.

Dag. (Vacantly.) None?

Gab. Mourn not, my poor friend. But in your grief and despair remember that there is a power above, whose will is more potent than the fiends of earth. Have courage! Last night I beheld the vision of a pale, sad man, who spoke to me and said all would yet be well. Come! this is the 1st of June, and the hour of midnight is at hand. Come!

Dag. If it be not well, then terrible shall be my vengeance; for this old hand shall smite the vile hearts of these black cassocks.

[Exit, R. H.]

SCENE V.—(1st Grooves.)—Exterior of the House in the Rue St. François.—Door in R., and lights down.—Night.

Enter RODIN and FARANGHEA, L.

Rod. Midnight and the 1st of June have arrived, and there are no Renneponts, save Gabriel, the missionary, whose gift is irrevocable; and the inheritance of Marius de Rennepont will fall into our hands. Faranghea, you have served me faithfully, and I shall not forget you.

Far. I need no reward but the knowledge that I have faithfully done my duty to Bohwanie.

Rod. Ah! A strange faith that. You strangle human beings for love of Bohwanie, do not you Thugs?

Far. Yes, and sometimes poison them. (Chord.)

Rod. (*Starting.*) Ahem! After this Rennepont affair is concluded I should advise your return to the jungle.

Far. I shall go when I have accomplished my vow to my deity.

Rod. I see, you are a true Thug to the backbone. But what is the nature of your vow?

Far. To take the lives of twelve Europeans.

Rod. Oh! indeed—indeed! (*Looks suspiciously at Faranghea.—Clock strikes twelve.*) Hush! the hour has struck.

(*Knocks at door, which is opened by SAMUEL, D. F.*)

Sam. Your business, sir?"

Rod. This is midnight, the 1st of June, and I have come to claim the legacy of Marius de Rennepont, by virtue of power of attorney, formerly given by Gabriel de Rennepont to the Abbé D'Aigrigny, of the Society of Jesuits, whose representative I am. This is my friend.

Sam. I recognise you, sir. But there are others waiting.

Rod. Pray, who are they?

Sam. An old soldier, called Dagobert, his wife, and Gabriel Rennepont, the missionary. The attorney is also here. Will you please follow me?

Rod. Certainly. (*Suddenly betraying pain.*) That burning pain again!

Sam. What ails you, sir?

Rod. Nothing. A mere faintness. 'Tis nothing. Merciful Heaven! The cholera is abroad, and perhaps—ah! (*With a spasm.*) Pray lead the way.

[*Exit D. F., suspiciously observing Faranghea, who follows.*]

Far. Accused European! You too feel the power of the votary of Bohwanie.

[*Makes mystic sign with his hands and goes off.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Hall of Mourning. Large wainscoted apartment, draped and painted black. C. in flat, a large recess, shrouded with curtains, above which is a lighted cross, pierced in seven holes. Heavy black furniture. Table L. H. and chair. Chest resting on a kind of pedestal L. H. of table. Candles burning on table, and in sconces on walls. NOTARY at table, seated, examining papers. DAGOBERT and his wife in attitude of deep grief, L. H. GABRIEL and BATHSHEBA discovered L. H.*

Enter SAMUEL and RODIN, R.

Sam. This is the room, sir.

Rod. It is not the place where we formerly met.

Sam. No, this is called the Hall of Mourning.

Rod. Why?

Sam. Because it is a place of tears and death.

Rod. A stranger place than the other. How brightly the light shines through yonder holes pierced in the shape of a cross!

Sam. 'Tis, indeed, remarkable.

Rod. What is beyond those curtains?

Sam. I know not. Our family has been forbidden to pass them.

Rod. You know not? Indeed! Well, 'tis no matter. (*Sarcastically, and glancing at the others.*) And since we are all here, and there are plenty of witnesses, and as the hour of twelve has struck, let us proceed to business. Monsieur—(*To Notary*)—I await you.

Not. I am ready, sir.

Rod. I claim the inheritance of Marius de Rennepont by virtue of this deed of gift—(*Shows deed*)—from Gabriel de Rennepont.

Dag. Monster of iniquity!

Not. Silence!

Gab. I protest against it.

Not. (*To Gabriel.*) You have no right, sir, in law, to speak. (*To Rodin.*) Your name?

Rod. François Rodin, Abbé—

Not. Your papers of authority?

Rod. (*Giving papers.*) Here.

Not. The last claimant was the Abbé D'Aigrigny. Where is he?

Rod. Dead! (*Aside.*) At least, I hope so.

Dag. Dead!

Not. I shall need your papers of authority from the Abbé D'Aigrigny before I can legally give you the inheritance made over to him.

Rod. There is my authority from him—these papers. (*Gives other papers.*) They were granted before his death, and signed in the presence of my secretary.

Not. Quite satisfactory. (*Having looked over papers.*) I declare the inheritance legally yours. (*To Samuel.*) And, as you are the custodian, I direct you at once to hand it over to the Abbé Rodin.

Samuel. There are the moneys and securities. (*Points to chest.*) Will you check them? (*To Notary, who examines the contents of chest, showing papers, and taking out bags of coin.*) 500,000 francs in gold, 250,000 francs in silver, and the rest in bank-notes, and other equally firm securities, making in all 212,175,000 francs.

Not. Quite right. (*Replaces money, puts back bags and papers, and closes chest. To Rodin.*) You may take possession of the chest.

Rod. At last! (*Lifting chest.*) How heavy it is. (*Aside.*) Ha! that pang!

Not. What ails you, sir?

Rod. Nothing—nothing. It is—it is the pleasure I feel at sight of this vast sum, which will shortly be devoted to the noble purposes of charity.

Dag. (*Furiously.*) I can endure this no longer! This devil in human shape shall not triumph thus! You are a perjurer and a murderer! You shall not touch this money!

(*Standing threateningly by chest.*)

Not. (*Rising.*) The legacy belongs to this gentleman. (*Points to Rodin.*) 'Tis yours, sir, to remove.

(*Music.—The JEW enters from behind drapery, as Rodin places his hand on the chest. The Jew advances down, fixing a terribly piercing glance on Rodin who, as the Jew nears him, retreats, awe-struck.*)

Jew. This inheritance shall not be the reward of falsehood, treachery, and murder.

Not. Murder!

Jew. Yes, murder!

Rod. Ha!

(*Again recoiling.*)

Jew. I accuse this man—(*Points to Rodin*)—of murder.

Rod. Can you prove your accusation?

Jew. Yes, by showing you the spirits of the dead. Behold!

(*The Jew goes up, and, drawing the curtains, discovers all the Renneponts, with the exception of Jacques, pointing at Rodin.*)

THE WANDERING JEW.

Rod. Can the dead rise again? Oh! horrid sight! (*Recovers himself by a violent effort.*) Ye are but spectres. Ye shall not foil me! The money shall be mine! (*As he advances to get the chest, the Renneponts advance down. He gazes at them, terrified—then suddenly staggers back, with an expression of agony on his face.*) What is this pain? (*Observes the eye of Faranghea fixed on him.*) Accursed Thug! you have poisoned me! I am a victim to thy murderous deity! (*Faranghea elevates his hands, making a mystic sign. A cold, fiendish smile overspreads Faranghea's face as Rodin's agony increases.*) These people are but spirits—I will have the inheritance! Oh! (*With a terrible paroxysm—and clutching his throat as if suffocating.*) Help!—help! Will no one save me? Ha!—the fiends—the fiends clutch! me—Away!—Away! (*As if appealing to the Eternal Judge. Mercy!—mercy! (Overcome by his physical agony.) Ha!*

(*Falls, L. H.*)

Jew. Descendants of my sister, there is your great inheritance (*Points to chest.*) In spite of foul plots, the descendants of Marius de Rennepont

are united, and his great legacy is at last in rightful hands. And, now, farewell!

(*Approaching curtains.*)

Adr. Oh! stay,—you who have preserved us!

Jew. (*Sadly.*) No, no; my course is onward—ever onward. Farewell!

(*Disappears through curtains.*)

Dag. (*To Marshal.*) Your children—my darlings—will yet enjoy their own.

Adr. (*Looking tenderly at Djalma.*) And we shall be happy!

Djal. My beloved one!

Gab. Let us pray for him who has given us this joy.

(*All kneel in attitude of prayer. The back of the scene draws off, and discovers the first scene of the drama, with the Jew standing on the snow-clad mountain. He has his staff in his hand, and his eyes raised to heaven. A strong double lime-light on him. Music jubilate.*)

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Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 14.]

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FAIRFAX ROCHESTER... ..	Mr. George Jordan.	LADY BLANCHE INGRAM ...	Miss Kate Reynolds.
LORD THEODORE INGRAM	Mr. Dickerson.	LADY MARY INGRAM... ..	Miss Close.
COLONEL DENT	Mr. Hall.	MISS TEMPLE	Miss Walters.
MR. BROCKLEHURST	Mr. Bass.	MRS. GRyce	Mrs. Scott.
JOHN DOWNEY	Mr. T. B. Johnston.	MISS SCATCHERD... ..	Mrs. Lesdernier.
MR. WOOD	Mr. Reeve.	GRACE POOL... ..	Mrs. Carpenter.
JANE EYRE	Miss Laura Keene.	MRS. COL. DENT... ..	Miss Macdonough.
THE DOWAGER LADY IN-		MRS. ESRTON	Miss Johnson.
GRAM	Miss Wells.	THE MANIAC WIFE	Mrs. Lesdernier.
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C O S T U M E .

ROCHESTER.—1st Dress: Riding-coat—high boots—broad hat. 2nd Dress: Gipsy disguise. 3rd Dress: Long gray coat—loose vest.

INGRAM.—Elegant evening dress.

COL. DENT.—Evening dress, quaint.

BROCKLEHURST.—Black dress.

JOHN DOWNEY.—1st Dress: Plain livery. 2nd Dress: Country boy's dress.

WOOD.—Dress of clergyman.

JANE EYRE.—1st Dress: Very plain dark charity-school dress. 2nd Dress: Black silk. 3rd Dress: Wedding-dress. 4th Dress: Plain travelling-dress.

DOWAGER LADY INGRAM.—Elegant evening dress.

LADY BLANCHE AND MARY.—Ditto.

MISS TEMPLE
MISS GRICE
MISS SCATCHERD } Same as Jane Eyre's first dress.

GRACE POOL.—1st Dress: Very grotesque chambermaid's dress. 2nd Dress: Country girl's dress.

S T A G E D I R E C T I O N S .

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door; L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance; R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance; L. S. E. Left Second Entrance; P. S. Prompt Side; O. P. Opposite Prompt.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

JANE EYRE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A very plain chamber in Lowood Academy—window practicable, but barred, prison-like.* MISS GRyce and MISS TEMPLE discovered.

Enter MISS SCATCHERD L. H. 2 E.

Miss S. Here's a fine to do! who do you think is coming here directly?

Miss T. I cannot say, Miss Scatcherd.

Miss S. The veritable Mr. Brocklehurst himself. The generous endower of this most benevolent institution, for the confusion of intellect and suppression of liberty.

Miss T. For shame, Miss Scatcherd; you must not speak so.

Miss S. I'll say what I think, in spite of anybody. Heaven knows I'm sick enough of this dungeon.

Miss T. So indeed am I. But I must fulfil my destiny.

Miss S. Pshaw! a fig for destiny. I'm resolved when Mr. Brocklehurst does come, to give him a piece of my mind. I'll say to him—

Enter BROCKLEHURST L. H. 2 E.

Brock. What will you say, my dear Miss Scatcherd?

Miss S. I hope you find yourself quite well to-day, sir.

Brock. Remarkably well, I thank you. Miss Temple, your most obedient. I congratulate you all, ladies, upon the general appearance of your interesting pupils. But—pray be seated—I regret, and believe me, it gives me, as a man and a Christian, inexpressible pain to be obliged to reprove. I regret, I say, to find that the rules of the establishment have been, I would almost say, criminally neglected.

Miss T. I am sure, sir, not of our own—

Brock. Ah—suffer me. How is it, Madame—I address you as superintendent and controller of this place—how is it that the woollen stockings are not better attended to?

Miss T. Indeed, sir, I—

Brock. Ah—pardon me. I find also, in settling accounts with the housekeeper, that a lunch, consisting of bread and cheese, has twice been served to the girls within the last fortnight. By whose authority was this shameful innovation? May I be permitted to request an answer, direct and unequivocal?

Miss T. I must be responsible for the circumstance, sir; the breakfast was ill prepared, and—

Brock. Allow me. You are aware that my plan

in bringing up these girls is, not to accustom them to habits of luxury.

Miss G. There's no doubt about that—

Brock. Miss Gryce, if you please—but on the contrary, by spare diet and wholesome exercise, to render them hardy, patient, and self-denying, and encourage them to evince fortitude, under temporary privation.

Miss G. Starvation?

Brock. Privation, Miss Gryce. That woman's deafness is very inconvenient. Oh! madam, when you put bread and cheese, instead of thin water-gruel, into those children's bodies, you little think how you starve their immortal souls.

Miss G. You are right, sir, the poor things are starved nearly.

Brock. Silence. And now, Madame, I come to the most awful dereliction of all. I observed as I passed through the school that one girl, if not more, had her hair decked in the absurd vanity of curls, absolute cork-screw curls.

Miss T. It is Julia Severn, sir. Her hair curls naturally.

Brock. Naturally! Madame! don't attempt to hide your negligence under such a paltry plea. What have we to do with nature?

Miss G. Nothing.

Brock. Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off. I will not have a curl or a top-knot in the school. I want those charges to become the children of grace, not the offshoots of vanity. Where is Jane Eyre?

Miss T. She has retired to her room, sir; her health is failing under the close confinement.

Brock. Impossible! close confinement here? Why she must be out of her senses.

Miss G. Nearly.

Brock. I don't believe a word of it, it's nothing but laziness. If she does not attend to her duties to-morrow, she must seek elsewhere for a situation, and they are not to be picked up so easily; and now, ladies, I will take my leave, trusting that the reproof which conscientious feelings alone urge me to make will sink deep within your hearts, and ultimately spring up into the sweet-smelling flower of repentance and amendment. Good day.

[Exit Brocklehurst, L. H. 2 E.]

Enter JANE EYRE, L. H.

Jane. Ah, aunt, aunt! you do not, you cannot know the bitter slavery to which your hate has doomed me: eight long years of joyless, hopeless, pitiless imprisonment—life dragged along in one unvarying level, in the very springtime of my youth—with heart and brain astir, and yearning

for the love of kindred, full of bright thoughts and glorious impulses, the world and all its chances, changes, forever closed against me—it is terrible. Oh, for freedom! freedom! My heart bounds like an imprisoned bird against its wiry barrier, at the mere thought—freedom—blessed freedom; those only, who lose thee, know thy worth. (*Throws open window.*) Oh, I have prayed for liberty until my loud cry seemed scattered on the passing wind. I cannot rest—I cannot think—my tortured brain, in wild confusion, whirls. Heaven send me a change, no matter what—a break to this heart-cankering monotony—a change, or I shall go mad.

Enter MISS GRyce.

Miss G. Perhaps you may have one sooner than you anticipate.

Jane. How! speak! is there such a hope?

Miss G. Brocklehurst has been here, and I took advantage of my slight deafness to give him a few stings.

Jane. Poor girl, his heart is clad in steel, no mortal can reach it; but you hinted at a change; what do you mean?

Miss G. In the first place, he says you are not sick, that it's nothing but laziness.

Jane. The hypocrite! the false-tongued hypocrite! Go on.

Miss G. And that unless you attend to your duties, you'll have to go.

Jane. Where?

Miss G. Anywhere,—out into the road; he'd do it.

Jane. He would—I know he would. What shall I do? Oh, pity me, for I need pity much. Homeless, friendless, and an orphan; what is to become of me?

Miss G. Why don't you try and get something to do?

Jane. Have I not done so? Have I not, in the faint hope of, at least, changing my servitude, advertised for the situation of a governess? I have served here for eight years, and I would fain serve elsewhere; I know it would but be an exchange of prisons, but even that variety would be a boon. A new place in a new house, with new faces, it does not sound as sweet as liberty, excitement, enjoyment; but alas! they are all equally hollow and flattering, and to me it is a mere waste of words to utter them.

Miss G. Don't grieve so terribly; who knows what this letter may contain?

Jane. (*Starting up.*) For me! Gryce! (*Fiercely.*)

Miss G. What! don't look at me so awfully.

Jane. You are one who would see the fire laid to the stake before you would produce the wretch's pardon.

Miss G. I was afraid it might contain bad news.

Jane. There is no bad news for me, the slightest change becomes an incident; a drop of water in the endless desert of my existence is as a mighty river. (*Reads.*) Oh kind, benignant Providence, my prayers are heard at last! Listen. (*Reads.*) "If J. E. is in a condition to give satisfactory reference as to character and capacity"—(that they must not, dare not refuse me,) "a situation can be offered to her where there is but one pupil, a little girl, under ten years of age, and where the salary—" Oh, I care not for that. "Apply to Mrs. Fairfax, Thornfield."

Miss G. Thornfield, why it's not more than two hours' walk from here.

Jane. My heart is full, and forces from my eyes the unaccustomed tears. Years—long years of suffering misery are forgotten in this one moment of delight. Now my aspiring thought will have fit element to work within; high hopes and wild imaginings are crowding through my brain. I feel as though I were revelling in dream-land, and as with a lightning flash, the rocky barrier is rent that kept me from communion with my kind. Oh, world! oh, bright and glorious world! thy doors are opened to me at last!

[*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE II.—*Drawing-room, elegantly furnished, in Mr. Rochester's House.*—*The DOWAGER LADY INGRAM, LADY BLANCHE INGRAM, LADY MARY INGRAM, MRS. DENT, LORD INGRAM, COLONEL DENT, and FREDERICK LYNN, discovered.*

Dow. What an extraordinary creature that Rochester is! what can possibly detain him so long, away? If it were any other person, I should certainly feel annoyed at the host's absence.

Lord Ing. For my part, *cher mama*, I think it's all the better; he is such a half-savage, whole-riddle of a fellow, one can never feel at home with him.

Col. Dent. Yes; and so long as he leaves such glorious wine to be drunk, noble horses to be ridden, and splendid game to pop at, what the deuce is it to us?

Lord Ing. He certainly is a most eccentric animal.

Blan. I love eccentricity.

Lord Ing. Especially when said eccentricity is mated with enormous riches, and both look sideways towards you: if I were in your place I should love it prodigiously.

Dow. Now, Ingram, don't be so impertinent; poor Blanche is absolutely blushing.

Lord Ing. What Arcadian simplicity! For Heaven's sake, Blanche, let me see it. Natural colour upon a fashionable cheek—preposterous!

Col. Dent. Decidedly out of place.

Lord Ing. Vulgar in the extreme!

Col. Dent. Absurd!

Lord Ing. And utterly dairymaidish.

Blan. Brother, you have no heart.

Lord Ing. Haven't I, by Jove! ask Dent.

Col. Dent. Don't ask me: I never saw any indication of the article, except you held it in your hand when you were playing *écarte*.

Lord Ing. And by Jupiter, it's the only way you'll ever see mine, unless associated with diamonds. By the bye, your heart, sister, has the benefit of such brilliant companionship.

Dow. Ingram, I command you to be silent on that subject; the establishment of a daughter is not so frivolous a matter as you may imagine.

Lord Ing. I know, amiable maternity and hearts have nothing whatever to do with it.

Dow. Nothing in the world!

Lord Ing. But goes to the purchaser, like the fixtures in leasing a house.

Dow. Precisely: I wonder if it was Rochester who came in the carriage a short time since. Dent, oblige me by touching the bell. (*Dent rings.*) Blanche, my love, brighten your eyes with a little of this bouquet. (*Gives small phial.*) If it should be Rochester, don't let him find us moping.

Enter JOHN, L. H.

John. That's a bright lot, the old tabby and the young kittens; the characters of all their female acquaintance are just like so many mice to them. Oh! what delight it is to seize hold of them one by one, and purr, and scratch, and worry.

Dow. John!

John. Yes, my lady, Mouser. (*Aside.*)

Dow. Was that Mr. Rochester who arrived just now.

John. No, my lady. Now I'll tease her a bit; she won't like to ask me who it is. I know she'll have to, though.

Dow. Not Mr. Rochester?

John. No, my lady.

Dow. More friends, I presume?

John. No, my lady.

Dow. I certainly heard a carriage stop.

John. Yes, my lady.

Dow. I thought I couldn't be mistaken.

John. No, my lady.

Dow. A stranger?

John. Yes, my lady.

Dow. Indeed—a gentleman?

John. No, my lady.

Dow. A lady?

John. No, my lady.

Dow. Neither a gentleman or a lady? how stupid you are. Who can it be?

John. Only the new governess, my lady.

Dow. Governess! pshaw! how very provoking!

Lord Ing. Frightful waste of sympathy, eh, Dent?

Col. Dent. Excruciating, my lord.

Lord Ing. All about some poor devil of a teacher. Do you recollect, Blanche, how we used to quiz your round of governesses?

Blan. Oh, yes, Theodore; what fun we used to have with them. Mary was always too sleepy to join in our plots.

Dow. Now, my darling pets, don't mention governesses; the very word makes me nervous.

Blan. And do you remember, Theodore, how we used to persecute your tutor?

Lord Ing. Yes, the poor, pale-faced wretch; he was positively ignorant of the commonest rudiments of education—didn't know a terrier from a bull-dog, and never saw a badger in the whole course of his life.

Col. Dent. The Hottentot!

Lord Ing. (*To Blanche.*) I say, Blanche, wouldn't it be a prime lark to have up this new governess, and see what she's like.

Blan. Famous, Theodore! I do love to see them blush and tremble when they first find themselves in an aristocratic element. Ma won't like it, though.

Lord Ing. That don't signify, we shall have better fun. John!

John. My lord.

Lord Ing. Bring some liqueur, and trot out the new governess.

John. Yes, my lord.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Lord Ing. I say, Dent, I've just been laying the train for a grand explosion of fun.

Col. Dent. What, sacking the cellar?

Lord Ing. No. I'm going to introduce a lamb amongst those old Dowager Lionnesses. My dear, so you have a prejudice against governesses.

Dow. Don't mention the horrid name, or I shall certainly faint.

Enter JOHN, L. H.

John. The new governess. (*Dowager screams.*)

Lord Ing. Bravo, John; consider yourself a sovereign richer for that.

Enter JANE, L. H.—*Recoils timidly at first, but rapidly collects herself.*

Lord Ing. Dent, you ruffian, is not that a master stroke of comedy? See the poor timid fawn! How she shrinks from those high-blooded gruffins!

Jane. (*Advancing firmly.*) I am either constrained to apologize for the ignorance of a servant, or I am obliged to suffer for his malice. It was not of my own will that I intruded here, for I was not aware there was so distinguished an assembly.

Lord Ing. Dem good, by Jupiter! Eh, Dent?

Col. Dent. Admirable!

Jane. You will excuse me if I retire.

Lord Ing. Oh, dem it, no; 'twould be ending the comedy in first scene. Don't tear yourself away.

Jane. Am I to understand that I was sent for?

Lord Ing. Yes, certainly. I did myself that honour.

Jane. Indeed! that makes an essential difference. It allows me at least the condition of equality. John, will you oblige me with a seat? (*John places seat.*) Request Mrs. Fairfax, the housekeeper, to send for me here, if my services are required.

(*John laughs, aside, but very respectful to her.*)

John. Yes, my lady—I mean madam. Bravo! jolly good, by jingo!

Lord Ing. Delicious! John, you brigand, you'll ruin me. I owe you another sovereign.

John. Yes, and that's all I'm likely to get of it.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Dow. (*Aside to guests.*) Did you ever see more consummate boldness? And, I declare, there's that foolish Mary going to speak to her.

Lord Ing. She's a magnificent creature, Dent, by Jove! Let's have a close look at her.—(*Dent and Ingram walk round Jane, with quizzing glasses.*)—Bears close inspection too, by Jove!

Col. Dent. Yes, as close as you can get—those eyes are dangerous, too near.

Jane. (*To Mary, who has been trying to make her feel at home.*) The thanks, deep and sincere, of a lonely heart are yours, my dear young lady; one touch of sympathy can obliterate volumes of looked and spoken insolence; but fear not for me. The mind that's conscious of its own superiority stands on too high an eminence to be reached by the petty shafts of pride and ignorance.

Lord Ing. Does she mean anything—eh, Dent?

Col. Dent. Hang me if I know. I wish I had some of Rochester's burgundy.

Dow. Does the creature intend to stay here, I wonder?

Blan. She has confidence enough, I do believe.

Lord Ing. Demme if she hasn't put a wet blanket on the party—eh, Dent?

Col. Dent. A regular soaker.

Lord Ing. The Dowagers are shut up famously—confound me if I don't feel somehow demmed awkward myself. Dent, stir up the people, or this dem governess will think she has cowed us all.

Col. Dent. Why don't you go and talk to her?

Lord Ing. I would if I knew what to say.

Col. Dent. Don't be a fool—nonplussed by a governess!

Lord Ing. Demmit, that'll never do—(Stalks across dandified)—aw—Miss; aw—I haven't the honour of your name.

Jane. Jane Eyre—you are?—

Lord Ing. Theodore, commonly called Lord Ingram—and so you are—aw—Jane Eyre. Yes, delighted—do you know, Jane, that you're devilish pretty?

Jane. My lord!

Lord Ing. Upon my life you are—eh, Dent?

Col. Dent. Undoubtedly.

Jane. Sir, your sisters, I believe, are in the room—were anyone to address either of them as you have now addressed me, what would be the result?

Lord Ing. Positively, I don't know, I can't imagine; it's a very different thing—they are—

Jane. Made of different clay; their hearts are more sensitive, their feelings more refined, perhaps. Reverse the picture, my lord, and you will be nearer to the truth. In the school of poverty is oftener found that intuitive delicacy which fears to wound—inured to suffering themselves, they know and feel for that in others.

Lord Ing. A regular sermon, by Jupiter! quite Addisonian. Did you get that out of the *Spectator*?

Jane. My lord, ignorant assumption, much as it may be involuntary, is simply pitiable; but insolence, where you know it cannot be averted, is cowardly!

Lord Ing. Dent, damme, did you hear that?

Col. Dent. Distinctly!

Lord Ing. And must I swallow it? Oh, how I wish you were a man.

Jane. Pray calm yourself, my lord. I shall retire, not out of dread of your contumely, but from very pity of your infirmities; and it may be that the poor, lowly-nurtured drudge, whom you sent for to bring you unworthy amusement, will have given you a wholesome, though unwelcome lesson.

[Exit Jane, L. H.]

Lord Ing. Snubbed, by Jove!

Col. Dent. Prodigiously.

Tableau of Astonishment.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Apartment in Mr. Rochester's house.

Enter GRACE POOL, with a piece of cake and a pint of porter, followed by JOHN, R. H.

John. Come now, Mrs. Grace, I'll tell you what it is. I ain't a-going to stand your capers. I never was in a family yet that I wasn't made acquainted with the secrets thereof; here have I been three live-long weeks, and I don't know nothing yet; it's disgraceful.

Grace. Very!

John. There's a mysterious mystery hanging about the place somewhere, and I'm blessed if I don't find it out.

Grace. Do!

John. I will, you may take your davy. Won't you tell me?

Grace. No!

John. Then I must depend upon my natural genius to find it out. There was a jolly rumpus last night; who is it laughs in that awful manner every now and then?

Grace. Me.

John. You? pooh! don't tell me.

Grace. I won't.

John. There's something a-going on in this house that isn't right, and a fellow-servant as won't confide in a fellow-servant don't deserve to belong to our honourable profession. How can we stand up for our masters and missises unless we knows their little imperfections? it keeps them in order, and makes wages a deal more reg'lar. I know a thing or two. You don't know what I am.

Grace. I do!

John. What am I; now let's know.

Grace. A fool!

John. Am I? then there's a pair of us; but never mind. I won't be beholden to you. The master will be home soon, and while there's key-holes in the world, and ears ain't scarce, there ain't a master in the world can keep a secret from a servant as is determined to find it out; that you may take your oath of. Don't keep on a-munching of that cake as if you really thought you were hurting it and it did you good to bite so savagely. The new governess will be here to-day, then your nose will be out of joint, thank fortune.

Grace. Will it?

John. Won't it?

Grace. No!

John. Then you're pretty certain of your situation whatever may come into the house!

Grace. Yes!

John. Now then, I know there's a something.

Grace. Indeed!

John. Yes, and if I don't come at it I'm a Dutchman.

Grace. Don't try.

John. None of your gammon. You want to frighten me. Why do you always eat in your own room? or walking about like a hungry ghost, and not amongst us as you ought to. But I know a way to penetrate the mystery.

Grace. How?

John. This way. (Opens door, scream heard.)

Grace. Stop!

John. (Frightened.) I saw it! oh, lord! it's true! I heard so.

Grace. What?

John. That the house was hannted. *Grace,* what was that fearful-looking thing?

Grace. Nothing!

John. Didn't you hear a scream?

Grace. No!

John. I'll take my oath I saw something.

Grace. Fool!

John. You're not a-going in?

Grace. Yes!

John. Don't! don't!

Grace. Go!

[Exit through door in flat, L. H.]

John. I will; my eyes could not have deceived me, and my ears, too. Here's a beautifully-awful mystery, a ghost in the house; there's something delightfully frightful in having one's feelings harrowed up and agitated all ways at once. I've a great mind to peep, just to see if I was right. Pooh! don't be a coward, heart. I declare I'm goose-fleshing all over; my hair is getting wiry, and my knees wretchedly rheumatic. Pooh! here goes!

(Approaches door, a wild laugh heard, he bolts precipitately, falls on his knees. GRACE enters with dress, touches him on the shoulder.)

John. Oh! don't; have pity, good ghost. I'll never be curious again! I won't! I won't!

Grace. Don't!

John. Is it you? Oh, good gracious! what a coward I am! Oh! there's a good soul, tell me what I saw in the room.

Grace. (Holding up dress.) Look!

John. Nothing but a white dress. Hurrah! Pleasant as it is to be mysteriously terrified, it's much more agreeable to be not. Oh! I could, I really could, very nearly, be induced to embrace you. Indeed, my own feelings have undergone such a complete upsetting that I do believe I could almost kiss you.

Grace. Fool!

John. You're right, of the long-eardest description, but I'm cured. I'll never dive into secret mysteries again.

[Exit, R. H., Grace through door.]

SCENE II.—Garden; bright moonlight.

Enter JANE, L. H., despondingly, leans against balcony.

Jane. Shame, shame upon their cruelty; the pride that blazed within me is quenched in the flood of my great disappointment. Is this the pleasant change which I had pictured? This is the hard sterile rock my distant hope had tinted over with the softest moonlight. Better, a thousand times better, my solitary cell once more, than be glibed and mocked at by the vulgar-wealthy; to have the badge of servitude engraved upon my very heart, and know that tyrant circumstance has placed me in a world all prison, where every human being is a watchful jailor, and where you must endure the unceasing lash of insolence, the certain punishment of that statuteless but unforgiven crime, poverty. But why should I weep; it is my destiny—my stark and joyless destiny, and I must school myself, if not to be content therewith, at least to endure without a murmur. (Noise outside.)

Roch. (Supposed to have fallen from his horse.) How, Mesrour, what's to do now? you've hurt me, you ungrateful beast.

Jane. It is a traveller, who has fallen from his horse.

Roch. (Outside.) Hallo! you hedge phantom, since you have frightened my horse away, the least you can do will be to help me up.

Jane. With pleasure, sir.

[Exit, R. H.]

Roch. (Outside.) Pleasure, indeed; it ain't much pleasure to break a limb, is it?

Jane. Lean on me sir; you are not injured, I hope?

Enter JANE and ROCHESTER, R. H. U. E.

Roch. Not injured! what a fool you must be; to be tumbled upon a hard rocky road doesn't necessarily give a man the most pleasurable sensations.

Jane. I am sorry, sir, indeed I am.

Roch. Pooh! don't talk nonsense! why should you be sorry?

Jane. If it was through my being here that your horse was startled, sir, I must feel sorrow for your accident.

Roch. I'd advise you not to waste any sympathy on my account, it will be a bad investment of valueless capital.

Jane. I may at least inquire if you are seriously hurt.

Roch. I don't recognise your right! Who are you? and what brings you here at this time of the night? Go away home, if you have any.

Jane. I cannot think of leaving you, sir, until I see that you can assist yourself.

Roch. Can't you, indeed; you are rather a peremptory apparition,—where do you come from? Have you descended from a moonbeam, or are you a discontented Hamadryad, escaped from your oak-prison? Are you quite sure that you haven't bewitched my horse!

Jane. I live at yonder house, sir; shall I run and obtain some assistance, for I know that you are suffering much pain, notwithstanding your apparent carelessness.

Roch. Hold your tongue; you live there, do you?

Jane. Yes, sir.

Roch. Whose house is it?

Jane. Mr. Rochester's.

Roch. Indeed! do you know him?

Jane. No; I have never seen him; and if he resembles the majority of his visitors, I have no wish.

Roch. You are not a servant, of course; I see you are not. Forgive me. You'll find me rough, but not rude; though what is it to you whether I am or not. May I inquire who you are?

Jane. The governess, sir.

Roch. Ah! the governess! where do you come from?

Jane. From Lowood school.

Roch. That charitable concern over the way; how long were you there?

Jane. Eight years.

Roch. Eight years! you must be tenacious of life; I thought half the time in such a place would have done up any constitution. Who are your parents?

Jane. I have none.

Roch. But you had I suppose; do you remember them? You think me impertinent, I perceive; never mind, it doesn't signify. Who were you waiting for here? did you know know I was returning? but how could you?—there, I think I can walk now. Lend me your arm. Have you an umbrella? No matter, I can hobble along pretty well.

Jane. You are suffering, sir—I know you are.

Roch. Well, what's that to you; confound it, can't you let me suffer quietly; don't for pity's sake fall into the common error of worldly friends, who think that condoling with you on your misfortunes, ameliorates them, the fools, when forgetfulness would be mercy, their tongues are never quiet; but where's your curiosity—are you not dying to know who I am?

Jane. I have no such unwarrantable desire, sir.

Roch. Ah, that's a famous sting for me; but I may as well tell you at once; that then is my home, ah! (expression of disgust) the casket of my treasure—look at those brilliant casements, those ivy covered battlements, those old ancestral trees, that smoothly shaven lawn, that richly variegated garden, is it not an earthly paradise?

Jane. It is indeed, externally a—

Roch. What do you mean, do you know? Externally—why not internally; ah, your eye is placid—pshaw! it is a large pest-house, there is a memento written in the air in lurid characters, which—but is it not an enviable retreat?

Jane. Most enviable.

Roch. Aye, even to the arch fiend himself, so full of delicious memories, that I cannot but dally with my happiness, even within its very sight—but come, the threshold must be passed.

John. (Outside, L. H.) He's here—I see him.

Enter Servants with torches, then LORD INGRAM furred, COL. DENT, &c. &c., L. H. U. E.

Lord Ing. Rochester, my dear boy, you gave us a deuce of a fright, made me feel remarkably queer. Your horse rushed into the stable, all in a foam, without you.

Roch. That will do; you see it is accounted for.

Lord Ing. But my sister Blanche, you know the tender interest she takes in you.

Roch. Is she here?

Lord Ing. No, she's fainting most grammatically in the drawing-room.

Roch. Silence, puppy—home! (to Servants.) come, my Samaritan.

(Rochester and Jane go towards entrance to house—Servants range at each side with torches.)

Col. Dent. How do you feel, Ingram?

Lord Ing. Snubbed again, by Jove! The dem Rhinoceros! (Music.—Curtain.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Temporary Stage with curtains in drawing-room—preparation for the Charade—JOHN fastening curtains, &c., ROBERT assists.

Rob. What be these crincums for, John?

John. Bless your unsophisticated ignorance, these are the games that shut up theatres; this is for domestic play acting—what with charades, as they call them, tableaux, and fancy performances, in drawing-rooms, the bread is fairly taken out of the poor people's mouths as makes it a purfession. I once had some ambition to be a player myself, but since the quality has taken it up, I've altered my mind.

Rob. I say, John, when do you think the wedding will take place; I like weddings—housekeepers don't limit a chap's ale.

John. Whose wedding?

Rob. Why, Mr. Rochester's, with that there high-flyer, Miss Ingram.

John. Permit me, sir, as your superior in office, to give you a word of advice. Never you inquire about nothing, nor never you wonder at nothing. Specially in this enchanted castle.

Rob. Well I won't; but you'll tell us what these charades is.

John. The servants can come to the door and see them, then you'll be likely to know.

Rob. You're very kind.

John. I tell you what it is, I can't get no satisfaction from anybody, and I'm resolved not to give no satisfaction to nobody; see if that there curtain will work.

(Curtain drawn, discovers GRACE POOL with her cake and pint of beer.)

John. Hillo, what brought you there? look, Bob, that's what the gentry calls a tabloo.

Rob. Why, that's half-witted Grace, with her everlasting pint of beer.

John. What are you doing there, Grace?

Grace. Eating.

Rob. Here, Grace. She knows everything if she'd only let it out. (Grace comes down.) Is there going to be a wedding in the house?

Grace. No!

Rob. When will there?

Grace. Never. (Noise of company.)

John. Hillo, here they come. Bob, down with the curtain! Grace, bundle out.

Grace. No! (Sits down.)

John. But don't you hear the company's coming from the drawing-room!

Grace. Yes.

John. Come, you must be off.

Grace. Shan't.

John. Here they are. Well, I don't care, you old fool. Won't there be a rumpus.

Grace. Brute!

Enter DOWAGER, LADY INGRAM and all the guests. All stare with astonishment at Grace.

Lord Ing. By Jove, what a character! it's Rochester dressed up; no, it isn't.

Grace. Beer! (Offering pint.)

Dow. It must be one of the visitors in a fancy dress. Whoever you are, disclose yourself.

Grace. Cake? (Offering cake.)

Lord Ing. Capital, by Jupiter!

[Grace offers her beer all around, then stalks across mysteriously, and exit.]

Col. Dent. Who the deuce can it be?

Lord Ing. I have it! you remember on the occasion of our last visit here, we heard sundry mysterious noises, at strange times, putting one's nerves in an inelegant state of agitation. This must be the cause, depend upon it. It's a lunatic servant that Rochester don't like to get rid of.

Dow. Dear me, suppose she had hurt somebody? Ah, here comes that odious governess; six months hasn't made her a whit more humble. I wonder Rochester keeps her here.

Lord Ing. Because he's a dem'd original, and does nothing like anybody else: with his countless mine of money, it's astonishing how barbarous he is. I'm sure when we were in town last season, I used all my endeavours to transmute his rugged iron into smooth, fashionable gold, but all my efforts were of no avail. One might as well try to civilize a polar bear or teach an alligator the polka.

Enter ROCHESTER.

Ah, my dear Rochester, the sound of your praise has scarcely done echoing through the apartment. We are all dying with anxiety to see what Charade is about to be presented.

Roch. Where is Miss Eyre? John, tell Miss Eyre to come here.

Lord Ing. Demmit, Rochester, have a little feeling for the Dowager. You know how she dislikes the atmosphere of a domestic.

Roch. The instructress of my child, my lord, ranks amongst the foremost of my friends; my acquaintances surely need not blush to be in such society.

Enter JANE.

Jane. You sent for me, sir?

Roch. I did, Miss Eyre. Sit down; I presume you care as little as myself for those frivolous pastimes, and yet they may amuse you. (Aside.)

I cannot struggle against the heart spell she has thrown around me. Spite of the dark chasm of the future, my soul is hurried onward with the very speed of destiny. Could she but love me sufficient to brave all—this day shall prove it.

Enter JOHN with letter which he gives to ROCHESTER.

Excuse me friends; what's this? (*Reads. "Depart at once; a matter of grave importance."*) You hear, friends, how abruptly I am summoned; but let not my absence check your enjoyment; I shall return as quickly as I can.

[*Exit Rochester.*]

Lord Ing. Ah, Miss Eyre. Pray, how do you find yourself? don't be under any apprehension! I have forgotten what passed between us during my last visit.

Jane. Indeed! my lord. I congratulate you upon the complaisance of your memory. I wish I had so obliging a recollection.

Lord Ing. Why, have you not forgotten it?

Jane. No, my lord, nor ever shall!

Lord Ing. What an unforgiving creature!

Jane. Pardon me, it is forgiven long since, that is my share of the transaction, to teach me to forget it, must be yours.

Lord Ing. Ah! yes. You're too dem'd metaphysical for me! (*Small bell.*)

Col. Dent. The signal to prepare for the Charade.

(*Servants appear at stage doors; crowd- ing their heads amongst them, Grace, John, Bob, &c.*)

Col. Dent. Who are to be the representatives?

Lord Ing. Mr. Rochester.

Col. Dent. And your lovely sister, of course!

Lord Ing. I suppose so. If he's going to marry her, I wish he'd make haste about it. I want to cut in for a slice of his ready—

Col. Dent. Silence! Here comes the first syllable.

(*Curtain rises to music, and discovers Lady Blanche dressed as bride, two bridesmaids attending; Tableau—Music.*)

Lord Ing. Superb, by Jove! Blanche is rehearsing for the Mrs. Rochester role, evidently.

Col. Dent. But what is the syllable intended?

Lord Ing. Don't ask me. I never fatigue my brain with thinking.

Dow. It must be — Bride.

All. Certainly!

Col. Dent. Now for the second syllable.

(*Tableau of Rebecca at the well, after Victor Adam—Music.*)

Lord Ing. We all know what it is,—fountain!

Dent. No; Bride fountain, spells no word that I know of.

Dow. I know it,—it must be WELL!

All. So it is. (*They applaud.*)

Dent. Now for the Tableau of the whole word.

(*Curtain: Tableau of the Momentous question.*)

Dent. Capital, by Jove,—“Bride-well,” ain't it, Miss Eyre?

Jane. Pardon me, sir, but I was not attending to the exhibition.

Lord Ing. Perhaps you object to such frivolous amusement?

Jane. My objections, my lord, carry but little weight.

Lord Ing. Modest creature!

Enter JOHN.

John. If you please, my lady, there's an old gipsy has ensconced himself by the library fire, and nothing can induce him to go.

Dow. The wretched person; what does he want?

John. He wants to tell the gentry their fortunes, and swears he won't leave till he does.

Lady Blan. Oh! ma! do let us see him, it is so deliciously romantic.

Lord Ing. What is he like?

John. As old as Methuselah, and as ugly as a scare-crow, my lord.

Lord Ing. Then let's see him, it would be a thousand pities to lose such a chance of making fun of the old sorcerer.

John. He says whoever wants him must go to him.

Dent. An independent wizard; suppose I lead the way.

Lord Ing. No; let Blanche propitiate the fellow.

Dow. I cannot possibly countenance any such inconsistent proceeding.

Blan. Indeed, ma, but you can and will; I have a curiosity to have my fortune told: John, lead the way.

Dow. Oh, my best—oh, my dearest, consider—

Blan. Ma, don't be foolish!

[*Exit with John.*]

Dow. Oh, my beloved darling; if anything should happen to her, I should never forgive myself. Theodore, why don't you rush to the protection of your precious sister.

Lord Ing. Don't alarm yourself, perturbed maternity; Blanche can take good care of her precious self.

Dow. Oh, you have no sympathy for a mother's feelings.

Lord Ing. No! never had; don't think I ever shall.

Dow. A horrible presentiment of evil oppresses me; I do believe if she don't come instantly I shall be positively obliged to faint.

Lord Ing. Don't throw away a scene, indiscreet woman; there are no strangers present.

Lady Mary. Ma, I'm frightened.

Dow. So am I, my timid dove.

L. Mary. This silence is inexpressively awful.

Dow. Perfectly appalling.

Lord Ing. Absolutely excruciating—ha! ha! Dent, for gracious sake, look at the interesting old hen and her one little chick. Here she comes; calm your fluttering hearts.

Enter BLANCHE.

Dow. (*Rushes to her.*) She's safe; my own is safe.

L. Mary. Well, love, what did he say?

Lord Ing. What did he do?

Col. Dent. How did he look?

Dow. How do you feel, precious?

Blan. Now, good people, don't press on me; restrain your curiosity. I have seen a gipsy impostor, who endeavoured to practise the usual cheating of his kind; and I treated the knavery as it deserved, with contempt.

Dow. But tell me, love, did he say anything about—you know what—Rochester, you know?

(*Jane expresses anxiety.*)

Blan. It's perfectly laughable—he told me this marriage should never take place.

Dow. How absurd.

(All go up laughing.)

Lord Ing. Very likely.

Jane. Ha! why does that sentence thrill through my frame, sharp and stunning as a shock of electricity; what is it to me—oh, weak, weak, foolish heart, strive not against thy betters; down to thy station, down!

[Exit, R. H.]

SCENE II.—Enter JOHN, L. H., meeting Jane Eyre.

John. Please, miss, the gipsy won't go without seeing you.

Jane. You mistake, John, it must be one of the visitors he wishes to see.

John. No, miss, he must be something not right, for he described you wonderful. What shall I tell him?

Jane. That I will go, by all means. He may be in want of something; it's only those who have felt privation themselves who ever think that there is such a thing in the world as want.

John. If you like, miss, I'll wait in the hall, and if he frightens you, call out and I'll see if the ditch water agrees with his gipsy stomach.

Jane. No, John, return to the kitchen; I am not in the least afraid.

[Exit Jane, L. H.]

John. Oh, Lord! the mysteriousness gets thicker than ever. Not content with having a ghost in the house, we must have a gipsy now. I wish the fellow would tell me my fortune. No I don't; for I'd rather not know it, if it's at all shy; and in the natural course of events I don't see any other chance for poor me. I only wish I was married and settled out of this nest of hobgoblins. That there Grace would make a good sort of wife for a chap, she's so chary with her syllables, and that's a good point. I wonder where she is? it's nice and dark and romantic; just the time to whisper soft nonsenses. I've a great mind to find her. I will too. I'll just take a glass of strong beer, and open my heart to her like a house a-fire.

GRACE appears at D. in F. with plate, &c.

Grace. That inquisitive fool here. I'll soon get rid of him.

(Re-enters door. A groan heard.)

John. Good gracious, what's that? I'll swear I heard a groan in that room. (Goes towards door.) Pshaw! the keyhole's stuffed up. (A crash of crockery and loud laugh.) The ghost! the ghost! oh, lord!

[Exit hastily, R. H.]

Enter GRACE.

Grace. It's well for us he's such a coward. Now to relieve his terror. John, what's the matter?

[Exit R. H.]

SCENE III.—The Library: Stage partially dark—wood fire blazing on hearth.

ROCHESTER as Gipsy, and JANE EYRE discovered—the red light from the fire falls on his face.

Roch. Here we shall be more quiet; for I have a good deal to say to you, and hate listeners—you see that I know the house well; aye, and all who

are in it. Ah! you doubt me. I knew that, you see—but to the proof. Come, you want your fortune told?

Jane. I don't care about it, you may please yourself; but you are right in your conjecture—I have no faith.

Roch. My conjecture, silly mortal—my knowledge. I heard it in your step just now.

Jane. Did you?—you have a quick ear.

Roch. I have, and a quick eye and a quick brain.

Jane. You need them all in your trade.

Roch. Especially when I have customers like you to deal with. Why don't you tremble?

Jane. I'm not cold.

Roch. Why don't you turn pale?

Jane. I'm not sick.

Roch. Why don't you consult my art?

Jane. I'm not silly.

Roch. Lies, lies, all—you are cold, you are sick, and you are silly.

Jane. Prove it.

Roch. In few words. You are cold, because you are alone; no contact strikes from you the fire that you possess. You are sick, because the lowliness of your position keeps from you the companionship of your equals in soul and intellect. You are silly, because suffer as you may, yet even to those who could and would sympathise with you, you disdain to reveal the heart-agony that wears away your life.

Jane. You might say this to any one, placed in my circumstances.

Roch. Find me another placed as you are; happiness is near you—within your very reach, and yet your obstinate but noble pride, keeps you from putting forth your hand to grasp it.

Jane. I don't understand enigmas.

Roch. If you wish me to speak more plainly, let me see your hand.

Jane. I know it's folly, all, but there—

(Holds hand.)

Roch. You don't! there's doubt in your look. You are not quite certain that it is folly; pshaw! I can make nothing of the hand, 'tis too fine; besides, destiny is not written there; no, 'tis in the eyes, the forehead, mouth, the expression of the face; let me look in your eyes.

Jane. Now you are coming to reality; I shall begin to have some faith in you presently.

Roch. Um! good, very good. I wonder what thoughts are busy in your heart, for I can only read them now—I can! What thoughts, I say, pass within you, while you sit in yonder room, with all the fine people passing before you like shadows in a magic lantern?

Jane. I feel tired often, sleepy sometimes, but seldom sad.

Roch. Then you have some secret hope that pleases you with whispers of the future!

Jane. None!

Roch. None? no! not when you hear, as you must do, tales of love and courtship, does not your heart yearn for a fitting mate? For instance, when Lady Blanche and he—you know who I mean—when they converse in soft, silvery whispering together, their fervid looks and low murmuring syllables uttering the bliss of each, then—

Jane. Then—ah! spare me—then I dare not think.

Roch. You have looked forward, have you not, and seen them married, and beheld his bride happy?

Jane. No, I have not seen that; your witch's skill is at fault sometimes.

Roch. What in Heaven's name have you seen, then?

Jane. No matter. I came here to inquire, not to confess. I did not come to hear Mr. Rochester's fortune, but to listen to my own, and you have told me nothing of it.

Roch. Because your fortune is yet doubtful. I can read upon your features each passion of your heart, distinct as on a printed page. That eye, shining like dew, so soft and full of feeling, and yet in the cup of bliss, when offered, if there should be one dreg of shame, or one flavour of remorse, how firm its determined glance; it would foster, not blight, it would earn gratitude, not wring tears of blood. Ah! what tenderness, but what inflexibility! Leave me; I rave in exquisite delirium; so far I have governed myself thoroughly; leave me, Jane.—The play is played out.

Jane. That voice—do I wake or dream?

Roch. Don't you know me, Jane—there, then, off ye lendings! How do I play the Gipsy?

Jane. It was no Gipsy part you played with me.

Roch. Whose then, my own?

Jane. I don't know, sir; some unaccountable one. In short, you have been talking nonsense to make me do the same. I have your permission to retire, sir.

Roch. Not yet; I want to ask your advice. Now, Jane, call your fancy to your aid; suppose instead of the bright incarnation of womanhood which you are, you had been a wild boy, indulged from childhood upward; imagine yourself in a remote foreign land, conceive that you commit a capital error, no matter what, but one whose consequences must follow you through life, and taint all your existence; mind, I don't say a crime, my word is error. Well, heart-weary and soul-withered, you come home after years of voluntary banishment, you make a new acquaintance, you find in this stranger much of the bright and good qualities which you have sought for all your life, and but just encountered; such society brings higher wishes, purer feelings, and you desire to recommence your life, and pass the remnant of your days in a manner more worthy of a human being. To attain this end, are you justified in overleaping an obstacle of custom?

Jane. Sir, if any one you know has erred and suffered, let him look higher than his friends for strength to amend, and solace to heal!

Roch. But the instrument! the instrument! I tell you without parable, that I have been a worldly, dissipated, restless man. Oh! dare I to hope that I have found a comforting spirit? Jane, if the finger of scorn were pointed at me, what would you do?

Jane. If it were deserved, my tears would attest my sorrow; if not, I would dash the mocker to the earth, if strength of indignation could effect it.

Roch. Bold, brave girl. You know my strange temperament, and won't wonder if I make sudden resolutions. You must go.

Jane. Go, sir.

Roch. Yes, go. What business have you here; you know I am about to be married.

Jane. Soon, sir?

Roch. Very soon.

Jane. Well, sir, I shall be ready when the order to march comes.

Roch. It is come now, Miss Eyre—you must get a new situation.

Jane. The blow is greater, severer than I expected.

Roch. But your pride will master it.

Jane. It will—it does: it—oh, this is torture—

Roch. No, it don't. You are sorry to leave Thornfield.

Jane. I grieve to leave it. I love Thornfield. I love it, because I have lived in it a full and delightful life. I have not been trampled on—I have not been buried with inferior minds, and excluded from every glimpse of communion with what is bright and high, and energetic. I have talked face to face with what I revered, but I see the necessity for departure, and it is like looking on the necessity of death.

Roch. Where do you see the necessity?

Jane. You have placed it before me. Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you suppose I am a mere machine, without one spark of sense or feeling, and can bear to have my drop of living water dashed from my cup? Do you think, because I am lowly and obscure, that I have neither soul nor heart? You think wrongly if you do; and if heaven had gifted me with wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now, through the medium of custom, or even of mortal flesh; it is my spirit which addresses you, just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood within the precincts of eternity equal, as we are.

Roch. As we are, and ever shall remain. I offer you my hand, my heart, and a share of all my possessions. Jane, decide my destiny!

Jane. You play a farce at which I merely laugh.

Roch. Unbelieving sceptic, you shall be convinced; the irresistible waves of destiny hurry me along; you strange—you almost unearthly thing—I love you as my own flesh, and I must have you for my own. Will you be mine?—at once, within the hour—say yes, and quickly.

Jane. Mr. Rochester!

Roch. Yes.

Jane. Let me look in your face.

Roch. Why?

Jane. Because I want to read your countenance!

Roch. There you will find it scarcely more legible than a crumpled page. Read on—only make haste, for I suffer. Jane, you torture me with that searching but yet generous look: you torture me.

Jane. How can I do that, if your offer be real; my only feelings must be gratitude and devotion.

Roch. Gratitude! Jane, accept me quickly.

Jane. Are you in earnest? Do you sincerely wish me to become your wife?

Roch. I swear it.

Jane. Then I am yours.

Roch. Come, come to me—my happiness is complete. Away! I will not give you time to change your mind. Prepare yourself at once—in my oratory we shall be wedded. Haste, haste, my own, own bride!—[Exit Jane.]—God pardon me, and man meddle not with me; she is mine, and I will hold her in the teeth of fate; it will atone—it will atone. Have I not found her friendless? and will I not guard and cherish, and solace her? Is there not love in my heart, and constancy in my resolves? I know Heaven sanctions what I do: for the world's judgment, I wash my hands

thereof—for man's opinion, I defy it. Hold! what am I about to do? Down, down thought!—sleep conscience; for in spite of all the powers of earth and hell combined, she must be mine. And then! for remorse and wretchedness. Well, let them come—Heaven pardon and pity me—my heart and brain are burning!

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Drawing-room at Rochester's.*

DOWAGER, LADY BLANCHE, MARY, LORD INGRAM, DENT, *discovered.*

Dow. Come here, Blanche my love; remember the importance of the crisis which is evidently approaching; and don't shake your hair too much out of curl.

John. A note for you, my lady.

Dow. It is from Rochester, and marked private. The long-expected declaration, no doubt. Blanche, calm your agitation, dear, while we see what he proposes in the way of dowry.

Lord Ing. Something enormous, I trust, to gild the fellow's atrocious vulgarity!

Dow. (*Reads.*) Good Heavens!

Dent. No bad news, I hope?

Lord Ing. Surely nothing can have occurred to break off the match?

Blan. Nothing, oh, nothing!

Dent. But death!

Lord Ing. Or bankruptcy.

(*Dowager sinks into a chair.*)

Blan. You seriously alarm me, ma; has any accident occurred?

Dow. Accident!—a frightful and unexpected one.

Lord Ing. What can it possibly be?

Dent. Is he sick?

Lord Ing. Hurt?

Lady Blan. Dead?

Dow. Worse.

All. What?—what?

Dow. He's poor!

Lord Ing. Inconceivable calamity!

Dow. Here, Ingram, read this, and wonder at the fellow's presumption. My own one—(*To Blanche*)—I know in this, the most trying scene of your existence, you will comfort yourself as befits an Ingram—take my facon, darling, and be heroic. Go on, Theodore.

Lord Ing. (*Reads.*) "I am ready to fulfil my contract, but honour, and a sincere desire for the happiness of her whom I love more than existence, prompt me to the avowal that the reputation of my wealth is far, very far, more than its reality; frankly, I am a poor man." Disgusting wretch!

Dent. Terrible reprobate!

Dow. Impudent monster!

Lady Blan. Ugly creature!

Lord Ing. What's this?—why, this is simply laughable. (*Reads.*) "However, if love for myself, and not for my possessions, animates your beautiful daughter, I shall await her coming in the Oratory; and my Chaplain shall join us in the silken fetters of wedlock." (*All laugh.*) Well, upon my soul! that is about the coolest piece of

effrontery ever attempted within the annals of Jeremy Diddlerism.

Dow. Don't weep for such an impostor, my precious—

Blan. It's not for him, ma; I don't care a pin for the creature itself; but this lovely house, those delicious grounds, ma, where I had absolutely planned all my alterations.

Lord Ing. And I had selected my suit of bachelor rooms, and actually named my favourite hunters; why, the fellow's a huge swindler!

Mary. I'm sorry you've lost such a nice fortune, Blanche, dear.

Dow. Don't be envious, child; come, darling, dry your sweet eyes—control your dear little feelings; your poor heart must suffer from this dreadful shock, I know, but it might have been worse; suppose this blow had come after the ceremony. We must leave, of course, as soon as possible.

Lord Ing. I vote we all go in a body to the fellow's oratory first, and take an affectionate leave. Now, I insist, mother;—hang it, ain't I the head of the house? Come, Dent, take Blanche; now, Dowager, dignity; prepare to frown the creature into oblivion.

[*Go up, closed in.*]

SCENE II.—*A Passage or corridor, dark.*

Enter JOHN, frightened, L. H.

John. Oh, Lord! I've seen it again; there can't be no sort of mistake this time—a wild-looking, ghost-like thing, with heavy hair, rushed by me at the end of the corridor. Ugh! what's that?—my heart beats like the fastest sort of a clock. There's something mysterious in the house—I knew there was, in spite of Grace's denial. Ugh! I can't look round often enough to be sure there's nobody behind me; glaring with glassy eyes;—there it is again! Oh, Lord! coming right through at me! Mercy! mercy! your ghostship!

GRACE *rushes on L. H., and shakes him, she is frightened, but with a different expression.*

Grace. Up, fool!

John. Is it you! phew! it's like a reprieve on the very gallows.

Grace. What have you seen?

John. A ghost! the ghost!

Grace. Nonsense; what way did she, I mean did it go?

John. Whatever it was, she or it, flew right up the grand staircase like a puff of tobacco smoke. Mercy on us, Grace, what can it be?

Grace. Away, and be silent.

John. Wasn't it a ghost, then, tell me that.

Grace. Yes; and a mischievous one; see, it's coming back, run!

John. Oh, lord!

[*Bolts off.*]

Grace. Mischievous! mischief! where will it end!

[*Exit R. H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Oratory. Octagonal recess with large stained windows, practicable, beyond which a portion of the house may be seen, consisting of turrets, to show effect of fire at the end of Act; low railing at opening of recess. Organ music. ROCHESTER discovered.*

Roch. (*Impatiently.*) Why comes she not? my bounding soul would fain outstrip both time and

thought and reach the consummation of my hope, 'ere stern reflection, reason's officer, should cry, beware! Why will they leave me thus alone with conscience nicely scrupulous.—Away! away! I will not think; in that direction madness lies; what, ho! (*Noise without.*) Ah, here at last; be calm, my soul. (*Again noise.*) 'Tis Ingram's voice; yes, as I live, 'tis he and his proud sister. Have I wrongfully judged her, and my touchstone proven her to be right ringing metal? if so, I'm trebly cursed. They're here.

Enter DOWAGER, INGRAM, BLANCHE, DENT, and LADY MARY, R. H.

Suspense were more than agony, I must be resolved at once; how shall I welcome thee, lady: as my disinterested love, bride of my heart and not of my wealth? You are silent! be thanked for it, ye immortal powers. Speak, Blanche!

Dow. Hold, sir; 'tis time this insolent mockery should have a termination; can you smile, deceiver, and behold the victim of your wicked perfidy!

Roch. Perfidy! to whom, then, was your daughter betrothed, to me, or to my money-chest?

Dow. Pshaw; what romantic nonsense is this; speak to him, Ingram, I can have no patience with the poor impostor.

Lord Ing. 'Pon my life it's a little awkward, lady mother; but as I'm the head of the house, I suppose I must.

Roch. Let me look at you, Blanche. By heaven, her features are as calm as marble. What are promises and protestations, gentle looks and whispered sentences—all hollowness, pretence, and lies.

Lord Ing. Come, come, Rochester, this is a most unimaginative age; that sort of talk reads tolerably well in novels, but sounds somewhat impertinent in real life. Your paper heroes are privileged individuals, but flesh and blood people don't feel inclined to listen to such improbable mooning.

Roch. Miserable idiot!

Lord Ing. (*To Dent.*) Did you hear that?

Dent. Distinctly.

Lord Ing. What ought I to do?

Dent. Nothing?

Roch. I have no time to waste—be explicit. Do you wish this match to be broken off!

Lord Ing. Most undoubtedly. Do you suppose that I would suffer my sister to be sacrificed to a man—

Roch. Whose heart outweighs his wealth. I thought so, and am not disappointed; still I must have confirmation from the Lady Blanche herself. Speak, lady; would you have me release you from your promise?

Blan. Mr. Rochester, I—

Dow. She would—

Roch. Hush! let her speak, I'll hear none other.

Blan. I like you very much—

Dow. As a friend.

Roch. Silence! Proceed, Lady Blanche.

Blan. My mother answers for me, sir.

Dow. Affectionate creature!

Roch. Am I released?

(*Motions Dowager to silence—a pause—she watches Blanche, as she quietly exclaims.*)

Blan. Yes!

(*Rochester walks about quietly triumphant.*)

Dow. Unconditionally; but we shall always be

most happy to receive your visits in a friendly way, Mr. Rochester. Shall we not, Ingram?

Lord Ing. To be sure, and I shall visit him in the shooting season. (*Aside.*) Don't be disconsolate, there's a good fellow, we're all devilish sorry, you know. Keep up your spirits.

Roch. I mean to do so. My kind considerate friends, now listen to me all of ye. Had there been one touch of heart—one spark of noble feeling in that woman's nature—I should deeply regret the stratagem which I have used. (*All start.*)

Lord Ing. Stratagem! I'm afraid we're sold!

Roch. But as it is, her unworthiness has, like a dull foil, made lighter still the starlike radiance of her for whose beloved sake, I fling aside the gauds of title and of name. Come forth, sole mistress of this heart and home.

(*Leads forward JANE EYRE—all start.*)

Dow. } The governess!

Blan. }

Lord Ing. Lady mother, you are checkmated.

(*All the servants cluster round—the chaplain enters the enclosure.*)

Dow. Marry the governess! revolting!

Roch. Yes, the governess! one pure instant of whose companionship were worth a whole eternity with such as ye. Come, be witnesses of the fulfilment of my soul's uttermost desire. Look up, sweet love—look up—a few moments nerve. (*Leads her towards enclosure—large bell, hastily rung—noise without.*) What interruption's this?

Grace. (*Heard outside.*) "She has escaped!"

Roch. Horror! what do I hear; must my cup of joy be dashed from me, even in the moment of my greatest bliss? never. Proceed with the ceremony.

(*Noise increases—bell louder.*)

Enter JOHN.

John. "The house is in flames."

(*Confusion—the oratory window is thrust open with terrible crash, and the maniac wife appears in the opening, a torch in her hand.*)

Roch. My wife!

Jane. His wife!

(*Faints—portion of the house beyond seen in flames.*)

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plain chamber—JANE discovered.*

Jane. Twelve months have passed since that fearful day. Oh, too faithful memory, why didst thou call up the loathsome picture in its terrible reality. I see it now before my eyes, as vividly as when stricken by the bolt of destiny, even at the very threshold of my joy: now almost a bride, and in an instant alone—alone; the Christmas frost had come at midsummer, and the smiling way of life that seemed to blush so full of flowers, became in a moment pathless with untrodden snow; and yet it was not for myself this bitterness of anguish—it was for him—that I dare not deem him worthy; that the pure and bright ideal that I had thought was found in him, should be so blurred and blackened. I have worshipped a false image, and I must tear it from the altar I myself have raised.

Alas! alas! 'tis not a vapour sunshine can disperse—'tis not a sand traced effigy storms can wash away; it is a name engraved upon a tablet, which must last as long as the marble upon which it is inscribed. Oh! for some friendly hand to point my proper road. I fear myself there is a sweet, strange, dreamy spell pervades this solemn eventime my failing sense cannot resist. I'm powerless beneath its influence. Oh, if in dreams, good angels e'er suggest the better course, may such welcome visitors be mine.

(Sleeps—Music. The scene becomes luminous, and Rochester is seen stretching his hand towards her—he exclaims—"Jane! Jane! where art thou?"—vision vanishes—Jane starts up.)

I am here, Rochester, my still beloved: this is no deception of the mind—no witchcraft: I heard him distinctly—the music of his words yet rings in my ears. Again he speaks—he calls me, in tones of suffering. He may be dying, and I am not near to look at my last of love and life. Rochester, wait for me—I come, I come!

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Interior of a Cottage.

Enter JOHN, R. H.

John. Well, I never did see any one take on for any body in such an outrageous way as my poor master does for that there governess. One would naturally suppose that the whole race of soft sexes was abolished from the face of the inhabitable globe, which everybody knows, and we in particular, they are not.

Enter MRS. JOHN, late Grace, L. H.

Mrs. D. Now, turnip skull, what are you wasting your time there for?

John. None of your vegetable allusions if you please, or else I might insinuate something respecting carrots, Mrs. Downey.

Mrs. D. Alluding to my hair, I presume, Mr. D.

John. Precisely, Mrs. D.

Mrs. D. Before we were married you used to call it auburn.

John. That's the poetical for red, you know; only an allowable ante-nuptial fiction, as my old master, the lawyers, used to say.

Mrs. D. I'll fiction your thick head with the broom-handle if you don't mind.

John. Ah, you let the devil's hoof peep out now. I suppose we'll have the horns soon. You were a different sort of an individual when you went sneaking about Thornfield with your bit of bread and cheese, awaiting on that she-devil as was shut up there; you couldn't say boo to a goose then.

Mrs. D. I've often had a chance since.

John. Mrs. D., respect the head of your family.

Mrs. D. There's nothing in it.

John. Honour the provider of your wittles. Oh, why did I ever marry?

Mrs. D. That's a question that always comes too late; and moreover is never asked except by a good-for-nothing husband; see, who is that lady beckoning to you. Stupid, go and see what she wants—while I get master's dinner on the do.

[Exit into house.

Enter JANE, slightly concealing her face, L. H.

Jane. Is this Ferndean Farm?

John. It is, marm.

Jane. Your name is John Downey.

John. I never had no other as I knows on, marm. *(Aside.)* Exceptin' now and then, turnip skull and such like.

Jane. They told me at the inn that you could give me the information that I require. You know Thornfield Hall?

John. Yes, marm; I lived there once; I was the late Mr. Rochester's own man.

Jane. The late—I—

John. Dear me, marm, anything the matter?

Jane. A spasm—'twill soon be over. Have I then lived and hoped for this? With one simple word to be for ever crushed, destroyed.

Jane. When did Mr. Rochester die?

John. I don't mean the present gentleman.

Jane. Present? he is alive then.

John. Oh, yes, marm, he's alive?

Jane. Thank Heaven! I can bear anything now! the light of hope and joy rekindled! Does he live at Thornfield Hall now?

John. No marm; no one is living there. You must be a stranger here or you would have known that the Hall was burnt down last harvest time.

Jane. Burnt? the hall?

John. Yes, marm. The fire broke out at dead of night. It was a terrible sight. It nearly caught fire once before, at a strange time—there was a wedding about to take place.

Jane. But the last fire; how did it originate?

John. The same way. A raving lunatic, that turned out to be Mr. Rochester's wife, after having made several attempts, succeeded at last.

Jane. And was he! was Mr. Rochester in the house?

John. Oh, yes, marm, and never left it until everybody else was safe. Then he tried to get his mad wife out of the place, but she fled to the roof, where she yelled and gave a spring and in the next moment she lay upon the pavement.

Jane. Great Heaven! Dead?

John. Yes, marm, as dead as the very stones she lay on.

Jane. One question more. My labouring heart throbs painfully at each pulsation. I scarcely dare to ask him from fear. While there's delay there still is hope, and yet, suspense is anguish. What of the master of the Hall—is he in the country?

John. Yes, marm. He can't get out of it well, now. He's a fixture.

Jane. There is an awful meaning in your words.

John. He's blind, marm, stone blind.

Jane. Thank heaven! I had feared a worse calamity; the loss of reason—but where? do you know where he now is?

John. He ain't far off, marm; he's in the garden yonder.

Jane. So near. I was not prepared for this, John. Do you not know me?

John. Dear heart—why it's the governess. Oh, but this will be a happy meeting for us all.

Jane. Let us retire from observation.

John. You forget, miss, he can't see a mite.

Jane. Oh, terrible affliction—and I to be so long estranged from him, when words of solace were so needed. My very soul yearns to bring him comfort; it is not now a crime—it is a duty.

John. You'll see him, miss, won't you?

Jane. See him, John! his very shadow in the sun shall not be nearer or more constant than I, while life remains.

John. This is indeed a joyful return. I shouldn't wonder but it will even smooth Mrs. D's wrinkles. I'm married, miss; don't you recollect Grace Pool, she's what folks call a good woman in the main; I wish she was in it, just to try the experiment.

Jane. Quick! let me see her; I must consult with her the means of introducing myself to Rochester. [*Exit John.*] Be firm, be firm, my heart—no shrinking now; this is thy duty; perform it well; even though neglect and coldness be the recompense.

Re-enter JOHN, with water.

John. He has just called for a glass of water.

Jane. His kind fate points out a means for me to see him without danger of too sudden a recognition. Give me the water, John; I'll take it to him. Now, courage, courage.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE III. — Exterior of Farm House — ROCHESTER discovered—his arms stretched out—he is blind—his hair streaming in the breeze.—The picture as before in the vision.

Roch. Jane! Jane! ah, if you but knew that sky and mountain, field and flower, are shut out from me for ever, you would not desert the proud, strong man in the day of his affliction. In the wickedness of my heart I spurned all control, and would have done thee wrong, angel of brightness and purity; but I am punished, sorely punished. In vain for me the day dawns and breaks, the sun rises and the seasons change. All is to me a blank; my existence shrouded in unending night. Twelve months—twelve long, leaden, fearful months have passed since that bright earthly vision fled from me—even as the pure and good will ever flee from the assassin of the soul; yet how often has the cruel delusion seized me that she was in my very presence, though unseen; just as I feel this fire's genial glow, but cannot see the flames which causes it.

Enter JANE, L. H., with tray, tumbler of water on it.

Even now my mocking sense would almost persuade me that I heard her breathe; out upon this heart-consuming deception—it almost drives me to despair. (*Sits.*)

Jane. Ah, what a sight—what a sight!

(*Very quietly.*)

Roch. There is some one near me. Grace, have you brought the water. (*Jane hands it to him—he drinks.*) Thanks. No news, I suppose; silent—ah, I knew it! I knew it. Thus for ever must I stretch the chord of expectation and of life until they snap together. Hush! did you not hear something—a small quiet murmuring sound like hers, so like Jane's. I heard it but a short time since; it said, "*Rochester, I come! I come!*" as distinctly as ever sound reached my ear. Ah! malicious spirits that sport with human hearts, this is the cruelest pastime. I hear nothing. Oh! for one week's eyesight. I would find her or a grave. (*Jane sighs.*) Who is that? that wasn't you, Grace? Is there anyone with you? answer me. Is that you, Grace?

Jane. Grace is in the kitchen, sir.

Roch. (*Starts up in violent agitation.*) I know that voice, if the cheating demon is not practising on my sense once more. Who is this? What is it? Speak again, whoever you are.

Jane. Will you have a little more water, sir?

Roch. Again—great Heaven! this is distraction. Why don't you tell me whether you are a living thing or another of those tantalizing fiends that worry me to the verge of madness? Who or what are you?

Jane. I come to wait on you.

Roch. Delusion, nothing but delusion! What sweet madness has seized me?

Jane. No delusion, sir, no madness; your mind is too strong for delusion, your health too sound for frenzy.

Roch. And where is this speaker? Is it only a voice? Oh! I cannot see, but I must touch you, or my heart will stop and my brain burst. (*Jane approaches him—He takes her hand.*) Her very fingers—her small slight fingers; if so, there must be more. (*Touches, and finally clasps her in his arms.*) Is it Jane? What is it? it has her shape and feature.

Jane. Yes, Rochester, and her voice and heart. Jane is here—here with you.

Roch. In truth and in flesh! my living Jane!

Jane. You hold me in your arms. I am not vacant like the air.

Roch. But if I let you go, will you not fade away, vanish as all the rest have done?

Jane. Never! never! from this day.

Roch. Never, says the vision; but don't you know, unearthly thing, that bright as are these delicious moments, they must have an end. I know that in a moment this hand, which I foolishly deem real, will elude my grasp, and that voice which sounded to my enraptured sense like heavenly music, will die away upon the echoes and be heard no more. Gentle, soft dream, you will fly me like those who came before, many, oh, many a time.

Jane. Is it a dream to grasp your kind hand with the warm truthfulness of love; to tell you that I am here—I, Jane, your own Jane; to avow that love and glory in that avowal; to say that my life, hitherto dark and hopeless, is once more bathed in the brilliancy of an enduring joy; that my heart, which famished for your presence, is sated from the very fulness of its banquet?

Roch. It is you, Jane—my living, breathing, loving, constant Jane. Come near me, and let me fancy that I see you with these rayless orbs. I cannot! I cannot! but I feel your presence like a shower of sunlight on my heart; and you've come back to me again, and will you stay with me?

Jane. Unless you object! I will be your neighbour, your nurse, your housekeeper, your companion; to read to you, to walk with you, to sit with you, to be eyes and hands to you—that is, if you wish it, not otherwise.

(*Disengaging herself a little.*)

Roch. No, no, Jane. You must not go. I have touched you, heard you, felt the comfort of your presence, the sweetness of your consolation, and I cannot give up those joys; my very soul demands you, Jane. There are other thoughts within my brain which I dare not utter. What right has such a ruin as I to bid a budding woodbine cover its decay with freshness?

Jane. You are not a ruin, sir. Friends, troops of friends will cluster around you.

Roch. Friend! I want a nearer tie, Jane, my Jane; do you not comprehend me? You do, and I may speak the wish of my soul. Jane, will you be my wife?

Jane. I will.

Roch. What! wife to the poor blind man, whom you will have to lead by the hand?

Jane. Yes!

Roch. Truly, Jane?

Jane. Most truly, sir!

Roch. Oh, my darling! Heaven will bless and reward you for the sacrifice.

Jane. Sacrifice? If ever I did a good deed in my life, if ever I thought a good thought, if ever I prayed a sincere and blameless prayer, if ever I wished a sacred wish, I am rewarded now. To be your wife is to be as happy as I can be on earth.

(*Shout outside.*)

Roch. What is that? John?

Enter JOHN.

Roch. What means that shout?

John. Have you forgotten, sir, that this is your birthday?

Roch. Truly, I had, John. But now I accept the omen as a good one, for my life is again renewed through the heaven-gift of thy pure and true love, my earth-angel.

John. Your tenants, who love and respect you, sir, have brought their poor but honest gifts; it would make them and all of us so happy, sir, if you would accept them.

Roch. Let them approach. My wife, John, that is to be shortly, will accept them for me.

John. Hurrah! there will be another shout for that. Come, friends!

Roch. I cannot see their merriment, my love; but what will the sum of all their joy be, compared with mine?

Enter PEASANTS.—Jane and Rochester advance.

John. Don't spare your lungs. A cheer for our kind master and his intended bride.

(*Hurrah all. Present bouquets to Jane.*)

Roch. My good fellows—I—speak to them for me, Jane, the fulness of my joy chokes my very utterance.

Jane. I am myself too happy for many words. My friends, he whose ambition is to be the kind landlord, and the good adviser, cannot, alas! behold your kindly glances, but he thanks you for your generous sympathy, as I do from my heart.

(*Jane leads Rochester to seat, a device is fixed by the Peasants, having printed thereon in flowers, "The Farmer's Friend." Garlands depend from the centre, which are held up by Peasants, forming a canopy for Jane and Rochester.—Music.*)

Curtain.

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BY B. F. RAYNER.

First Performed at Astley's Theatre, Monday June 17th, 1836.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 10.]

ARAMZEBE (Emperor of all the Indies)	Mr. Gomersal.
ALIRIS (King of Bucharia, disguised as Feramoz, a minstrel)	Mr. Palmer.
HIMLAH (A Persian prince, his friend and ambassador)	Mr. Elliott.
FADLAKEEN (Chamberlain and Superintendent of the Seraglio)	Mr. Marshall.
JUMBO } (His attendant Blacks)				{ Mr. Widdicombe, Jun.
SAMBO }				{ Mr. George.
ZIRAFFGHAR (The Fire-worshipper and Gheber Chief)	Mr. Cartlitch.
KALI } (Wild Ghebers)				{ Mr. S. Smith.
XOFO }				{ Mr. C. Williams.
THE PRINCESS LALLA ROOKH	Mrs. Pope.
DEELAH }				{ Miss Julian.
MIRRAH }				{ Miss Goward.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One Hour and Fifty Minutes.

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C O S T U M E .

Asiatic and Persian Costumes are worn, of a varied and fanciful character.

ZIRAFFGHAR'S PARTY.—Red, full, Turkish trousers, short ankle boots with tiger skin lappets, coloured flesh arms and bodies, armour, breast-plates, red sashes around the waist and over each shoulder. Black fur helmets, long black hair, ear-rings, gauntlets and weapons.

ARAMZEBE'S PARTY.—Long dresses, Turkish trousers, boots, and turban helmets.

THE LADIES.—Eastern dresses, trousers, turbans, &c.

S T A G E D I R E C T I O N S .

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

LALLA ROOKH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The spacious interior of the palace of the Emperor Aramzebe. Richly embossed pillars at back, through which are seen terraces and golden gates, with view of Eastern country under setting sun.*

The EMPEROR discovered on a raised throne, R. H. 2 E., the canopy of which is formed of the Peacock's spreading tail.—On couch below him is LALLA ROOKH. MIRRAH and ATTENDANTS, with fruits and musical instruments,—OFFICERS of the Court, &c., R. and L.

Aram. My loving subjects, for the first time gaze on the features of my child, the Princess Lalla Rookh; let your hearts judge whether I, her father, have over-rated her beauty. To-day, will arrive the several ambassadors from the neighbouring sovereigns to claim her hand in marriage. I leave to her own free will to elect a suitor, for I too fondly doat upon my beloved daughter to compel her to bestow her hand upon a man to whom she could not also give her heart, and may heaven shower its blessings on the union.

Music.—Enter FADLAKEEN and retinue of BLACK SLAVES, L. C.

Aram. Hark! the shrill-tongued trumpet speaks—the cortege has arrived.

Fad. (*Making obeisance by the profound salaams.*) Light of the morning, your devoted slave has the audacity to appear in your august presence in order that he may state that the envoys have already passed the city walls, and crave an audience with your most illustrious parent, the renowned and mighty Aramzebe.

Aram. Their request is granted; let them at once approach, and let them be conducted hither with all honour and dignity due to their special rank.

Fad. Your slave flies to execute your highness's commands.

[*Exit, L. C.*
(*Music.—The stage is now filled by the Royal Guard. March.—Procession enters, C. The Ambassadors with their respective banners, and slaves bearing presents from their various countries, Hindoo, Persian, Chinese, and Egyptian. The Ambassadors are attired in the costumes of their separate nations; they approach and lay their offerings at the feet of Lalla Rookh. Fadlakeen, with wand of office, ushers them, C.*)

Fad. (*Reading a scroll.*) Fan-Qui-Wang—Prince of the Celestial empire and heir-apparent to the throne of China—sends greeting, and claims with due regard the hand of the famed beautiful Lalla Rookh—he also begs acceptance of a few trifling presents (*Looks into coffer*). Tulip of the Garden of the Houris, will it please you to inspect the beautiful and costly gifts—these superb silks of Pekin—and above all, this most illustrious portrait of your most illustrious bridegroom that would wish to be?—what a sublime twist the royal moustache has!

Mir. Hush—Fadlakeen—don't you perceive that you give the Princess the headache?

Fad. I perceive nothing but the head of his Majesty. Beautiful Princess, deign to cast your eyes on the imperial and magnanimous countenance—

Lalla. Horror! Remove it from my sight.

Fad. Your highness is right, it is a horror—now I look again, a mere daub—

Lalla. (*To Chinese Ambassador.*) Return to your royal master—bid him accept my friendship—but Lalla Rookh can never wed with one of different faith.

(*Chinese Ambassador bows and retires, L. The Indian Ambassador next advances with a chest of gold—he presents a scroll to Fadlakeen.*)

Fad. (*Reads.*) Mahommed Ackbar—Emperor of India, solicits in marriage the daughter of Aramzebe the Great;—a descendant of the Great Mogul, he inherits all his power, and as earnest of his wealth behold this chest of gold. Tremble not, sensitive plant of perfection—but admire with thy adoring slaves and worshippers the idol for which men sell their souls. Should you accept this prince—

Enter HIMLAH C.

Him. That can never be—

Fad. Why, thou son of a dromedary—how dar'st thou enter thus abruptly. Is it for the vile dust of thy garment to fall upon the pearl of paradise. Insolent temerity! Shall I call the guards, your highness, or a camel to trample him to death beneath its feet.

Aram. What is the meaning of this unprovoked insult? speak, or this instant a punishment according to desert awaits thee

Him. My name, mighty Emperor, is Himlah, and, as envoy to Aliris, King of Bucharia, come to claim the fair Princess Lalla Rookh—pardon my rashness and presumption,—but desire to serve a worthy master has made me thus impetuous.

Aram. Aliris of Bucharia is a brave man and hath handled the scimitar ably in the Prophet's

cause. Report speaks of him as a just monarch and a good king—what say'st thou daughter to this offer?

Lalla. Father, I would reflect awhile.

Fad. By the beard of Mahomet I have put my foot in it—offered offence to the Ambassador of one who may one day be—I must turn the tables. (*Aloud to Himlah.*) Illustrious stranger, when I—

Him. Another time. (*To Lalla.—Music.*) Sweet princess, my king has sent thee neither wealth nor jewels to bribe thy heart, but simply this bunch of fragrant flowers as token of love and emblematical of pure affection: thus, the rose expresses passion, the myrtle truth, the violet worth, the honeysuckle the delights of love, the briar the thorny path of life.

"Lest mankind in the vain hope of joy,
"Should deem this vale of tears a paradise of bliss."
(*Presenting the bouquet.*)

Lalla. I freely accept this simple gift, its modest worth at once preclaims the merits of the donor, for with me true love is far beyond all gold and treasure. Tell Aliris that my heart and hand are his, and, with my father's consent, Lalla Rookh will wed Bucharia's king.

Aram. I approve thy choice, my child. That thy elect is both good and great the world has already learnt—for the brighter the lustre of the jewel, the more obvious the spots that deface it. And now, officers of my guards, and to all whom it may concern, listen to the commands of your Emperor. The Princess Lalla Rookh is without delay to join the grand escort that is to conduct her across the desert to the summer palace of her future bridegroom at the Pearl City of Bucharia.

Lalla. And yet so sudden—to one I have never beheld.

Fad. It is the Imperial edict. Do not droop, snow-drop of Paradise.

Lalla. To cross the desert—

Fad. (*Obsequiously.*) Attended by your faithful chamberlain, wings of the humming bird.

Aram. Yes, Fadlakeen, to you I entrust the execution of my mandates and invest you with full powers as plenipotentiary on this auspicious occasion.

Fad. Ahem—Mighty Emperor, your slave hastens to fulfil the onerous duty. (*Aside.*) Plenipotentiary—aye now that I've slipped into the robes of office I'll imitate other great men—I'll get a deputy to do the work, but take special care to receive the salary myself.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*

(*Crash and gong. Music agitato, then bold. The golden gates at back are thrown open, and ZIRAFFGHAR, surrounded by his Ghebers, appears, c.*)

Aram. This tumult and alarm—who and what art thou, that dar'st, with savage violence, thus intrude upon our presence?

Zir. My name, Ziraffghar, chief of the Gheber horde; my will, the hand of the fair Princess Lalla Rookh.

Aram. Insolent—thinkest thou for one moment that the mighty Aramzebe would deign to give his daughter to a nomad and infidel? Quit at once the palace, or receive the reward due to thy temerity!

Zir. 'Tis for thy lovely daughter's sake, proud Emperor, I pass thy threat unheeded—to your princess alone I plead my cause—come, fair lady, to the Gheber's camp, the stately palace of a day,

which my followers can displace and bear upon the backs of their Arab coursers, fleetier than the wind; come, to the open plain, where no detested rival can tear thee from my arms; come, fair lady, to thy desert-home.

Him. I will not wait to hear the princess's answer; she is now the affianced bride of my royal master, in sight of heaven his wife—in his name, chief, I defy thee to the death, and to my last red drop I will defend his cause.

Zir. How, vile minion of a puny king, dar'st thou contest Ziraffghar's claim? Hence, I say—I spurn and spit upon ye.

Him. Thy menace, Gheber, I throw back into thy teeth; and if thou art not craven as well as boaster, thou wilt accept my proffered challenge.

Zir. I do accept it, and soon shalt thou pay the forfeit of thy rashness with thy life. (*To Ghebers, who advance.*) Stand all aloof—be this conflict decided without either aid or interference. On thy guard!

(*Dagger fight between Ziraffghar and Himlah—Ziraffghar is defeated and hurled to the ground—Ghebers rush to his defence—combat becomes general, and tableau as scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*Front apartment in Palace. Centre curtains.*

Comic music.—JUMBO, SAMBO, and Black Slaves run on carrying huge dishes—they get picking and eating on the sly. FADLAKEEN enters at back, R., comes between, and thrashes slaves with his wand of office.

Fad. Run, you rascals, run; if you don't get that safely packed there won't be a meal fit to be eaten during the whole journey—Phew!—what an abominable thing the day before starting is! no time to get more than a snack—you confounded rogues if you break those bottles of sauce, as sure as I'm chief plenipotentiary I'll keep you on acorns for six weeks—one must take care of oneself. Thanks to my sagacious watchfulness the kingdom will maintain its equilibrium—I have no doubt that a grateful people and a generous monarch will well recompense its devoted minister, and I see in the perspective a huge mass of laurels and a brilliant pension from the privy purse. (*Slaves jabber.*) Silence, I say, silence! (*Slaves pause.*) Must I inform you again who and what I am?

Sam. Me know berry well, Massa Fadlakeen, you made great man—you purse-bearer and pay—

Fad. Silence, miserable object of my magnanimous sympathy. (*Strikes Sambo.*) I am also appointed royal whipper-in and shall punish idleness—look here—(*showing wand*)—there's my wand, my badge of authority—(*Fadlakeen swings round wand, slaves shrink*)—Why you don't seem pleased—instead of welcoming your master with a grin, why your faces look blacker than ever. (*Speaking aloud.*) Have you no respect for my new dignity? Why don't you smile, why don't you laugh at me?

Jumbo. Oh, yes, massa—we got plenty ob respect.

Fad. Plenty, have you—then you take care not to part with any of it—you haven't decreased your original stock on my account at any rate—why don't you bend, you stiff-necked rascals? haven't you been at court long enough to learn politeness?

(*Slaves all bow.*) Aye—that's all proper—(*Slaves bow again*)—That's how it should be.

Blacks. Oh, oh—oh—we do it again, massa, (*Bowing obsequiously and laughing behind his back.*)

Fad. I begin to suspect these fellows hav'n't a correct notion of the respect due to my exalted dignity—there is too much familiarity to please me—I must alter this state of things, and who knows but a little wholesome chastisement may effect a cure, and remedy the evil in future. (*Calling out to slaves.*) Miserable wretches.

Jum. Iss, massa, we bery miserable—we no taste nothing for twenty, fifteen hour.

Fad. Oh, so you hav'n't tasted anything, eh?

Jumbo. No, massa.

Fad. Well, then, in my all gracious bounty, by way of appeasing your voracious appetites, suppose I commence by letting you have a taste of this?

(*Shows wand.*)

(*Fadlakeen strikes the slaves right and left—they crouch into the corners of the apartment.*)

Fad. Now, you nest of ravens, how do you like the delicious morsel?

Jumbo. Mercy, massa, me neber offend—

Fad. Then don't do it again, and learn to respect my authority—do you observe my authority?

(*Shows wand.*)

Jumbo. Iss, massa, (*Rubbing arm.*) and me feel it.

Fad. Quite right, I admire a man of feeling—now then, to your employment, abscond—fly—Ha—hum—ha.

Enter MIRRAH, R., as slaves run off L.

Fad. Since I have put on the peacock's feathers, I flatter myself I don't disgrace my calling.

Mir. Ah, Fadlakeen, I've been looking for you, I've some business which requires your attention.

Fad. (*Pompously.*) Business? do you take me, young woman, for a tradesman? I've just been made an ambassador, I am now a man of pleasure.

Mir. Why, surely—and yet it must be Fadlakeen—

Fad. Oh, yes, it is Fadlakeen, sure enough—Don't wonder at her not knowing me, poor thing; since I've put on the robes of office I scarcely know myself.

Mir. And yet I remember when you did nothing but ride a horse from morning till night round your father's mill.

Fad. Gently, gently, if you please, don't talk of what I was—think of what I am—we have no memory at court.

Mir. And I suppose, like most fortunate people, you will now turn your back on your former friends, but I must fulfil my mission, you are to receive this. (*Mirrah gives Fadlakeen a paper.*)

Fad. What is it?

Mir. The programme of the journey of the Princess Lalla Rookh to Bucharia, the list of halting places arranged by the Emperor himself.

Fad. His Highness' commands shall be implicitly obeyed, and I place the imperial document in my official pocket; and now, Mirrah, since the affairs of state are disposed of, I have another little affair to take into consideration, viz: the marriage state—the sparks, Mistress Mirrah, of thy bright eyes have ignited the tinder—the tinder of my too susceptible heart.

Mir. Why you have forty wives already.

Fad. And you will make the forty-first—fortune, they say, smiles on the uneven—now, let me seal the bargain by one chaste embrace—may I receive—

Mir. A box on thy ears for thy voracity.

(*Slaps the face of Fadlakeen.*)

[*Music.—Mirrah runs off, R. Fadlakeen is about to pursue her when he encounters JUMBO, who abruptly enters R., Fadlakeen, enraged, knocks the black down.*

Jumbo. Oh, Massa Fadlakeen! Massa Fadlakeen!

Fad. How now, you black rascal.

Jumbo. Such fun, massa.

Fad. Fun, what fun?

Jumbo. (*Laughing.*) He, he, he!

Fad. Speak out, rascal, and don't stand grinning there like an idiot.

Jumbo. Well, den, massa, he, he, he!—yes, massa, he, he, he!—you forty wives come to go wid you on your journey, he, he!

Fad. (*Striking Jumbo.*) Fun do you call it, then what is fun to some is death to others.

Jumbo. They come dis way, massa.

Fad. Then I go that way.

(*Pointing in an opposite direction.*)

[*Fadlakeen runs off L., the wives enter R., and follow him—he returns chased by them—they fall on his neck—he endeavours to release himself but cannot—they seize him by the robe, pulling one way and the other, they tear his robe to pieces; he, finding himself free, runs round the stage, they after him; as they get to the centre curtains they open, and Ziraffghar appears, women scream and run off R. The chamberlain in terror stumbles against Jumbo, who falls, and down he goes. Jumbo runs off R., leaving the sprawling Fadlakeen.*

Zir. Silence or tremble! Rise, fool—

Fad. Fool! oh, he is talking of himself.

(*Ziraffghar draws dagger and threatens—Fadlakeen rises in terror.*)

Fad. Oh, lor!—what a ferocious countenance,—he evidently means mischief. I'll try the effect of a little mollification here. (*Aloud.*) Most sanguinary and blood-thirsty individual, may I ask your pleasure with the royal chamberlain and ambassador of his serene highness the Emperor Aramzebe.

Zir. Ziraffghar, the Gheber, demands possession of the paper but now entrusted by the female, Mirrah, to your keeping—

Fad. Mahomet defend us—what a proposal—why he wants the imperial programme!

Zir. Aye, give it me, and on the instant—

Fad. But, consider, in my official capacity—

Zir. Give it to me, I say.

Fad. (*Crouching into a corner.*) Ha, stand off! (*Trembling.*) I am not to be intimidated. I won't give the document!

(*Ziraffghar draws dagger, and drags Fadlakeen to centre of stage.*)

Zir. Then on this spot, suffer for thy obstinacy.

Fad. Oh lor! are you going to murder me?

Zir. Do you still refuse?

Fad. I tell you, I can't give it to you.
(Fadlakeen points to his pocket, from which Ziraffghar snatches the paper and reads it.)

Fad. I won't give it—he may take it if he likes, a man can't help being robbed.

Zir. (Placing paper in his breast after reading it.) Good—with this information, I must to my followers—now listen, fellow—

Fad. Fellow!—he has no respect for my dignity.

Zir. I must count upon your secrecy. Mention one word of our interview to a living soul, and I string thy fat carcass from the highest tree of the plain of Diarbeker, a prey to the ravenous vultures of the region. Remember.

[Music.—Ziraffghar hurries off through opening in centre.]

Fad. Remember, I think he said, I shall never forget—what a monster, hang a chamberlain!—why the state is overturned!—the kingdom's ruined!—the earth's vanished into space! chaos has come again! But, as he's a dangerous customer, I think I'd better pocket the affront instead of the programme, and say no more about the matter. What ho! slaves!

Enter JUMBO, running R., followed by SAMBO and Slaves.

Fad. Now listen to me, scoundrels, the mighty Aramzebe requires the presence of his august chamberlain, to consult his renowned acuteness on matters urgent and important, and as my exalted legs under present circumstances are unequal to their office, let my palanquin be brought hither without delay.

Jumbo. Your palanquin, massa?

Fad. How, slave, do you dare to repeat the words of your illustrious master? have a care of the bastinado!

Jumbo. Iss, massa, you like dat.

Fad. (Aside.) No! curse me if I do. (Aloud.) Quick, slaves, obey my orders, fly!

Jumbo. Iss, massa—where shall me find de wings?

Fad. Ha! are you mocking me?

Jumbo. Me no mock you, massa, me fly widout de wings if you like—come along you (To slaves.)—dere's de debil to pay.

[Jumbo and blacks run off, R.]

Fad. The devil to pay, eh! When that is the case, if I am made chancellor of the exchequer, I shall resign and appoint somebody else to settle the unpleasant business.

[Music.—The slaves bring on palanquin, Fadlakeen is placed in it and raised to their shoulders—he is then carried round the stage, the blacks in front; as he gets to the centre the bottom falls out and he comes to the ground, the slaves go off with the empty palanquin, L.]

Fad. (Panting in rage.) Rascals, is this your respect for my exalted position—the state's tottering—the pinnacle of the realm is flung to the ground—Come back, I say, come back—the dull idiots don't hear me. Ugh! their bodies shall smart for this.

[Gets up and with difficulty runs after palanquin.]

SCENE III.—The Plain of Diarbeker. The Ghebers' Encampment. A huge pyre of wood in centre. Sentinels pace to and fro. KALI and XOFO conversing. The sound of a bugle heard.

Kali. The bugle sounds, comrade, there's danger: No, despite the dazzling rays of the sun, I recognise a bold form scouring the plain—'tis our chieftain! to your posts! Ziraffghar comes this way.

Music.—ZIRAFFGHAR mounted on a black charger rides furiously on—the horse lies down, the rider sits on the animal in centre of stage.

Zir. May I have no shadow in the sunshine, if this adventure bring you not gold enough to break the backs of twenty camels. The Princess Lalla Rookh, in the heart of the desert. In defiance of the fool of a chamberlain or the royal guards, she shall soon be in my power, and then, as a reward for your labour and trouble, my brave followers, share the zeecheens of the royal cortege among yourselves.

All. Long life to our gallant leader. Hurrah!

Zir. But here, behold, to crown Ziraffghar's triumph, the prize I ardently have sought, the royal programme of Bucharia's bride, the spot she passes and the halting place at each. Thus runs it; "The Princess Lalla Rookh will rest at sunset for the night in the Palm Grove on the margin of the Lake of Pearls." The spot is not fifty bowshots from where we now stand; thither at an appointed hour must we bend our steps, disguised as pilgrims to a holy shrine; we entreat her to attend and join in prayer—

Kali. But should she refuse?

Zir. Why, then the plot fails, and we must resort to further subterfuge, for at noon to-morrow the escort makes a halt at the Pilgrim's Well, near the tiger's pass; arrived there, a better success will attend us, for I warrant this plotting head of mine will hit upon some plan that will encompass our opponents.

Xofo. I doubt not the treasure will fall into our hands.

Zir. 'Tis even as you say, and bold will be that man who dares to snatch the precious jewel from my clutch!

Kali. And when do you expect the royal beauty?

Zir. Before the sun has set beneath the western mountains! We have no time to lose; the escort is already on the march; so at once to horse and away; but to ensure success to our design, let us offer sacrifice to our God of Fire, without whose aid all effort were ineffectual. O Mighty Power accept our offering and receive with favour the wild fakir's devotion to the Gheber's idol.

[Music.—The Ghebers gather round the pyre of wood in centre of stage. Ziraffghar ignites it, and an animal is slain, and then thrown into flames.]

INVOCATION.

Grant thy aid, O God of fire—consecrate the flaming pyre;
Give success to our device—accept the Gheber's sacrifice.

(Ghebers prostrate themselves before burning mass. Ziraffghar mounts an elevation at back with his sword drawn.)

Xofo. Hark! what was that? I'm sure I heard them—'tis the ringing of camels' bells.

Zir. You are right, Xofo, the sound grows more distinct—they will shortly reach their destination—our work commences—assume each his disguise—myself will lead the way, and may the power we worship aid the deed and grant the Gheber triumph in his cause.

(Picture as scene closes.)

SCENE IV.—Approach to the Desert.

Enter FADLAKEEN, R., with great pomposity, Black Slaves follow.

Fad. Hem! Attend to the instructions of Fadlakeen, the grand chamberlain of the sublime Aramzebe. Be it known that the Princess Lalla Rookh, daughter of the magnanimous Commander of the Faithful, proposes to regale her royal nostrils after sunset with a sniff of the evening breeze as it repires along the margin of the Lake of Pearls. Therefore, let all due accommodations for the court be instantly provided within that favoured precinct. Jumbo! Sambo! cushions of the most agreeable softness are to be laid down for the princess and her royal escort. The ladies complained, upon the last occasion, of much distress and inconvenience from the hardness of their seats—let it be amended.

Jumbo. Massa Fadlakeen speaks, and it is done.

Fad. Sambo—look, look, that the princess's sherbet be furnished in vessels of a more delicate lustre. Yesterday, when the mighty Aramzebe's daughter condescended to sip, it was observed with deep regret by many, that she was twice affected with a slight tremour; this afflicting accident must have been influenced by the freezing properties of cooling; such a breach in etiquette must not occur again.

Sam. Your slave libes but to obey, massa.

Fad. Have the new dancers assiduously practised that imposing attitude which I suggested as appropriate to the festival?

Jumbo. It is perfect to a miracle—your last purchase, that little wild-eyed girl we call Delia, will surprise the court—she's a prodigy.

Fad. By the bye, that little Delia must have a hint to restrain her pirouette within bounds. I recollect, the chaste Zobeide was much scandalized at a twirl or two extraordinary upon a late occasion (A loud flourish of instruments.) Hark! that flourish announces to the world the important fact, that her Royal Highness has awakened from her afternoon's nap. Away! ye black rascals, this moment, to the festival. The most benignant of Princesses will be in the devil of a passion if she reaches the valley before us—run forward directly there—you, who are but ordinary slaves, may be allowed to run—etiquette commands a grand chamberlain to move with less precipitation.

[Exit L.

SCENE V.—Encampment of Lalla Rookh, on the margin of the Lake of Pearls. The splendid tent formed in the centre of stage is supported by palm trees, with rich gauze curtains striped with silver and gold—beneath this, on cushions, reposes the Princess and her attendants. At the back a ruined temple and altar. Guards and soldiers reposing—some on guard.

(Soft music at opening of scene for repose of Lalla Rookh. Girls rise with fruit—others with harps to play to her—she refuses—some approach with baskets of flowers and scarfs—they offer to dance, at the end of which the Princess rises, apparently not disposed to be amused.)

Enter ALIRIS, R. U. E., disguised as Feramoz, a minstrel.

Ali. Thus disguised will I meet the future partner of my throne, and in person learn the real disposition and virtues of my affianced bride. Report speaks of her as beautiful; but worth and merit rest with the heart alone. Should my stratagem succeed, and I find her as good as she is fair, Aliris will be blessed indeed.

(The Chamberlain, who has been superintending, comes forward, and directs his black slaves to place cushions under a rich umbrella, beneath which he sits and accepts fruit brought by female slaves, on whom he smiles. Aliris with his back against a palm tree strikes a chord on his kitar.)

Mir. Ah, the sweet sounds of the kitar—its pleasing notes in this dreary desert is indeed happiness.

Fad. (To Mirrah.) Dost thou love music.

Ali. (Advancing.) There are times, good sir, when it chaseth away grief.

Mir. He speaks truly—let him play.

Fad. Then by the ring of emeralds on the great toe of the Caliph, thou shalt have what thou desirest as a return for thy exceedingly bewitching smile, which (curse the mosquitoes) makes my mouth water—call hither you twangler of wire—let him present himself to the high chamberlain—approach, young man, don't be afraid, the exalted Fadlakeen is gracious.

(Mirrah brings Aliris forward. Fadlakeen surveys him.)

Fad. Horns of the blessed bull of Mecca defend us. A poet and minstrel—say rather a mendicant seeking charity of the pine-apple of perfection.

(Eyeing first Mirrah and then the Princess, who has risen during the above scene—Fadlakeen appears surprised.)

Lalla. Nay, nay, Fadlakeen, you should have some pity, were he but the poor suppliant you surmise.

Fad. Light of the morning, the grand chamberlain would sooner suffer his tongue to be cut out than offend.

Ali. Gentle lady, Feramoz the minstrel is no mendicant to solicit alms, but an unknown pilgrim, as thou see'st, wandering far away from Cashmere, his native vale—pardon—if lost in admiration of thy surpassing beauty, a poor poet sought to impress thine image on his heart, that he might strive

to picture it, but oh how faintly, to the original in his wild mountain song.

Lalla. (Aside.) What language.

Mir. What a dear fellow—how handsome.

Fad. How impertinent. (*Advances.*) So it seems you are a minstrel, a poet—what book readest thou?

Ali. I read the book of nature, good sir, and I find I am a gainer by the bargain.

Fad. There, I said so. (*Contemptuously.*) I knew the fellow was a dunce—the book of nature—humph—I never heard of the volume—I see you know nothing.

Ali. (Fervently.) Is it nothing to read the stars—is it nothing to read the flowers? (*To Lalla Rookh.*) Is it nothing to read the heart?

Lalla. What can he mean—his words make me tremble.

Fad. Well, I am perfectly petrified; the grand chamberlain is in a profuse perspiration. I shouldn't wonder if he has not the impudence to make love next. Oh, that his highness, the Emperor, were but at hand, to order forthwith the bow-string that necessary corrector of unpleasant abuses.

Lalla. Young minstrel, since it be not alms you crave, nor no petition make—

Ali. (Kneeling.) Petition, yes, fair Princess, one.

Fad. Ah, I thought I should get at it at last, a petition, eh,—some extortionate demand?

Ali. No, simply the rose the lady weareth in her girdle.

Fad. (Furiously.) Insolent temerity! Holy Mahomet! my frightful dream was not without its true foreboding! Why, thou vile twangler—

Lalla. Nay, Fadlakeen, do not upbraid—'tis but a poor request, and modestly urged—'tis granted.

Fad. Tulip of the gardens of Paradise, if your highness condescends—why as a matter of course your humble chamberlain bends.

Lalla. Here, minstrel, is the flower thou desirest, now tell me what would'st thou do with it?

(*Aliris takes the rose and kisses it.*)

Ali. If possible, endow it with eternal bloom, that it might live to constantly remind me of the gentle giver. (*Aliris kneels.*)

Lalla. (Smiling.) Rise, good minstrel, such sentiments are for thy kittar.

Fad. (To Aliris.) Well, serpent of—ugh! I've swallowed a musquito! begone, vile son of Orpheus or the bastinado (the devil of Korassan fly away with the musquitoes) off—you sing not here.

Mir. (Archly.) Not in return for my bewitching look?

Fad. Ah, thou hast touched my weak point—what an eye she has. (*To Aliris.*) Well, low-born minstrel, in consideration for this fair damsel, I will give thee permission for a stanza or so; but mind, let there be as little of the words as possible. I am a poet myself, and of some celebrity, and to listen to the mediocre verses of others, after my own great productions, is to me insufferable—at once proceed, I will count time with my (*Yawning.*) fingers. Heigho! I'm plaguily sleepy—yes, I will count.

(*Music.—Fanned by Mirrah, Fadlakeen, counting his fingers, falls asleep; slumber or lassitude overcomes the rest of the escort. Aliris touches the kittar and directs his thoughts towards the tent of Princess.—Music changes, an enormous vulture hovers above.*)

Ali. Ah, see, yon horrid bird of prey—now hover-

ing o'er the Princess, forewarns me of approaching danger, for, by our old traditions, its appearance has ever been the harbinger of evil to followers of the holy Prophet.

(*Music.—Fadlakeen starts from his sleep—the camp is aroused—Aliris in pantomime, bid them fear not—he takes bow and arrow, fires, and the vulture falls dead at feet of Lalla Rookh.*)

Fad. If I had taken aim myself, I could have hit the mark.

Lalla. My preserver, how can I thank you—so vigilant, so brave you seem.

Ali. I seem but what I am—a minstrel devoted to your service.

Lalla. There is some mystery.

Ali. Hush, lady, your attendants, let it not appear that Feramos would either receive their thanks or denounce their negligence—enough for him the Princess Lalla Rookh is saved.

Lalla. What can mean this strange emotion; do I love, yet am I not the affianced of another? I dread the thought, and each day will now draw me nearer wretchedness.

Ali. (Aside.) And me joy—but who are these that hasten hither? by their looks they should be the dreaded Gheber—they are earnest on some intent—being a vile and malicious race, may they not have some evil project towards the royal escort—forbid it, Mahomet. (*Retires.*)

Enter ZIRAFFGHAR, KALI, XOFO, and a party of Ghebers disguised as pilgrims, L. 2 E.

Lalla. What people are these?

Zir. Deign, fair lady, to pardon our presumption, as thus unasked we intrude upon your privacy. We are humble pilgrims to a holy shrine and seek the mighty Prophet's grace in prayer, if it so please ye; will you join our holy mission, and with thy presence aid our orisons.

Lalla. Willingly, children of the faithful; the Princess Lalla Rookh will never for one instant pause to promote good or avert evil.

Ali. Stay, lady, stay; may there not be danger? these men are strangers to you, and treachery may lurk beneath the garb of holiness.

Zir. I honour the motive which prompts you minstrel's devotion to a royal mistress, but his suspicions are groundless; by our dress, as thou see'st, we are true followers of the creed, and thou hast naught to fear. Hard by is the ruin of an ancient mosque, where we have been accustomed to offer up our homage. Accompany us thither, we again beseech thee, and our supplication will of a surety prevail.

Lalla. (Aside.) How shall I act? let me reflect awhile—as the minstrel saith. Will it be prudent to trust myself alone with these wanderers? I should not pass his warning unheeded. But then again, the holy calling—they could not, would not, dare to harm me. I will hesitate no longer; pilgrim may I trust thee?

Zir. Of a verity, lady fair—may the curse of Mahomet light upon me if—

Lalla. Enough, thou hast my confidence—I grant the boon thou askest.

Ali. How—Princess, thy consent given, tarry here yet a moment and learn the fearful truth. I have means to unmask this vile impostor, and thus will prove him one; a flame will confirm them Ghebers,

for by their vows they must kneel to the element they worship.

(Music.—Aliris takes a torch and ascends an eminence on the side, he kindles a fire on the altar. The Ghebers throw off immediately their disguise cloaks, and prostrate themselves before flames, and fall to worship.)

Zir. Comrades, we are betrayed. (To Aliris.) Traitor, look to yourself—tremble—Ziraffghar the fire-worshipper owes thee a debt he will requite, and a swifter vengeance even than the consuming fire-wind of the desert awaits thy arrogance.

(Music.—Ziraffghar sounds his horn, then rushes with his drawn sabre on Aliris—the camp alarmed—general engagement between guards and Ghebers—Aliris hurls Ziraffghar to the ground—picture of consternation as act drop falls.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Temple of Delusion in illuminated Palm-grove.—(Front scene.)—A raised stage is formed among the trees in the back, the stage being level with the spectators.

Enter FADLAKEEN, R.

Fad. By the beard of the Prophet this minstrel has corrupted the whole escort, his impudence is infectious, it spreads from one to another, and subverts all order and authority. The women too treat me with as little respect as though I were a camel-driver instead of a chamberlain.

Enter MIRRAH, R.

Mir. Fadlakeen, you seem angry.

Fad. I'm on fire, burning to assert my authority.

Mir. In what manner?

Fad. By immediately kicking this minstrel to the antipodes.

Mir. No, you have no reason for an act so violent; besides the minstrel amuses the Princess, and I for one delight in him.

Fad. The devil doubt you, his extraordinary impudence has so completely won her affections that unless I exert my privilege—

Mir. Exert your patience.

Fad. I hav'n't a grain left. I verily believe he has taken possession of that; would you believe it, the Princess encourages the man.

Mir. All men ought to be encouraged, who practise politeness and attention to a female.

Fad. Have a care, Mirrah, the Princess is affable—too much so—

Mir. Not a bit.

Fad. But the minstrel may read in her looks?

Mir. He has, and finds that her beauty is alone surpassed by the gentleness of her demeanour—

Fad. I'm glad to hear he feels such admiration.

Mir. His admiration is combined with love, for aught we know.

Fad. Love, do you know what you are talking about?

Mir. Certainly! and if he has the courage I give him credit for, he will supplant the King of

Bucharia, by proposing himself—first by throwing himself at her feet, and—

Fad. Yes, and—

Mir. Then by throwing himself into her arms.

Fad. Are you aware, young woman, of the consequences of such an act?

Mir. Perfectly! the usual consequences of matrimony—great expense—much anxiety—many quarrels—a little love—and a large family of children.

Fad. Why, the man would be mad!

Mir. Most men are who take a wife. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit, laughing, R.]

Fad. I'm surprised—astonished—electrified—the Princess Lalla Rookh receive the addresses of a beggar—oh! monstrous degradation! this levelling system will extend its influence to me, and I shall soon be considered by the slaves as of little more value than—Ugh—the world's coming to an end.

Enter SAMBO, running, R.

Sam. Oh, golly! he, he, he! Here's fun.

Fad. Fun—I'll fun ye—who has turned your brain, blockhead?

Sam. Oh, massa!—dat minstrel—he, he, ha!

Fad. The minstrel again? Holy Mahomet, ask what question I will, his name answers the question. Oh, I shall lose my senses among them!

Sam. He, he, he! minstrel no beat poor Sambo.

Fad. You black stick of ebony, tell me—speak—what does all this mean?

Sam. Massa, de minstrel,—he, he, he!—yes, de minstrel order Sambo to carry orders,—he, he, he!—to de company that are going to represent de illusion—and not to mind your orders,—he, he, he!

Fad. I can endure it no longer. (Calling.) Jumbo, you rascal, the bastinado for this impertinent slave,

Sam. It am no use calling, massa; eberybody so deaf dat no one won't hear you.

Fad. I'm thunderstruck. Here's behaviour to a grand chamberlain. The face of creation will be turned topsy turvy. This minstrel is certainly the fiend incarnate—talk of the devil, here he comes.

Music.—Enter ALIRIS, R., conducting LALLA ROOKH—Attendants and Guards—The attendants arrange cushions.

Lalla. Amazing! this has more the air of pleasure than a fatiguing journey across the desert.

Ali. Your approbation, lady, makes me truly happy. I could wish it better, but a poor poet—

Fad. (Advancing and overhearing last word.)

Holy Prophet! my suspicion then was true, for that vile rhymester introducing his hideous verse here and the immortal author of the imperial "epithalamium" overlooked. (Insolently.) Miserable scribbler! dost see the Princess has no wish to be bored with thy trashy effusions.

Lalla. My good lord chamberlain, I have desired him to arrange a fête to wile away the tedium of the journey, and hope to find it—

Fad. Execrable!

Lalla. (Smiling.) On the contrary—beautiful.

Fad. Oh! if your highness condescends to consider the minstrel's efforts beautiful, they must indeed be perfectly enchanting. (Bows.)

(Music.—Clouds work across the stage.)

Ali. The story is curious. A troubadour on his travels won the affections of a certain princess.

Lalla. Indeed! he was a bold man.

Fad. Humph! I think he must have been a very impudent fellow.

Ali. Listen!

(*Music continued, a short opening symphony preparatory to the beginning of the vision.—“The Paradise and the Peri; or, the vision of the veiled Prophet of Khorassan.” The clouds pass away, and discover two figures, one a priest whose face is hid in a long veil, the other a female who seems to implore him to reveal his features. Suddenly the priest obeys, and removing the veil discovers the head of a skeleton. Lalla Rookh screams, and the clouds close up scene instantly.*)

Lalla. What can be the purport of this fable?

Ali. “Anon will come surprise—true love never dies

“Where the mind’s noble and the heart sincere

“Things different to the eyes appear—

Fad. I neither understand the minstrel’s show nor all those amorous glances—will your highness now proceed on your journey?

Lalla. Not yet.

Fad. Oh, dear! I wish we were safe away from this man!—if the emperor should hear of it, I may lose my office.

Ali. “Come fairest of thy race,
“Come to thy resting place,
“Where the willing hand of love
“Teaches e’en the moonlight grove
“As if by magic at thy sight
“In the feast of lanterns bright
“Welcome Lalla Rookh with joy
“Music, sweet charms employ.”

(*Music.—Clouds again move off, disclosing a “Palm Grove” [by moonlight] and Feast of Lanterns prepared as a fête by Feramoz.—The scene represents a beautiful grove hung with eastern lanterns, whilst slaves and attendants have the same (lanterns) in their hands, filling the stage with variegated and innumerable lights.—Grand Ballet.*)

Ali. But the night advances, lady—to your couch, —your slave will be beside thee to guard and to protect—while music’s magic charm shall lull thee to slumber, and waft thy weary frame to regions of repose and bliss.

(*Music.—Aliris leads Lalla Rookh to couch in centre—she gradually falls into repose—Aliris comes forward and bids all be quiet.—The movement of heads and lanterns to music as she sleeps—this group breaking in order from the dance, form a pyramidal tableau, which by one movement, seems to put the whole scene in motion.—Green fire.*)

SCENE II.—*Tiger Pass and Pilgrims’ Well. A glowing Oriental landscape seen through the cut foliage.*

HIMLAH cautiously enters, R.

Him. I could not have been mistaken, it was the name of the Princess Lalla Rookh they uttered, and this the spot upon which they intend to carry out their design. ’Tis strange, it must have been

some spell which directed me from my route to gaze with more than common curiosity on an antique ruin, in which one of the bravest of my forefathers perished, and disclosed to me the fell intention of the Gheber chief. Ah, footsteps!—the villains are here to their appointment.

Enter KALI and XOFO, L.

Kali. Thanks to the drowsy sentinels basking in the mid-day sun, our journey hither has been easy and unobserved.

Xofo. You have not as yet acquainted me, chief, with the object for which we have run so much danger.

Kali. Arrived at our destination, I will now do so. (*Gives phial.*) Can’t you guess—the ruddy bezoar will soon become pale as opal.

Xofo. (*Examining phial.*) Poison!

Kali. Yes; the contents of that small phial thrown into yon well are of sufficient potency to destroy an army.

Xofo. At that well the escort of the Princess Lalla Rookh must of a necessity stay for water on their march.

Kali. Precisely so; and thus by a simple contrivance our prey is stricken and falls easily into our hands.

Xofo. I have apprehensions, and have not fear to own to you my weakness.

Kali. If you decline aiding me I must act by myself.

Xofo. Nay, Kali, I do not refuse if you say it must be done.

Kali. ’Tis Ziraffghar’s orders. Near this place the cavalcade stop and carouse till dawn; by that time the draught will have done its duty.

Xofo. Then to ours at once. Let us complete the work, since our chief commands it.

(*Himlah comes forward.*)

Kali. A stranger!

Him. Not so much a stranger as you may suppose.

Kali. You know us?

Him. Yes, and as a faithful attendant of the neighbouring camp would demand why Ghebers loiter near it.

Kali. We come to slake our thirst at the spring.

Him. Listen, chiefs: ere yet the evil days of this fair land began, its generous monarch walled in and arched over yonder fountain to preserve it from the fitting clouds of dust breathed by the desert hard by, in order that the pilgrim and wayfarer might quaff with safety at the crystal stream. You would abuse the gift, it seems—but thanks to the Prophet I have discovered your treachery in time, and man and beast may drink of the water still unpolluted.

Xofo. Betrayed.

Kali. Silence. Your words are offensive—with what would charge us?

Him. Poisoning the Pilgrims’ Well.

Kali. The accusation is false.

Him. Then your looks belie assertion.

Kali. You have no proof.

Him. I have, and a certain one—the phial in your hand.

Kali. Oh, that contains only honey water.

Him. If you speak truly, you will not refuse to place the liquid to your lips.

Kali. It is my aversion. I dare say my comrade will. (*Kali hands phial to Xofo.*)

Xofo. Thank you, Kali, like yourself I am anything but partial to honey water.

Him. Since I have unmasked your murderous intention, you may depart, and think yourselves fortunate that I send you scatheless to your infamous master.

Kali. Ha—do you threaten?

Him. No, advise—and see that you act upon my counsel. I have here five arrows in my quiver, each feathered from the wing of an eagle—should I send one to the tents, fifty warriors mounted on horseback would answer my summons, and your lives would pay the forfeit.

Kali. Let there be a truce between us, then. (*Aside.*) Come, Xofo, we must await a more fitting opportunity.

[*Exeunt Kali and Xofo, L.*]

Him. Yes, but a watchful eye shall be upon you. Let you or your hated chief but touch a hem of the garment of his royal mistress' with unhallowed hand, and Himlah will hurl destruction on your accursed race.

Music.—*Enter, R., FADLAKEEN and SLAVES with water-jars, they go to well and draw water.*

Fad. Steady, you black rascals, steady—see that you draw with care the refreshing and pellucid beverage for the royal escort. Ugh! what a taste they must have, if I was to swallow a mouthful I should suffer for a month; stop though, don't let me be too hasty, tradition says, whoever drinks for the first time at the pilgrims' well when he has gained preferment, will meet with further favour when he has taken the draught. I am not superstitious, but I shall certainly try the effect.

(*Fadlakeen drinks from a vase brought by slave—Himlah rushes forward.*)

Him. Miserable man, what have you done?

Fad. A very foolish thing—that is, I have drunk a modicum of pure water.

Him. Unfortunate being, I dread to tell you—

Fad. Then be a wise man and hold your tongue.

Him. And yet you ought to know—

Fad. Know what?

Him. That the Ghebers have poisoned the well, and that a most pernicious drug has—

Fad. Oh, lor, you don't mean to say that I am a defunct chamberlain.

Him. I fear all hope is gone.

Fad. (*Wofully.*) What a consolation!

Him. Whatever be the result, you shall have a further one.

Fad. (*Wofully.*) You're too kind.

Him. You shall be burnt with all the pomp due to your station.

Fad. Thank ye!

Him. As a preliminary, you must endeavour to forget this earth.

Fad. Forget! oh dear. (*Anxiously.*) And you really think the poison is so potent that—

Him. Well, I really can't possibly say, it is too probable that you may—and then again there may be an antidote, but let me feel your pulse. (*Mysteriously.*) Fadlakeen.

Fad. Yes.

Him. Prepare for the worst.

Fad. Oh, this comes of drinking the pure element, I always hated it without brandy.

Him. Well, if it be so, entertain your fate with decency.

Fad. But my fate isn't entertaining at all.

Him. You must make your will—write.

(*Offers tablets.*)

Fad. What am I to say?

Him. I bequeath to my loving country—

Fad. (*Writing.*) Well? (*Groans.*)

Him. In remembrance of the happy days I passed therein—my forty wives—

Fad. Hang my forty wives!—here am I sitting with a life only a few minutes long, and death in my inside, and you talk of forty wives. (*Blacks groan awfully.*) What's that?

Him. The attendants. Thy appear in pain also; perhaps, then—

Fad. (*Starting up.*) Hey! poor devils! why, they are in great pain—how horrid. (*Trembling.*) Ah! they want my manly fortitude—how long have I to live?

Him. I know not—but read this volume while I fly for assistance.

Fad. Is there any chance?

Him. I trust so—now for the camp, and to leave the grand chamberlain to ponder over those musty old leaves.

[*Exit, R.*]

Fad. (*Reading.*) Symptom—a burning heat with an unquenchable thirst. (*Drinks wine.*) I've no thirst. The patient is seized with great anxiety and restlessness. (*Gets up and walks about.*) I'm quiet, tranquil—it can't be that. Vegetable poison occasions giddiness, stupidity, and folly after taking it. My stupidity and folly was at the moment of taking it. Vertigo, small pulse—my pulse is every thing by turns and nothing long. Pallid countenance—(how white those blacks look.) tearing pains in the intestines. Oh! too much, too much. Prussic-acid, the most deadly of all poisons—antidote—none—what's the use of a book like this? Oh, I feel like the poor innocent lamb led to the slaughter.

[*Exit, R., groaning, followed by black slaves.*]

Enter ARAMZEBE and HIMLAH disguised by cloaks, L.

Him. Thus far, mighty Emperor, hast thou followed in the footsteps of thy beauteous daughter and bear a witness to the dangers she has been exposed to.

Aram. True, Himlah, and Allah be praised, she has escaped the threatened evils—thanks to the courage and forethought of the man who will shortly claim her as his bride. Ah, dear child, little do you dream whose arm has shielded you in the hour of peril.

Him. I am glad to find your highness cognizant of my loyal master's devotion, and I am certain that the Princess, tho' she knows him not—her soul—her affections assimilate with his, and that the humble Feramoze, and the brave Aliris, will unite with equal transport in her bosom.

Aram. All goes happily to my desires. Lalla Rookh, my daughter, will be the happiest of women; adored by one, who is the best—the noblest of monarchs (*Distant march.*) Hark—the royal cavalcade is already descending the mountain—my faithful Himlah, under this disguise, personate still love's ambassador. Remember—the Emperor Aramzebe can be generous—I go to my duty.

Him. Your highness may rely upon me—I shall not forget mine!

[*Himlah bows, and both go off at opposite sides.*]

SCENE III.—A succession of crimson arches conducting to the Pearl City of Bucharia—a golden sun decorates the front arch—wreaths and festoons of silk and flowers ornament the scene—on one side a gorgeous canopy, for the reception of the Princess, the steps of which are covered with cloth of gold.

Enter Peasants with roses, R. C.—The procession arrives.

Fad. (Without.) Way there, for the light of the stars—the beautiful Princess Lalla Rookh. (Entering.) Strew flowers before her footsteps, and those of her great and condescending chamberlain.

(Fadlakeen gives his hand for them to kiss.)

Enter LALLA ROOKH and Attendants followed by ALIRIS (still disguised), and Black Slaves.

Fad. What are thy first commands, rays of the sun?

Lalla. To remain alone—undisturbed—

Fad. Out of the way—all!

(Fadlakeen strikes slaves.)

Lalla. Minstrel, tarry.

Fad. (Horrified.) Remain—alone with a man—jasmin of the world, it would be to ensure the bowstring to the neck of your devoted Fadlakeen!

Lalla. I have said it—retire.

Fad. (Bowing dolefully.) I'm a dead minister. I feel the bowstring already choking me. (Coughs.)

(Music.—Aliris and Lalla Rookh are left alone on stage.)

Lalla. (After a pause.) Hath the minstrel no word to utter?

Ali. None save that word, farewell.

Lalla. You have saved my life. What service can I render in return?

Ali. Take mine.

Lalla. Yours! What is your crime?

Ali. (At her feet.) I dare to love you; but the ensign of royalty upon your brow fills me with despair.

Lalla. And dost thou heed that, poor minstrel? Then learn from the lips of Lalla Rookh herself, that there are roses in your native valley that will form for her a sweeter crown, with love, than can that which gilds an empire and a throne.

Ali. Can I believe my senses? Oh, ecstasy! this is too much for earth!

(Aliris kisses the extended hand of Lalla Rookh.)

Enter FADLAKEEN, R., hastily.

Fad. Your royal father—

(Fadlakeen sees Aliris kissing Princess's hand.)

Fad. Consternation—conflagration—profanation—the brain of the high chamberlain is in a state of stupefaction.

[He whirls out, R. (Shouts without of "The Emperor.")]

Lalla. Ah, my father? How am I to escape this hated marriage—this fearful prince!

Ali. Fly with me at once, there is yet time. By this path we can reach the river, cross it, and conceal ourselves amongst the mountains.

Lalla. How—deceive my father—I cannot—and yet to forsake thee. Holy Prophet direct me! (Pause.) I will hesitate no longer; Feramos, you love me?

Ali. As man ne'er loved before!

Lalla. I will trust thee—there is my hand—I am thine alone, come what may.

A GUARD appears, L.

Ali. Ah, the guard here! We are lost.

Enter the EMPEROR ARAMZEBE, L., richly clad, attended by FADLAKEEN, who points to Aliris.

Fad. Behold the traitor, mighty Pumpkin of the East; would that he could die as many deaths as there are crocodiles to devour him.

(Aliris is secured by the guards.)

Aram. Presumptuous slave—away with him at once to a dungeon, and doubt not that a punishment commensurate with thy crime awaits thee.

Lalla. Nay, father, I implore you; the blame alone was mine.

Aram. Dost thou plead for this miscreant?

Lalla. For my sake, dear father,—in pity spare him.

Aram. I'll hear no more, remove the vile traitor from my sight.

Lalla. Pardon for him who saved your daughter's life.

Aram. Unworthy girl, all power on earth were ineffectual to assuage my wrath. (To Guards.) This moment let my orders be obeyed.

Ali. Sigh not for me, fair Princess; whatever be my doom, the glory is sufficient that for thy sake I perish.

[Music.—Aliris is conducted out, R.]

Lalla. He is then lost to me for ever.

Aram. Come, daughter, dry thy tears, and let the past be forgotten. (Trumpets heard.) Listen, 'tis the King of Bucharia! he comes to meet a happy bride. (Aside.) Our stratagem has succeeded.

Lalla. Happy! 'tis a mockery, delusion, which I shall not long outlive, and ere long I feel I shall be restored to him I love even in the tomb.

(Music.—Fadlakeen conducts Aramzebe and Lalla Rookh to the throne, R., they seat themselves. Trumpets and drums resound, and the city is filled with people of various nations. Enter Troops with banners, Incense Bearers carrying the incense above their heads, in chalices of gold and silver. A gorgeous chariot in which Aliris sits. Aliris is dressed in all the splendour of the East, and wears a long golden veil similar to the one worn by the veiled prophet of the Temple of Delusion (in Act I.) Tumultuous shouts as he descends amid waving of scarfs, banners, &c., and advances at the end of the following dialogue.)

Aram. How is this, my child, you tremble,—is this the welcome you should give your future husband? you have told me I may confide in your entire submission.

Lalla. Implicitly, my father.

Aram. Enough! that word disarms my wrath, and may heaven's peace attend thee.

Lalla. May thy prayer be heard, my father—ere long thy child will cease to suffer.

ALIRIS now advances.

Aliris. Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Aramzebe to the Pearl City of Bucharia.

Aram. I accept thy greeting, noble son, and in

person present thee with my daughter's hand. (*Pointing to Lalla.*) Behold thy bride.

Lalla. (*Aside.*) His bride, no; one awful means of obedience and fidelity is left.

(*Lalla places her hand upon a dagger at her side.*)

Ali. Beauteous Lalla Rookh.

Lalli. Ah, that voice, can it be!

Ali. Feramoz, the minstrel.

(*The attendants withdraw the veil of Aliris, and he clasps Lalla in his arms.*)

Lalla. Oh, joy unutterable! the fable of the veiled prophet is realized—I see it all!

Ali. Pardon me, dearest Lalla Rookh, a deception practised by myself and your father, and occasioned by a holy vow that I would never wed but her who should only love me for myself alone; the stratagem has succeeded beyond my most ardent hopes, and I find myself truly blest—come, share my kingdom—my heart—my love.

(*Aliris conducts Lalla to chariot.—Fadlakeen has been studying a paper near the throne unconscious of all that has been passing—he now comes forward.*)

Fad. Now then, for my epithalamium, or nuptial song. I wonder what effect it will produce; I dare say they'll—

Aram. Light the bonfires with it. I hope you've described the features of the Prince accurately.

Fad. (*Gazing at Aliris.*) That face—Feramoz the minstrel, by all that's marvellous—it is all over with me; Parnassus is in a consternation—I expire in the arms of the nine muses.

(*Fadlakeen is borne out by the black slaves, L.*)

Ali. And now, my royal father, as the evening shadows gather o'er us, let us at once proceed to the royal palace and taste the banquet's joys. (*Shouts.*) Ah! what means that cry of terror—what alarm is this?

Enter HIMLAH, hurriedly, R. C.

Him. Most noble Aliris, I am the bearer of evil tidings. The Ghebers, headed by Ziraffghar their chief, have surprised the fortress, and even now ravage the city with fire and sword.

Ali. This is indeed calamitous; but we may yet subdue them—let them unmolested advance till they reach the moat, then loose the water gate and with the gushing tide engulf the wily foe.

(*Picture as scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.—The Interior of the Fortress.

FADLAKEEN enters, L., in haste—(*Shouts.*)

Fad. Mercy on me, I quake in my clothes like a cold jelly in a bag. (*Drums and shouts.*) They are battering the fortress to pieces! I'm the unluckiest chamberlain in all Persia! I never get clear of one trouble but I fall into another! (*Voices without, "Huzza! Huzza!"*) Ah! you may huzza till you are hoarse, I'll not be shot at again to be made emperor. This is the consequence of being an orator! I must make speeches, and be hanged to me. Soldiers, said I, the Ghebers are at hand, and if you don't distinguish yourselves, depend upon it

they'll extinguish you; therefore fight like game cocks and cover your bodies with glory; upon which, the captain of the guard, taking, or rather mistaking me for a hero, swore I should lead a party into the very thick of the fray.

Voices. (*Without.*) Fadlakeen! Fadlakeen!

Enter GUARD, L.

Fad. That's the fellow with the long whiskers that let fly at me; well!

Guard. You are waited for; the Ghebers advance and we expect fine sport.

Fad. Sport! don't let me keep you from the entertainment.

Guard. You are to head a sortie, and surprise the enemy.

Fad. Are you sure the enemy won't surprise us?

Guard. They are very strong, so you had better prepare at once.

Fad. Quite right; therefore, fly to your post and say I'm coming, —(*aside.*)—when the fight is finished.

Enter OFFICER, L., and GUARDS.

Officer. Halt!

Fad. Ah, some of us will halt with a vengeance after the battle.

Officer. Fadlakeen, remain here, the attack is expected on this side.

Fad. You don't say so!

Officer. We shall be safe enough yonder.

Fad. (*Aside.*) I wish I was of your party!

Officer. There is no end to the Ghebers who are advancing.

Fad. Then there'll soon be an end of me!

Officer. Now plant your men upon the ramparts and stand firm.

[*Exit, L.*]

Fad. I'll stand firm as long as I can, you may take your oath! When I've planted my men, I'll transplant myself to a place of safety. (*Loud crash—enter SAMBO, L.*) What's that!

Sam. Massa, de're on the walls!

Fad. Then, you coward, why don't you go and knock 'em into the ditch?

Sam. We wait you, de leader—we want de head!

Fad. (*Aside.*) So shall I, if I go with you.

(*Aloud.*) Get on before—tell 'em to fight like fury—and I'll be with them to reward their valour, when it's all over. Run, that way leads into the action.—(*aside.*)—and I'll run this, that leads out of it.

[*Sambo and guards exeunt, L. Exit Fadlakeen opposite side.*]

Enter KALI, XOFO, and GHEBERS, R., loaded with booty.

Kali. At last we are masters of the fortress—it has cost us some trouble—the fellows fought like madmen—have you disarmed and clapped them into the dungeons?

Xofo. Our comrades are at it now, breaking open and shutting up.

Kali. Ha, ha!—the work goes on right merrily—now away to farther plunder, but remember—divide faithfully—you know what share must be reserved for our chief—the bold Ziraffghar.

Xofo. Yes, we know the booty he loves best.

Kali. Aye—give him the Princess Lalla Rookh, and he'll give us the gold.

Xofo. Well, Ziraffghar's a gallant leader, and

for my part he should have all the booty if he so pleased.

Enter ZIRAFFGHAR, R.

Zir. Comrades, success has crowned our efforts. The fortress is subdued, let us now advance upon the city—why stand you idly here.

Kali. Because you stationed us in this wing of the castle till further orders. We shall be glad enough, chief, to be once more busy.

Zir. Away then—finish your work—spike all the cannon—and to the Royal Palace of Bucharia at once—there my trusty followers you shall behold a glorious triumph for yourselves, for me. The beautiful Princess Lalla Rookh, the daughter of the proud and mighty Emperor Aramzebe, the most powerful monarch of the world, a Gheber's bride.

Kali. But should he bid defiance—

Zir. Let him who scorns my friendship learn to fear my hate—should he dare oppose my will, revenge and slaughter be the word; for 'midst a heap of blazing ruins, I'll wring consent and make the haughty potentate rue the fatal day he had pre-

sumption to thwart the despised but dreaded Ziraffghar—forward!

[*Music.*—To take off Ziraffghar and Ghebers, L.]

SCENE THE LAST.—*Exterior of the Fortress, The body of the building with Ramparts and Towers extending in perspective up the stage. A moat (dry) occupies the centre—steps (R.) ascend to a water sluice, shut.—In the distance various buildings appertaining to the Palace and Fortress beyond which are mountains.*

(*Music.*—As the scene opens, the Ghebers on the eminences at back—they advance with defiance till they arrive at the moat, when the flood gates are opened and the water pours in upon them.—Ziraffghar and a party escape, and make for the royal escort.—A struggle takes place in which the Ghebers are at length worsted.—Aliris kills Ziraffghar, and a brilliant tableau is formed as the Curtain falls.)

GIL BLAS ;
OR, THE BOY OF SANTILLANE.
A ROMANTIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY **GEORGE MACFARREN.**

First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Easter Monday, 1827.



Dramatis Personæ.

GIL BLAS	Miss Kelly.
GIL PEREZ (his uncle)	Mr. Hughes.
ANDREW CORCUELO (Host of the inn at Pennafior)	Mr. Harley
DON MARTIN DE MOSQUERA (Governor of the Province of Austria, d'Oviedo)	Mr. Younge.
ALVAREZ (Captain of the Holy Brotherhood)	Mr. C. Jones.
MATADORES (or Spanish prize-fighters)	{ Mr. Darnley.
	{ Mr. Edwards.
DONNA MENSIA (Daughter of Don Martin)	Miss Pincott.
BRUNETTA (Hostess of the inn at Pennafior)	Mrs. C. Jones.

[See page 7.

Muleteers.—Messrs. Gregory, Hope, Brown, Forster, &c.
 Dancing Girls.—Mesdames Barnett, Carty, and Ryals.
 Peasants.—Mesdames Vallery, Gear, Wilmott, &c.

No. 698. Dicks' Standard Plays.

CONTINUATION OF DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE BANDITTI.

CAPTAIN ROLANDO	Mr. Wallack.
DESPARDO	} (his Lieutenants)	{ Mr. Cooper. Mr. O. Smith.
MALVOLEX		
STILETTO	Mr. Howell.
GOMEZ	Mr. Fenton.
PIETRO	Mr. G. Smith.
SANGUINO	Mr. Yarnold.
SPALATRO	Mr. Nelson.
DOMINGO (the Negro)	Mr. Webster.
LEONARDA (the Cook)	Mrs. Harlowe.

Robbers.—Messrs. Sheriff, Gibbon, Honnor, Maxwell, Fry, Plumstead, Read, Vining, Staveley, & c.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Two Hours and Thirty Minutes.

C O S T U M E .

GIL BLAS.—Green tunic and pantaloons—buff vest—hat to match—black Hessian boots—wide shirt collar—loose pink kerchief round the neck.

GIL PEREZ.—Gray doublet, trunks, cloak, and hat, trimmed with black binding—black stockings—shoes—clerical band.

ANDREW CORCUELO.—Salmon-coloured doublet, trunks, cloak, and cap, trimmed with light blue and black—blue hose—russet shoes and rosettes—green apron.

DON MARTIN DE MOSQUERA.—Crimson velvet and gold doublet, trunks, and cloak—white tights—black hat and feathers—lace collar—russet boots—sword and chain.

ALVAREZ.—Black gown—hat—shoes, and stockings—band round the neck—belt and wand.

TWO MATADORES.—Blue slashed jackets, thickly studded with bell buttons—red braces—red velvet breeches—scarlet cloaks—blue stockings—russet shoes—white shirts—sleeves tied round with blue ribbon—green net caps, and long hair.

MULETEERS.—Dark brown tunics—black and red stockings—black boots and cloaks—slouched hats.

DONNA MENSIA.—Blue satin dress and hat—white ostrich feathers.

BRUNETTA.—Dark green body and petticoat, trimmed with red binding—red silk stockings—Spanish cap—white slip—black shoes—black ribbon and cross.

DANCING GIRLS.—White muslin dresses, with cross-bar trimming of blue and black satin ribbon—crimson velvet bodies, slashed with white satin.

PEASANTS.—Blue stuff skirts—black bodies—white slips, &c.

THE BANDITTI.

CAPTAIN ROLANDO.—*First dress*: Dark brown slashed tunic, with brass ornaments up the front—breastplate—large brown cloak—fleshings—russet boots—brown hat, and black feathers. *Second dress*: As an old Spanish soldier, blind with one eye—crutch, stick, &c. *Third dress*: Long black gown and band—Oxford-cut trencher hat. *Fourth dress*: As a gray friar—rosary and beads—long beard—gray hairs.

DESPARDO.—Marone doublet, vest, and breeches—black Spanish cloak—cross-barred steel breastplate—red hose—large russet boots—broadsword, chain, collar, &c.—slouched hat and feathers.

MALVOLEX.—Light brown ditto.

STILETTO.—Dark green ditto.

GOMEZ.—Dark gray and black ditto.

PIETRO.—Dark blue ditto.

SANGUINO.—Brown ditto.

SPALATRO.—Drab ditto.

DOMINGO.—Black leggings and arms—red fly—red striped shirt—large blue striped trousers, in the Turkish fashion—russet shoes—earrings, &c.

ROBBERS.—Brown and drab tunics—breastplates—cloaks—slouched hats, and black feathers—blue and red tights—russet boots—swords and chains.

LEONARDA.—Blue quilted petticoat—black tabbed body—white slip—point-lace apron—red stockings—black shoes.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door; L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance; R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance; L. S. E. Left Second Entrance; P. S. Prompt Side; O. P. Opposite Prompt.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C L. C. L.

* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

GIL BLAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Spanish Fair at the foot of the Santilanos—a bridge across a small stream, c., leading to the road over the mountains—the villa of Don Martin de Mosquera, with a balcony and verandah, L. S. E.—the gates of an inn-yard, R. S. E.*

DESPARDO, MALVOLEX, and Others, discovered seated under an awning at the gate, drinking and smoking—several Guests of Don Martin's dancing in the verandah—a band of Serenaders, with guitars, stationed under the balcony—groups of Dancers, and various characters peculiar to the country, dispersed about.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

*Sing the light song of love and joy,
Pleasure is ours to-day;
Labour and care no more annoy,—
Let every heart be gay.
Strike the guitar—for mirth we're met;
Dance to the lively castanet!*

(A trumpet sounds without, R.)

Enter a Trumpeter, R. 3 E., followed by Peasant Girls, with flags, and two Matadores, in scarlet cloaks and Spanish caps. They throw gloves into the ring formed by the Peasants, and prepare to attack—Despardo and Malvolex, after consulting, take the challenge, and enter the arena, their black cloaks distinguishing them from the others.

CHORUS.—(Continued.)

*But hark! the trumpet wakes new rivalry:
Our valiant youth prepare
To emulate the ancient chivalry,
And thus deserve the fair.
Bravo! bravo!—Arm and guard;
Beauty's smile is your reward!*

(The Peasant Girls having marked out the ground by fixing their flags, the assault commences—the Matadores are disarmed—the Dancers figure round the flags, and cheer the assailants, and the assault terminates with the triumph of Despardo and Malvolex.)

CHORUS.

*Bravo! bravo!—bravely done!
Nobly lost, and stoutly won!*

(DONNA MENSIA appears at the balcony, L. S. E., and rewards each of the victors with a purse.)

CHORUS.

*Viva! viva!
Long live our lady, free from care!
Viva! viva!
Hail, Donna Mensia! generous as fair!*

(Despardo and Malvolex are retiring with their prizes.)

Enter CAPTAIN ROLANDO, L. 3 E., muffled in a cloak.

Rol. (Stopping them, c.) Hold!—Would you ruin us?

Des. How now, stranger?

Mal. No stranger;—drink and success have not yet blinded me. Rolando, our worthy captain—

Rol. Hush! (Leading them aside, L. C.) You have done wrong: suspicion soon awakes; the jealous Spaniard hates the hand he fears. Ye will be marked and traced—our haunt beset, our lives will be the recompense of this ignoble triumph. One way may save us: take not their paltry pieces—they are the peasants' right, the fit reward of rural prowess; ye, who are skilled in arms, should aim at higher guerdon. (To the Peasants, R.) Rustics, we are three rovers from the camp, careless alike of broken heads and money-bags. My comrades have won the victory—'tis enough for them; their prizes shall be yours.

Pea. Huza! huza!

Rol. (Taking the purses from his companions, crossing to the inn-gate and calling.) What, ho! mine host!—Unlock your cellars, stab your aged casks; here's gold to pay for bleeding them! In, in, friends, the evening wears; ere we start for home, we'll drain a stoup. Comrades, lead the way. What, ho! mine host! Wine—wine, I say, and welcome to all!

Pea. Huza! huza!

[Exeunt all but Rolando and Despardo into the inn, R. S. E.]

Rol. What, grumbler, art discontent?

Des. Yes. Do not we nightly rob for gold?

Rol. 'Tis our profession.

Des. And our practice, too. Do I ever shrink, even when the gallows stares in my face?

Rol. That it does always—the mark is indelible: those who have seen the tree, cannot mistake the fruit.

Des. And shall I be mulct of my legitimate, lawfully-begotten prize? 'Tis the first honest penny I have earned for years;—let me preserve it, as an unction to my conscience.

Rol. Go to: these worthless pieces, scattered thus abroad, like grains of wheat when sprinkled by the genial shower, shall bring us forth a plenteous harvest. In, Despardo! Wine will disarm the sots; at least, 'twill send them sooner home, and leave us open field for a more liberal prey. In, in!

[Exeunt into the inn, R. S. E.]

Enter GIL PEREZ from the villa, L. S. E.

Per. (Calling.) Ho! nephew—Gil Blas, I say! Tarry no longer, or night will overtake thee in the first stage of thy journey. Come, boy, and let me start thee on thy road to Salamanca and preferment. Why, nephew! Gil Blas!

Gil Blas. (Without, L. S. E.) Why, uncle! Gil Perez!

Per. Stay gossiping no more, boy. Oh! these green years—these green years! 'tis hard to fix them.

Enter GIL BLAS from the villa, L. S. E.

Gil. (L.) Oh! these pretty women—these pretty women! 'tis hard to lose them!

Per. (R. C.) Psha! boy: they are fickle as the weathercock on our cathedral tower, and noisy as its bells.

Gil. They are blooming as the rose in our college garden, and witty beyond all its lore. In infancy they are our best nurses: in youth, our prettiest playthings; and in age, though a termagant tongue be cutting, like tempered steel, it draws fire, and melts the frosty graybeard's winter snows. You see, good uncle—maid, wife, or mother, they are always charming.

Per. Like witchcraft, they can only charm the weak and silly. Come, boy; the vesper hour is near, and I have a dull half league to pace ere I reach my stall in Oviedo cathedral. Let us on to St. Martin's Cross, where we must part.

Gil. The sooner the better; 'twill abridge our mutual sorrow, uncle.

Per. We have lived happily together from thy infancy; thou hast been ever dear to me, boy.

Gil. (*Aside.*) The cost has been full six ducats a year.

Per. I have given thee education.

Gil. (*Aside.*) That has been greatly at my own expense; witness for me, thou sacred birch of Dr. Godinez, my schoolmaster!

Per. I have given thee wisdom, and I will give thee wealth, boy: I will set thee forth in the world like a gentleman and a cavalier (*Taking out a purse.*) Here is my month's pay from the holy church—forty ducats; I will share it with thee—thou shalt have full twenty ducats, boy. (*Counting them from his purse into Gil's hand.*) A treasure fit for a duke.

Gil. (*Counting the ducats mournfully.*) Heigho!

Per. Nay, good boy, do not take on so; thy learning shall mend thy fortune.

Gil. (*Aside.*) There is ample room for it.

Per. Thou hast already more Latin than it cost me to become canon of Oviedo.

Gil. (*Aside.*) 'Tis a pity such canons should go off with so small a charge.

Per. Then thou hast letters from our worthy patron here, Don Martin de Mosquera, which will give thee introduction to the college of Salamanca.

Gil. They are, indeed, a treasure, won for me by the entreaties of the lovely Donna Mensia, his daughter.

(*Takes the letters from his bosom, kisses, and replaces them.*)

Per. Well, boy, all things considered, thou shalt start bravely in the world. Come, see me on my mule; take thy knapsack on thy back;—at St. Martin's Cross receive my blessing, and henceforth push thy way boldly to the temple of Fortune. (*Crossing to R., and calling.*) Ho! hostler! my mule! and a dram of small cider at parting.

[*Exit into the inn, R. S. E.*
Gil. Go your ways for a niggardly old dunce, as all the world knows you to be! Twenty ducats, and a knapsack at my back, is a pretty plight to court the favours of Fortune. However, if the goddess be not more blind than the painters make her, this figure, this front, and the little pointed weapon my good mother taught me how to use in ladies' ears, shall win her to my cause; and if she refuse my suit, i'faith I care not, since the transcendant Donna Mensia has accepted it. Yes, lovely excellence! for thee I will brave all harms; thy smile has charmed the listless boy into enervate manhood, and thus I will try all to make me worthy of thy love and thee.

DONNA MENSIA appears at the verandah, L. S. E.

Men. Gil Blas!

Gil. Fair mistress, thy slave attends.

Men. I have stolen from the guests to bid thee once more farewell;—yet, ere we part, perhaps for ever, wilt thou not give me some token to ensure thy love—some trifle, to be made my treasure?

Gil. Alas! I am too poor to offer what thou wouldst take, or dost deserve.

Men. Nay, cut me a lock of thy hair; amongst those plentiful curls, thou canst spare me one.

Gil. All—all, if they could pleasure thee. (*Drawing a dirk, cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting it to her.*) Take it, lovely Mensia; 'tis a poor gift, but—

Men. (*Placing it in her bosom.*) I will hoard it where I keep my secrets. Yet I must buy this treasure. (*Giving him a ring.*) Take this little jewel; when distant, gaze on it, and think of me.

Gil. It shall be my amulet—my talisman; I will grasp it through the day, and press it fondly when I slumber. It is thy proxy, lovely one; with it I wed my hand and heart to thee for ever.

Perez. (*Calling without, R.*) What ho! nephew—Gil Blas!

Gil. I must away. Once more, adieu!—my hope—my guiding star! Were the planets half so lustrous, philosophers would become lovers, and almanacks go out of fashion. Adieu!

Men. Adieu! and fare thee well till next we meet!

Re-enter GIL PEREZ, on his mule, R. S. E.—he passes over the bridge from R. to L., followed by Gil Blas—Donna Mensia remains at the balcony, waving her hand, as the scene closes.

SCENE III.—*A Mountainous Landscape, with an Obelisk at the junction of several roads.*

Enter GIL PEREZ, L., leading his mule.

Per. (*Calling off, L.*) Why, boy, come on! Here is the spot where we must part—thee, yonder on the road through Pennafior to Salamanca; I, by this winding path, to Oviedo. (*Calling.*) What ho! nephew!—Why dost loiter thus?

Enter GIL BLAS, L.

Gil. (*Aside.*) Twenty ducats!—What are they?—With such light ballast, the ship will surely topple in her voyage. Uncle Perez, you are a miser, but your head and heart are not quite so tough as your strong box; so have at you!

Per. (*Having hung the bridle of the mule on a tree, R. S. E.*) Come, nephew, be not cast down; kneel for my blessing, and speed thee on. Dost hear, boy? What art moping at?

Gil. I was thinking, my kind old friend, that when I have paid all travelling expenses, and safely arrive at my journey's end, having piously drunk a bumper at every inn on the road to the health of my honoured uncle,—I was thinking, I say, that then I shall just find one ducat in my pocket for the poor's box at Salamanca, and retain five coppers in hand to begin the world with.

Per. Go to, nephew: thou must not drink at every stage; and when thou dost indulge, call for small wines.

Gil. Can I be thirsty, and not think of him who has fed my hunger? And shall I disgrace his generous memory in a cup of sour lees? No, no: the best bottle of the best vintage shall be too poor, and six of them a day too few, to wash away my grief, or satisfy my gratitude.

Per. Kind boy—kind boy! (*Taking out his purse.*) Here, take ten ducats in addition to thy

twenty; do as thou wilt; thou hast wisdom, I see. Take ten ducats more; and, dost hear? never heed the poor's box at Salamanca: charity covers a multitude of sins, but gratitude uncovers a host of virtues. (*Counts ten ducats into his hand.*)

Gil. Ah, my kind uncle! how shall I thank you? Yet I would ask another boon: if that purse were mine, when all the money shall be gone, I might still hold a remembrance of you; I might then look with rapturous melancholy on its emptiness, and say, from this old leather bag he shared his month's church-money with his poor boy at parting; nay, in this very piece of goat-skin he twisted up the last ten ducats of his salary, and blessed me as he thrust it into my doublet pocket.

Per. (*Counting the ducats back into the purse.*) Eight, nine, ten. Where is that same doublet pocket?—Is it a safe one? (*Putting the purse into Gil's pocket, and embracing him.*) Bless thee! bless thee!

Gil. (*Aside.*) So much for politics! He may surely aspire to be a statesman, who can so readily raise supplies!

Per. Good night, boy; be discreet and be happy?

Gil. Is the sad moment come?—Must we, then, part? And thee, poor mule! whose back I have so oft bestrode, in life's gayest hours, must we part for ever, too? I shall never see a long ear but a thought of thee and my dear old uncle will come across my mind, and I shall sigh to think of our once pleasant, happy, innocent hours.

Per. (*Crossing to L.*) Boy, boy! Jump on his back—quick, quick!—Take possession of the saddle, and let me go steadily home, before thy touching speeches have stripped me quite bare. Take her—take her! Fare thee well! Use the beast kindly; drink often to thy uncle; shun bad company and dirty ways; eschew evil, and keep thy hands from picking and stealing;—so shalt thou prosper!

Gil. Amen, and fare thee well!
(*Perez embraces him, and exits L., but returns and again embraces him.*)

Gil. (*Affecting great sorrow.*) Uncle!

Per. (*Weeping.*) Nephew!

Gil. The whip, dear uncle!

Per. (*Giving him the whip.*) Bless thee! bless thee!

[*Exit, in raptures, L.*]

Gil. A statesman, did I say? By my good stars, a general? See how I command the cavalry! Good-bye, good-bye, uncle! Light be your slumbers, as I have made your pocket, and your dreams as glowing as your old heart at this moment! Now, Care, I defy thee! With high spirits, a safe-footed mule, and forty good ducats in my purse, while I trip merrily over the mountains, and think of nothing but prosperity and Donna Mensia!

Enter CAPTAIN ROLANDO, R., disguised as a lame old veteran.—He drops his hat in Gil's path.

Gil. How now, fellow?

Rol. Charity—charity!

Gil. Sirrah, a gentleman on his travels carries no coppers for the vagrants of the road.

Rol. Beseech you, worthy Christian, spare a trifle for the unfortunate.

Gil. I tell thee, I have nought to give thee.

Rol. Look on these wounds gained in the service of my king and country. If you are a Spaniard—

Gil. I am; not yet ennobled, but as proud as any

of my native land. For that dear spot—more vivid to my eye, more treasured in my heart, than the green hills of Arcady, or India's mines—I give thee this. (*Taking out his purse and dropping a ducat into the hat as he crosses to R.*) Now let me pass. Good even!

Rol. If your honour be a soldier, have compassion on a veteran, who has gained nothing but these scars for forty years of service.

Gil. Not yet a soldier, but a soldier's son. My honoured father bears as many wounds as thee, and has profited as little. For his sake, I yield thee one more piece. (*Dropping another ducat.*) Thy gray locks bring his memory fresh before me; I could gaze on thee, old man, till my eyes grew dim with thoughts of him. Spare thy thanks; pray for my dear old father, and I am satisfied.

[*Takes the mule by the bridle, and exits, R.*]

Rol. Kind boy! thy looks bespeak a generous heart!—I have tried thee, and am not disappointed. Yes, simple Gil Blas, what thou art, I was,—a gossamer thread, yielding to every idle lip that breathed on it. Cast on the ocean world ere time has fixed the reasonable rudder that guides and saves us in our tempest hour, thou wilt need pilotage to shun what I have suffered. Trust me I will not forget thy charity.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Inn at Pennafior—A door, R. F.—a window, L. F.—two tables, and four chairs.*

Enter BRUNETTA, R. D. F.

Bru. I'faith, we have a thriving trade; and if my husband Andrew were as mindful of his wife's mild counsel, as he is of his neighbour's secrets, Signora Corcuelo, of the Golden Flask, would soon carry her head as high as any dame in the village of Pennafior. (*Calling off.*) Why, Signor Corcuelo, I say!—Andrew Corcuelo! where art thou?

Enter ANDREW CORCUELO, R.

Cor. Coming, coming!—Any suppers wanting, or corks to draw?—Any liquor required, or reckoning to receive? Any carriages to attend, horses to unharness, mules to litter, or asses to put to bed? In short, to be brief, and in a few words, if there is any business to be done in the way of an honest, and industrious, and indefatigable Spanish innkeeper, Andrew Corcuelo, of the Golden Flask, is— Who calls—who calls Andrew Corcuelo?

Bru. Who should call, but his gentle, ill-used, patient, and obedient wife? Sirrah! go to; thou art a sot.

Cor. In a few words, wife, thou art a provoking baggage—a saucy, pert, noisy, long-tongued, disagreeable, odious vixen!—with more words than wit, more brawl than beauty, more venom than virtue, and more impudence than ever was tied to a parish whipping-post! In brief, thou art a termagant—a scold!

Bru. Hard-hearted, cruel wretch—but I will be revenged! The inn shall go unattended, the guests may go unserved, and, for the unworthy landlord of the Golden Flask, he may go—

Cor. To the devil, thou wouldst say; and to the devil, with my permission, thou mayst go thyself!

Gil Blas. (*Without, R.*) What, ho! house! host! landlady!

Cor. Come, wife, let us go together; here is a young customer at our gate—let us not lose him

for want of attention ; the old one will be sure to have his turn one day or other.

[*They take hands, and exit, R. D. F., but immediately re-enter, ushering in GIL BLAS.*]

Cor. Here, hostler, take his honour's mule!

Bru. Here, chambermaid, prepare a bed for the cavaliero!

Cor. (*Taking off Gil's knapsack, and placing it L. C. F.*) Here, waiter! take charge of his worship's portmanteau.

Bru. Why, cook! stir up the kitchen fire, and make preparation for our honourable guest's supper.

(*Corcuelo and Brunetta are very officiously attentive, one takes his hat and whip, the other brings chair, &c., c.*)

Cor. (R.) Here, boots! ease his reverence's legs, by removing these dirty—

(*Kneels to take off Gil's boots.*)

Gil. (c.) Enough, enough, good people!—So much civility destroys its advantage, as drink, over sweet, makes one more thirsty.

Cor. If your honour be thirsty, as doubtless, after a fatiguing journey you will feel yourself, your honour will find here the best wine, spirit, and cider, in all the Asturias; and, in short, to be brief and use few words—for every comfort, convenience, and accommodation,—for eating, drinking, sleeping, smoking, stabling, fodder for cattle, good company, and clean beds,—there is not a better inn throughout the king of Spain's dominions. Your honour is welcome to the Golden Flask.

Gil. Thanks—thanks! For half of the luxuries you have catalogued I shall have no occasion; but, for an omelette, a bottle of your best, a bed, and a night's sleep, you'll find me a grateful customer.

Cor. Wife, stir thee briskly, shake up the best bed, air the finest sheets, lay the whitest cloth, tap the strongest cider, polish the plate, sharpen the cutlery, and—

Bru. Softly—softly, my dear! (*Crossing to c.*) Most gracious cavaliero, I will condescend to superintend the culinary operation in my own proper person.

Cor. (*Crossing to c.*) And, though I say it, your honour, that should not,—for a broil, or a fry, or a roast, or anything high-seasoned and fiery, there is not her equal—

Bru. (*Apart to him.*) My love!

Cor. (*Apart to her.*) My duck!

Bru. My fool!

[*Exit, R.*]

Gil. So, this village is called—

Cor. Pennaffor, at your service. In a few words, according to the road-book, it is situated in a fertile valley, eight leagues from Oviedo, nine from Astorga, on the high road to Salamanca, and in the centre of the Montanos Santillanos,—celebrated for its omelettes and sherris wine, and possessing the most commodious and comfortable inn in the Peninsula.

Gil. The Golden Flask, of course.

Cor. Very much at your honour's service! Ah, your worship, to see what taste and perseverance can accomplish. Fifteen months ago, the Golden Flask was but a poor, straggling, roadside pot-house; the landlord blind of an eye, the hostess humpbacked, the wine more sour than the cider, and both as dead as the mutton which they killed only on the four great holydays.

Gil. For all these vast improvements, then, the public is indebted to—

Cor. (*Bowing very profoundly.*) To Andrew Corcuelo, very much at your honour's service! May I take the liberty to inquire what commission, or enterprise, or chance, or fatality, has led a gentleman of your youth and delicate habits to these parts?

Gil. (*Crossing to L.*) I am bound to Salamanca.

Enter CAPTAIN ROLANDO, R. D. F., disguised as a half-starved Scholar.

Rol. (*Entering.*) What ho! mine host of the Golden Flask!

Cor. (R.) Coming—coming—coming! Andrew Corcuelo is your excellency's very humble, obedient, grateful, devoted, and dutiful servant; and, in very few words, both he and the Golden Flask are very much at your excellency's service.

Rol. (c.) Bah! Peace, Bubble! It is not the base dross and dregs, but the rich sterling metal I am seeking; it is not with a dull dealer in drinks, but with the most celebrated solver of syllogisms that I would hold converse; not to the illiterate Andrew Corcuelo, but to the illustrious Gil Blas would I lend mine ear, and bend my knee! Lead me to him—let me behold the great man, and adore—

Gil. (L.) Amazement! What hyperbolic witchcraft is this?

Cor. Your excellency has mistaken your way.

Rol. Then are my lucky seven stars a jilting heptarchy, and I a weary and deluded pilgrim! Yet I will not despair, but pursue thee, illustrious, wise, and excellent Gil Blas, to the close of my life, and to the end of the world! (*Going, R.*)

Gil. Hold, friend—turn hither! What is your pleasure, business, or occupation with Gil Blas?

Rol. (*Returning to c.*) Ah! worthy young signor, my pleasure is painful, having walked over four good Spanish leagues on a fruitless errand; my business is, the delight I expected of beholding him; and my occupation, to idle half an hour in his excellent good company. If thou knowest news of him, I pray thee tell me, for my desires are pressing.

Gil. I am called Gil Blas.

Rol. Thou that far-famed, well-known, much-thought-of, more-talked-of, everywhere-heard-of, immortal and universal Signor Gil Blas, of Santillane? Is it possible that in thee I behold that great and glorious man?

Gil. Simply, I am Gil Blas, born at Santillane, schooled at Oviedo, and travelling to Salamanca; but for your overwhelming compliments I—

Rol. Stars, ye are propitious! 'Tis he—'tis he! (*Embraces him.*)

Cor. (R.) Then is the great man a very little fellow.

Rol. Bah!—peace, Smoke-jack! Thou knowest not whom the umbrageous thatch of thy hovel is glorified by covering. Behold in this young gentleman the pride of wisdom, the paragon of wit, the prince of scholars, the eighth wonder of the world! (*Embracing Gil again.*) Forgive my transports; I cannot restrain them.

Re-enter BRUNETTA, R., with an omelette, &c.

Bru. Here is an omelette fit for a lord cardinal or a king.

Cor. But one, wife! (*Pointing to Rolando.*) This worthy gentleman will perhaps require refreshment—

Rol. Bah! Peace, Kettle-steam! (*Pointing to Gil.*) Here is my refreshment; to behold him is a

sufficient meal—to converse with him slakes my anxious thirst!

(Rolando brings forward the table. Corcuelo places chairs, &c.)

Gil. At least, let us sup together; my lady hostess will not refuse to dish up another omelette in her excellent style.

Bru. Sweet cavaliero, I anticipate your wish.

[Exit, B.]

Gil. *(To Rolando.)* Meanwhile, I pray you, accept my welcome to a share of that already here.

Rol. Thou art too kind, too generous, too hospitable; yet, though I have no great appetite, I will just eat one mouthful, out of mere complaisance.

(They sit. Gil helps Rolando, who eats voraciously.)

Rol. *(R.)* Signor Gil Blas, allow me to pledge thee in a cup of sherris.

Cor. *(Calling off.)* What ho, cellarman!—a bottle of the best in Europe!

(Runs off, L., and returns with wine. He draws the cork, and fills two horns.)

Rol. Bah! Peace, Froth! Allow me, profound pinnacle of scientific depth and acquirement, to propose a very dear and pleasant toast—the health of thy honoured father.

(Drinks.)

Gil. *(L.)* I am flattered.

Cor. *(Taking the horn from Gil.)* Your worship's honoured father's good health.

(Drinks.)

Rol. Not forgetting thy good mother also.

(Drinks.)

Gil. Blest be her memory!

Cor. *(Taking Gil's horn again.)* Your honour's honoured mother—blest be her memory!

(Drinks.)

Re-enter BRUNETTA, R., with two omelettes—she places them on the table, crosses to L., and exits. Rolando eagerly devours the omelettes, and Gil at length obtains a horn of wine.

Gil. Fair hostess, to our better acquaintance! *(Drinking.)* This is flat liquor, host; hast nothing better?

Cor. Why, to be sure, I have just two bottles in a sly corner; they have remained snugly there for the last five and seventy years, to my certain knowledge—that is, by report of my predecessors. In a few words, I have treasured them for the christening of my first-born; and, in short, they are too rare, too rich, too costly, for ordinary occasions.

Rol. Bah! peace, effervescence! Thy occasions will never come to pass. Bring the two bottles instant, and think thyself happy in laying them at the feet of the transcendent Signor Gil Blas.

Cor. If I must—

Rol. Bah! peace, cauldron-scum!

Cor. Why, then, in that case—

Gil. Bah! peace, vacuum! Bring them in a decanter.

Rol. Bravo, bravo! The wit of an ancient! *(Corcuelo runs off, L., and returns with two bottles.)* Aye, now are we provided as becomes the quality of the guests, and the credit of the landlord. Fill, fill!

(Corcuelo fills the horns.)

Gil. Come, I will give a toast—my uncle, Gil Perez, the canon of Oviedo!

(Drinks.)

Rol. With all my heart and soul, ay, and body. To thy uncle, the canon!

(Drinks.)

Cor. *(Aside.)* His uncle is a cannon that carries three balls, I believe. Here's my pledge to him.

[Drinks out of one of the bottles, and exits, L.]

Rol. Now, my good Signor Gil Blas, since we are doomed to part, allow me to assure you of my profound admiration of your talents; and in return for your good cheer, with which I am too well satisfied ever to be forgetful, I cannot help offering you a small piece of advice, which, in spite of your great acquirements, you appear to stand much in need of. May I presume?

Gil. Speak freely, friend; I doat on candour.

Rol. Mark me, then. Henceforth beware of praise, and stand on your guard against everybody you do not know. You may meet with others inclined to divert themselves with your credulity, and to push matters still farther than I have; but don't be duped again, nor believe, though they should swear it, that Signor Gil Blas, of Santillane, is the eighth wonder of the world. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit, laughing, R. D. F.]

Gil. *(After a pause.)* The devil! *(Calling off.)* Host!—hostess!—my bill!—my charge for this lesson of experience!

Re-enter CORCUELO, L., with a long bill in his hand.

Cor. Coming, coming, coming! *(Looking over the bill.)* To an omelette, a ditto and a ditto; to a bottle of the best sherris in Christendom, another bottle of the very best sherris in Christendom, and two other bottles of better sherris than either of the former.

Gil. The amount—the total; I have no patience for particulars.

Cor. Making in all a sum of—that is to say, in a few words, five ducats.

Gil. *(Giving money.)* Here, take thy money; bring me a light, and show me to my chamber.

Cor. *(Calling off.)* Why, chambermaid, a light—a light for his honour! If soft bed, down pillows, thick blankets, fine sheets, airy room, and quiet fellow-lodgers, are ever provocative of sleep, here your honour shall sleep soundly, pleasantly, comfortably, and quietly, till you wake in the morning. Ho, chambermaid, a light!

[Exit, L.]

Gil. *(Having torn the bill to pieces, and exhibited other signs of impatience.)* Vanity, vanity! what a jest thou canst make of thy votaries! Sad and simple Gil Blas, go hang thyself for shame, to think that thou hast been tickled by such a rascal! Get thee to bed, poor fool! Sleep, if thou canst; dream of thy mistress; and forget, for a while at least, this first chapter of thy miserable adventures!

Re-enter CORCUELO and BRUNETTA, L., with a lamp—Brunetta lights Gil Blas to his chamber up stairs, L. S. E.

Cor. Wondrous, strange, extraordinary, and peculiar, to think that all this learning and greatness should be contained in so small a compass; and to think that a great, ugly, starve-gutted blusterer should have thought it worth his while to walk so many miles to look at this little enormity, this immense nothing, this eighth wonder of the world! But soft, good Andrew Corcuelo: in a few words, did he so walk?—Is the other such a wise-acre?—Are they what they seem to be?—Are you yourself what you ought to be?—Is that knapsack crammed with treasure, or filled with emptiness?

—May it not, at all events, give thee some clue to unravel these mysteries? In fine, and to conclude shortly, am I not a fool to remain here, debating the matter, when a peep into the said knapsack may settle it to my satisfaction, and nobody but myself be the wiser?

(Takes up Gil Blas' knapsack, places it on the table, and proceeds to unbuckle it.)

Re-enter CAPTAIN ROLANDO, in his first dress,
R. D. F.

Rol. Rascal! lay down thy spoil, and swallow my stiletto! (Throwing him over to R. corner.)

Cor. (Falling on his knees.) Murder! fire! thieves! robbery! treason! and petty larceny! In short, I am undone!—in a few words, I am a dead man!

Re-enter GIL BLAS, agitated, down the stairs,
L. S. E.

Gil. (Aside.) Ah! murder is a-foot! Away then; though thy heart is heavy, prove that thy heels are light!

[Leaps out of the window, L. F.]

Rol. Now, wretch, mark me. There must be no spoil in which I do not participate: therefore, on the morrow at noon, thou shalt meet me in the centre of the forest hard by, with two skins of brandy, and a dozen quarts of that same aged wine, which has remained in the corner of thy cellar during seventy-five years.

Cor. Impossible! I had but two bottles, and they—

Rol. Thy life's blood, then!

Cor. Well, well; thou shalt have all, so thou wilt spare me for the comfort of my affectionate wife.

Rol. Swear to obey these, my reasonable demands, or I will mince thee for a dish at thy own table d'hôte, during the next carnival!

Cor. In short, in brief, and in few words—'tis a bitter pill—

Rol. Swear!

Cor. But I have gulped it!

Rol. 'Tis well. At noon to-morrow. Meantime, farewell; be less curious, and more scrupulous; comfort thy wife, wait on thy customers civilly, and so become an honest innkeeper.

Cor. In which case, and in a very few words, your worship, I hope, will allow me to subscribe myself, the ninth wonder of the world!

[Exeunt Rolando, R. D. F., Corcuolo L.]

SCENE IV.—A thick Forest—a large oak, c., with a quantity of brambles at its root—Thunder and lightning.

Enter DESPARDO and MALVOLEX, R.

Mal. Where stays our captain? 'Tis a pelting night, and there are no customers abroad. (Thunder.) Hear you that, comrade? Some wonder is surely coming to pass.

Des. Aye, some honest man has gotten his just reward, and the clouds weep bitterly to think how the world is changed.

Mal. 'Tis lucky midnight is at hand, for it is our rallying hour, and we may creep to our covert, and defy the tempest.

Des. Rather let us boldly court it; there is music in a thunder-clap that sets my heart a dancing.

Gil Blas. (Without.) Save me! save me!

Mal. Ha! a strange voice!—Lie close, and watch the fitting moment.

Enter GIL BLAS, nearly breathless, L.

Gil. Roll on, pitchy clouds; make midnight gloom yet darker, so I may hide me from my cruel foes! Spring up, ye tangling briars, and make my retreat so intricate, that even their craft shall fail to thread it! Hapless Gil Blas! thou art unfortunate indeed!

Mal. (C.) Not so, young gentleman; there are friends at hand.

Gil. (L.) Ha!—No, I dare not credit you.

Des. If there were light enough to see our faces, thou shouldst be convinced what honourable hands thou has fallen into.

Gil. Alas! I fear more misery awaits me; I have endured so much, that—

Des. Psha! give us thy hand. (Taking it.) Thou shalt judge by this grasp of our true honesty.

Gil. 'Tis a firm one; yet whither would you lead me?

Mal. To a safe retreat.

Gil. Can any spot be safe, where knavery in all shape so plentifully abounds?

Des. Yes; here is one, more certain than the sanctuary: who enters here, remains alike secure from rescue or escape. (Pulling aside the brambles, and opening a trap-door.) Behold!

Gil. Monsters! is this your hospitable refuge?

Des. (Dragging him to the hole, and blindfolding him.) The grave is not a safer or a calmer hiding-place.

Gil. The grave would be a happier one to me! Kind skies, pity and protect me!

[Music.—Exeunt, forcing Gil Blas down the trap, L. C.]

SCENE V.—The Robbers' Cave—a rude flight of steps, R. C., leading to the upper range, where a massive iron door closes the entrance—numerous small openings lead to the chambers of the banditti—a large fire near the foot of the steps, R., with cooking apparatus, &c.—a lamp suspended from the roof.

STILETTO, GOMEZ, PIETRO, SANGUINO, SPALATRO, and other Robbers, discovered supping at a large table, c., Gomez presiding—LEONARDA busy at the fire, R.

Robbers. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo, bravo!

Sti. More wine, Leonardo! more wine, and speed thee!

Leo. Your worship, in a moment. (Calling off, L.) Domingo! more wine, and speed thee!

Domingo. (Without.) Iss, missee cookee; me run like de race horse—me fly like de swallow, yet me always find when me go funder me fare worse, missee cookee. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha! Oh, dis gout! how him bite—bite—bite!

Enter DOMINGO, L., hobbling.

Leo. Mend thy pace, black caterpillar, or, by the faith of an honest cook, thou shalt be barbecued and grilled on the coals, till thy unholy fatness be stewed out of thee!

Dom. Ah! missee cookee, if me stew, den all de fat be in de fire, missee cookee. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha!—Oh, dis gout!

Gom. Leonarda! the wine, hussy!

Leo. Domingo, attend his worship.

Dom. Iss, missee cookee. No rest for poor Domingo!

Sti. Why, Leonarda!

Leo. Why, Domingo!

Dom. Iss, missee cookee.

Sti. Wine—wine, I say!

Dom. Iss, massa.

(Going.)

Pie. Leonarda!

Leo. Domingo!

Dom. Iss, missee cookee.

Pie. Brandy! the strongest in the cellar!

Leo. Dost hear, Domingo?

Dom. Iss, missee cookee. Poor Domingo! no rest—no peace: me run like de race-horse—me fly like de swallow; all work and no play, soon make a dull boy of poor Domingo. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha! Oh, dis gout!

(As he is going, L., a whistle is heard at a distance.)

Gom. Silence, all! (Whistle repeated.) The signal! (Whistle again.) Our lieutenant, by his long-winded note.

Sti. That note blows you from your seat, Master Gomez.

Dom. It an ill wind blows nobody no good. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha!—Oh!

Gom. Leonarda, the keys.

Leo. Domingo, the keys.

Dom. Iss, missee cookee; me run like de race-horse—me fly like de swallow. (Going up the steps, R. C., and stumbling.) Ha! most haste worse speed, missee cookee. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha! Oh, dis gout!

(He ascends the steps, and unlocks the iron door.)

Enter DESPARDO and MALVOLEX, conducting GIL BLAS, blindfolded—they descend, and advance forward.

Robbers. Welcome, worthy lieutenant!

Des. Well met, comrades. (Taking off the bandage from Gil's eyes.) Behold, youngster: did I not tell thee thou should'st find a happy home? See! here are friends, meat, and wine. Where is the palace half so hospitable?

Gil. (Aside, R.) An earthly pandemonium—a banquet for the infernal gods.

Des. (L. C.) (Giving wine.) Drink, and quiet thy ague fears; drink to our better friendship.

Gil. Would it were poison, that I might begin and end the intercourse at once! (Drinks.)

Des. Leonarda, this stripling we have chosen for your minion; he will supply the dead Phillippo's place, and ease your toils.

Leo. (C.) Good Desparado! kind Desparado! sweet lieutenant! I need assistance, to save these bones from crumbling. Who shall cater for the band when Leonarda sleeps? Come, boy; if thy looks be true, thou hast more wisdom than thy predecessor: he, simple fool! in spite of good fare and my wise counsel—he, forsooth, would die last Tuesday.

Gil. Happy wretch, I envy him!

Leo. Come, follow me, boy, and be of good cheer. Thou hast only to work hard, sleep little, keep a silent tongue, obey thy gentle mistress, clean every man's shoes, and dread the bastinado. (Going, R.) Come, boy; things are not so bad with thee.

Des. Hold! Ere thou goest to thy new office, 'tis fit thy commission be paid. Yield thy coin, boy; money is useless here.

Gil. (Gives money—aside.) To think that the church's ducats should fall into such hands!

Des. And that jewel on thy finger—come, deliver!

Gil. Never! Pardon me—

Des. (Seizing his hand.) Nay, thy office requires no jewel.

Gil. (Bursting from him, and opening his doublet.) Tyrant! you have a dagger—here is my life; take it—ye are welcome. Here are my limbs—rack them at your will; but while one nerve retains its power, this ring remains within its grasp!

Des. So soon rebellious! Domingo!

Dom. Iss, massa lieutenant.

Des. The bastinado! We will school this tyro to obedience!

(Gil Blas struggles violently with Desparado and others.)

Enter CAPTAIN ROLANDO from a secret passage, L. C. F.

Rol. Hold, villains!

Robbers. Rolando!

Rol. Yes, Rolando, your captain! (Gil Blas falls at his feet.) 'Tis well I keep one secret spot, impervious to your lynx-eyed seeking, through which I may be with ye, when ye deem me afar. Ruffians! I would let loose the quiet blood from your mongrel hearts, but that I have hopes to see it mount, and tinge your cheeks with shame! What! twenty upon one poor, unarmed boy! This is carrion work. We, whose lives are free as the up-soaring eagle, should pounce on higher game—the prodigal, the miser, and the o'er-loaded churchman. These are fit victims, and, to harass them, the redeeming virtue of our wayward lives. By my hot heart I swear! I had rather gnaw my finger-joints than feast upon ignoble gains, or crib one atom from the poor and helpless! (Taking Gil's hand.) Rise, trembler; thou art safe.

Des. (Aside, L. C.) Spells light on him that mars my lawful triumphs! (Aloud.) What would Rolando? Is not our booty free? Must we ask leave to take the prize we have won? And shall we, twenty stout and valiant hearts, be slaves to one capricious lip?

Rol. (C.) Comrades, am I not captain and sole governor by your free wishes, and for the general good?

Robbers. (R. and L.) You are, noble captain!

Rol. Proud is the chief who holds his power on such terms, and blest that power when he can use it, as I do, to succour the unfortunate! Youth, tremble not: you are with men, not monsters. We wear rough shapes, but some of us, at least, have warm and generous hearts. Since fate has driven you into our toils, let patience teach you content, and you may learn to be happy even here. No longer Leonarda's slave, your easy post shall be to fill our cups with wine. We will resign our withered Hebe for a youthful Ganymede, comrades—shall it be so?

Robbers. Noble captain, as you will!

Rol. Kindly said. Thus, then, we end our day, and seek our pillows, when drowsy honesty begins his morning's work. What ho! wine, and a song, to send us merrily to bed. Rolando drinks to all!

(Gil Blas fills the horns during the following)

CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

Discord, hence!—Ambrosial pleasure
Bids each goblet teem with wine;
Harmony improves the measure,
Mirth and friendship are divine.

*Drain the draught, and calmly slumber,
Each in his peaceful cell,
Till the matin hour shall number:
Comrades, good night! all's well!*

*(Rolando and Desparto shake hands—
Gil Blas is conducted to one of the
small chambers, L. S. E.—all the Rob-
bers, except Domingo, retire to rest,
R., L., and C. F.—A pause.)*

*Dom. (Still singing the last line of the chorus.)
"Good night, comrades! all well!" No—mis-
take; not all well—iss, all well dat end well.
(Laughing.) Ha! ha!—But dis gout—he begin bad,
and him neber end at all. Den dis brandy—iss,
he begin, vera well, but de end, dat vera bad indeed
—ha! ha! (Drinking from a bottle.) Me go sleepee.
(Yawning.) Like massa, like man. (Yawning
again.) Ha! ha!—Oh, dis gout!
(Goes up the steps, R. C., and locks the
iron door.)*

*Re-enter GIL BLAS, cautiously, from the chamber,
L. S. E., and conceals himself under a cloak lying
on the ground, unperceived by Domingo, who re-
turns, and secures the door through which he has
just re-entered.*

*Dom. Safe bind, safe find—ha! ha! (Yawning.)
Domingo sleepee; no wonder. Poor Domingo!
(Drawing a large arm-chair near the fire, L., and
sitting down.) All day run like de race-horse, all
night fly like de swallow. No pity for Domingo:
dis way, dat way—call every where, go no where—
much workee, no pleasure—good deal gout, little
drop brandy.*

(Drinks, yawns, and goes to sleep.)

*Gil. (Rising.) Now, Gil Blas, thy enemies sleep;
be cautious, and thou mayest prosper yet. (As-
cending the steps, and finding the iron door fast.)
Ha! the keys!—May I venture? Yes; in a
desperate case, courage is everything. (Descending
cautiously, and, crouching behind Domingo's chair,
takes the keys from his girdle—they fall—the noise
awakens Domingo, who watches his movements—a
pause.) Now, courage, Gil Blas; with one bold
effort thou shalt escape! (Ascends the steps.)*

*Dom. (Aside.) Iss, massa—out of de frying-pan
into de fire. (Following him with a bastinado—Gil
Blas unlocks the iron door—Domingo fires a pistol,
beats Gil with the bastinado, and calls out.) Leo-
narda! capitain!—Hulloa!—Light! light!*

*(Re-enter CAPTAIN ROLANDO and
the rest of the Banditti, half-undressed,
with torches, R., L., and C. F.—Do-
mingo descends the steps with Gil
Blas—Rolando seizes him, and holds
a pistol to his head—the rest form a
picture, and the curtain falls.)*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Garden of Don Martin's Villa.

Enter DONNA MENSIA, R.

*Men. Yes, he is gone—dear Gil Blas! so long the
object of my heart's sad pilgrimage, is gone, ere
yet the fluttering devotee could pour its early
orison of praise! Yet he leaves me not in gloom;
for a new day-beam dawns to cheer my solicitude.
He has told me his heart's secret—he has bewitched
the prison gates that hoarded mine. We love, and*

*are beloved; content is the heart's sunshine. Yes,
he is gone, but for a season: he will return to rest
here for ever. (Going, R.)*

*Enter DON MARTIN DE MOSQUERA, with
letters, L.*

*Mar. Daughter, stay; I have news for thee.
See, here are letters by a weary messenger from
Toledo, with an invitation to sojourn for awhile at
the chateau of my valued friend, Don Ambrosio de
Carello, Marquis of Guardia.*

*Men. This is fuel to my girlish vanity. To be a
guest of the Captain-general of Toledo will make
me proud, indeed.*

*Mar. Thou hast reason for thy pride, my child;
for know, though so long a stranger here, the
marquis loves thee by report, and is impatient to
behold thee. Bound by his duty to the province he
governs, he has solicited this visit to revive the
friendly bond between our houses, and make thy
father blessed by sealing it for ever.*

*Men. Father—dear father! 'tis enough to say I
cannot listen to Don Ambrosia's suit.*

*Mar. 'Twas but yesterday thou didst sigh, and
say thou hadst no lover.*

*Men. I told you true: I had no lover, though I
fondly loved;—but the auspicious evening made
me conscious, and, till this moment, happy.*

*Mar. The evening!—Who, among all our holyday
guests, presumed to pour this poison in thine ear?*

*Men. Call it not poison; 'tis a honey drop that
sinks to my inmost heart. The bee that hives it
there is—*

Mar. Speak! his name?

Men. Gil Blas.

*Mar. The stripling nephew of our poor canon
of Oviedo? 'Tis a schoolboy's passion, and will
soon subside.*

*Men. It is the fervid vow of Don Martin's
daughter, and can ne'er be broken.*

Mar. Already he has left thee, child, to—

*Men. To mend his fortune, and so to win your
favour.*

*Mar. What! wed a beggar—a dangler after
chances—a worm, whose utmost hope is to become
the gaudy insect of an hour, and perish! Away!
and crush it ere it stain thee deeper. To-night we
start for Toledo; prepare to meet the marquis,
and preserve our house's honour. Abjure this
base connection, or get thee to a convent, and re-
pent it!*

[Exit, L.]

*Men. To the convent or the tomb—anywhere to
preserve my honour, and appease my dear father's
anger!—For seventeen years, from my birth a
motherless unfortunate, I have enjoyed his un-
divided love; to keep it I will die, and still cling to
him in memory, as the humble violet scents the
hand that crushes it.*

[Exit, R.]

SCENE II.—The Robbers' Dormitory.

*DOMINGO discovered asleep in one of the recesses,
R. C. F.—GIL BLAS chained to a piece of rock,
on which he reclines, exhausted and sleeping, L. C.*

*Gil. (In his sleep.) I come—I come, noble
captain; I am at thy elbow: liberty and booty—
huzza! (Waking.) Ah! what—am I awake, or
do I still dream? Am I really a robber in Rolando's
band, or but Rolando's victim? Alas! too sadly
true. And shall I still linger here in hopeless
slavery, or make my dream reality—join them, and
watch a moment to be free? 'Tis a good hint—a
sort of jack-o'-lantern hope, and, i'faith, I will*

follow it, though I break a bone or two in the pursuit. (*Attempting to rise.*) Alas! I had forgotten this confounded bondage, and the confounding cause of it. Gil Perez, here is an argument thy logical nephew is unable to solve! Sweet Donna Mensia, here is a true lover's knot, that constancy cannot make comfortable!

Enter LEONARDA, L.

Leo. Why, Domingo!—Domingo, I say! Wake, dingy dreamer; our captain and his worthy gentlemen followers are waiting for their breakfast. Stir thee, sluggard, and cease this bagpipe snoring.

Dom. (R.) Ah, missee cookee, no longer pipe, no longer dance, missee cookee—ha! ha! Oh! dis gout—him bite worse den ever!—Me run like de race-horse, me fly like de swallow. (*To Gil.*) Ah! de little swallow, you fly, too, but me clip you wing, little swallow!—De bird in de hand be worth two bird in de bush—ha! ha! Oh, dis gout!

Gil. Beseech you, good Domingo, set me free; I am cramped in every joint—numbness steals through my veins. Gentle Leonarda, have pity!

Leo. Have pity!—Have patience and the bastinado, boy! Might I advise, thou shouldst wear that chain for a week at least, and feel the rope's end daily on thy shoulders, to remind thee of the halter that will assuredly one day twine round thy unworthy neck, young hang-dog!

Despardo. (Calling without.) What ho! Leonarda!

Leo. Domingo!

Dom. Iss, missee cookee; me run like de race-horse—me fly like de swallow.

(*Gil Blas crouches behind the rock.*)

Enter DESPARDO, MALVOLEZ, GOMEZ, and others of the Banditti, R. U. E.

Des. (To Leonarda.) How now, beldame?—Is it fitting that gentlemen thieves should sally on a day's enterprise with craving palates? By mine honesty, a stout encounter or two may bring on fits of indigestion, that all thy physicals shall fail to cure. Hence, hussy! A dram at least, by way of stomachic.

Leo. Your reverence, in a twinkling. Why, Domingo!

[*Exit, L.*]

Dom. Iss, missee cookee.

Mal. (Dragging Gil Blas forward, c.) What, our gallant Ganymede!—Come forth, young humility: how fares it with thy gentleness this morning?

Gom. (R. C.) How fares it with thy shoulders, good Sir Flyaway?

Des. Did I not promise thee marks of kindness? Thou shalt enjoy full many a token.

Gom. Behold the comely cup-bearer of Jove!

Mal. Behold the tapster of the gods!

Des. Behold the Mercury, whose speed is outrun by gouty legs—whose wit, outwitted by poor old Domingo!

Dom. (Laughing.) Ha! ha! ha!—Him run like de race-horse—me fly like de swallow: no catchee, no havee, massa lieutenant—ha! ha!

Enter CAPTAIN ROLANDO, L.

Rol. Enough—enough! The skilful surgeon amputates to save; pretenders cut and probe, but never cure. Unbind the boy, Domingo; his punishment has been severe—his fault a venial one with us, who barter all to taste that liberty for which he sighs. (*Gil is set free.*)

Gil. Thanks, noble captain! You have read my heart: the dread of slavery lies heavy there, but liberty can wake it to new life and manliness. Most honoured gentles, hear me. I was born a freeman—have been schooled in freedom: make me once more free as yourselves, and you shall find me make as free with other people's property as the most honourable member of your band.

Robbers. (Laughing.) Ha! ha! ha!

Des. (R.) A valiant comrade, truly! Thou wouldst sigh deeper at the whiz of a bullet than a maiden at the sight of a ring, and feel more qualms while taking a purse, than children when taking their dose of rhubarb.

Gil. (C.) Nay, on my sanctity, gentlemen—and I claim some by inheritance, my uncle being a canon of the church—I swear to ye that I am no novice in your craft: not a school-fellow was ever more celebrated for pilfering a bird's nest, or more renowned for robbing of orchards. At thieving ladies' hearts, and purloining other people's jokes, I have been all my life an adept: and it was but yesterday that I stole a kiss of my tailor's wife, though her husband sat needling beside us on his shop-board.

Rol. (L. C.) Well said, boy; there is more mettle in thee than thy looks bespeak.

Gil. If your honours will but put me to the test, ye shall find—

Rol. It shall be so; we will put thee on probation: prove thyself worthy, thou shalt be no more our slave, but henceforth we will greet thee our companion. Domingo!

Dom. Isa, massa captain.

Rol. Bring hither arms and ammunition; we must be on the wing if we would o'ertake fleet-footed day, or win the prize that fortune baits our road with. [*Exit Domingo, R.*]

Gil. Thanks to my brighter stars! the gloom disperses. Henceforth I shun the sophistry of scholars for that true philosophy which teaches that truth is a tell-tale, virtue a vinegar maiden, justice a blind beggar woman, and honesty a ragged rascal wanting a dinner:—thus I shake off the world's dull prejudices, and become a freeman and a robber?

Rol. Thou art wise, boy. 'Tis but an idle prejudice that nominates us thieves, while he who sacks a kingdom is called a hero; he who can game beyond his barony, a nobleman; he who robs his creditor, an honest merchant; and he who sells his client for a paltry fee, an upright legal counsellor. If these are just, we are as just as they; if this be honesty, the thief upon the gibbet is a martyr to the laws, whose slender net-work tangles the poor minnow, and leaves the shark to roam at pleasure. Come, boys—to the field!

Enter ROBBERS, R. and L.—DOMINGO, R., with arms and ammunition—LEONARDA, L., with brandy—*Gil Blas* is accoutred—they all drink.

CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

*Charge, boys, charge!—Yet, ere departing,
Drink, boys, drink, bumpers at starting!
Through the dark forest, o'er mountain and valley,
Fierce as the north wind, we jolly boys sally.
When spoil is near, silent and steady;
Hearts, and hands, and weapons all ready.
Hush! hush! our captain cries;
Nigher, boys, nigher!
Now—fire!*

And gallop away with the prize!

[*Exeunt, R. and L.*]

SCENE III.—*The skirts of the Forest.*

Enter GIL BLAS, DESPARDO, MALVOLEX, GOMEZ, and Robbers, R.

Mal. Where stays our captain? Day wears apace.

Des. Aye, another day, and we have done no act of our vocation. By my sacred valour, we shall soon grow honest and discreditable:—this captain of ours is become a milksop, a mere—

Gom. Hold, lieutenant! this is treason.

Des. (*Drawing his dagger.*) So, mayhap, is this! yet I care not.

Robbers. Shame! shame!

Des. (*Putting up the dagger.*) Well, I have sheathed it. (*Aside.*) Yet, Rolando, the moment shall arrive when he who has worn thy galling curb so long shall give thee check in turn.

Mal. Comrades, see, yonder a jolly old Dominican toils up the hill: say, shall we draw him? or, as our worthy captain intencioned, shall we let our junior here make essay, ere we launch him into service?

Des. Be it so; 'twill be a fitting probation, and a pleasant pastime till Rolando comes.

Mal. Boy, advance; rife the friar, and so become a consecrated brother of our order.

Gil. Beseech ye, gentlemen, I am already a weighty sinner: by abridging the vain-glorious or unlawful money-getter, I might hope to lessen my burthen; but against the church—I pray ye spare me, sirs.

Des. To thy work. From the covert of this underwood we will mark thy conduct; if thou playest false, my carbine carries a true shot, and thou shalt bow to its decree. Comrades, to the wood.

(*All except Gil Blas retire up, R. U. E.*)

Gil. Now, Gil Blas, art thou prettily beset. The friar to be robbed on one side, the devil to pay on the other, a halter over thy head, and a grave yawning at thy feet! There is great choice, yet no alternative. Ye guardian spirits of young people in peculiar dilemmas, lend me your influence! Uncle Perez—uncle Perez! pray for me!

Enter CAPTAIN ROLANDO, L., disguised as a fat Dominican Friar. Gil Blas stands before him.

Gil. (*Coughing.*) Ahem!

Rol. Son, good even to thee; I pray thee let me pass on my pilgrimage.

Gil. Most holy father—that is, good old friar—I mean, thou—no, I—Psha! (*Presenting a pistol, and trembling.*) Stand!

Rol. Holy St. Dominick save thee, child! What wouldst thou?

Gil. I would—(*Aside*)—that I were fifty leagues hence! (*Aloud.*) Deliver!

(*Despardo appears from behind now and then, and presents his carbine at Gil Blas.*)

Rol. Oh, the wickedness of this world! In sooth, child, thou hast began this gibbet-trade betimes.

Gil. I'faith, father, I would retire from it betimes, that I may fatten like thee upon the world's good things. (*Aside.*) Oh, that he were thin enough to slip through my fingers! (*Aloud.*) Come, unbag thy hoard.

Rol. Pr'ythee, move thy pistol—it may go off.

Gil. (*Aside.*) Not if I can help it. (*Aloud.*) We waste time, friar; your coin, your coin, or—

Rol. Thou art but a pigmy, and I could find in my heart to chastise thee soundly—

Gil. How! unsanctimonious boaster!

Rol. But that I would rather teach thee repentance by milder means.

Gil. Repentance, sirrah! I—that is—(*Aside.*) Now to vanquish him at once. (*Aloud.*) Listen, thou rosy-faced hypocrite; repentance is for old rogues on the edge of the grave, as thou art at this moment. Aye, on the very edge of the grave; for know, if thou dost not instantly unburthen thy pouch, I will so pepper thee with pistol-shot, that thy unrighteous carcass shall become more holey than a cook's cullender; therefore—dost hear?—gold, or lead!—Produce thy metal, or expect mine—deliver, or die!

Rol. Take all, take all—my purse, my coin, and all; it is but a small sum—a trifle—a pittance—a mere mite—a nothing. (*Producing a good sized bag from under his cassock, laying it on the ground, and crossing to R.*) Make a good use of it, and heaven mend thy honesty! Oh! the wickedness of this world! [*Exit, R.*]

Gil. May thy prayers prosper, holy father; and so, good even. I breathe again; I glow; my teeth chatter no longer; and I can lay my hand upon my heart without danger of bruising my fingers by the beating of it. And now for my takings, or rather his leavings; for as yet my hands are clean. Soft, the crew are at hand.

Re-enter DESPARDO, MALVOLEX, and ROBBERS, R. U. E.

Here, noble comrades and companions, behold—here is a booty worthy of the most experienced thief in Christendom—aye, of our noble captain himself. Behold, here is no sleek, gentlemanly silk purse of small change,—no pitiful, starveling old stocking full of coppers, but a right earnest ecclesiastical bag of poundage—real poundage,—by my valour, ten-poundage; and he who says I am an unworthy, unskilful, un-all-accomplished filcher, by my valour, I say he is—

Des. (*Threatening him.*) Well, sirrah!

Gil. (*Bowing.*) Worthy lieutenant, weigh it, measure it, count it, value it. There is poundage. Would that our honoured chief were here to count my poundage, and behold my glory!

(*Despardo cuts open the bag, and several pieces of bread, some scraps of paper, a few potatoes, bones, and stones, fall out.*)

Robbers. (*R. and L.—Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo! bravo!

Re-enter CAPTAIN ROLANDO, R.

Rol. (*Opening his cassock and discovering himself.*) Oh! the wickedness of this world!

Des. Poundage—poundage, worthy of our noble captain himself!

Mal. Who says not, by my valour he is—

Robbers. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Rol. By my honour, it was well won; and he who scoffs my boy, is envious of his fresh budding glory. But a truce to idle words; our joke is past, and now to action. By good authority I learn there will be a rich prize upon the road from Oviedo to Toledo, within some minutes of this hour: speed ye to the passes, take your ambush, and be ready;—the travellers are well guarded, and we shall doubtless have fierce work. Away with ye to your post—to your prize! [*Exeunt Despardo, Malvolex, and Robbers, R. and L.*] Gil

Blas, thy post is by my side; act as becomes a true heart, and Rolando will not desert thee.

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE IV.—*Sunset.—An extensive Mountainous View, with a road between impending rocks—a lofty elm-tree, half decayed, R. C.*

DESPARDO, MALVOLEX, and others of the Banditti discovered climbing to their ambushes over a wall, c.

Enter CAPTAIN ROLANDO and GIL BLAS,
L. S. E.

Rol. Comrades, are ye all at hand?

Robbers. (*Appearing for a moment at their several stations.*) All!

Rol. Under what covert lurks our trusty Desparado?

Des. (*At the top of the elm-tree, R. C.*) Here, under the blue canopy that Sol will soon be shamed from from by our brighter glory;—he begins to put on his night blushes already.

Rol. What seest thou from thine eminence?

Des. Sky, water, rock, and forest—nothing with life save your unworthy selves below;—yes, now yon little cloud of dust foreruns a piece of animation: it is a carriage and four, with four armed riders, posting with speed; hither lies their road.

(*A carriage appears at a great distance.*)

Rol. Enough; the moment is propitious. Descend, Desparado; thy post must be near to me.

Des. Any where, so it be in the thickest.

(*As he descends, he treads on a withered branch, which breaks, and he saves himself by clinging to one above him.*)

Rol. Courage, lieutenant; thy hour is not yet come: thou mayest die on a tree, perchance, but never falling from one.

Des. (*Aside, having descended.*) Brother, thy hour comes first.

Rol. Be all prepared; act firmly, resolutely; yet, observe, my earnest order is, to spare: we want booty, not blood; I charge ye shed it not, as ye value Rolando, or his counsel.

Des. (*Aside.*) Yes, dastard! there may be blood spilt that thy woman heart least dreams of!

(*The carriage is seen winding among the mountains, increasing in size as it draws nearer—Rolando visits the various posts of his men—Desparado, having tried his arms, retires—Rolando takes Gil Blas by the hand.*)

Rol. Boy, thy hand trembles; 'tis no wonder: thou hast never yet approached so near to danger.

Gil. My worthy master—my friend!

Rol. Yes, I will be thy friend, while yet I have the power. Something hangs heavily upon my heart. Mark me: should any evil befall Rolando in this night's encounter—

Gil. What ill? No; heaven guard you!

Rol. Hush!—on that instant, fly. In yon thicket stands my fleet courser; mount, and ride home.

Gil. Can I leave you in this trying hour?

Rol. No words. This only I charge thee: keep our secret—do not betray my followers; and on winter nights, by thy happy fireside, when thou dost drink to absent friends—'tis all I ask—forget not Rolando!

(*Gil Blas kisses his hand.*)

(*Music.—The carriage descends the mountain and enters, L. S. E., containing DON MARTIN, DONNA MENSIA, and Attendants, and drawn*

by four mules, with postillions and armed guards.—The Banditti rush from their ambush, and the attack begins.—Don Martin defends his daughter from Desparado—Rolando interferes to save him, and is stabbed by Desparado. Gil Blas escapes. Don Martin is driven off by Malvolex, and Donna Mensia is seized by Desparado. A tableau is formed, and the curtain descends.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same as the conclusion of the preceding act. Night having come on, the moon rises gradually. The carriage of Don Martin lies overturned—several groups of dead bodies surround it. Rifled trunks, broken arms, &c., are scattered about, and the whole presents a picture of desolation.*

CAPTAIN ROLANDO discovered lying near the front, R. C.—GIL BLAS standing mournfully near him.

Gil. (*After a pause.*) What a gaunt stillness reigns, as though the very breeze were panic-struck at the surrounding horrors! Even the wan moon grows paler as she lights herself and me to gaze upon them. Yet there's a mournful witchery chains me to the spot—a spell that draws me from my homeward path and bids me linger here. Ill-starred Rolando! thou shouldst have had a happier fate. Coward as I am, I can yet admire thy noble, generous spirit. In an honest cause, thou hadst died lamented by the world, which now shall triumph in thy fall! And shall I, who knew thy better nature, spurn thee too? Shall I, who owe thee life and liberty, forget the gratitude that is thy due? No, hapless Rolando! my friend—my deliverer! Take this my humble tribute—a sad tear that mingles with the night-dew on thy brow, and gives a fancied lustre to thine eye. Fancied, did I say?—'Tis real!—He looks on me!—That glimpse of Heaven, the splendid human mind, rekindles in his glance! Yes, he breathes—he sighs I may save him yet!

(*Hurries to a spring at the foot of the mountain, and fetches water in his hat—he chafes his temples, and binds up his wounds.*)

Rol. (*Reviving.*) My boy!

Gil. My friend!

Rol. Get thee home; danger lurks here on every side. Home! home!

Gil. Oh! no, no!—Rolando must be my companion.

Rol. Impossible: a few short moments seal my passport to a happier region.

Gil. Nay, I will conduct thee to my humble home; I will toil for thee—restore thee;—though no hero, thou wilt find me industrious and faithful. Yes, thou shalt live through many a peaceful summer, to share the happiness of thy poor Gil Blas.

Rol. Alas! my boy, happiness is not in store for thee. I have traced thy heart's passion from the hour we met; it is a hapless one. Thy Donna Mensia—

Gil. Speak! what of Donna Mensia? Beseech thee, tell me quickly!

Rol. See yonder equipage—

Gil. It is her father's carriage; and my dear Mensia is—

Rol. In Desparado's power. I could not rescue her; he has borne her to the cave.

Gil. Now am I lost, indeed! Fool that I was—nay, worse than fool—why did I quit this scene of terrors?—Why, for a paltry hour of life, lose that which ages cannot restore to me? Hope now is dead for ever.

Rol. Not so, if thou hast courage to pursue a path of danger.

Gil. Through torment, darkness, death—I will brave all for her! Yes, I will change natures with the untamed tiger to redeem my love.

Rol. There is a secret entrance to the cave, known but to me. Speed through the forest; thou wilt see upon a desolate hill the ruins of a Moorish town—

Gil. On the Black Mountain; I passed the spot this morning.

Rol. Facing the sun-rise is a grating of iron; some two yards to the west thou wilt observe a massy ring; brace thy young sinews as thou dost pull that ring which draws the secret spring and gives thee entrance.

Gil. Thanks—thanks! I fly! (*Going—returns.*) Yet shall I ungrateful, leave thee?

Rol. Heed me not; and yet, if thou wilt befriend me—

Gil. With my life blood!

Rol. Aid—aid me, then, to creep amidst yon tangling underwood, and hide me from the morrow. Let me be food for carrion birds, not for mankind's derision; let me not perish piecemeal on a gibbet, but die and rest forgotten.

Gil. Thy errors are forgotten from this moment, thy kindness never. Come, lean on me; I will make thee a couch of leaves in some secure retreat, where thou mayest slumber till my quick return.

Rol. For ever! My day is gone. A gleam of twilight yet glimmers: let me but see thee in the road to joy, and the tainted robber shall die conscious of one virtuous action!

[*Eaeunt, Gil Blas supporting him as they pass slowly into the forest, R.*]

Enter ANDREW CORCUELO, creeping from behind a part of the mountain, R. U. E.

Cor. So, at last, I have discovered this most mysterious mystery; by losing my way, I have found out the truth. So, then, my terrific evil genius is a mere every-day throat-cutter, and my eighth wonder of the world a pitiful practiser of petty larcenies! They are at daggers drawn with the rest of the gang; and when rogues quarrel, we honest fellows come to our rights. Therefore, good Andrew Corcuelo, speed thee through the forest, climb the Black Mountain, tug at the iron ring, open the grating, enter the opening, grope into the cave, and get thy throat cut. No, no: return thee to Pennafior; thou hast mastered the masterpiece of secrets, and art cured of curiosity for ever. So, to be brief, and in a few words, I wonder if these rascals have left anything by which one might discover, or ascertain, or find out, or—(*Searching among the trunks, &c., and taking out papers—the Holy Brotherhood are seen descending the mountain, L. U. E.*) By my honour, a packet of letters, doubtless full of secrets to store my head withal; a superfine hat, to cover the said head—(*Putting it on*)—and a cloak that will make Mrs. C. still deeper in love with my personal charms. (*Wrapping it round him.*) Egad! I wish every honest

gentleman had as good a cloak for his failings. Andrew Corcuelo, thou art a lucky dog!

(*ALVAREZ and the HOLY BROTHERHOOD, having entered, L. U. E., unperceived by Corcuelo, present their muskets close to his head.*)

Alv. Andrew Corcuelo, thou art our prisoner in the king's name!

Cor. Beseech ye, gentlemen, I assure you I am no criminal—I am no thief—I am nothing, but a poor, honest, unfortunate, and industrious—that is to say, in a few words—

Alv. Away to the corregidor! (*They seize him.*)

Cor. Nay, your reverence, I am the most unhappy, innocent, wretched, and miserable innkeeper in all the Asturias.

Alv. An innkeeper!

Cor. Andrew Corcuelo, of the Golden Flask, very much at your honour's service. Give me liberty and a sword, and in as few minutes as words I will lead you to the robbers' haunt. I will explain, divulge, develope; ye shall see and be convinced—ye shall hear and wonder; and if any of ye remain scrupulous or unbelieving, ye shall pounce in among them, and receive the satisfaction of a score of their bullets, before ye have time to count the first twenty letters of your hornbook.

Alv. If we consent, whither would you lead us?

Cor. To the Black Mountain, the Moorish tower, the massy ring, the iron grating—

Alv. Comrades, 'tis worth the venture. Set him free. (*They liberate him, and give him a sword.*) Now, boaster, prove thy promise, and thou shalt share the bounty of five hundred ducats; fail, and the highest gibbet shall be thy reward!

Cor. Huzza! To the Black Mountain! Follow! follow! Bring powder, brimstone, bullet, match, and combustible; we will have glorious work, noble work, roasting work! In brief, and in few words, Asturias shall ring with glorias; the Golden Flask shall overflow with golden showers; Mrs. C. shall become mayoress of Pennafior; and Andrew Corcuelo be immortal! Follow! follow!

[*Exit, flourishing his sword, R. U. E., followed by Alvarez and the Holy Brotherhood.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Robbers' Cavern—an opening leading to an inner cell is closed by a weighty portcullis—the windlass, chains, &c., for raising it, are seen in an adjoining recess.*

Enter GIL BLAS through a small aperture in the rock, R. C.

Gil. Thus far I am successful. Patience and courage work wonders: yet where shall I seek my dear Donna Mensia? Ye echoing caves, bear my true sigh to her, and waft her's back to me, that I may trace her hiding-place! (*Exploring the cave.*) Mensia! sweet Mensia! where art thou?

DONNA MENSIA appears at the portcullis, c.

Men. Who calls on Mensia in a voice so sweet?

Gil. Your faithful lover—your affectionate Gil Blas, who roams through countless dangers to release you from this den of horrors.

Men. Alas! escape is hopeless.

Gil. Nothing is hopeless when the heart is pure. This wheel raises the ponderous door of your prison; it is a mighty effort, but I will attempt it.

(*Turns the windlass, and raises the portcullis a few inches.*)

Desparado. (*Without, L.*) Why, Domingo, I say! more brandy!

Gil. (Letting down the portcullis.) Ha! the tyrant approaches! The moment is a fearful one, yet we will not despair.

[*Secretes himself in the aperture, R. C.*
Enter DESPARDO, intoxicated, and MALVOLEX, with a lamp and bottle, L.

Des. More brandy, I say! Foregad! since I have become a captain, the fatigues of office provoke a thirsty palate. Why, Domingo, more brandy!

Mal. Peace, brother officer; the band are sleeping.

Des. So much the better for them. When we were commoners, we slept at the end of our day's work; but now we have despatched Rolando, and become twin captains of the band, our duty requires that we take less sleep and more brandy. Why, Domingo!

Mal. Peace, I charge you! Since we are joint officers, we will share cups. (*Offering his bottle.*) Drink with me.

Des. Psha! I hate your half measures; I will take no man's leavings, even though he may be my noble companion-captain.

Mal. (*Aside.*) Drunkard!—Yet I will humour him. (*Aloud.*) Well, brother, since you will not drink from my cup, take my pocket-pistol.

(*Gives him a flask from his pocket.*)

Des. Here's to the lady in the cage, the pretty Donna Mensia! (*Drinks.*)

Mal. Willingly.—To the pretty Donna Mensia!—(*Drinking from the bottle.*) And now, good Desparado, to business.

Des. A fig for business; give me more brandy, I say!

Mal. What, have you drained it all?

Des. Yes, all: am I not welcome, good Malvolex?

Mal. Certainly;—we are joint officers, and in all but one affair we will participate. Say, who shall claim the lovely prisoner yonder?

Des. Some monied fool—some doating, drivelling, rich old father, to be sure; we must have gold for her.

Mal. If money buys her, I will give all that I possess.

Des. You buy her!—Pooh! nonsense! You have three lawful wives already. Think of the sin, brother Malvolex—think of the sin!

Mal. You are a fool, brother Desparado!

Des. It may be so, brother Malvolex: the women make fools of us all. Your three wives, methinks, makes you superlative.

(*Slaps him on the shoulder.*)

Mal. S'death! if you were not my fellow captain, you should answer this.

Des. Very good: I don't care what I answer to mankind, especially when they are the foes of womankind, my noble twin officer. The fact is, I was ever the ladies' favourite, and I always stand their friend.

Mal. Psha! you are a sot!

Des. Sot!—Where did you learn that out-of-the-way pantomimical word. It is only familiar with citizens' wives at holyday times. Sot!—No, no, my valiant companion-captain: I may get a little tipsy now and then, or perhaps groggy, or sometimes even drunk; but as for sot, that's ungentlemanly and uncaptainlike. Sot!—I swear by my probity that no respectable thief was ever more sober when going to the gallows, nor any old maid more steady when going to be married!

(*Reels past Malvolex to L.*)

Mal. (*Aside.*) The moment is come; now to send him after Rolando

(*Snaps his pistol at him—it misses fire.*)

Des. (*Turning suddenly and observing him.*) Oho! noble Malvolex! your pistol is uncharged as well as mine. (*Throwing away the flask.*) But we have as pretty a pair of jokers by our sides, as ever graced the thigh of an ancient hero: and, since you are for sport, foregad! you'll find more point in their arguments than in all the witty things we have been saying for this half hour. (*Drawing his sword.*) Draw, brother captain,

Mal. Psha! you are a coward, and unable to defend yourself!

Des. Very likely: coward, or anything but sot; that's a vile epithet.

Mal. (*Drawing, and making a lunge at him.*) Yield, then.

Des. (*Warding off the sword.*) Yes, when I can't help it; but till then, sot as I am, I will endeavour to tickle old sobersides. So start fair, brother captain; you for your noble half-captainship, and I for brandy and the ladies. Foregad! if I make a ghost of you, we shall see which is the better spirit. Start fair, and no more about sot!

(*Music.—They fight—Desparado's superior skill and intrepidity being proof against the desperation of Malvolex. During the combat, Gil Blas steals from his hiding-place, and winds up the portcullis. Desparado drives Malvolex to the opposite corner, just as Donna Mensia is quitting the cell, c.*)

Mal. Hold—hold! See! the prisoner is escaping.

Des. (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! a good joke! No, I am not such a sot as to be so gulled. (*They renew the fight.*) Brandy and the ladies have the best of it; and, by my valour, they shall maintain their advantage! Sot, indeed!

[*Desparado at length drives Malvolex into the cell, c.—Gil Blas suddenly turns the windlass back, and the portcullis falls and shuts them in—they struggle to free themselves, and fire at Gil Blas as he exits with Donna Mensia in triumph through the aperture in the rock, R. C.*

SCENE III.—*The Secret Passage from the Cave.*

Enter GIL BLAS and DONNA MENSIA, L.

Men. Where, oh! where would you lead me?

Gil. To life—to liberty—to thy father, and thy happy home.

Men. Sweet words! almost too sweet to mean reality. I have endured such horrors here, that I can almost suspect even thee.

Gil. Fear not, Mensia! though the dark mazes of this dread abode have, for a moment, bewildered our way, droop not, sweet girl; for, in the midst of gloom, true love shall be our guiding star.

Voices. (*Without, L.*) Follow! follow!

Men. Heard you those sounds?

Gil. Would that they had been inaudible! This is a cold place; we are both shivering.

Voices. (*Without.*) This way! this way!

Men. The villains are approaching! Lost—lost for ever!

Gil. They will find us too soon, I fear. Have courage, my dear—look at me. If I could but find an outlet—(*Searching about.*) Eh!—yes! see yonder; a glimmer of the daybreak steals through

some opening of the cave. Quick, quick, my beloved, and we are free!

Men. It is too late; the terrors of this night weigh heavy on me; my limbs are tottering; I faint—I die! *(Faints in his arms.)*

Gil. No, no; this is a very incommodious place for hysterics; in a pleasant arbour at the bottom of a vista of poplar tree in your father's garden, it would be reasonable enough, but to swoon here—

Despardo. *(Without, L.)* The prisoner! the prisoner!

Gil. Here's a pretty situation for a chivalrous knight! An enemy at hand, an open road before him, a fair lady fainting in his arms, and too puny to bear away the prize! Mensia! beloved Mensia! revive, I entreat—I conjure thee!

Domingo. *(Without, L.)* Ah, little swallow!—Catchee, catchee!

Gil. They come! Rouse thee, Gil Blas! one effort, though it be thy last!

Enter DOMINGO, hastily, with a lamp, L. Gil presents a pistol at him.

Villain, stand! Thou hast no heart, or I would send a leaden messenger to teach it honesty; but thou hast a head well stored with the bad man's wisdom—cunning; use it for thy safety;—for, mark me, if thou dost follow but one step, I will throw more light on thy dull brains than thy grandam ever prayed to shine upon her darling; yes, I will blow thee to tinder! *(Domingo hesitates.)* Now, heaven give me strength, and fortune favour my boldness! Villain, remember!

[Exit, R., bearing Donna Mensia, insensible, and still presenting the pistol at Domingo.]

Dom. Me no like pistol bullet; burnt child much dread fire. *(Laughing.)* Ha! ha! ha!—Oh, dis gout! Him gone—him run away; me run away, too; like massa, like man—like little swallow, like Domingo—ha! ha! *(Going.)*

Despardo. *(Without.)* Yonder is their road—follow—follow!

Dom. Massa come dis way—more pistol, more bullet; between two stool me fall to—No, no; hidee, Domingo; no seekee, no findee!

(Attempts to secrete himself, R.)

Enter DESPARDO and Robbers, L.

Des. *(Dragging Domingo forward.)* Wretch! where is the prisoner?

Dom. *(Pointing off, R.)* See—see, massa captain!

Des. Gone!—escaped! A murrain light on thee, thou living pestilence! *(Drawing a pistol from his belt.)* Die! and make room in the world for better men! *(Firing at Domingo, who falls.)* Comrades, pursue the fugitives. Who makes them captive shall own this cavern's treasure; who hesitates to follow me, shares yon dastard's fate!—Away!

[Exeunt Despardo and Robbers, R.]

Dom. *(Rising, after a pause.)* A miss as good as a mile. *(Laughing.)* Ha, ha, ha! Oh, dis gout! Run away, little massa!—good-bye, big massa! No good marksman, massa captain; shoot at pigeon, and no kill crow—ha, ha, ha! Lucky Domingo!—him born to be hang, neber be drown.

Me run like de race-horse, me fly like de swallow—ha, ha, ha! Oh, dis gout! *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Romantic Glen, from which rises the Black Mountain, with the ruins of a Moorish town near its summit. A grated iron door stands open, C.—a massive ring, C. R.*

ANDREW CORCUELO, ALVAREZ, and the Holy Brotherhood discovered busily employed in undermining the mountain, L. U. E.—others are conveying barrels of powder and combustibles into the mine. Alvarez lays the train.

Cor. That's right—work away, boys—work away! The mine is completed, the ammunition stowed. But, soft!—the iron grating is open; the rogues may escape from their burrows. Quick good commander-in-chief!—close the sally-port and make all secure! *(Running up the mountain and closing the grating.)* If any villain passes here without the word and the sign, it shall be a sign that my word is not to be taken, and I will give him leave to entrap me in his stead. *(Descending.)* Now, comrades, prepare, despatch—in a very few words, fire the train!

GIL BLAS and DONNA MENSIA appear at the grating, c.

Gil. Hold—hold! If ye are men, beseech ye pull the iron ring, and save us from destruction!

Cor. Eh!—what, my little eighth wonder of the world, are you there? Heed him not, comrades for, though a little fellow, he is as great a rogue as the worst of them. So, in short, and to be brief, fire the train, I say!

Gil. Monster!

[Alvarez retires to light the train—Donna Mensia screams.]

Enter DON MARTIN.

Mar. My daughter's voice! Spare her, and will load ye with ducats!

Cor. Impossible—it is now too late!

[The train burns slowly.—All retire but Don Martin.]

CAPTAIN ROLANDO is seen climbing the mountain with great difficulty, R.

Rol. Not yet too late! Rolando dreads not the danger—equally past hope and fear, his last effort shall be to save! *(Reaching the grating, and falling exhausted.)* One effort more—aid me, Heaven! *(Rising, and struggling at the chain.)* 'Tis past—they are free!

(With a desperate effort, he pulls the ring—the grating flies open, and Gil Blas and Donna Mensia escape. Despardo, following them, encounters Rolando, just as the explosion takes place, which rends the mountain, crushes the tower, and discovers the cave beneath, burying Rolando, Despardo, and the rest of the Banditti in the blazing ruins. Don Martin joins the hands of Gil Blas and Donna Mensia. CORCUELO, ALVAREZ and the Holy Brotherhood re-enter. Corcuero exults. A tableau is formed, and the curtain descends.)

CURTAIN.

Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

BODIES OF	ROBBERS.	BODIES OF	ROBBERS.
BROTHERHOOD.	BODIES OF ROLANDO AND	BROTHERHOOD.	BROTHERHOOD.
CORCUELO.	DON MARTIN.	MENSIA.	ALVAREZ.
E.	GIL BLAS.		L.

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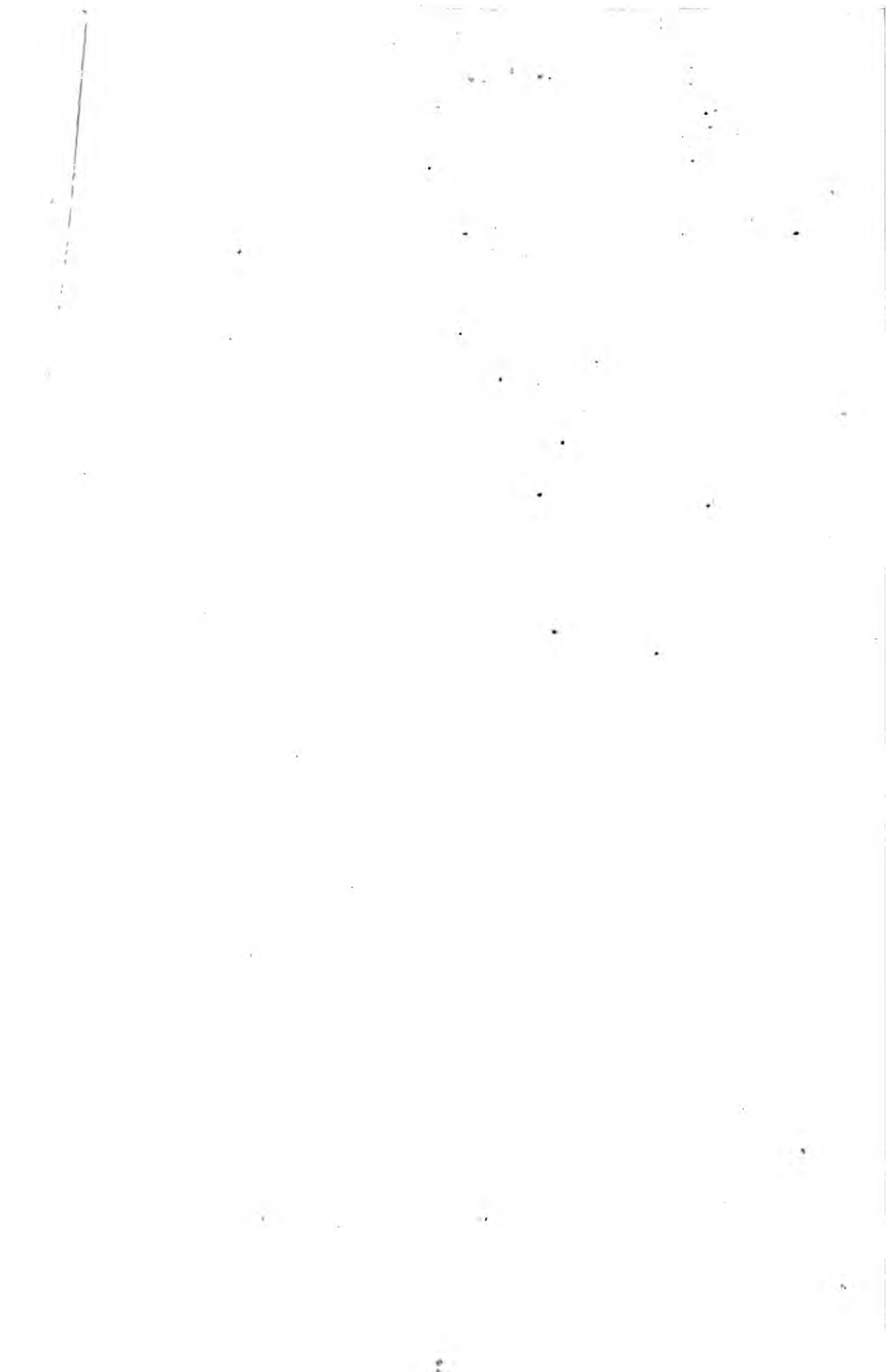
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