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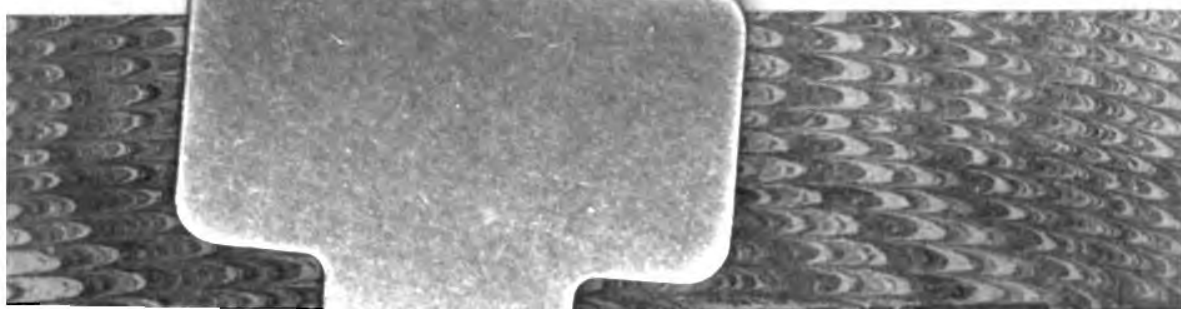
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FIEDLER COLLECTION



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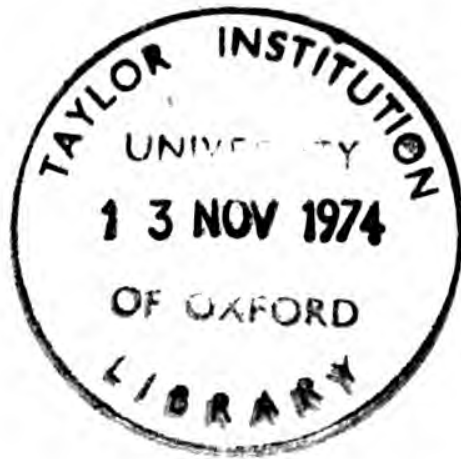




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- (1) Guy Mannering.
- (2) The Foundling of the Forest.
- (3) The Broken Sword.
- (4) The Castle Specter.
- (5) Honesty the Best Policy.
- (6) The Bride of Lammermoor.
- (7) The Devil & Dr. Faustus.
- (8) Sixteen-Shilling Jack.
- (9) The White Slave.
- (10) Ali Pacha.
- (11) Rule Britannia.
- (12) Tom Bowling.
- (13) Susan Stopley.
- (14) Fatality.



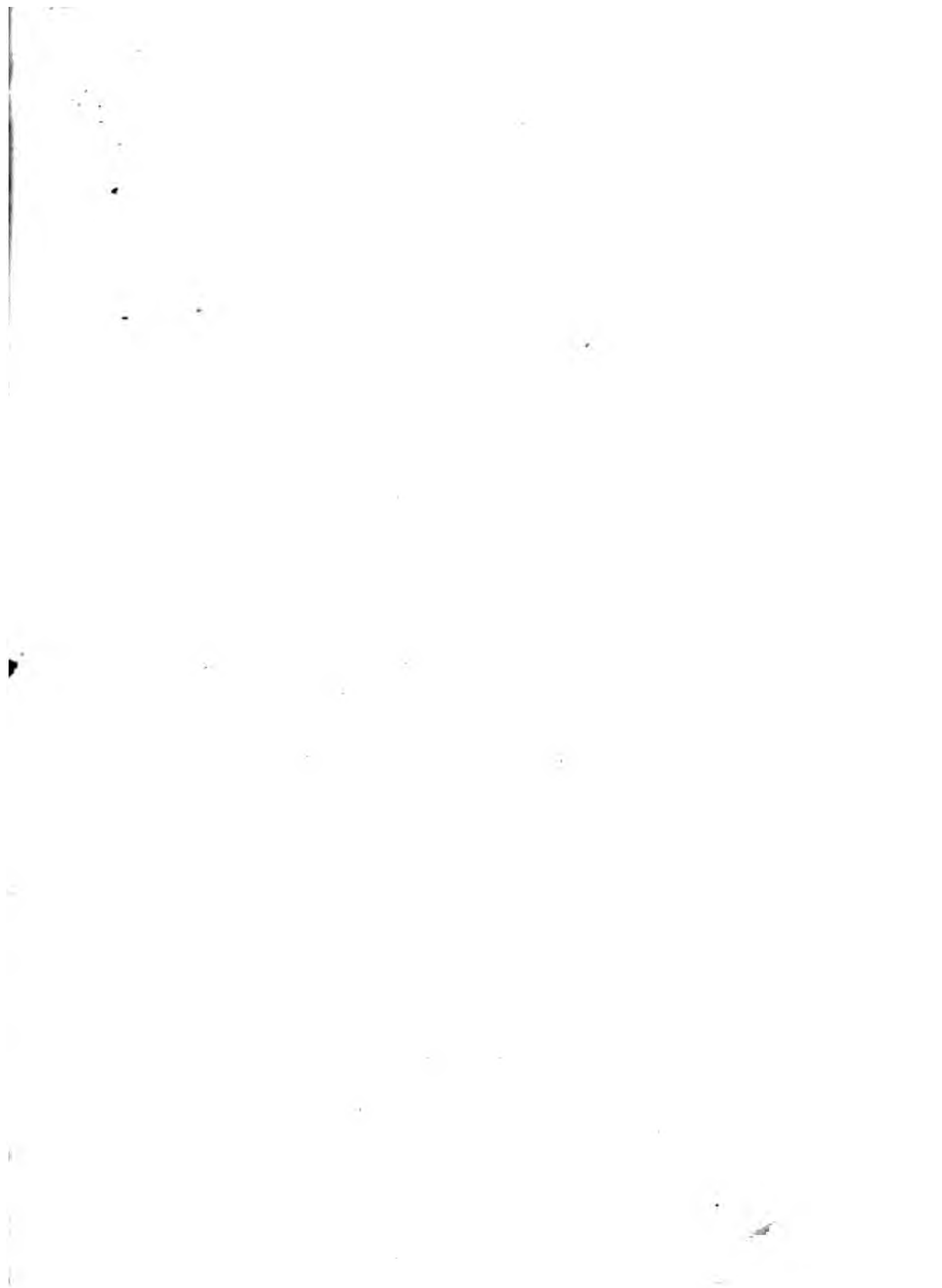
TAYLOR INSTITUTION

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R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. F. Donner, Sc.

Guy Mannering.

Dominie Sampson. Avoid thee!

Act III. Scene 1.

GUY MANNERING ;
OR, THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

A MUSICAL PLAY,

In Three Acts,

BY DANIEL TERRY,

Author of The Antiquary.

**PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.**

To which are added,

**A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.**

As performed at the

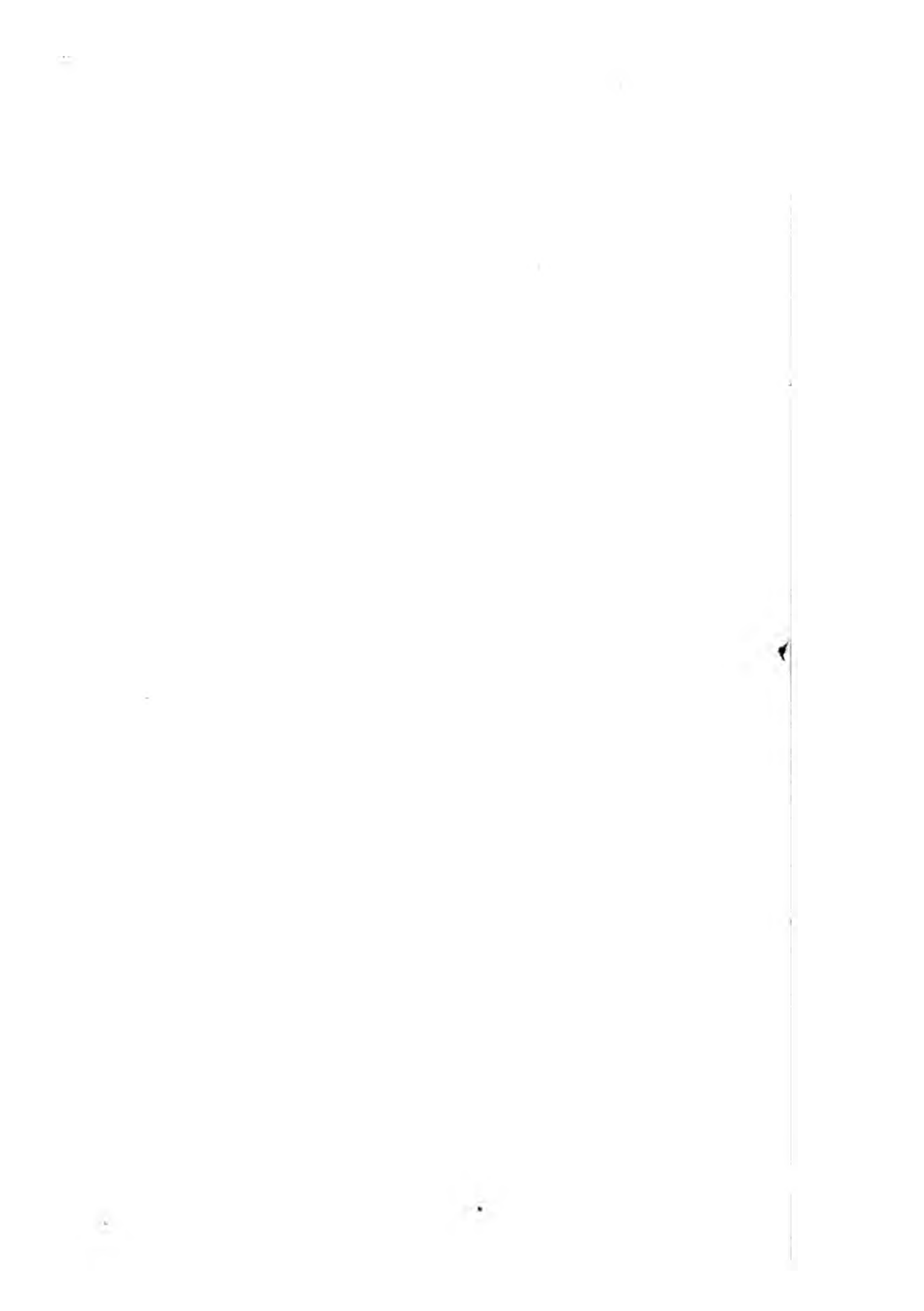
THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

From a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

**JOHN CUMBERLAND 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.**



REMARKS.

Guy Mannering.

OF all Sir Walter's Scott's novels, Guy Mannering is, perhaps, the most popular. The story is very simple, but the mode of telling it is very masterly. The hero is a person of small consequence, but the characters assembled round him are highly wrought and interesting. We have always thought that poetical justice is a great charm. In life we desire to see the virtuous rewarded, and the bad punished; to see right overcome might. We mourn when oppression is triumphant; and vice and inhumanity take the lion's share (as they generally do) of the good things of this world. Guy Mannering leaves us fully satisfied on these points. The rascally attorney, Gilbert Glossin, who had cheated his benefactor out of his estate, and turned his only daughter out of doors, pays the full penalty of his roguery and ingratitude; and the gallant Colonel Mannering, who in his youth had been protected and put forward in life by a generous patron, who, in his latter years, had fallen into decay, and died penniless, is made the honoured instrument of sheltering his unhappy child from the storm that gathers round her. The long lost heir of a noble house is found, and restored to his rights, under circumstances peculiarly romantic. There is a double marriage brought about in a natural and pleasing manner; and there are touches of pathos and scenic descriptions, of high genius and power. What wonder, then, that Guy Mannering originally became popular, and that it continues so to the present day? The offal that has of late years nauseated the reading public, has not been able to turn the tide against the Waverly Novels. The foetid atmosphere has not quite poisoned the taste of the town. We may cry "Good night" to English literature, when Sir Walter Scott ceases to be esteemed one of its brightest ornaments.

The two great characters in Guy Mannering are Dominie Sampson and Meg Merrilies; the scholar, and the gipsy. A man, the veriest simpleton in the ways of the world; yet, for whose brain no learning is too vast, no science too abstruse. The vagrant hag, clothed in tatters; yet spiritualised by an all but supernatural power, that gives an air of prophesy to her wayward fancies, and invests her hideous form with the mysterious grandeur of the sybil. For the gipsy, Sir Walter Scott had before him the picturesque, though earthy creations of Middleton, and the awful beings of Shakspeare. He had also the traditionary superstitions of his own country—indeed, of all countries, and of all times. These were glorious materials for his vivid imagination to work upon; and he has turned them to admirable account in the wild, terrible, heart-stricken Meg Merrilies. For the Dominie he had no *written* prototype. Sampson is not the every day pedant, that illiterate men, who know not how much learning it takes to constitute a pedant!—inconsiderately make a jest of. He is not a buffoon like Pangloss, but a scholar, who parades not his stupendous acquirements;—learning is as much a part and parcel of himself, as is the nose upon his face; and he makes no more marvel at it. His light reading for

travellers—his *vade mecum*—his relief from severer studies is Josephus, a huge folio that he carries about with him. The Chaldaic, Hebrew, and Tigleth Peleazer, are the more frequent subjects of his profound meditations. He had been for many years domesticated in the once happy household of the late Sir Godfrey Bertram—little Harry, the lost heir, and his accomplished sister Lucy Bertram, had both been his pupils. But he had rendered still more valuable services to his patron. He had been an humble, long-trying, faithful friend! And now, when the grave has closed upon Sir Godfrey, and his unprotected daughter is about to wander forth she knows not whither, he will still be her counsellor and comforter! Lucy Bertram having discharged and paid off all the family domestics, even to her own flaunting Abigail Fiora, she is about to perform the same sad duty to the unsuspecting Dominie. The task is painful and affecting—she delicately, affectionately hints, that the hour is arrived when they must part. Utter bewilderment is the first emotion that seizes upon Dominie Sampson! But when he becomes fully awake to the fact, and hears the reasons she assigns for their separation, all the tender sympathies of his grateful heart are roused; he is no longer the absent, half-crazed eccentric that he was wont to be, but the lofty spirit, that speaks in the true language of nature; and by his simple, but impassioned eloquence, overcomes all difficulties. He has his honest pride too—he will be no burden!—He can teach! write! cypher! *labour!* His reply to the somewhat impertinent interference of Flora, “*It is not the lucre! it is not the lucre!*” is extremely beautiful. Miss Bertram is not proof against his solemn importunities—part they shall not.

At this juncture, Colonel Mannering, having heard of the embarrassments, though not the death of his early patron, arrives at Kippletringan. Fourteen years hard service in India has advanced his fortune far beyond his most sanguine wishes. He has a debt of gratitude to pay, and offers Lucy Bertram a shelter beneath his hospitable roof. The Dominie is not slow in establishing the identity of the Colonel, who had given token of his warlike propensities by putting gunpowder into his (the Dominie's) tobacco pipe, and amusing himself with the explosion thereof! Colonel Mannering extends his invitation to Sampson.—“*Exultemus!*” he will up lift a stave of joy! And “*The fox jumped over the parson's gate!*” is the chosen canticle.

Doubtless the air of his new domicile is favourable unto wearing apparel! for the surface of his garments is as fresh as when he put them on *ten years ago*—“*prodigious!*” An entire new suit had been substituted for the old one during his slumbers!

He is woefully scared at the daft gipsy hag Meg Merrilies—he conjures her—he is fugacious—and attempts to fly. How fearfully he imbibes the brandy she commands him to drink!—His blunders and compliments—“*Most execrable!*” (most *excellent!*) “*Most accursed!*” (most *accurate!*) “*Most fascinatorous!*” (most *fascinating!*)—“*Prodigious!!!*”

His midnight adventures in the library—his awe of the learned Punditt; the erudite Moonsee, (Harry Bertram in disguise!) and his perplexing references to the “*aforesaid Bramin,*” with whom he desires to confer in the Sanscrit of Bengali, when Flora wants to smuggle him out, are highly ludicrous.

Liston's Dominie Sampson was unique—a rare union of the pathetic and the humourous—indeed, we are not quite sure that the tears did not outnumber the smiles. Liston draw tears? Contemplate that richly comic physiognomy! Listen to those unctuous tones! Mark that indescribable by-play!—in a word, look at Liston from top to toe,

and believe it if you can! Those who had the good fortune to see this marvellous performance, will confirm our assertion—Liston drew abundant tears, provoked gentle smiles, commanded universal respect and attention, and made the theatre ring with laughter!

Meg Merrilies was acted by Mrs. Egerton. There were no melodramatic attitudes and rant—no horrid face-making; her denunciations and oracles were delivered with stern wildness and due solemnity. Her dress and movements were most appropriate. Emery in the fighting Dandie Dinmont, and Simmons and Blanchard in Mucklethrift and Glossin, were highly amusing. Tokely, an actor of very original genius, and too early lost to the stage, played Dirk Hatteraick with characteristic ferocity.

Miss Stephens, Mrs. Davenport, and Mrs. Gibbs, all admirable in their way! were the original Lucy Bertram, Mrs. M'Candlish, and Flora. The charming song, "Oh! slumber, my darling," by Miss Stephens, was perhaps the gem of the piece; and this is saying much, when Bishop's glorious gipsy glee, "The cough and crow," (the beautiful words by the highly-gifted Joanna Baillie,) was introduced. That delicious Scotch air, "For there's nae luck about the house," concluded the opera, which Mr. Terry compiled—certainly with the approbation—and it is said, under the superintendance of Sir Walter Scott himself.

 D.—G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	<i>Covent Garden.</i>	<i>Drury Lane.</i>
<i>Colonel Mannering</i>	Mr. Abbott.	Mr. Diddear.
<i>Henry Bertram</i>	Mr. Sinclair.	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Dominie Sampson</i>	Mr. Liston.	Mr. Meadows.
<i>Dandie Dinmont</i>	Mr. Emery.	Mr. Bedford.
<i>Dirk Hatteraick</i>	Mr. Tokely.	Mr. F. Cooke.
<i>Baillie Mucklethrift</i>	Mr. Simmons.	Mr. Hughes.
<i>Gilbert Glossin</i>	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Gabriel</i>	} <i>Gipsies</i> {	Mr. Higman.
<i>Sebastian</i>		Mr. S. Jones.
<i>Franco (a Boy)</i>		Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Jock Jabos (Ostler to Mrs. M'Candlish)</i>	Mr. Treby.	Mr. Mears.
<i>First Farmer</i>	Mr. Norris.	Mr. Fenton.
<i>Second Farmer</i>	Mr. Tinney.	Mr. Henry.
<i>Serjeant</i>	Mr. King.	Mr. Heady.
<i>Julia Mannering</i>	Miss Matthews.	Mr. Howell.
<i>Lucy Bertram</i>	Miss Stephens.	Miss Romer.
<i>Mrs. M'Candlish</i>	Mrs. Davenport.	Miss Betts.
<i>Meg Merrilies</i>	Mrs. Egerton.	Mrs. C. Jones.
<i>Flora</i>	Mrs. Gibbs.	Mrs. W. Clifford.
<i>Gipsies</i>	} {	Mrs. Humby.
		Miss Carew.
	Mrs. Sterling.	Mrs. East.

Gipsies, Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

SCENE—Kippletringan.

Costume.

COLONEL MANNERING.—Blue military frock coat—white tight pantaloons—hessian boots—round hat.

HENRY BERTRAM.—Blue surtout—white waistcoat and trousers—black stock—boots—round hat.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.—*First dress:* Ragged old fashioned puritanical black suit of clothes—blue worsted stockings—black shoes—pewter buckles—long black hair—quaker's hat—long neckcloth—long walking cane, with pewter head. *Second dress:* A good black suit.

DANDIE DINMONT.—Drab great coat—green plush under coat—red waistcoat—leather breeches—top boots—blue neckcloth—farmer's hat and whip.

DIRK HATTERAICK.—Dutch jacket and loose breeches, trimmed with white buttons—fisherman's boots—guernsey frock—black kerchief—ruff bear skin cap—sword belt and pistols.

BAILLIE MUCKLETHRIFT.—Old fashioned brown suit, with brass buttons—gray stockings—old man's shoes and hat—white bib—George wig.

GILBERT GLOSSIN.—Black coat and waistcoat—leather breeches—top boots—white kerchief—parsonic hat.

GABRIEL.—Drab jacket—shabby waistcoat—black patched breeches—blue stockings, in holes, with fleshings under them—old shoes—slouch hat—coloured kerchief.

SEBASTIAN.—Brown—Ibid.

FRANCO.—Gray—Ibid.

JOCK JABOS.—Leather jacket—plaid waistcoat—leather breeches—black and white worsted stockings—lace-up boots.

FARMERS.—Great coats and boots—farmer's hats.

SERJEANT.—Highland serjeant's uniform of tartan.

JULIA MANNERING.—*First dress:* Blue satin pelisse, trimmed with ermine—Scotch scarf—blue boots—white satin bonnet and feathers—eye glass. *Second dress:* Evening full dress—white satin, trimmed with lace—white silk stockings and white satin shoes.

LUCY BERTRAM.—Full dress, mourning—veil—black satin hat and feathers—black silk stockings—shoes—bugles and beads.

MRS. M'CANDLISH.—Dark chintz flowered gown—green quilted petticoat—white apron—white muslin cap and kerchief—black high-heeled shoes.

MEG MERRILIES.—Dark plumb-coloured ragged dress, with flowing mantle to correspond—red kerchief, put fancifully on the head—flesh-coloured stockings and sandals—large forked stick.

FLORA.—Light flowered chintz gown—white petticoat, stockings, apron, and kerchief—mob cap, with red ribbon—black shoes.

GIPSIES.—Various coloured stuff dresses—small red gipsy cloaks—straw bonnets—coloured stocks—black shoes.

GUY MANNERING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. M' Candlish's Inn—a large comfortable fire, c. F.—bar, L.*

Several Farmers and others sitting on forms at a long table, near R. S. E., drinking, &c.—Three Farmers seated in chairs at a round table near it, R.—MRS. M' CANDLISH (the Landlady), and BAILLIE MUCKLETHRIFT, seated in chairs at another round table, L. C., at tea—discovered as the curtain rises to the symphony of the following

GLEE.

The winds whistle cold,
And the stars glimmer red,
The flocks are in fold,
And the cattle in shed.
When the hoar frost was chill,
Upon moorland and hill,
And was fringing the forest-bough,
Our fathers would trowl
The bonny brown bowl,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now!

Gaffer Winter may seize
Upon milk in the pail;
'Twill be long 'ere he freeze
The bold brandy and ale!
For our fathers so bold,
They laugh'd at the cold,
When Boreas was bending his brow;
For they quaff'd mighty ale,
And they told a blythe tale,
And so will we do now, &c.

Mrs. M'C. A merry, social glee, and well sung, good neighbours.

First F. Then, here's your good health, landlady, in the parting glass! for we must away up to West-green to-night, to be ready for the fair on Monday.

Mrs. M'C. Well then, good evening, and a good sale to you, farmer. I wonder I haven't seen your old friend, Andrew Dinmont, on his way there; he generally leaves his little horse, Dumpling, here at fair time.

Second F. You'll see him, never fear; there'd be no cattle worth the handling, and no cudgelling worth a broken head, without Dandie Dinmont at the fair.—But come along, neighbours; the evening wears, and we must be jogging. Good night t'ye, mistress. [*Exeunt Farmers, L.*]

Mrs. M'C. He's as kind a heart, and as strong an arm, that Dinmont, as any for forty miles round the country.

Bai. And of good wordly substance, they say, Mrs. M'Candlish, considering the instability of human affairs.

Mrs. M'C. He's e'en as good as yourself, Baillie,—and would I were no worse; but I need not complain, for who would have thought, when I was housekeeper at Ellangowan Castle, and Sir Godfrey Bertram member for the county, that I should sit here this night, landlady of the Gordon Arms in Kippletringan, expecting his only child to come to this poor house of mine, to pay off all his servants, without knowing, poor girl, where she's to go next.

Bai. Aye, aye, the instability of human concerns.—And who would have thought that Gibbie Glossin, the attorney, (whom I, Robin Mucklethrift, the hard-ware-man, remember to have refused credit for a sixpenny pen-knife,) should have been giving a grand dinner, and claret, in your house this very day, on purchasing the estate of his afore-said benefactor, and turning that only child out of doors; and he'll pay the bill, ready money, doubtless, Mrs. M'Candlish?

Mrs. M'C. That he does, or the devil a drop of wine shall go down his throat in this house. I wish I had the tying a halt—[*A bell rings violently without.*] But, there, I must be waiting on them; they'll be wanting another magnum of claret. [*Takes up a large bottle, and is going, but stops.*] No, take it you, Grizzy, and say I'm gone to bed. [*GRIZZY comes from the bar, takes the bottle from her, crosses to R., and exits.*] I have not the heart

to look at them, making merry on the orphan's substance! the property that should, by right, belong to poor Miss Bertram! If it were not that we victuallers must keep open doors to all cattle, I'd soon clear the house of them. I trust, Miss Bertram will not come up till to-morrow; I would not for a silver pound she found them ranting and rioting here. [*Knocking heard without, L.*] And there she is I doubt.

Enter JOCK JABOS (*the Ostler*), L.

Well, Jock, is it Miss Bertram?

Jock. No, it's only a single rider, mistress.

Mrs. M'C. A single rider! some Manchester lad in the cotton line. Well, he must just come in here.

[*Exit Jock, L.*]

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, *wrapped up in a great coat, as from horseback, ushered in by* JOCK, L.

Col. Let me disturb nobody, landlady; your house is full, I understand; I can sit very well here.

[*Crosses to the fire place, c. r.*]

Mrs. M'C. (c.) [*Looking at him.*] Not much of the rider, either.

Jock. (L. c.) I'll tell you what, mistress; he's got as pretty a piece of horse flesh as ever stood in your stable. I'm a judge, I reckon, by this time, and one may always know a gentleman by his horse.

[*Exit, L.*]

Col. [*Seating himself R. c., near the fire.*] It's lucky the old inn was at hand to shelter me in this sudden storm; but great changes, I perceive, have taken place since I saw it. I wish I may find my kind friend at the castle well; but he'll scarcely recollect me, I dare say. Sixteen years hard military service in India is apt to rub a young man's features a little out of memory. [*Pulls off his great coat.*]

Mrs. M'C. [*Approaching and receiving it.*] I beg your honour's pardon; would your honour choose any refreshment after your ride?

Col. [*Seating himself.*] If you please, my good lady.

Bai. [*Aside.*] Your honour to a Manchester rider! Psha! [*Apart to Mrs. M' Gandlish, after eyeing the Colonel.*] I'll soon find out what he is. [*Crosses to the Colonel, draws a chair, and sits facing him.*] Any news of trade, friend? How's cotton in the market now?

Col. [*Drily.*] Cotton! really, sir, I do not know.

Bai. Aye, you don't know—humph! [*Apart to Mrs. M' Candlish.*] He's in the hard-ware line! [*To the Colonel.*] You'll be dealing in the steal article, I fancy.

Col. [*Smiling.*] Steel! why, sir, you are a little nearer the mark.

Bai. I thought so. Pray, do you Birmingham folk find the patent never-spilling coal-scuttle answer in the trade? They go off pretty bobbishly here, when they are double japanned; I sent five to Ellangowan Castle last week.

Col. Ellangowan Castle, sir! I was on my road thither.

Bai. You need not trouble yourself, sir; I furnish them with all articles in your line, at the lowest Birmingham prices.

Col. Sir!

Bai. [*Consequentially.*] Yes, sir, in the hard-ware line, and I shall suffer no interlopers!

Col. Sir, you're an impertinent little fellow! [*Raising his cane.*] Perhaps this is harder ware than you would like to deal in.

Mrs. M'C. [*Interposing.*] Our Bailie, sir's an honest little body, but he's apt to mistake. You were asking after Ellangowan, sir. Was it the old family, or the present, that you came to visit, sir?

Col. (R.) I mean Sir Godferry Bertram of Ellangowan.

Mrs. M'C. (c.) Alas! you come too late for him, poor gentleman; he died last week, sir, under sad circumstances.

Col. Sir Godfrey Bertram dead!

Bai. (L.) A melancholy instance of the mutability of worldly matters—fallen from all his greatness, and twenty-seven pounds, six shillings, and eightpence halfpenny in my books.

Col. Dead! good heaven! I owed him much.

Bai. If you please to make me payment of the aforesaid sum, sir, I will give you a receipt for so so much of your debt.

Col. Has he no child?

Mrs. M'C. An only daughter, sir,—thought to be an only child.

Bai. My receipt will be exactly the same as her's.

Col. Thought to be an only child! When I was in India, I heard he had a son.

Mrs. M'C. Ah! well-a-day! you heard right, sir, he had a son indeed,—but, oh me!—

Bai. Now, don't begin whimpering. [*To the Colonel.*] She lost her husband, sir, on the very day that son disappeared.

Mrs. M'C. Aye, I did indeed! sixteen years ago.

Bai. Well, don't cry so far back. He was a revenue officer, sir, and was found murdered in the wood, hard by—by smugglers it was supposed, headed by a desperate fellow—one Dirk Hatteraick—half devil—half Dutchman.

Mrs. M'C. The villain! that there should be such lawless, contraband ruffians, suffered in a Christian land.

Col. I beg your pardon, madam; but may I ask what connection the misfortune of your first husband had with the young heir of Ellangowan?

Mrs. M'C. Yes, surely, your honour:—Little Harry Bertram, then a beautiful boy, five years old, and his tutor, one Dominie Sampson, as they call him,—you'll may be remember him, sir, if you remember Ellangowan long ago.

Col. A tall, stiff, silent man, is he not?

Bai. The same, sir, half crazed with his learning, poor silly man, and knows nothing of business.

Mrs. M'C. He's a little absent indeed, poor man; but very affectionate, and as simple as any child. Well, sir, this Dominie Sampson, and little Henry Bertram, were walking in the wood, and bye came my husband from looking down the coast, and offered to give the boy a ride on his horse, and bring him back to dinner to the castle in an hour; but, lack-a-day! lack-a-day! that hour never came, for poor Duncan was found weltering in his blood!

Col. And was the child murdered too?

Bai. That no man can tell, sir, for he was never found.

Mrs. M'C. There was an old gipsy-woman (that then lived on the estate, and used to nurse the infant), was suspected of stealing him, out of revenge for Sir Godfrey's transporting one of her son's for poaching.

Col. And has nothing ever been heard of him since?

Mrs. M'C. Nothing, sir; but from that day, the old gentleman, Sir Godfrey Bertram, who was never over careful, became worse and worse, and wasted and wanted, and wanted and wasted, and trusted and trusted—

Bai. Till he trusted an attorney.

Mrs. M'C. And then, sir, distresses broke his heart, and he died, leaving his poor daughter pennyless and unprotected on the wide world.

Bai. His affairs in utter disorder, and twenty-seven pounds, six shillings, and eightpence halfpenny in my books.

Mrs. M'C. But, the worst of it, Baillie, was the advantage it gave that rogue of an attorney.

Bai. Yes, sir; for, if the boy had lived, the old gentleman could not have burdened, or parted with an acre, it was all so strictly settled on heirs male. But Glossin contrived, they say, while his mind was so distressed, to wheedle him out of some rash deed.

Mrs. M'C. But it will never prosper; if he has cheated the helpless, and oppressed the fatherless, he'll die—mark my words, Baillie—a good-for-nothing beggar, yet.

Bai. Why, I hope the young heir may cast up; the mutability of human affairs is great, and there's news of Dirk Hatteraick's runuing a cargo on these shores again, for the first time since the business;—if so, the gipgy's wife, if she's alive, won't be far off, I dare say.

Mrs. M'C. The murderons wretches! if I catch them, I'll bring them to justice, if I sell the very sign over my door. [*A noise heard without, L.*] Gracious heaven! I hope that's not Miss Bertram come just now, before the house is clear of those drunken—and if it is, what shall I do?—for their room's close to the only one I have to show her into. [*Goes and listens, L.*]

Bai. [*To the Colonel.*] There was some little mistake between you and me, sir; you said you dealt in steal, whereby I thought——

Col. [*Smiling.*] I have dealt in steal, sir; I am an officer in the army, retired from service.

Bai. [*Aside.*] Retired from service! Then it would not be worth my while to offer him my shop-bill.

Col. And am just arrived from India, to settle in this neighbourhood. [*Retires up, c.*]

Bai. [*Aside.*] From India! and settling here!—that's a different story!

[*Goes to the table, fumbles in his pockets, pulls out a spectacle case, large pocket book, &c.*]

Re-enter JOCK JABOS, L.

Jock. Mistress! mistress! there's Miss Bertram, poor young lady, just stepping out o' the chaise, wi' Mistress Flora, and Dominie Sampson buried up to the chin in old

books,—you must go to them directly ;—and mistress, who do you think yon gentleman is ?

Mrs. M'C. Who, Jock ?

Jock. The great Colonel Mannering !

Mrs. M'C. What ! for whom the Woodburne estate was bought ?

Jock. The very same.

Mrs. M'C. } No, sure !
& *Bai.* }

Jock. Ay, as sure as boots are not brogues—he was daily expected, you know. There's his servant, just rode in—a genteel lad like myself, and a good judge of horses ; and there's his sister, and the devil and all, following as fast as they can—there's news for ye, mistress. [Exit, L.

Mrs. M'C. He shall see Miss Bertram ; he may be a good friend to the poor young lady. [Crossing to the Colonel.] Your honour will excuse me, I must attend to Miss Bertram, who is just arrived, sir.

Col. If you would take an opportunity of informing her, a friend of her late father is anxious to be acquainted with her, you will greatly oblige me.

Mrs. M'C. That will I, sir, and gladly ; for I am quite fearful of that Glossin's riotous party up stairs ; perhaps some of 'em may intrude on her, and your presence may be a protection to her. I am but a poor double widow, sir ! and as for the Dominie, worthy soul ! he's just nobody at all.—Your servant, sir.

[Exit, L.—The Baillie, who has found his advertisement, struts up to the Colonel and presents it.

Bai. Colonel Mannering, sir !—If, on your settlement in a strange land, you should have occasion for fire-grates, tongs, pokers, shovels, coal-scuttles plain or patent, candlesticks, snuffers, extinguishers, savealls, &c. &c. &c. You may be supplied as far as an extensive stock—

Col. And the mutability of human affairs,—

Bai. True, sir,—will permit—and that at the sign of the Three Trouts and the Frying-pan, kept by your humble servant, Robin Mucklethift, ironmonger and brazier, of Kippletringan in Scotland. [Exit, L.

Col. The honest, and worshipful magistrate, I perceive, musn't lose sight of the main chance in the uncertainty of affairs. [Looking off, R.] But yonder goes Miss Bertram—poor girl ! how pale and melancholy, and yet how engaging !

Well, the daughter of my earliest, and best friend, shall not be left without a protector, to shield her sorrows from injustice and oppression. [Exit, B.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Inn—large doors, C. F. —a table, two chairs, and two lighted candles, are brought on and placed L. C.*

Enter LUCY BERTRAM, L.

AIR.

Ye dear paternal scenes, farewell !
 The home where early fortune smil'd !
 No longer there must Lucy dwell—
 Of fortune robb'd, from home exil'd,
 A wretched orphan child
 Now weeps her last farewell,
Farewell !

Tho' doom'd to wander far and wide,
 A maiden, friendless, desolate,
 With Heaven my innocence to guide,
 I fear not, tho' I mourn my fate ;
 But all that it ordains await,
 And weep my last farewell !
Farewell !

Enter MRS. M'CANDLISH, *with a lighted candle, which she places on the table, FLORA, and a Man Servant, bringing in boxes and various light luggage.*

Mrs. M'C. Dear Miss Bertram, I ask pardon—I never was so sorry in my life—my house quite full, and a noisy party of gentlemen in the best room. I have not another place but this to show your ladyship into, and this is but a public sort of a room neither, and I didn't expect your ladyship 'till to-morrow.

Lucy. Do not disturb yourself; I shall be but a few minutes in any one's way. I will but dismiss my servants, and retire to my bedroom.

Mrs. M'C. And here is Dominie Sampson, your ladyship's old tutor stalking up stairs out of your carriage.

Lucy. Do not suffer your people, my good dame, to exercise their merriment at the expence of that worthy man.

Mrs. M'C. Not for the world, my dear lady.

Lucy. His person, his retired habits, and great absence of mind are, at times, I own, calculated to excite somewhat more than a smile; but, when the impulse of his excellent heart breaks forth, he rather forces a tear from the eye of sentiment, than a laugh from the lungs of ribaldry.

Mrs. M'C. Very true, indeed. But I beg pardon, Miss Bertram, there is a stranger, a gentleman now in the house, a particular friend, he says, of my late honoured master, who wishes to be permitted to speak with you.

Lucy. If he has business, I suppose I must see him; but do not let me be unnecessarily troubled.

[*She retires up, near R. U. E., pays, and dismisses the Man Servant—Mrs. M' Candlish turns to go out.*]

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, L., with an immensely large book under his arm, in old fashioned binding, and brass clasps, his appearance puritanical, ragged black clothes, blue worsted stockings, pewter-headed long cane, &c.

Mrs. M'C. You're welcome to Kippletringan, Mr. Sampson; how have you been this long time?

Dom. Thanks, worthy madam. And how is your husband Mr. Kennedy? [*Observing her surprise.*] Eh—eh! out upon my tongue, he's dead!—I meant honest Provost M'Candlish.

Flora. (c.) [*Pulling him by the sleeve.*] Why, Dominie Sampson, what are you about? he's dead too. Would you bring both the poor woman's husbands alive, one after the other.

Dom. Prodigious!

[*He is confounded and silent, and retires, L. c.*]

Flora. Come, Mistress M'Candlish, don't take it amiss; the poor Dominie, you know, is apt to make mistakes.

Mrs. M'C. 'Twas kindly meant in Mr. Sampson, I dare say; but both my dear, departed husbands, to be called to mind at once!—Oh! 'twas too distressing!

Flora. 'Twas indeed—too much for any woman to bear.

[*Exit Mrs. M' Candlish.—Dominie by this time has opened his great book and sat down to read upon some band boxes, which give way under him.*]

Flora. Oh! my best bonnet! I had rather have had twenty husbands at once than had it spoiled.

Dom. Prodigious! “*Ūbi lapsus? Quid fēci?*”

Flora. Fecey! What's your fecey to my bonnet? Your head's too learned for the rest of your body, Mr. Sampson, and leads it into sad errors. What do you do with that great lumbering book now?

Dom. Josephus's history—light reading, Mistress Flora, for travellers. [Goes to the table, L. c.]

Lucy. [Calling.] Flora.

Flora. Yes, ma'am. [Looking at Dominie, who has put his hat upon one of the lighted candles.] Mercy on me!
[Goes to Lucy.]

Lucy. Before I part with you, my good girl, I must thank you for the affectionate attention you have shown to me under my misfortunes. In this purse you will find an additional remembrance of your kindness; it is indeed but a trifle, yet—

Flora. [Half crying.] Don't mention it, madam, I shall never find such another mistress, I'm sure.

Lucy. Not so; I hope you will find, at least, as kind a mistress in the English young lady, Miss Mannering.

Flora. I hope I may, ma'am; but I shall never cease to think of you and all your goodness—and poor Mr. Sampson, though he has spoilt my bonnet, poor dear good man!—what will become of him now?

Lucy. That, indeed, as a greivous question. He was the tutor of my youth, my dear father's last and only friend; it is like a second separation from him; but it is part of the severity of my fate, and must be endured, however hard the struggle. [Calling.] Mr. Sampson! Mr. Sampson!

[Dominie is deeply involved in his book, and does not hear her.]

Flora. [Looking over him.] Come, Mr. Sampson, leave Jo—heefus, and attend to Miss Bertram.

Dom. My honoured young lady! I crave pardon, I was oblivious.

[He jumps up, and, with awkward eagerness and ludicrous officiousness, snatches up the snuffers, and snuffs out one candle, then another—Flora relights them.]

Flora. Only see now; the poor dear man thinks himself in the parlour at Ellangowan, trimming the candles for my poor old master, to read the newspapers.—Oh! he has a rare head!

Lucy. You give yourself too much trouble, Mr. Sampson;

it was not that I wanted of you ; but I have a small account to settle. [*Putting a little pocket-book into his hand.*] Permit me—

Dom. (c.) [*Looking at it.*] Truly, a very small duodecimo ! [*Opens it, takes out the bank note, and unfolds it.*] It is for the sum of fifty pounds—prodigious ! Is it your pleasure that I should hie me forth to procure little notes in exchange for the same ?

Lucy. (r.) No, Mr. Sampson ; but, in my present circumstances, alone, almost without fortune, it is impossible—I have not indeed the means—to support a household, and that note is your own, till some other situation—

Dom. [*Slow at first to comprehend, he becomes agitated, and speaks with great feeling.*] No ! Miss Lucy, never ! If your father, whom I served and loved in prosperity and adversity, should rise from the dead, and bid me leave you, it were impossible, impossible !—And that note—[*Returning it.*]—that note befits not me, young lady.

Lucy. I know it is inadequate. Yet, trifling as the recompence is, take it—oh ! take it, I beseech you.

Dom. [*Gently pushing back her hand.*] Peradventure, Miss Lucy, you are too proud to share my pittance, and I grow wearisome unto you.

Lucy. [*Greatly distressed.*] Oh no ! you were my father's old, his only faithful friend ; I am not proud—heaven knows, I have no reason to be so—but what, what we do ?

Dom. I can teach ! I can write ! I can cypher ! I can labour ! Heaven will protect ! Heaven will provide, always ! if our wills and endeavours be not wanting.

Lucy. Oh ! sir !

Dom. [*Solemnly.*] But I cannot, cannot be severed from the child of my affections ! the daughter of my dear, dear master ! I will be no burden—I will be, Heaven willing, an aid—I—
[*Lucy turns away much affected.*]

Enter COLONEL MANNERING and MRS. M'CANDLISH, unperceived, R. U. E.

Flora. (l.) [*Interposing.*] Dear Mr. Sampson, you only distress yourself and Miss Bertram ; you had better take the—

Dom. (c.) Woman, no ! It is not the lucre—it is not the lucre ! but I have eaten of her father's loaf, and drank of his cup for thirty years and upwards ; and to think that

I would leave his daughter, and leave her now, in her distress and dolour! No, Lucy Bertram—I crave pardon, Miss Bertram, I would say—you need never opine it. You would not have put a favourite dog of your father's from your door, and will you use me worse than a hound? Entreat me not to leave thee I beseech thee; for while Abel Sampson liveth, he will never, never be separated from thee!

[Rests upon the table, covering his face with his hands.—Exit Flora, L.]

Mrs. M'C. *[Aside to the Colonel.]* Good lord, sir! did you ever hear any thing like that, from one who scarcely speaks three words on an ordinary occasion? The man's inspired!

Col. *[Aside to Mrs. M'Candlish.]* 'Tis the eloquence of the heart, my good lady,—whose fervour no efforts of the imagination can equal.

Lucy. Well, then, Mr. Sampson, we will not separate! no, even though our joint labours should procure our daily bread!

Dom. Grātias! beatissime!

Lucy. Alas! for the pride of birth! Of all the rich and noble, who claimed kindred with me, as heiress of that house, which was the source of their nobility—of all who shared my father's favour and hospitality, this being alone remains attached to me, who was the too frequent object of mockery and derision. *[A burst of loud and boisterous mirth is heard behind the doors, c. f.]* What noise of revelry is this?

Mrs. M'C. Lord preserve us! they're breaking up, and, perhaps, some of 'em will be coming through here! *[To Colonel Mannering, who retires a little, R.]* Just bide a-bit here, sir.

Lucy. Gracious heaven! I thought I heard the voice of Glossin among them. *[The noise heard again.]*

Dom. Mrs. M'Candlish, this vicinity to hilarious drunkards beseemeth not the chamber of Miss Lucy Bertram.

[Noise and laughter again heard—the doors c. f. fly open.]

Enter GILBERT GLOSSIN, flushed with wine, and singing.

Lucy. (R. c.) *[Drawing down her mourning veil.]* Glossin himself! *[Crossing to L.]* What am I doomed to suffer!

Mrs. M' C. [*Running up, and opposing Glossin's entrance.*] You really can't come this way, sir—it's impossible! there's a lady here, Mr. Glossin—a lady who would not wish to see you, sir.

Glo. (R. c.) Egad! I shall indulge no such caprice, Mrs. M'Candlish. I have settled my bill, ma'am, and I have a right to walk into any public room in your house, ma'am. A lady not wish to see me! Egad! perhaps that's a civil hint that I should come to see her. [*Advancing to Lucy.*] I beg pardon, madam, if I intrude—but my name is Glossin, madam, Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, at your service.

Lucy. [*Raising her veil—with dignity.*] I know it too well, sir, and how you became so. I remember my father's death-bed, and, who embittered his last moments, by pressing alledged rights, how acquired, I leave between Heaven and your own conscience.

Glo. [*Aside, disconcerted.*] Stand by me, good claret. Why, Miss Bertram, there are things which may have seemed harsh to you, doubtless, or any lady; but they flow from the law! from the law!

Lucy. [*Calmly.*] No, sir, not from the law, but from such as pervert it to their own sinister purposes, as empirics poison their patients by the undue use of medicine.

Glo. You are severe, Miss Bertram. [*Assuming an air of confident familiarity.*] But I trust you will see this matter otherwise. It is yet in your power to be mistress of Ellangowan Castle and your paternal state—had you listened to my——

Lucy. Sir, I understand your meaning, and will save you the pain of speaking it more explicitly. When you formerly addressed the daughter of your patron, then with all the advantages of high birth and supposed fortune, I rejected your intrusion, but it was without reproving your audacity; but, sir, when you insult the poverty of the daughter of Ellangowan, by inviting her to share the spoils of her own house, so dishonestly acquired, she turns from you with loathing and contempt! [*Crosses to R.*]

Dom. (c.) Prodigious!

Glo. (L. c.) [*Fiercely.*] Come, come, madam, you may repent this!

Dom. [*Who has by degrees become agitated, comes*

fiercely up.] Avoid thee, thou evil one! thou has slain and taken possession——

Glo. Come, Mr. Dominie Sampson, we'll have no preaching here.

Lucy. Mrs. M'Candlish, is this intrusion on an unprotected female——

Col. [*Coming suddenly up between Glossin and Lucy.*] Not unprotected, Miss Bertram, while the obliged and grateful friend of Sir Godfrey, your father, can defend you! [*To Glossin*] Sir, your company is unpleasant—your absence desired. There's the door, and you will oblige me particularly by leaving the room this instant.

Glo. [*In a bullying tone.*] I don't know who you are, sir—but I know the law, and I know I can split a pistol-bullet against a pen-knife, and I shall suffer no man to use such damned freedom with me.

Col. [*Coming close up to him.*] Look you, Mr. Glossin; it will avail you nothing here, to act either the rogue or the ruffian, the bully, or the attorney;—that you do not know me matters not; I know you, and if you do not instantly descend those stairs, by the heaven above us, you shall take but one step from the top to the bottom.

Dom. Prodigious!

Glo. [*Retiring, L.*] I—I—I don't choose to brawl here, sir, sir, before a lady, but you shall hear more of me, sir!

Col. When I do, sir, I shall treat the information as it deserves.

Mrs. M'C. This way, Mr. Glossin, if you please; I'll attend you, sir. I never showed any one down stairs with greater pleasure in all my life.

[*Exeunt Mrs. M'Candlish and Glossin, L.*

Dom. Jūbilāte! the evil one is discomfitted and fled!—
Jūbilāte! [*Goes up, c.*

Col. I beg pardon, Miss Bertram; my temper is naturally impetuous, and I have alarmed you; hear my apology at once. Though personally unknown to you, you, perhaps, have heard the name of Mannering—Guy Mannering.

[*Dominie Sampson comes forward, L.*

Lucy. I think I have heard my father mention it, sir; but, at this moment——

Col. (c.) Hear me, then, briefly.—The son of an ancient family, I came at fourteen years old, with my widowed

mother, to your northern capital. We were distressed then, as you are now; a circumstance drew on me the notice of your father,—he became our friend and comforter, and his interest procured me a military appointment to India, where I have been successful beyond my wishes. Paternal estates, also, have since opened to me in England—but my attachment was here. I wrote to a friend, to purchase property in this neighbourhood, and learned, on my landing in Britain, I was proprietor of Woodburne.—Surmises of distress in Sir Godfrey's family also reached me, and I hurried down to pay my debt of gratitude. I came, alas! too late to offer it to my generous benefactor; let me have the satisfaction of finding I may be useful to his daughter.

Dom. I have scanned him well, and believe him to be the very Guy Mannering who was the inmate of your father's house some sixteen years ago. And for his military propensities I will avouch, inasmuch as he is was wont to put gunpowder into my tobacco-pipe, and amuse himself with the explosion thereof.

Lucy. Colonel Mannering, your generosity, and still more, your affection for my dear father, entitle you to my kindest thanks,—I will add, my confidence,—but distress must excuse caution, and——

Col. I will presume no farther; my sister, whose carriage I have outrode by nearly an hour, will soon be here, and to her intercession I shall leave my suit.

Dom. I do myself prefer the equestrian to the vehicular mode of conveyance, but, to say sooth, I am most accustomed unto the pedestrian.

Lucy. Colonel Mannering then will excuse me for the present, nor think that my hesitation arises from anything, but a wish that the acceptance of his friendship should be as proper as the offer kind. [Exit, R.

Col. Mr. Sampson, you must forgive me my boyish tricks; I did not know the worth I teased. I was then a spoilt urchin—spoilt by your patron and mine; but fortune has cured me.

Dom. And fortune, sir, (as the heathens call her—I should rather say Providence,) has been kinder to me; for, for thirty years, I have never had to seek a home or a table, until this present moment of time.

Col. And you never shall have to seek either, Mr.

Sampson, if you will accept the shelter of my roof. Your learning and patience will bring a blessing with them.

Dom. Of learning, sir, it doth not become me to speak,—albeit, I know most ancient and modern tongues. And of patience I have had but little exercise, since five-and-thirty years ago, when I was boarded for twenty pence a week at Luckie Sour-kails in the High-street of St. Andrew's. And there, though I hungered somewhat, I was nothing a-thirst, being near the principal fountain or pump of that town, so that I might drink daily, and no one say, Sampson, thou exceedest in thy potations. But hath your honour no son, whom I might train up in polite letters, and elegant accomplishments, as a requital for my daily bread?

Col. I have only a sister, Mr. Sampson, about ten years younger than myself; how far she may profit by your instructions—

Dom. [*Assuming great consequence.*] She may—she will—she shall! I will teach her the Hebrew language—or I should rather say, the Chaldaic, since your honour is aware that the generic Hebrew hath been lost from the time the ten tribes were led into captivity by Tigleth Peleazer.

Col. I believe, sir, you will have an instant opportunity of consulting her own taste upon the matter, for here she comes.

Enter JULIA MANNERING, dressed in a fashionable travelling habit, L.

Julia. [*Running immediately up to Colonel Mannering.*] My dear brother, how fast you must have ridden.

Col. Rather, how slowly you must have followed, my dear sister;—but I am glad you are here, for I need your assistance most particularly and immediately.

Julia. Well, well, you shall have it, but don't be impatient! I must attend to my own affairs first. Where's the landlady?

Re-enter MRS. M'CANDLISH and FLORA, L.

Mrs. M'C. [*Curtseying low.*] Here, my lady, at your service.

Julia. Oh! do me the favour to tell me if there be a young woman here, who has enquired after Miss Mannering.

Mrs. M'C. [*Presenting Flora.*] This is the person, I believe, my lady.

Col. Landlady, let me speak a word with you.

Mrs. M'C. Directly, your honour.

[She goes to the Colonel, and after receiving his directions, goes off, R.—Dominie, during the conversation of Julia with Flora, circles round Julia, as if about to address her, with characteristic formality and awkwardness—he starts back when she looks, which she does with some surprise, as if amused at his strange figure.]

Julia. *[To Flora.]* You served a young lady of this county, I am told.

Flora. Yes, ma'am.

[Curtseys at the several breaks in Julia's speech.]

Julia. A Miss—Miss—Miss Bertram, I think; I never heard the name before.

Dom. Prodigious!

Julia. However, I understand she's an excellent young lady, and her character of you is quite satisfactory. *[Sampson seems pleased.]* I believe Miss Bertram dressed her own hair?—That won't quite suit me. I shall wish you to study a little under my brother's valet de chambre; that you may be able to arrange my hair a-la-Chinois, to dispose my aigrette, and circassian turban, so as to throw l'air imposant over my figure.

Dom. *[Shaking his head.]* This is harder than Chaldaic—yea—than Hebrew;—Tigleth Peleazer himself would have been puzzled at it. I dubitate whether this damsel will fructify by my learned endeavours.

Re-enter MRS. M'CANDLISH, R., showing in LUCY BERTRAM, whom the Colonel instantly presents to his sister.

Col. (c.) Julia, let me solicit your sisterly intercession with this young lady, the daughter of Sir Godfrey Bertram, the friend by whom your brother's fortunes were entirely promoted and, for whose recent loss, I grieve to say, she now suffers. It is my wish she should honour Woodburne with her presence, and find in it a retreat suited to her present feelings. Miss Bertram, let me introduce to your friendship a soldier's sister—rather a hair-brained girl, but well deserving the kindest regard, I assure you.

[They retire up c., and converse—Dominie listens to their discourse.]

Mrs. M'C. [*Coming forward.*] I'm as glad as if any one had ordered a rump and dozen, or the commissioners bespoke a county dinner. I hope they may persuade Miss Bertram—who knows what may happen if they do?—The great Colonel Mannering, with sacks full of diamonds, from the India Wars, and who was loved by her father too!—If it should happen, there'll be fine doings in the Gordon Arms that day, I'll warrant.

Dom. [*Jumping forward from the party.*] She will consent to go to the mansion of the great man of battle!—*Exultemus! Venite! Exultemus!*—I will rejoice—I will uplift a stave of joy—yea, I will sing! I do remember me of a catch, which I was wont to sing twice a-year, when a bursar of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrew's, with good appro-ba-ti-on. [*He makes many contortions and efforts, like one who first forgets words then tune, at length breaks out with absurd bashfulness, at which they laugh.*]

“The fox jump'd over the parson's gate.
Fal la loo! fo lero, lero loo!”

Bear with me, my friends; it is but seldom I am thus jocose. I will again essay, and with more audacity, for my own voice did somewhat abash me!—[*Singing.*]

“The fox jump'd over—”

Verily, I need support. Worthy Mrs. M'Candlish, sing with me.

Mrs. M'C. I!

Dom. Yes; cantate with me.

Mrs. M'C. Heaven help you! I never sung in all my life!—But there's two of our honest neighbours in the next room, who hate Glossin, and all such oppressors, will be glad enough to cantitate with you, I warrant.

Dom. Then announce the gladsome tidings unto them, and bid them hither. [*Exit Mrs. M'Candlish, L.*] In the meantime will I preludize.

FINALE.

Enter two Neighbours during the symphony, L.

Dom. “The fox jump'd over the parson's gate,

(c.) And stole his poultry from under his nose;

‘Aha!’ quoth the parson, who pop'd out his pate,

‘A good fat hen, and away she goes!’”

Julia. [*Leading Lucy forward, R. C.*]

Calm, lady! calm your troubled breast!

Beneath our roof of friendship rest;

There say what most may sooth your woes—

Dom. “A good fat hen, and away she goes!”

Lucy. Friendship, thou can’st balm impart

To the wounded suffering heart!

A mourner to thy generous roof I fly;

And, then, should silent tears intrude,

The gleam of glistening gratitude

Shall light the pendent drops in sorrow’s eye.

TRIO.—*JULIA, DOMINIE, and Chorus.*

Julia. Away with old care, let the dullard go down,

Mirth and pleasure life’s short, rosy moments should
crown,

For what gain or what good e’er from sorrow arose,

Dom. “A good fat hen, and away she goes!”

Chorus. Let’s rejoice!

Dom. It doth beseem us;

Chorus. Let’s be jovial!

Dom. Exultemus!

Chorus. Hence, ye sordid and litigious!

Hence, oppression, hence!

Dom. Prodigious!

[*Exeunt, R. and L.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Julia’s Boudoir, in the House at Woodburne*
—a door, R., another, L., leading into *Julia’s apart-*
ment—large folding doors, R. C. F., through which is
seen the library—Venetian windows, opening on a bal-
cony, with steps leading to the lake beneath, L. C. F.—
The moonlight gleaming upon it, with strong, clear, and
distinct illumination—the apartment is decorated with
Indian curiosities, horns, skins of tygers, &c., dresses of
Indian tribes—book-stands—dressing and work tables—
three chairs—four lights on the table—a harp, &c., L. C.

JULIA, LUCY, and COLONEL MANNERING, discovered.

Julia. (L. c.) Upon my word, brother, it is quite time to send you about your business. Formerly, I had to beg for your society, I admit there was little temptation in those days.

Col. (c.) Pardon me, Julia; but now you will allow it is doubled.

Julia. Aye, as you double a cypher, by placing a figure before it, and render its value tenfold. [*Points to Lucy.*

Col. Julia, pray prevail upon Miss Bertram to sing that lovely air she was beginning when the servant interrupted us—it was a most beautiful thing! wild, yet so pathetic.

Lucy. (R. c.) It has borrowed its tone of feeling, Colonel Mannering, from the situation of the singer. It is said, from a very ancient period to have been sung in our family to soothe the slumbers of the infant heir.

Julia. Oh! pray sing it.

Lucy. It is not worth refusing.

AIR.—LUCY BERTRAM.

Oh! slumber, my darling,
Thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother a lady
So lovely and bright.
The hills and the dales,
From the towers which we see,
They all shall belong,
My dear infant, to thee.

Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day!

Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

Oh! rest thee, my darling,
The time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum.
Then, rest thee, my darling,
Oh! sleep while you may;
For war comes with manhood,
As light comes with day.

Oh! rest thee, bade, &c.

Julia. And was this really made for your own family?

Lucy. Oh, yes,—and a hundred more such ditties. While

my only brother, little Harry, was spared to my parents, it was sung to him every night, by an old gipsy nurse; and, I have heard, though so young, he could sing it quite well. There is not a milk-maid on the estate once ours, but can chaunt it, and knows its history; and, I have heard—though it hardly deserves mentioning—that the person now in possession,—this Glossin, has, as far as he can, forbid them to sing it, which makes it doubly a favourite with me.

Col. That's not surprising; music and poetry were never made for so base-born, and wretched a chicaner.

Julia. And, brother, they are not made for you neither, high-born and chivalrous as you are, after twelve o'clock at night, in a quiet house in the country.

Col. I obey your hint. Good night, Julia! [*Salutes her with kindness and familiarity, then turns to Lucy very respectfully.*] That every morning may bring Miss Bertram nearer to the restoration of all her heart can hope, is my most earnest prayer, and shall be the object of my most zealous exertion. [*Exit at the door, R.*]

Julia. A lion in the toils! Oh, Lucy! dear Lucy! if you knew what meshes have been spread for that proud Colonel in vain.

Lucy. Good night, Miss Mannering; and, if I do not chide you for these speeches, it is because your kindness always atones for your—your—

Julia. For my folly, eh? Well, well, sleep and dream of gallant knights vanquishing wicked robbers, and restoring forlorn damsels to their rightful homes—

Lucy. Good night! good night! [*Exit at the door, R.*]

Enter FLORA, L.

Julia. She is a charming girl! But, how can she remember all the names of her ancestors—these Rolands, and Mac-Dingawaies, and Donagilds—[*Seeing Flora.*] Oh, Flora! did my old servant, Grace, whom my brother sent back to the house in London, say nothing to you, before she went away?

Flora. Oh, yes, ma'am; [*Significantly.*] she told me your ladyship might have some occasion for my services in a very confidential way; that there was a gentleman, of whose addresses, Colonel Mannering disapproved rather, ma'am.

Julia. But she should have added also, that my brother

could find no possible objection to him, but, in his own prejudices against a man of unknown birth, who could bring no Mac Dingawaies, nor Donagilds to back his suit. Now, though I cannot sympathise in such prejudices, I have, since the unhappy duel between them, in which my lover was wounded, endeavoured to avoid all communication with him; yet, I fear, he is at this moment perhaps too near me.

Flora. What, here, madam!

Julia. Twice have I heard about this hour on the lake a flute, playing an Indian air, which, in happier hours, we used to sing together.

Flora. Ay, madam, it's he, I warrant; no one but a lover, or a madman, would come fluting on a lake, at moonlight, in a cold winter-night. [*A flute heard playing without, c.*] Hark, madam! as I live, I think I hear it now!

Julia. Hush! [*A flute is heard to play the symphony of an Indian air, under the window.*] Is it earthly music?—I'm in the land of superstition, and begin to share its influence, I think.

Flora. Wait a little, ma'am; you'll find the fluting gentleman no ghost, I warrant.

Julia. It is, indeed, the very air he taught me; I'll sing it—if it should be he, he will answer it.

AIR.—JULIA and BERTRAM.

Julia. Oh, tell me, love, the dearest hour
The parted anxious lover knows,
When passion, with enchanter's pow'r,
Across his faithful memory throws
Its softest brightest flame.

Bertram. [*Without.*]
'Tis when he sings on some lone shore,
Where echo's vocal spirits throng;
Whose aery voices, o'er and o'er,
On still and moonlight lake prolong
One dear-loved, thrilling name.

Enter HENRY BERTRAM, rushing up the balcony steps, from the lake, L. C. F.

Ber. (c.) Julia! beloved Julia!

Julia. (r. c.) 'Tis he himself! Begone! begone! What will this end in? [*Turns away from him.*]

Flora. (L.) A ring, a parson, and a cradle; I warrant, ma'am. [Retires, R. C.]

Ber. Will you refuse me even the privilege of a friend, Julia?

Julia. You deserve not the name! Thus to seek a stolen interview, which I am forced to endure, because my giving any alarm would again involve you in a quarrel with my brother, and bring your life once more in danger.

Ber. Do you then blame me, Julia, for what was forced upon me by his caprice, his injustice? Oh! let me now enforce you to fulfil the hopes you once gave me, and trust to time to reconcile your proud brother!

SONG.—HENRY BERTRAM.

Be mine, dear maid, my faithful heart
 Can never prove untrue;
 'Twere easier far from life to part,
 Than cease to live with you.
 My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
 Lives only, love, in thine;
 There is its holy home of rest,
 Its dear, its chosen shrine.
 Then turn thee not away, my dear,
 Oh! turn thee not away, love,
 For by the light of truth, I swear
 To love thee night and day, love.
 'Tis not mine eye thy beauty loves,
 Mine ear thy tuneful voice,
 But 'tis my heart, thy heart approves,
 A life-enduring choice.
 The lark shall first forget to sing,
 When morn unfolds the east,
 E'er I by change or coldness wring
 Thy fond confiding breast.
 Then turn thee not away, &c.

[A heavy, lumbering noise heard without in the library, R. C. F.]

Julia. [Alarmed.] What noise is that?

Flora. [Looking out.] Only Mr. Sampson, madam, stumbling up and down the library. Never mind the good soul; with him, even seeing is not believing.

Julia. For heaven's sake, sir, begone the way you came!

Flora. Ay, do—here, here, sir.

Ber. [*Running to the balcony, L. C. F.*] I cannot, my boat is in possession of your brother's servants.

Julia. To what difficulty has your folly reduced me!

Flora. [*Watching.*] Mr. Sampson has blundered this way sure enough.

[DOMINIE SAMPSON is seen through the library, R. C. F., in his night gown and cap, with a long candlestick in his hand.]

Julia. What's to be done?

Flora. I have it, I have it! Do, ma'am, let the gentleman put on one of those outlandish Indian dresses, and squat down behind the harp; Mr. Sampson wont notice him, and if he does, let me alone.

Ber. Nay, if I cannot play a Bramin after being so many years in India, it's very hard.

[*They assist to dress him, and conceal him behind the harp, L. C.*]

Julia. But how shall we account for his being here, if he is discovered?

Flora. Ma'am, we must take our cue from circumstances.

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON from the library, R. C. F., with a light in his hand.

Dom. Of a verity, this is not the way to mine own apartment, neither; nay, it doth seem that of a lady.

Flora. [*Whispering.*] There, ma'am, did I not say he would not see us?

Dom. I would I had the clue of Ariadne, for this dwelling is a Cretan labyrinth. I will again essay to extricate myself. [*He walks forward, c.—Flora advances, whom he does not see till close to her.*] Prodigious!

Flora. Why, who would have thought this of you, Mr. Sampson! to be prying about so very near my young lady's dressing-room, at this time of night! I assure you I take it very strange of you!

Dom. I was erratic, Mistress Flora.

Flora. Never Mistress me, man! but get away as fast as you can; lord only knows what Colonel Mannering will say, if he should know of it!

Dom. And that might, perchance, prejudice my young mistress, Miss Bertram, in his opinion. Woeful man that I am! who shall deliver me?

Flora. Pray go immediately, Mr. Sampson.

Dom. I obey—I will begone swiftly—I am beset with fears and trepidations.

[*Goes towards the door of Julia's bed-room, L. D.*

Flora. [*Running after him and pulling him back.*] Worse and worse, Mr. Sampson! that's not your way. Would you burst into my young lady's bed-room? Indeed, Mr. Dominie, I begin to suspect you. Is that the way you propose to teach her Hebrew? Oh, fie! fie! fie!

Dom. Prodigious!—I am confounded! [*Peeping in.*] Assuredly, there is a four-post bed, with crimson furniture. I will gird up my loins and flee. [*He struggles out of Flora's grasp, stumbles forward, and overturns the harp, upon which he falls—as he rises he sees Bertram, and stares at him with great surprise—Bertram retains his cross-legged position of an Indian priest, and stares at him again with great composure.*] Mirificé! whom have we here?

Flora. Why, Mr. Sampson, what mischief will you do next? that you should disturb that learned Indian gentleman, just when he was occupied in teaching my young mistress the—the—the—[*Aside.*] what shall I say? Dear, dear, where shall I find a word?

Dom. (c.) Is he a teacher? then I reverence him. In what is he profound?

Flora. (R. c.) Astrology.

Dom. Prodigious! Nay, then, I will uplift my voice against him. [*Loudly.*] The occult sciences are a snare of the enemy!—delusions of darkness!—works of the wicked one!

Julia. (R.) [*Aside.*] I must stop his clamours! [*Aloud.*] Nay, Mr. Sampson, I see no more harm in the learned gentleman teaching me the Sanscrit, than in your proposal to teach me Hebrew.

Dom. Pardon me, most honourable; I knew not, when I proffered my poor endeavours, that there was a learned Punditt, who, doubtless, is better provided. Nevertheless, I will accost him in the eastern tongue. [*To Bertram.*] Salam alicum! [*Bertram rises and salams, which salutation is returned ridiculously by Dominie.*] Expound unto me, most learned Punditt, whether we shall confer in the Sanscrit of Bengali, in the Telinga, or in the Malaya language? Praise to the blessing of heaven, on my poor endeavours, I am indifferently skilled in these three tongues.

X. Handwritten signature

Ber. [*Aside.*] Confound your skill!—I am aground—I know only a few words of the Moorish gibberish.

[*A knocking heard at the door, R.*

Julia. Flora, there's my brother knocking.

Flora. [*To Bertram.*] Follow me down the back stairs, most learned Punditt. [*Apart to Julia, as she passes her.*] Face down the Dominie when your brother comes in, that there was nobody here, ma'am; I'll return directly.

[*Exit, with Bertram, L. U. E.*

Dom. Where has the damsel conveyed the learned Punditt? I would converse with him.

Julia. Come in, brother!

Re-enter COLONEL MANNERING, at the door, R.

Col. What has been the matter? I heard a heavy fall in your room—no accident I hope?

Julia. You heard Mr. Sampson, brother, who has chosen this strange time of night to rummage out the Indian manuscripts in these cabinets, and has stumbled over my harp.

Col. (R.) How's this, Mr. Sampson? You should take other time and place for your oriental studies, than so close to my sister's dressing-room at midnight.

Dom. (c.) Honoured sir! I crave your forgiveness; I wandered unwittingly, and was detained by my thirst of learning. That erudite Moonshee, whom I sought to converse withal——

Julia. (L. c.) [*Alarmed, and fetching a book from the table.*] This is the book you sought, I believe, sir.

Dom. [*Opening a fine illuminated manuscript.*] Prodigious! I profess it is an exemplar of the Shah-Nameh of the illustrious Ferdusi! [*Putting it under his arm.*] But, touching that Sancrit interpreter, whom——

Re-enter FLORA, L.

Julia. Indian Interpreter, sir! here it is in three volumes, folio. [*Pushes them to Sampson.*

Flora. [*Apart to Julia, while Sampson examines the books.*] I have sent your Punditt safe off, and told him to wait at the village till further advice.

Julia. [*Apart to Flora.*] Thank heaven for that! But how shall we get safe from the Dominie? he'll talk of nothing else.

Dom. I profess this is a most erudite work, and of great scarcity! I have observed it, honoured Colonel, noted in catalogues with four R.'s, which denoteth "rāris-simus." But, worthy sir, as concerning this learned Punditt—

Flora. Is this the book, sir?

Dom. It is rare;—but the Ulemat—

Julia. Or this, sir?

Dom. It is precious!—but the aforesaid Bramin—

Flora. Oh, 'tis this, I'm sure.

Dom. It is of the last rarity!—but the Moonshee—

Julia. Or this—

Dom. It is curious—but the Moonshee—the Punditt—the—

[They thrust books upon him, which he cannot refuse himself the pleasure of opening, until his hands and arms become embarrassed, and he begins to let them fall, one or two always escaping, as he picks up the others.]

Col. Come, Mr. Sampson, I fancy you had better retire, and what books you wish for shall be brought you. *[Calling off.]* Barnes!

Enter BARNES, at the door, R.

Light Mr. Sampson to his room! *[Sampson gathers up what books he can carry.]* And, hark ye! when you have showed him in, lock the door. I must take precautions against this extravagant thirst for information.

Barnes. This way, Mr. Sampson, if you please to follow.

Dom. I præ, Sēquar! Prodigious!

[As he is going off, loaded with books, he drops them all, exclaiming, "Prodigious!"—Exit, following Barnes, at the door, R.]

Col. Once more, Julia, good night! *[Exit at the door, R.]*

Julia. Good night, and thanks for this narrow escape! Go to my chamber, Flora; I'll follow directly.

Flora. Yes, ma'am. *[Exit at the door, L.]*

Julia. I declare, I am frightened at my own imprudence. Should my brother discover this business, what will be the consequence? Oh, dear! I wish he would but sympathise a little more with love, and a little less with honour; but, alas!—

x I follow in respect.

AIR.—JULIA MANNERING.

In ancient times, in Britain's isle,
 Lord Henry well was known;
 No knight in all the land more famed,
 Or more deserved renown.
 His heart was all on honour bent,
 He ne'er could stoop to love,
 No lady in the land had power
 His frozen heart to move.
 Yet, in that bosom, deem'd so stern,
 The kindest feelings dwelt;
 Her tender tale, when pity told,
 It never fail'd to melt.
 But, for no idle passion form'd,
 His high heroic mood,
 Glory's sublimer charms alone
 With lover's ardour woo'd.

[Exit at the door, L.]

SCENE II.—A desolate Heath between Woodburn and Kippletringan.—The moon declining.

Enter HENRY BERTRAM, R., bewildered and uncertain of his way.

Ber. Now, the devil take all glib-tongued ladies' maids! would any one have thought to hear that chattering monkey, that I'd more to do than just to follow my nose straight across the heath, to this Kip-Kap-Kapple—what the devil did she call the place? And here I am, fairly thrown out! The moon's going down too, and I may stray further out of my way. [Shouting.] Holloa! I wish some one was within hall, friend or foe, I care not. [Retires.]

Enter DANDIE DINMONT, a little tipsy, at the back, L. C.

Din. [Coming forward, and staggering.] Fair and softly, fair and softly, Dandie, my lad! Who was that holloaing I wonder? I should like to fall in with a companion, for its growing confounded dark—I'll be hanged if I can see my way. I wish I had got Dumpling; many people pretend to guide their horse,—now I always let my horse guide me—he'd have carried me to the next ale house, right enough, dark or light. Steady! my head's a little queerish.

To think that three poor bottles of rum should have done this now, among four! [*Bertram advances.*] Who goes there?
[*He raises his whip.*]

Ber. (L. c.) A friend!

Din. (R. c.) Stand fast a bit though—parley a little.
[*Aside.*] Dandie, few friends on a moor at midnight.
[*Aloud.*] What do you want?

Ber. I am a stranger.

Din. And I am Dandie Dinmont, reckoned the best bruiser in this country. I'll eat, drink, or fight wi' any man—so, stand off!

Ber. I don't mean to dispute it, I assure you, my friend. I am an Englishman, my name Brown, a captain in the fusileers. I have lost my way, and am really in want of a guide to the next town.

Din. Eh—no! are you really? Ye shall have one then. If I had but my little horse, now, you might have rode on his crupper; he always finds the way, when I lose it, and his back's main strong; he'd carry six, if 'twere long enough. But, come away—steady! are ye big or little?

Ber. Why, middling.

Din. That will do, for this moor, ye must know, is not in great reputation—there's thievers and gipsies haunt it.

Ber. Gipsies! pooh!

Din. Oh, man, we ha' great faith in 'em in our country. They prophecy, and knock down, like nobody knows what, so everybody believes in 'em; and there's an old woman, the queen of 'em they say, that deals wi' the devil, and can make 'em do anything, if she but lifts up her finger; she's known for a witch all over these parts.

Ber. Well, my friend, I'll stand by you.

Din. Will ye? then, give me a rough shake of the hand.

Ber. With all my heart.

[*Bertram gives him a hearty shake, which Dinmont returns.*]

Din. Gad! and if your heart be like your hand, it be a plaguy hard one. [*Looking off, R.*] But look! yonder's a couple of lights dancing bonnily before us.

Ber. A couple! I see but one, friend, and that seems pretty steady.

Din. Does it? then I've a notion you don't see with both your eyes, as I do. But, come on; let's make our way to it, border-fashion, side by side.

Ber. [*Aside.*] The fellow gripes like a smith's vice. Come along, friend, then, side by side.

Din. Aye, like true men; and if we meet with rogues, we'll show 'em another border-fashion, hand to hand. I say, you were bawling lustily just now,—I can bawl a bit myself. Suppose we try if we can't have a kind of a—which d'ye call it—a—double song together, just to cheer the way over the heath.

Ber. With all my heart.

DUETT.—BERTRAM and DINMONT.

Dinmont.

Without a companion, what's life but a heath,
That's wearisome, murky, and long?
But Dandie defies dulness, danger, and death,
With his friend, and his glass, and his song.

Bertram.

You're right; with a friend, man, you heighten your zest,
And march o'er life's road brisk and brightly;
With double delight on its green-swards you rest,
And trip o'er its rough places lightly.

Both.

Then come on, side by side, and as long as I've breath,
Here's an arm that's both willing and strong!
Jolly hearts bid defiance to danger and death,
Make light of the dark roads, and short of the long.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A wild and romantic part of the Chase, or Forest—a scattered Corpse Wood, with branches of decayed oaks—Cliffs rising behind them—Hills in the distance—a Gipsy Tent, up c., with a fire within in.*

GABRIEL, SEBASTIAN, and other Gipsies, male and female, discovered occupied in cooking, &c.—Children are seen mingling in the group.

Gab. (R.) Sebastian, where's the old gun with the Spanish barrel?

Seb. (L.) Why, will you need her to-night?

Gab. Aye; Dirk Hatteraick, the Dutchman's on the watch.

Seb. What, another shark to be harpooned among us gipsies? [*Coming forward and whispering.*] I'll have

nought to do with it. I haven't forgotten how he cried and groaned.

Gab. What *he*?

Seb. [*In a low voice.*] *He* of the wood of Ellangowan, sixteen years ago, when they stole the child. No, no, I'll have no more of that. Let Dirk Hatteraick do his own own bloody business.

Gab. But it is business that concerns us all. The child—that very child is now a man, and escaped from Batavia; has served in the army, and is come home again.

Seb. How do you know this?

Gab. I saw him myself at Carlisle two days since, and you know that I knew him in India.

Seb. Well, well, let him alone; he'll never remember any thing of this country.

Gab. Dirk doesn't think so, and is determined at least to ship him over the herring pond again. Besides, he has other plans about it. We have had him close watched; he has been seen twice to take boat on the lake, and was in the house of Woodburne this very night; that Franco knew, and watched him out of it. He must cross this way to Kippletringan—

Seb. I say again, I'll not meddle. What does Meg Merrilies say?—she, to whom we all look up.

Gab. She say! Why, she doats—she's no more what she was, or ought to be—she's turned tender hearted, and swears she'll hinder us from lifting a finger against the Lad of Ellangowan, and that, if we attempt to keep him from his own, we but fight against fate!

Seb. Well, and we dare not dispute her bidding.

Gab. Pooh! thou art as bad as she: let us only be secret, and do the business before she knows any thing about it. Do you go, and tell Dirk Hatteraick I'll be at Mirkwood path shortly, with a party to help him. Tell him to keep his ground, and not begin till I come. [*Exit Sebastian, R. U. E.*] Come, fellows, to our several stations.

GIPSY GLEE AND CHORUS.

FRANCO, GIPSY GIRL, and GABRIEL.

(The Words by Mrs. Johanne Baillie; the Music by Bishop.)

Franco. The cough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.

The wild fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray,—
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our op'ning day.

Chorus. Up-rouse ye, &c.

Gipsy G. Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower.
Bewilder'd hinds, with shorten'd ken,
Shrink on their murky way,—
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our op'ning day.

Chorus. Up rouse ye, &c.

Gab. Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof, nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
To bless a good man's store.
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day,—
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
And use it as ye may.

Chorus. Up-rouse ye, &c.

[*Exeunt, L., all but Gabriel, Franco, the boy, and the Gipsy Girl.*]

Voices. [Without, R.] Holloa! holloa!

Gab. What voices are those? [Calling off.] Holloa! who's there?

Enter HENRY BERTRAM and DANDIE DINMONT, R.

[*Aside, seeing Bertram.*] 'Tis he himself, by all that's lucky! Then, all's safe.

Din. [Apart to Bertram.] They are the gipsies, but there's only one man with them; the rest are not far off, I reckon. Well, never fear! we are two. By the light, you seem no baby, and for me, fair play, and I'll face any three of them! Bless ye! they're not fed like the like of us.

Ber. I fear them not; and with you at my side, friend, there's not many things ought to alarm me.

Gab. What seek ye here?

Din. We have lost our way, man, and are seeking that. Know ye which way Kippletringan lies?

Gab. Right over the hill, through the ford, cross the bog, through the thicket, and you have it.

Din. [*Aside.*] Hill, ford, bog, thicket! The gipsy knave is making fun I think. [*To Gabriel.*] Hark ye, friend! have you a head on your shoulders?

Gab. (L. c.) Aye, sir; and what of that?

Din. Why, how think you it would sort with the butt end of a Liddesdale whip? [*Shakes it at him.*]

Gipsy G. (L.) [*Apart to Gabriel.*] Take care, give good words; that's fighting Dinmont of Liddesdale; I know him well; I've seen him clear Staneshaw-bank fair from end to end, driving fifty men before him.

Ber. Come, sirs, there's no occasion for quarrelling: this gentleman and I want a guide to the town he mentioned, and I will willingly pay him handsomely.

Din. It's more than he deserves, to refuse two poor bewildered young creatures help at such a time of night.

Gipsy G. I'm sure, gentlemen, you'll excuse us; we are not accustomed to see the like of you; but if there is any thing that you would take——

Din. Can there be any thing we won't take, my dear? for I have not taken meat or drink this four or five hours, and the cold blast on the hills has given me such an appetite, that, as the Yorkshireman says, "I cou'd eat a horse behind a saddle."

Gipsy G. Well, sir, such as we have——

Din. That's a good lass! Come, stir! Come, my sulky lad, lend a hand here.

[*They draw forward a rude table, L. c., and place meat and drink upon it—Gabriel and Franco retire*

R. U. E., and whisper together.

Din. (L.) [*To Bertram.*] Try a leg of her, man; she's a moor-fowl. [*Helping him.*] Did you ever see a moor-fowl in your part of the world?

Ber. No, indeed, unless stuffed, upon the shelves of a museum.

MEG MERRILIES darts from behind the tent, R. U. E.—
she advances softly a step or two, and gazes intently on Bertram.

Din. Lord! the ignorance of your southern gentlefolks!

stuff it into your own stomach, man! [*Drinks.*] This is capital too! it will be moonshine brandy I reckon. The smugglers and gipsies are all one man's children.—But, lord, captain—since you say you are a captain—did you ever in your life see a woman stand staring, as that old gipsy woman has been staring at you? That's she, I take it, I told you of, she they call Meg Merrilies, the ruler and terror of them all.

Ber. (L. c.) [*Turning round, and observing Meg.*] My good woman, do you know me, that you look at me so hard?

Meg. Better than you know yourself.

Ber. Aye, aye—that is, you'll tell my future fortune.

[*Rises.*]

Meg. Yes! because I know your past.

Ber. Indeed! then you have read a perplexed page.

Meg. It will be clearer soon.

Ber. Never less likely.

Meg. Never more so.

Ber. [*Offering money.*] Your manner is wild and oracular enough—come, give me a proof of your art.

Meg. Offer it not. If with a simple spell I cannot recall times, which you have long forgotten, hold me the miserablest impostor.—Hear me, hear me, Henry—Henry Bertram!

Ber. Henry Bertram! sure, I have heard that name—but when, and where?—

Meg. Hark!—hark to the sound of other days!—Listen, and let your heart awake! Girl, come hither,—sing me the song I used to sing to Bertram's babe.

[*The Gipsy Girl comes forward, c., and sings the Air which Lucy sung, but much more wildly.*]

AIR.

Oh! hark thee, young Henry,
 Thy sire is a knight,
 Thy mother a lady,
 So lovely and bright;
 The hills and the dales,
 From the towers which we see,
 They all shall belong,
 My dear Henry to thee.

Oh! rest thee, bade, rest thee, bade, sleep on till day!

Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

Ber. These words, do, indeed, thrill my bosom with strange emotions. Woman, speak more plainly, and tell me why these sounds thus agitate my inmost soul,—and what ideas they are, that thus darkly throng upon my mind at hearing them.

Meg. [*Speaking.*]

Listen, youth, to words of pow'r—
Swiftly comes the rightful hour!
They, who did thee scathe and wrong,
Shall pay their deeds by death e're long.

The dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right,
And Bertram's right, and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height!

[*Exit Gabriel, suddenly, up the cliffs, L. U. E., after giving Franco some directions.*]

Ber. [*Gazing on Meg, thoughtful and surprised.*]
Bertram—Bertram! why does that name sound so familiar to me?

Din. He is bewitched, for certain;—there was always witchcraft and devilry among them gipsy clan, I have heard.

Meg. [*Who has watched Gabriel up the cliff.*] And now, begone! Franco, guide these strangers on their way to Kippletringan. [*To Bertram.*] Yet, stay—let me see your hand. [*Leading him forward.*] What say these lines of the fortunes past? Wandering and woe, and danger, and crosses in love, and in friendship. What of the future? Honour, wealth, prosperity, love rewarded, and friendship re-united. But what of the present? Aye! there's a trace, which speaks of danger, of captivity perchance, but not of death. [*Looking cautiously round, then beckoning Dinmont, and speaking in a very low, deep voice.*] If you are attacked, be men, and let your hands defend your heads. I will not be far distant from you in the moment of need. And now begone! Fate calls you.—Away! away! away!

[*She retires, R., behind the tent, c.*]

Din. Lord, captain, I wish she may be all right, and not familiar with other things than live in this world.

Ber. Don't be afraid, my friend.

Din. Feared! damn'd a whistle fear I! Be she witch or devil, it's all one to Dandie;—and yet, I felt but queer like, just now, when she was conjuring. If I could ha'

mustered a bit of a prayer, I don't know but I'd have given it her.—But, as I said, devil take me if I baulk you, captain—[*To Franco.*] So forward, my little fellow! and we'll follow.

Franco. This way, gentlefolks!

[*Exit Franco up the rocks, L. U. E., Dinmont and Bertram following.*]

SCENE IV.—*A wild Landscape.*

Enter GABRIEL, cautiously, R., and looking back.

Gab. Franco has observed my track, I see. That's a promising chick in our craft, and loves his profession. He has as quick an eye to mischief, as the oldest of our gang.

Enter FRANCO, hastily, R.

Well, my little decoy duck, are they far behind?

Fra. Not far; I watched you, and sported on before, to get a word with you, now we're free from old Meg.

Gab. Well, then, lead 'em down the pass in the rocks, to Hatteraick's point, and contrive to loiter there, till I come up the glen with my party; but, be sure not to give Dirk the signal, till you see us.

Fra. Trust to me, Gabriel. Hush! they are here.

Enter DANDIE DINMONT and HENRY BERTRAM, R.

Din. [*To Gabriel.*] Holloa! you sir! You here too? What are you saying to the boy?

Gab. I only came to give him directions; I feared he might mistake the road.

Din. Look you, friend: your people sometimes come up our water-side; now, they have always had a barn, and clean straw, and a bellyful at Charlies-Hope;—but if you play us any trick now, the devil take me, if you or they shall ever have any thing but your shirts full of broken bones! Damn it! I could find the way myself; for the brandy has cleared my eyes, the rum had blinded.

Gab. There's no cause for your suspicion, sir; you'll be taken care of, depend 'on it.

SONG.—GABRIEL.

Follow him, nor fearful deem,
 Danger lurks in gipsy-guile;
 Rude, and lawless, though we seem,
 Simple hearts we bear the while.

Robber fierce, nor thief is here,
 Who shroud by night in savage den ;
 Fearless then, o'er mosses drear,
 Gloomy thicket, darksome glen !
 Safely follow, follow him !

[*Exeunt, Gabriel R., Dinmont and Bertram following Franco, L.*]

SCENE V.—*A Dell, or Pass, with Cliffs, rugged and broken—shaggy underwood growing on each side—in the offing, the Sea, or rather an inlet from it, and a Smuggler's lugger riding in the distance—The grey dawn of morning, with the sun faintly seen to light the extreme horizon.*

Two Smugglers seen lurking on the rocks.

Enter DIRK HATTERAICK and SEBASTIAN down the rocks, R. U. E.

Hat. By the element, your fire's out, your spirit's gone, Sebastian ! You're turned cowards and cravens every man of you ! Oh, the pretty lads I have seen you gipsy tribe turn out, to land a cargo, or to fight the land sharks ! And to wince at such a trifle as this.

Seb. But I tell you, Dirk Hatteraick, that Meg will not consent that there should be a hair of his head hurt ; and thou knowest well the weight she has with all our tribe, and why she has it. We dare not disobey even her signs and looks.

Hat. Aye, aye, because your people think she is hand and glove with old Satan.

Seb. And what is your promise, Captain Hatteraick ? I think I have a good right to know it.

Hat. Why right ?

Seb. Why, before a man slips his neck within the compass of a halter, I think he may be allowed to ask a civil question, why ?

Hat. Well, then, you suspicious hound ! If thou wert at the top of that cliff, what large house would you see ?

Seb. Ellangowan Castle, to be sure. What of that ?

Hat. And to whom does Ellangowan Castle belong ?

Seb. Why, they say it belongs to your old acquaintance, Gilbert Glossin.

Hat. It does; but if this lad—this Brown as they call him, this heir-male, were safe under hatches yonder, in my lugger, ready to be produced with the documents which I can give him, whose would the estate be then, eh?

Seb. I begin to see your drift, captain.

Hat. Why, mine, man, and thine, and all who hold the secret to threaten Glossin with. He shall be our factor only, and draw the rents for us; the castle's our own to revel in, and he shall not dare to say us nay. So, set your foot to mine, lads, and we secure the youngster in a moment, and keep him like a bagged fox, to be turned out as we see cause.

Seb. But you had better wait for Gabriel and his fellows. Young Bertram's a powerful man; if he resists and—

Hat. And is killed you mean—why, then we must keep the secret, and make that scoundrel Glossin believe him still alive.—But zounds! have done with your butts and ands; here they come. [*To the Smugglers.*] Stand back, lads, behind the cliff! [*They conceal themselves, R. U. E.*]

Enter BERTRAM and DINMONT, preceded by FRANCO, down the winding path of the cliff, L. U. E.

Din. [*Coming down the cliff.*] I tell you, my cock-sparrow, I have had a special notion this some time past, that you are leading us out of the road to Kippletringan;—and if you are, my chicken, I'll think no more of wringing your neck round, than a moor-foul-pout! [*Advancing to the front, L., Franco anxiously looking off, R.*] And what ails ye now, you devil's bird, that you stand staring down the glen? [*Shaking him.*] I have not the truth out of you!

Fra. I only thought, perhaps, the gentleman might like to see the rocks—many southern gentlemen come to see this glen,—its famous!

Din. Rocks and glens! when we want to get to a town, and our beds! Come, come, where's the way next?

Fra. [*Affecting great fear.*] You terrify me so, I don't know.

Din. If I take you in hand, young one—

Ber. (L.) Oh, let him alone; you frighten him—he is but a boy.

Din. (c.) A boy! there's as much mischief in the devil's little finger, they say, as there is in all his body—he's hatching a lie at this moment.

Fra. (R. c.) [*Aside.*] I see 'em! [*To Dinmont.*] Dear sir, if you heard the curious echo that is here, you would not be angry.

Ber. Echo! what echo, my little lad?

Fra. You shall hear.

[He whistles, and at the same instant springs with great agility out of Dinmont's hands.]

Re-enter DIRK HATTERAICK and his Sailors, L., rushing forward—GABRIEL, with several Gipsy men, R.—Just as they are about to attack, MEG MERRILIES suddenly appears upon an eminence, R. U. E., between the parties, and waves off the Gipsies, who shrink back at her signal.

Meg. Gipsies, strike not at your peril! Children, obey me, and depart.

Hat. Witch—fiend—hag!—Cowards! will ye desert me at a woman's bidding? Then we must do it ourselves—at 'em, lads!

[A violent scuffle—the Sailors are worsted and driven off—Hatteraick is knocked down, and made prisoner—Meg disappears.]

Din. Well, the devil such sport as this, captain, I never saw. How that fellow fought!

Ber. But what shall we do with our prisoner; he seems resolved not to walk.

Din. I cannot blame him—it's a rough road to the gallows! [*To Hatteraick.*] Come, lad, will ye get up and walk, or shall I carry you on my shoulders, as if you were a sheep?

[Bertram assists Dinmont to lift up Hatteraick, whose arms they bind—he looks dogged and stern, but makes no resistance.]

Ber. Now, sir, be pleased to use your legs.—No! motionless and silent! We'll find a way to make you march.

[Bag-pipes—a march heard without, L. U. E.]

Din. And as good luck would have it, yonder comes the highland party I saw at the fair yesterday, and a troop of the village lads and lasses following the merry bag-pipes. 'Gad, we'll have enough to carry you now, lad, gaily and lightly. [*Looking off.*] And its my old acquaintance, Serjeant M'Craw with them too.

Enter the SERJEANT, with a party of Soldiers, L. U. E., followed by Villagers, male and female.

How is all with you, serjeant? and how came you in this queer out-of-the-way bit?

Ser. Why, we're ordered here to look out for some smugglers and banditti.

Din. We have been before hand with you, man,—fought them, beat them, and made a prisoner! and you must help us to take him to the next justice's, Gibbie Glossin's, at Ellangowan.

Ser. With all my heart: I'll now refresh my party.

[He gives orders.—Exeunt four Soldiers, with Dirk Hatteraick, L. U. E., followed by Bertram.]

Din. And what will refresh them?

Ser. A dram.

Din. And what more?

Ser. A song.

Din. And what more?

Ser. A dance.

Din. Bravo, serjeant! ye keep a right highland heart still.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Now fill the glass, and let it pass
 From hand to hand, wi' glee, man;
 The faint are bold, and young the old
 When whiskey fires their ee', man.
 The kelted lads frae Scottish hills,
 When taking aff their native gills,
 Find every nerve wi' courage fills;
 A dauntless band,
 Like rocks they stand,
 And wield the brand
 Wi' deadly hand
 Till foes all fall or flee man.

A SCOTCH DANCE.

[In the heat of the Dance, Dinmont takes off his great coat, his under coat, and at last his waistcoat—the others whirl off one by one, and Dinmont is left alone dancing, as the drop falls.]

END OF ACT II.



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Ellangowan—The Sea-shore, with the Castle on the Rocks, L.*

Enter MEG MERRILIES, L.

Meg. From one peril I have preserved young Bertram, his greatest and his last is still to come.—From that, too, will I protect him. I told Hatteraick and his murderous crew, when they forced the child away, e'en when the villain's dagger at his infant-throat forced my unwilling secrecy to their devilish plan,—that should the sweet blossom live to ripen into manhood, and return to his native land, I'd set him in his father's seat again.—I'll do it! though I dig my own grave in the attempt.

Enter SEBASTIAN, R.

Now, Sebastian, thy tidings?

Seb. Dirk Hatteraick has sent his orders by me, for our crew to meet him instantly at the Old Tower of Derncleugh.

Meg. Hatteraick! Why, was he not secured, and taken by Dinmont and the youth to Glossin's? Is he not in the hands of justice?

Seb. Yes; but he has slipped through its fingers, and without much difficulty, for they were opened to him on purpose.

Meg. What mean'st thou?

Seb. Why, that his old friend, Justice Glossin, contrived that he should effect his escape from the Castle-Keep, where he was confined; and the friendly smuggler and lawyer meet to-night in the cavern by Derncleugh Tower, where we are to assist them in making sure (as they call it) of that youngster of Ellangowan, whom Glossin is to separate from his sturdy companion, and send over the heath alone.

Meg. Ha! his death is purposed, then, and they have chosen the scene of one murder to commit another. Right! The blood spilt on that spot, has long cried for vengeance, and it shall fall upon them! Sebastian, speed to Dinmont and the youth, tell them not to separate for their lives;—guide them to the Glen near the Tower; there let them wait till Glossin and Hatteraick meet in the cavern—away! and do my bidding. [*Exit Sebastian, L.*] Now to send to Mannering. I must remain on the watch myself; Gabriel

I dare not trust. [*Looking off.*] Ha! who comes now?—the girl herself and Abel Sampson, Henry Bertram's ancient tutor. It shall be so—Hush! away! away!

[*Retires behind the rock, L. U. E.*]

Enter JULIA MANNERING and LUCY BERTRAM, R.

Julia. Upon my word, my dear Lucy, this Scotland of yours is the most gallant country in the world. There's even Mr. Sampson yonder turned as arrant a coxcomb as my brother, in our service. How delightful the old gentleman does look in his new suit! What wonders will you work next?—an old, abstracted philosopher, dangling after us, a bean-companion, and a proud, stern, stoical soldier, melted down into your forlorn true lover, Lucy!

Lucy. Why will you thus continue to persecute me with speeches, which gratitude and delicacy, and above all, the remembrance of my deep and recent afflictions should forbid me listening to.

Julia. By no means, my dear; gratitude and delicacy, and every thing in the world should bid you listen to a man, who—I can tell you from good authority—is over head and ears in love with you. What say you, dearest Lucy, will you be my sister?

Lucy. Oh, Julia! what can, what ought I to say? Spare me, I entreat you! my heart is too full—let yours speak for me.

AIR.—LUCY BERTRAM.

Oh! blame me not, that such high worth
 Hath raised of love the gentle flame,
 Yet, as I own it—quicker throbs
 The timid, trembling pulse of shame.
 When pity dries the falling tear,
 Love, unperceived, will venture in;
 And kindness to a wounded heart,
 Is sure that wounded heart to win.
 My faltering tongue, my downcast eyes,
 Reveal my bosom's thoughts too plain;
 But where love wore a form so good,
 Ah! tell me, could it plead in vain.
 This heart without a resting place,
 Was like the wand'ring weary dove,
 Return'd from sorrow's storms to seek
 A shelter in the ark of love.

Julia. (c.) Thanks, dearest Lucy! I've a story to tell you in return about myself; but not just now, for here comes Mr. Sampson.

Lucy. Pray endeavour to divert the poor man's attention, for his change of dress quite confuses him. How could you play such a roguish trick upon the good, absent soul, as to make the servant put new clothes in his room, in the place of old ones?

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, R., looking at his clothes.

Dom. Truly, my outward man doth somewhat embarrass my sensations of identity. My vestments are renovated miraculously.

Julia. Mr. Sampson, will you favour us with your arm?

Dom. [*Looking at her a moment, then at his clothes.*] Of a verity, these sleeves are regenerated—so are the knees of my breeches, or subligacūli, as the ancients denominated them.

Lucy. Come, Mr. Sampson, we wait for you.

Dom. Honoured young lady! I——Where can the patch and darning be removed unto?

[*Meg Merrilies glides unperceived from the rocks, L. U. E., and crosses at the back to R.*

Lucy. What's the matter, sir?

Dom. I know not—I am nubilous. Doubtless the air of Woodburne is favourable unto wearing apparel; for the surface of my garments is as fresh as when I first put them on, ten years ago! Miraculous! Idem et alter!! Prodigious!!! But I crave forgiveness, young ladies,—we will proceed. [*He takes the ladies' arms, and is going, L.*

Meg. [*Moving forward suddenly to R. c., and calling.*] Stop!—I command you!

Dom. [*Turning, and starting back, L. c.*] Avoid thee!

Julia. What a frightful creature! [*To Dominie, holding out her purse.*] Here—here, sir! Give her something, and bid her go.

Meg. I want not your trash!

Lucy. She's mad!

Meg. No, I am not mad!—I've been imprisoned for mad—scourged for mad—banished for mad,—but mad I am not.

Lucy. For mercy's sake, good woman, what is it you want?

Meg. Go hence, Lucy Bertram, and Julia Mannering ! There's no harm meant you, and may be, much good at hand. Hence ! 'tis Abel Sampson I want.

Dom. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Meg Merrilies, renowned for her sorceries ! I haven't seen her for many a year. My blood curdles to hear her ! [*Aloud.*] Young ladies, depart and fear not : I am somewhat tremulous, but I am vigorous—Lo ! I will resist. [*He edges round between the ladies and Meg, to cover their retreat.—Exeunt Julia and Lucy, R. As they go off, he points his long cane at Meg.*] I am perturbed at thy words—Woman, I conjure thee ! [*Meg advances.*] Nay then, will I flee incontinently !

Meg. Halt ! and stand fast, or ye shall rue the day, while a limb of you hangs together !

✓ *Dom.* Conjūro te, nēquissima, et scēlestissima !

Meg. What gibberish is that ? Go from me to Colonel Mannering.

Dom. I am fugacious ! [*Attempts to escape.*]

Meg. [*Darting at him.*] Stay !—Thou tremblest ! [*Offering a flask.*] Drink of this !

Dom. I am not a thirst, most execrable—I mean, excellent—

Meg. Drink !

Dom. Lo ! I obey ! [*Drinks.*]

Meg. Can your learning tell what that is ?

Dom. Praised be thy bounty,—brandy.

Meg. Will you remember my errand now ?

Dom. I will, most pernicious—that is, pertinaciously.

Meg. Then tell Colonel Mannering, if ever he owed a debt to the House of Ellangowan, and hopes to see it prosper, he must come instantly, armed, and well attended, to the Glen, below the Tower of Derncleugh, and fail not on his life ! You know the spot.

Dom. I do—where you once dwelt, most accursed—that is, most accurate.

Meg. Aye, Abel Sampson, there blazed my hearth for many a day ! and there, beneath the willow, that hung its garlands over the brook, I've sat, and sung to Harry Bertram, songs of the old time.

Dom. [*Aside.*] Witch rhymes, and incantations. I would I could abscond.

Meg. That tree is withered now, never to be green again ; and old Meg Merrilies will never sing blythe songs more.

✓ I can't see the end of the scene

But I charge you, Abel Sampson, when the heir shall have his own—as soon as he shall——

Dom. Woman!—What say'st thou?

Meg. That you tell him not to forget Meg Merrilies, but to build up the old walls in the Glen, for her sake, and let those that live there be, too, good,—to fear the beings of another world; for, if ever the dead come back among the living, I'll be seen in that Glen many a night after these crazed bones are whitened in the mould.

Dom. [*Aside.*] Fears and perturbations creep upon me! but I will speak soothingly unto her. [*Aloud.*] Assuredly, Mrs. Margaret Merrilies, I will go whither thou biddest me, and remember your behest. But, touching the return of little Harry Bertram, I opine——

Meg. I have said it, old man! ye shall see him again, and the best lord he shall be that Ellangowan has seen this hundred years. But, ye're o'er long here—To Mannering! away! and bid him come to that spot instantly, or the heir of Ellangowan may perish for ever.

Dom. [*Going, R.*] I will hie me nimbly, most facinorous—I would say, fascinating—[*Meg motions him off—she stands looking after him, her arm pointed in the direction he is going.*] Prodigious!—Prodigious!!—Prodigious!!!

Meg. Now, then, to complete the work of fate, though every step I take be on a corpse. I was born to raise the old house of Ellangowan from its ruins,—and the moment is at hand, when all shall behold

Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
Meet on Ellangowan's height.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Woodburne House—swords, guns, pistols, &c., over the mantel-piece.*

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, R., followed by LUCY BERTRAM and JULIA MANNERING.

Julia. Oh, my dear brother! you cannot think how frightened we were! she desired us to go away—it was Mr. Sampson she said she wanted to speak with.

Lucy. I wish he were returned.

Dominie. [*Without, R., speaking to Flora.*] Avoid thee!—that is, where is Colonel Mannering?

Flora. [*Without.*] This way, Mr. Sampson—follow me!

Dominie. [*Without.*] Conjuro te—I mean, show me to him.

Col. Here is Mr. Sampson—and now, perhaps, we shall know how to act.

Enter FLORA, R., followed by DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Flora. Gracious me, Mr. Sampson! what's the matter with you?

Dom. Exorciso te!

Flora. Exercise me! What is't you mean, sir? Are you out of your wits?

Dom. Conjuro te!

Flora. Conjure me! You're bewitched yourself, for certain.

Dom. Of a surety, it is my belief—deprecor—that is, I would confer with the Colonel Maunering.

Flora. Well, there is the Colonel, and the young ladies with him, Mr. Sampson. [*Exit, R.*]

Col. Now, Mr. Sampson, what is the meaning of all this alarm?

Dom. Exorciso!—

Col. Now, sir!

Dom. I crave pardon, honourable sir; but my wits—

Col. Seem rather disordered, I think;—but I beg you will arrange them, and explain your business.

Dom. I will; sed conjuro te!—I mean, I will deliver my message.

Col. Your message! from whom?

Dom. From Belzebub, I believe.

Col. This is an ill-timed jest, Mr. Sampson.

Dom. She, of whom I spake, is no jesting person.

Col. Whom—whom did you speak of?

Dom. Belzebub's mistress, Meg Merrilies.

Lucy. Good heaven! was it she whom I saw? Oh sir! what said she?

Dom. Prodigious! I am oblivious!

Col. Mr. Sampson, how can you trifle thus?

Dom. Honoured Colonel! bear with me a moment. The witch hath terrified me! It was touching little Harry Bertram.

Lucy. How! my long lost brother?

Dom. Yea! who, though of a tender age, was, by a blessing on my poor endeavours, a prodigy of learning.

x
2. Will I do

She

Col. Well, sir, but what of him ?

Dom. Of a verity, she prophecied his return.

Lucy. Gracious heaven !

Dom. And has commanded you, worthy Colonel, to attend her summons with armed men, at her ancient domicile, in the glen, by Derncleugh Tower.

Col. With armed men ?

Dom. Yea, and speedily, lest, as she said, the heir of Ellangowan perisheth for ever.

Lucy. Oh, sir, slight her not ! vagrant and gipsy as she is, she nursed my little brother, and was said to doat on him. 'Tis a wild hope ; but, for my sake, listen to it ! should I find a brother to protect me, to thank you, too, for all your goodness !

Col. It shall be attended to this moment. [Rings.]

Enter a Servant, L.

Barnes, order the servants to provide themselves with weapons instantly. [*Exit Servant, L.*] Mr. Sampson, protect the ladies. Arm yourself, and follow me ; your presence may be important. [Exit, R.]

Dom. [*Taking down a gun and sword from the wall.*] Young ladies, follow me and fear not. Lo ! I have armed myself, and will smite lustily in the cause of little Harry. [*The gun goes off.*] Pro-o-o-digious !

[*Exeunt Lucy and Julia, running, R., Dominie after them, dragging the gun, and awkwardly shouldering the sword.*]

SCENE III.—*The Cavern near the Tower of Derncleugh—a broken and lofty entrance at the top, near the back, L., from which descends a rugged path—a dark and narrow passage hewn in the rock below, c.*

DIRK HATTERAICK discovered walking up and down in the vault, near the embers of a fire, R.

Enter GILBERT GLOSSIN from the top cautiously, with a dark lantern.

Glo. Hist ! hist !

Hat. Is it you ?

Glo. Are you in the dark, my dear Dirk ?

Hat. Dark ! Dark as the devil's mouth, and my fire is out.

Glo. We'll repair it in a trice. [*Gathering up some dry sticks, and repairing the fire, which burns up briskly.*] It is a cold place, to be sure.

Hat. [*Eagerly warming himself.*] Cold! snow-water, and hail! It is perdition! And I could only keep myself alive, by walking up and down this infernal hole, and thinking on the merry rouses we have had in it.

Glo. And shall again, boy. [*Producing a flask.*] See, here's something to warm your heart as well as your limbs.

Hat. Give it me, give it me! [*Drinks.*] Ah! this lights the fire within. I have dreamt of nothing but that damned dead fellow, Kennedy, ever since I've been here.

Glo. Come, come, the cold's at your heart still! take another pull. I left that bull-headed brute of a farmer, refreshing, as he calls it, with the soldiers, and the youngster crosses the heath alone; so, there's an easy trick to be won.

Hat. No, I'd rather fight for it; a few good blows puts a colour upon such a business,—besides, I should like my revenge on that Liddesdale bully for the hard knocks he gave me.

MEG MERRILIES appears through the dark narrow passage, c., attended by HENRY BERTRAM and DANDIE DINMONT.

Meg. [*In a deep whisper to Bertram.*] Will you believe me now? You shall hear them attest all I have said—but do not stir till I give the sign. [*They retire back.*

Hat. (R.) [*Who has been warming himself.*] Is Sebastian true, think you?

Glo. (L.) True as steel! I fear none of them but old Meg.

Meg. (c.) [*Stepping forward.*] And what d'ye fear from her?

Glo. [*Aside.*] What fury has brought this hag hither? [*To Meg.*] Nay, nothing, nothing, my good mother; I was only fearing you might not come here to see our friend, Dirk Hatteraick, before he left us.

Meg. What brings him back with the blood of the Kennedy upon his hands?

Hat. It has dried up, you hag! It has dried up twenty years ago.

Meg. It has not! It cries, night and day, from the bottom of this dungeon to the blue arch of heaven, and

never so loudly as at this moment! And, yet, you proceed, as if your hands were whiter than the lily.

Hat. Peace, you foul witch! or I'll make you quiet.

Glo. No violence, no violence against honest Meg! I will show her such good reasons for what we have further to do—you know our purpose, I suppose?

Meg. Yes!—To murder an unoffending youth, the heir of Ellangowan. And you, you treacherous cur! that bit the charitable hand, that fed you! Will you again be helping to kidnap your master's son? Beware! I always told ye, evil would come on ye, and in this very cave.

Glo. Hark ye, Meg! we must speak plain to you! My friend, Dirk Hatteraick, and I, have made up our minds about this youngster, and it signifies nothing talking, unless you have a mind to share his fate. You were as deep as we in the whole business.

Meg. 'Tis false! You forced me to consent that you should hurry him away, kidnap him, plunder him; but to murder him was your own device!—yours! And it has thriven with you well.

Hat. The old hag has croaked nothing but evil bodings these twenty years. She has been a rock-a-head to me all my life.

Meg. I, a rock-a-head! The gallows is your rock-a-head.

Hat. Gallows! Ye hag of Satan! the hemp is not sown that shall hang me.

Meg. It is sown, and it is grown, and hackled and twisted. Did I not tell you, that the boy would return in spite of you? Did I not say, the old fire would burn down to a spark, and then blaze up again?

[The party appear on the watch in the narrow passage, c.]

Hat. You did; but all is lost, unless he's now made sure. Ask Glossin else.

Meg. I do; and in the name of heaven, demand, if he will yet forego his foul design against his master's son?

Glo. What! and give up all to this Brown, or Bertram—this infernal heir-male, that's come back? Never!

Meg. Bear witness, heaven and earth! They have confessed the past deed, and proclaimed their present purpose.

[She throws a little flax, dipped in spirits of wine, on the fire, which blazes up—at this signal Henry Ber-

tram rushes upon Glossin—Dandie Dinmont upon Dirk Hatteraick and masters his sword—Hatteraick suddenly fires a pistol at Meg, who falls with a loud scream into the arms of Dinmont—he then rushes up to the entrance of the cavern, he is met by COLONEL MANNERING and Soldiers, who instantly secure him and Glossin—Servants follow with lights.

Col. [To the Soldiers.] Carry off these villains! we have heard their own tongues seal their guilt.—Justice shall do the rest. [Exeunt Soldiers with Glossin and Hatteraick, through the passage.] And look to this unfortunate woman. Hasten, some one, for proper assistance.

Meg. Heed me not—I knew it would be this way, and it hath ended as it ought. Bear me up—let me but see my master's son, let me but behold Henry Bertram, and bear witness to him, and the gipsy vagrant has nothing more to do with life.

Dominie. [Without, c.] This way, Miss Lucy—this way! Where—where is little Harry Bertram? I must behold the infant, the dear child!

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON at the passage, c., followed by LUCY, JULIA, and Country People, who range at the back—Dominie rushes forward impatiently.

Dom. (c.) [Gazing on Bertram.] *Beātissime!* It is his father alive! It is, indeed, Harry, little Harry Bertram—look at me, my child! do you not remember me, Abel Sampson?

Ber. (l.) A light breaks in upon me—Yes, that was, indeed, my name, and that—that is the voice and figure of my kind old master.

Dom. Miss Lucy Bertram, look!—lo! behold!—is he not your father's image? Embrace him, and let fall your tears upon a brother's cheek.

Lucy. My brother! my long lost brother restored to his rights! Welcome!—oh! welcome to a sister's love!

Meg. [Suddenly raising herself.] Hear ye that! He's owned! he's owned!—There's a living witness, and here—here is one, who will soon speak no more. Hear her last words! There stands Harry Bertram—Shout! shout! and acknowledge him Lord of Ellangowan! [The People

shout.] My ears grow dull—stand from the light, and let me gaze upon him—No, the darkness is my own eyes.

[Sinks into the arms of Dinmont.

Col. (R. c.) Come hither, some of you—bear her to Woodburne House—let all care be taken of her—support and bear her gently away, she may yet recover. *[Exit Dinmont and Attendants, bearing off Meg, R.]* And now, Mr. Bertram, I hope no misunderstanding will prevent your accepting what I most sincerely offer, my friendship and congratulations, upon your restoration to birth and fortune.

Ber. Colonel Mannering, I accept them most gladly; and if I am not deceived, the wishes of both our hearts may make us not only friends, but brothers. What say you, sister, am I right?

Julia. Oh, she can't speak, so I will. Give Miss Bertram your arm, brother, and here, Henry, is mine;—and now, let us go in before we talk more upon the subject.

Re-enter DANDIE DINMONT, R.

Ber. My hearty friend and brave defender, come! we cannot part with you yet.

Din. I beg pardon of your honour, and these young ladies; but I haven't got my Sunday's suit on, and this coat is rather the worse for the two or three tussles we have had to-day.

Ber. And can that be an objection to him, in whose cause it suffered? You may thank Mr. Dinmont's courage, ladies, for my life and safety.

Lucy. Thank him! aye, that we do, and bless him for it.

Din. Eh! and heaven bless you, my bonnie lass, wi' all my heart.

[He kisses Lucy, who, alarmed at his boldness, runs back confused.

Dom. (c.) Prodigious!

Din. Lord's sake, forgive me! I ask your pardon, I am sure; I forgot but ye'd been a bairn of my own. The captain here's so homely like! he just makes one forget one's self—and I'm so overjoyed like, at his good fortune—

Dom. So are we all; *[Advancing to the Audience.]* and if the heir of Ellangowan be welcomed here too, our joy will be—Prodigious!!!

FINALE AND CHORUS.

Julia. Oh! let your hands assure the youth,
 There's nothing now to fear,
 For his return is little worth
 Unless he's welcomed here.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck ava',
 There's little pleasure in this house,
 When your smiles are awa'.

Chorus. For there's nae luck, &c.

Ber. The Heir of Ellangowan's fate
 Depends upon this night,
 If you deny him your support,
 He's neither right nor might.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Chorus. For there's nae luck, &c.

Lucy. Then welcome home the rightful heir,
 To native halls and lands,
 There's right and might, and music, too,
 In your approving hands.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Chorus. For there's nae luck, &c.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

<i>Peasants.</i>	<i>Peasants.</i>	<i>Peasants.</i>
DIN. COLONEL.	JULIA. DOMINIE.	LUCY. BERTRAM.
R.]		[L.

THE END.

1

2

3

4



The Foundling of the Forest.

Eugenia. Rise! your penitence wears nature's stamp, and I believe it honest.

Act II. Scene 2.

THE
FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST.

A PLAY,

In Three Acts,

BY WILLIAM DIMOND,

*Author of The Young Hussar, The Hunter of the Alps, The Peasant Boy,
Youth, Love, and Folly, The Broken Sword, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

▲ DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
From a Drawing taken in the Theatre by Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

The Foundling of the Forest.

THE materials of this drama, if not of the newest fashion, are wrought up with skill, and produce a powerful effect in representation. They are romantic without being impossible. We detest the cant of *probability*! If we go to the play, we desire not to see the dull old story of this working-day world grumbled over again; but to have our curiosity excited, our sympathy awakened, our eyes and ears feasted with stirring incidents and ravishing sounds. We seek, in fiction, the pleasant illusion of a brighter world than that to which we are chained by careful toil and selfish sorrow. We desire a momentary escape from matter-of-fact monotony. We would give the soul a holiday, and speed her forth to luxuriate in sunny skies and flowery meads, nor call her home again till she glows with a generous warmth from the healthful exercise. Excitement, duly regulated, is an incentive to virtue; and what incentive can be greater than that which springs from glorious examples that may be cheaply bought by the abstraction of a few intellectual hours from grubbing and gain? If we wait till they appear to us in bodily forms, we shall carry our apathy and sluggishness to the grave.

The Count de Valmont is a man deeply stricken by calamity. The morning of life smiled on him; victory laurelled his brow; love scattered roses upon his pillow; but the storm of adversity burst over his head, and laid hope, happiness—all, but mere existence, prostrate.

His story may be soon told. A second time called to the defence of his country, he left his kinsman, the Baron Longueville, to guard his wife and infant son during his campaign in a distant province. He was wounded and made prisoner, but recovered his health and liberty. Meanwhile a report had been spread of his death, and lest it should alarm the beloved inmates of his castle, he travelled homewards with all speed. One summer evening, when he reached the romantic hills of Languedoc, and looked impatiently for his home in the valley, what did he behold? The last rays of the setting sun glared redly upon its smoking ruins! The fierce Huguenots had fired it, and buried his wife and son in the blazing pile!

Neither death nor madness—earnestly prayed for—came to his relief; but a melancholy succeeded, which led the sufferer into the deepest solitudes at the foot of the Cevennes, where, shunning mankind, he passed days and nights in the forest. Worn by fatigue and misery, at the close of a sultry day, he threw himself on a mossy bank, hoping to gain some respite from his sorrows, when a low moan struck his ear, and, on moving some branches that impeded his view, he beheld an infant left to perish in the wilderness. A sudden warmth kindled in his heart—a desire to live revived within him, as he beheld the helpless innocent, who seemed an angel of mercy sent to call him back to hope and life. He cherished the holy impulse, and became its friend and father.

The boy grew up in manly beauty, and if aught could have assuaged the sorrows of De Valmont, it had been the dutiful affection of his orphan charge. But though a recluse, he is not a misanthrope; he can never enjoy happiness, but he may promote it; hence his bounty diffuses plenty around, and his name is repeated with blessings.

The Foundling of the Forest, the light-hearted, generous, gallant Florian, returns to the chateau after a brilliant campaign.—The villagers are assembled; song and dance welcome his return; but the sounds are discordant to De Valmont, and he desires that they be driven away. A moment's reflection tells him that

the rejoicing was intended kindly; he countermands the ungracious order, and begs they may be told, but not harshly, to depart.—Another inmate, equally dear to him, dwells at the castle—Geraldine, his niece, and heiress of his fortunes—one of those ministering angels that Providence sometimes sends affliction in its hour of need. For four days has the recluse shut himself up in his chamber. On the fifth, Geraldine is admitted into his presence. After a few questions, tenderly urged, he receives the confirmation of what he had long suspected, that Florian is beloved by Geraldine, and rewards the ingenuous confession with his kindest approval. The fair enthusiast, animated by bright visions of future bliss, expatiates in glowing terms on domestic happiness, and unwarily touches a chord that vibrates through his agitated frame. But the paroxysm soon subsides; a gentle sigh heaves his breast; a gracious tear trickles down his cheek; hope and resignation yield their balm, and he consents to endure—he cannot enjoy—the little fête that Geraldine has planned in celebration of her warrior's return.

To mar these fair prospects, a spirit of evil walks abroad. Not content with inciting the savage Huguenots to fire the castle of his friend, and bribing his menial, Bertrand, to assassinate the Countess and her child, the Baron Longueville places a dagger in the same practised hand, commanding him to use it with vigour, as Florian passes that night to the chateau! But Bertrand pauses; remorse paralyzes his trembling arm; he expostulates, but in vain; for Florian, once removed, the Baron's avarice and ambition will be fully satisfied.

In the thick forests between the chateau and Hungenen, the Foundling is dismounted by his mettlesome steed, and plunged into the brushwood. Fortune has played him a jade's trick. Eighteen years ago he was found in a wood, and now he is lost in one! A whistle is heard; he answers to it; 'tis repeated, when a flash of lightning gleams upon his path, and a masked bravo, with a drawn dagger, is seen advancing stealthily towards him. The ruffian speaks; Florian is prudently silent, and, under cover of darkness, retreats unseen. A second gentleman of the same profession advances, when, by a sudden movement, Florian finds himself placed between them! An involuntary cry of terror escapes from him. Sanguine raises his poignard, but a hollow tree interposing behind, he slips into it; and the rogue in mask all but deposits his dagger in the heart of his confederate. Groping his uncertain way in the dark, he reaches a cottage where a light is burning in the casement. He knocks; a female, wildly dressed, opens the door. She beholds him with suspicion and alarm; but when he throws open his riding cloak to prove that he is no midnight robber, but a brave soldier, the mysterious woman shrieks violently, and darts away into the thickest of the forest.

A frugal supper, and a blazing hearth, greet him when he enters the cottage. But the place is uninhabited! Yet all around looks snug and inviting; so, without further punctillio, he sits down and warms himself before the cheerful fire. While eulogising the immortal architect who first invented chimney corners, an old woman, hight Monica, descends the staircase; the intruder explains the occasion of his visit; they soon become better acquainted; frequent draughts of old Rhenish promote good companionship; and Florian listens to the eventful history of the mysterious woman. Sixteen years since, when Monica lived in Languedoc, a *wild woman*, said to have been caught by some peasants in the woods, was made a show of to the gaping vulgar. Her form was haggard, her garments were in tatters, her hair hung in elf-locks, and her whole appearance was scarcely human.—Monica was one of the many who gazed; a tear dropped from her eye upon the forlorn creature's wasted hand as she clasped it in her own; reason revived; her eyes, that looked on vacancy, suddenly irradiated;

her speech—for it was reported she was dumb—returned; and, falling upon her knees, she besought her angel of compassion to pity and protect her. The plea was irresistible; and from that hour they have been inseparable companions.

Suddenly footsteps are heard; the casement is thrown open, and two bravoës appear at the window. “’Tis he!” exclaims Bertrand; and the door is burst open. Sanguine raises his dagger. “To the wood!” shouts Bertrand, “dispatch him there!” and the mandate is about to be obeyed, when the mysterious woman stands before them. Bertrand quails before the dreadful figure—’tis a resurrection from the dead!

After the flight of the bravoës at this preternatural vision, Bertrand learns that it was no unsubstantial, but a living form. Heaven offers him redemption: shall he not embrace it, and live? He repairs to the cottage, and beholds, in its strange inhabitant, Eugenia, the wife of Count de Valmont! As some atonement for his former barbarity, he swears to protect her from the Baron Longueville; but while pronouncing his solemn vow, the man of terrors, with his bravo Sanguine, steals into the cottage. Eugenia flies to the upper chamber, and the Baron, hesitating whether or not he shall bury his poignard in Bertrand’s bosom, commands Sanguine to ascend, and bring his victim before him. But ere the ruffian has reached the chamber, she has escaped, and is on her way to the castle.

The fête in honour of Florian is in high celebration. Flowers are scattered over the ground; youthful warriors and wood-nymphs play a thousand romantic vagaries, and all is music, pageantry, and enchantment, when Eugenia rushes in distractedly between the groups of dancers, casts herself at the feet of Geraldine, and cries for succour. Her evil genius closely pursues her. Longueville claims her as a poor, insane wretch, the wife of an old friend at Baden; and his claim is reluctantly allowed by the compassionate spectators: for Eugenia, hearing that she is at the chateau of the excellent Count de Valmont, where sorrow ever meets a ready shelter, breaks into an ecstasy of frantic joy, which convinces them that the Baron’s story is too true. All resistance is vain; she is borne out insensible, and conveyed to his pavilion on the river bank.

From the many and imminent dangers that surround her in this dreary prison, she is delivered by the repentant Bertrand, who stabs Signor Sanguine just at the moment when Longueville gives him the signal to do the like to Eugenia. De Valmont is again united to his early love, and the happy couple discover in the Foundling Florian, their long-lost son.

The comic portion of this interesting play is to be found in L’Eclair, a prating, prolix, coxcombical, serving man, and his lively sweetheart, Rosabelle; between whom pass some humorous and picquant dialogue. The moral of the whole is to enforce the practice of virtue, and inculcate a humble submission to the will of Providence, however apparently harsh and severe its decrees. The concluding lines of the piece are eminently beautiful:

“Thus Judah’s pilgrim—one whose steps in vain
Climb sky-crown’d rocks—o’erpace the burning plain,
Just when his soul despairs. His spirits faint,
Achieves the threshold of his long-sought saint;—
The desert’s danger—storms and ruffian-bands—
All sink forgotten as the shrine expands.
Feet cure their toil that touch the hallow’d floors;
He rests his staff, kneels, trembles, and adores!”

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Count de Valmont</i>	Mr. Rae.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Baron Longueville</i>	Mr. Pope.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Florian (a Foundling, adopted by De Valmont)</i>	} Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Bertrand (Valet to Longueville)</i> .		
<i>L'Eclair (Valet to Florian)</i> . . .	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Liston.
<i>Gaspard (an old Domestic)</i> . . .	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Sanguine</i> { <i>(Bravoes in the pay of</i>	} Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Lenoir</i> { <i>Longueville)</i>		
<i>Geraldine (Niece to De Valmont)</i> .	Miss Boyce.	Miss S. Booth.
<i>Rosabelle (her Woman)</i>	Mrs. Bland.	Mrs. Sterling.
<i>Monica (an old Peasant)</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Davenport.
<i>Unknown Female</i>	Mrs. Bartley.	Miss Marriott.

Domestics, Peasants, Dancers, &c.

SCENE—The Chateau de Valmont and its environs, situate in the Upper Alsace, near the River Rhine.

Costume.

COUNT DE VALMONT.—Black velvet tunic, slashed with black satin—ruffles—black trunks—black silk hose—lace ruff—black hat and feathers—shoes and rosettes—black sword.

BARON LONGUEVILLE.—Black velvet tunic and gold lace trimming—white tight pantaloons—black hat and feathers—russet boots—collar—chain and sword.

FLORIAN.—Officer's light blue Hussar jacket and pelisse, trimmed with silver lace—white pantaloons—hessian boots—Hussar cap and sword.

BERTRAND.—Dark morone tunic, trimmed with black velvet—pantaloons to match—hessian boots—black hat and feathers—collar—sword.

L'ECLAIR.—Hussar's uniform.

GASPARD.—Gray doublet—trunks—hose—red stockings—small cloak and hat—russet boots—collar.

SANGUINE and LENOIR.—Dark tunics—trunks—black cloaks—red hose—russet boots—black belts and swords—collars.

GERALDINE.—White satin dress—shoes—white satin ribbon in the hair—bracelets and beads.

ROSABELLE.—Light blue body—white petticoat—light blue apron—dress trimmed with red and black ribbon—white slip—black shoes—blue ribbon in the hair.

MONICA.—*First dress*: Red cloak—crutch and stick—black bonnet. *Second dress*: Black merino dress, trimmed with red binding—bonnet to match.

UNKNOWN FEMALE.—Gray dress—black veil—black shoes—white slip—long hair—cross.

THE
FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Chateau de Valmont.*

Enter BERTRAND, R., *followed by* BARON LONGUEVILLE.

Ber. [*Agitated.*] Forbear, my lord, to urge me further! Would you tempt me to ensure perdition? My soul is heavy enough with weight of crime already.

Lon. (R. C.) Hypocrite! You, whom I have known in childhood—a villain even from the cradle—committing crimes as pastimes—has your hand been exercised thus long in blood, to shake with conscience, and desert me now?

Ber. I have indeed deserved reproaches, but not from your lips, my lord. Remember! for you it was this hand was first defiled with blood!—remember, too——

Lon. Yes, villain! I do remember, that my misplaced bounty once gave you back a forfeit life. Twenty years past, when, as a deserter, you were sentenced by the regiment under my command to death, your fate was inevitable, had not I vouchsafed a pardon. Traitor! You, too, had best remember a solemn oath at that same period passed your lips, which bound you, soul and body, to my service ever—unscrupling to perform my pleasures, whether good or ill, and still to hold my secrets fast from earthly ears, though unabsolving priests renounced you on the death-bed!

Ber. [*Shuddering.*] Aye, aye! it was an oath of horror, and if you command, it must be kept. Well, then—the young, the brave, the good, kind-hearted Florian—yes—he dies!

Lon. Then, only, may your master be esteemed to live.

Ber. But whence this hatred to an unoffending youth?—one, whose form delights all eyes, and whose virtues are the theme of every tongue?

Lon. Fool! that person and those virtues of which

you vaunt, are with me his worst offences; they have undone my love and marred my fortunes. The easy heart of Geraldine is captivated by the stripling's specious outside, while his talents and achievements secure him with the uncle undivided favour.

Ber. Can nothing but his blood appease your enmity?

Lon. Nothing! for now my worst suspicions stand confirmed. I have declared to De Valmont my passion for his niece, and the sullen visionary has denied my suit—nay, insolently told me, "Geraldine's affections are another's right." Curses on that minion's head! 'Tis for Florian, De Valmont's heiress is reserved; and shall I suffer this vile foundling—this child of charity, to lord it over those estates, for which my impatient soul has paid a dreadful earnest? No! by heavens, never!

Ber. Fatal avarice! Already have we bartered for those cursed estates our everlasting peace—for those did midnight flames surprise the sleep of innocence—for those did the sacrificed Eugenia with her shrieking babe—

Lon. Wretch! dare not repeat those names! Now, mark me: this night Florian returns triumpher from his campaign. Two of my trusty blood-hounds watch the road to give me timely note of his approach. One only follower attends the youth. In the thick woods 'twixt the chateau and Huningen, an ambush safely laid, may end my rival and my fears for ever. In the west avenue, at sun-set, I command your presence. Mark me! I command you, by your oath. [Exit, R.

Ber. Miserable man! I am indeed a slave, soul and body—both are in the thrall! I know the fiend I serve. If I attempt to fly, his vengeful agency pursues me to the world's limit. No! my doom is fixed. I must remain the very wretch I am for life—and, after life—Oh! let me not think of that!

Enter ROSABELLE, L. S. E.

Ros. [Coming forward, and tapping his shoulder.] Talking to yourself, Mr. Bertrand? That's not polite in a lady's company.

Ber. [Starting.] Ah, Rosabelle—good lass! How art, Rosabelle?

Ros. Why, Mr. Bertrand, how pale you look! and your limbs quite tremble! I fear me you are ill.

Ber. Oh, no; I am well—quite well—never better.

Ros. Then you are out of spirits.

Ber. You mistake ; I am all happiness. Ha ! ha !—all joy !

Ros. What ! because the wars are over, and Chevalier Florian returns to us ? 'Tis a blessed hearing, truly, after all the hardships and dangers he has passed, to see him once again in safety.

Ber. [*Involuntarily.*] Ah ! would to heaven we might !

Ros. Can there be any doubt ? He reaches the chateau this night ;—will he not be in safety then ?

Ber. Yes, yes ; with this night every danger certainly will cease.

Ros. Bertrand, why do you rub your hand before your eyes ? Surely, you are weeping.

Ber. No ; 'tis a momentary pain that—But 'twill leave me soon. [*Crossing to L.*] At night, Rosabelle, you shall see me jovial—joyous ! We'll dance together, wench—aye, and sing ! Then—[*Laughing hysterically.*]—ha, ha, ha !—then, who so mirthful—who so mad, as Bertrand ?

[*Exit, L.*

Ros. What new spleen has bewitched the man ? He is ever in some sullen mood, with scowling brows, or else in a cross-armed fit of melancholy. But I never marked such wildness in his looks and words before.

Geraldine. [*Without.*] Rosabelle !

Ros. Here, my lady—in the hall.

Enter GERALDINE, R.

Ger. Girl ! I have cause to chide you ; my toilette must be changed. You have dressed me vilely ! Here ! remove these knots ; I hate their fashion.

Ros. Yet they are the same your ladyship commended yesterday.

Ger. Then 'tis the colour of my robe offends me. These ornaments are a false match to it. Either all the mirrors in the house have warped since yesterday, or never did I look so ill before.

Ros. Now, in my poor judgment, you rarely have looked better.

Ger. Out, fool ! you have no judgment.

Ros. Well, fool or not, there's one upon the road who holds faith with me, or I'm a heretic. Your charms will shine bright enough, lady, to dazzle a soldier's eye.

Ger. Ah ! no, Rosabelle, you would deceive your mistress. Florian returns not as he left us. His travelled eyes have gazed on beauties of the polished court ; and now he will despise the wild, untutored Geraldine.

Ros. Will he? Let him beware he shows not his contempt before me! What! my own beautiful and high-born mistress—the greatest heiress in all Alsace—to be despised by a foundling, picked up in a forest, and reared upon her uncle's charity?

Ger. Hush!—The mystery of my Florian's birth is his misfortune, but cannot be his reproach. Our countrymen may dispute his title to command, but our enemies have confessed his power to conquer; and trust me, girl, the brave man's laurel blooms with as fresh an honour in the poor peasant's cap as when it circles princely brows—nay, Justice deems it of a nobler growth; for Flattery often twines the laurel round a coronet, but Truth alone bestows it on the unknown head!

Ros. I confess the chavalier is a proper gallant for any woman—aye, and so is the chevalier's man. I warrant me, that knave, L'Eclair, when he returns, will follow me about, wheedling and whining, to recollect certain promises. Well, well, let but the soldiers return with whole hearts from the war, and your ladyship and myself know how to reward fidelity. In sooth, the chateau has been but a doleful residence in their absence; the count never suffered his dwelling to be a merry one; but of late, his strange humours have so increased, that the household might as well have lodged in purgatory.

Ger. Hold! I must not hear my uncle's name pronounced with levity. An angel at his birth mingled the divine spirit with less than human frailty, but fiends have since defaced the noble work with more than human trials. That fatal night, when the fierce Huguenots fired the castle, and buried both his wife and infant in the blazing ruin—that night of horrors has to his shocked and shrinking fancy still been ever present—there still it broods—settled, perpetual and alone! Ah, Rosabelle! the petulancies of misfortune claim our pity, not resentment.—My dear uncle is a recluse, but not a misanthrope; he rejects the society of mankind, yet he is solicitous for their happiness; and while his own heart breaks in silence under a weight of undivided sorrows, does he not seek incessantly to alleviate the burthen of his complaining brethren?

Ros. I know the count has an excellent heart; but surely his temper has its flaws.

Ger. And shall we deem the sun that cheers the season less gracious in its course, because a cloud at intervals may hide or chill its beams? [*A bell rings without, R.*]

Hark! 'tis the bell of his chamber. Perhaps he will admit me now. For four days past, I have applied at the door in vain. Ah, me! these constant growing maladies sometimes make me tremble for his life. Girl! if from the turret-top at distance you espy the hastening travellers, turn, swift as thought, and call me to partake your watch.

[*Exit, R.*

Ros. If they arrive before sunset, I'm sure I shall know L'Eclair a mile off by the saucy toss of his head. Before that rogue went on the campaign, he certainly extorted some awkward kind of promise from me. As a woman of honour, I'm afraid it must be kept. I don't want a husband—oh, no, positively! To be sure, winter is coming on—my chamber faces the north; and when the nights are long, and dark, and cold,—when the wind blusters, and the hail patters at the casement, then a solitary woman is apt to have strange fancies, and sometimes wish that—Well, well, my promise must be kept, at all events.

SONG.—ROSABELLE.

Oh, come away, my soldier boy!

From war to peace incline thee;

Thy laurel, Time shall ne'er destroy,

But love with roses twine thee.

Come, come away,

Love chides thy stay,

Oh, pr'ythee, come, my soldier!

Let life and drum preserve their place,

While softer sounds delight thee;

The fiddle shall our wedding grace,

But horns shall never fright thee.

Come, come away,

Love chides thy stay,

Oh, pr'ythee, come, my soldier! [*Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—*A Saloon—doors R. and L.—a large window open, c. F., through which is seen the gardens.—The noise of Song and Dance is heard immediately below the window.*

CHORUS [*Without.*]

Sing farewell to labour,
Blow pipe and beat tabor,

Fly, Care, far away;—

In light band advancing,

Let music and dancing

Proclaim holiday.

Enter COUNT DE VALMONT, *hastily, from the door of an inner chamber, R.—he crosses to L., and rings a bell, but receiving no answer, he repeats the ringing with increased fretfulness.*

Enter GASPARD, L.

Val. So! am I heard? Old man, to what strange dwelling have I been borne while sleeping? and who is your new master?

Gas. Alack! your lordship is in your own fair castle, nor other master than yourself do I, or any of my fellows serve—a kind and noble master.

Val. You tell me wonders. I thought the master in his house had borne command among his people, but here, it seems, each groom is more absolute in his humours than the lord. How is't? Do I clothe and feed a pampered herd, but to increase my torments? When I would muse in privacy, must I be baited still, and stunned with crowds and clamours! Knave! drive the rabble from my gate, and rid my ears of discord!

Gas. Well-a-day! who could have foreseen this anger? My good lord, 'tis but your tenantry rejoicing. This morning, I distributed your lordship's bounty among them to celebrate Chevalier Florian's return, and now the honest, grateful souls would fain thank their benefactor by the song that tells him they are happy.

Val. Their thanks are hateful to me. Ungenerous wretches! is it not enough that they are happy whilst I am miserable, but they must mock my anguish by a saucy pageant of their joys, and force my shrinking senses more keenly to remark the contrast of our fates? [*Tabors, &c., heard without.*] Quick! quick! [*Stamping imperatively.*]—begone, and drive them from my gate!

Gas. [*Alarmed.*] I am gone, my lord!—I am gone!

Val. Hold! another word! Perhaps the unthinking creatures might design this torture kindly, and I would not punish the mistakes of ignorance. Do not dismiss them harshly. I would have them indulge their gaiety, but I cannot bear to be a witness of it. Gaspard, this house is melancholy's chosen home; and its devoted master's heart, like a night-bird that abhors the animating sun, has been so long familiarized to misery, it sickens and recoils at the approach of mirth.

Gas. [*Pressing his hand.*] My kind, unfortunate—my beloved master!

SCENE II.] THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST. 15

Val. [*Snatching his hand from him.*] Pshaw! I loathe pity. [*Shouts heard without.*] Hark—again! Go, go! send them from the gate, but not harshly.

[*Exit Gaspard, L. D.*

Val. All hearts rejoicing—mine only miserable! Every peasant yielding to delight, their lord alone devoted to despair—a subtle, slow despair that, drop by drop, congeals the blood of life, yet will not bid the creeping current quite forbear to flow—that has borne its victim just to the sepulchre's tempting edge, but holds him there to envy, not partake its slumbers. Well, well; your own appointed hour, just Heaven! If it be the infirmity of man to repine here, it is the Christian's hope to rejoice hereafter.

Re-enter GASPARD, L.

Gas. I've sent them hence—they'll not be heard again; but since they may not thank, they are gone to pray for you. Mass! I had nigh forgotten! Young madam Geraldine is in the anti-room, and waits to see your lordship.

Val. Admit her. [*Exit Gaspard, L.*] My gentle one—my desolate, orphan maid, if any softening drop were yet permitted in my cup of bitters, I think the affectionate hand of Geraldine would mingle and prepare it for my lip.

Enter GERALDINE, L.

Ger. [*Tenderly embracing him.*] Ah, my dear, dear uncle! how am I rejoiced to see you again! For four long days you have secluded yourself, and indeed I have been so distressed! but I will not speak of past anxieties now.—War restores its hero to our vows—Florian returns to us. Are not you quite happy, uncle?

Val. Happy!—I? My good child, do not mock me.

Ger. Nay, could I intend—

Val. Well, let it pass. You, it seems, my Geraldine, are really happy; your lips confess much, but your eyes still betray more. Niece, you love my adopted Florian.

Ger. Love! fie, uncle! Oh, yes, yes, I do certainly love him like a brother.

Val. Something better. Suppose I should offer this Florian to you as a husband.

Ger. [*Looking down demurely.*] I never presume to dispute my dear uncle's commands.

Val. Little equivocator! answer me strictly. Do you not wish to become his wife?

Ger. Indeed, I never yet have asked my heart that question.

Val. But if Florian married any other woman, would you not hate the object of his preference?

Ger. [*Throwing herself upon his neck.*] Ah, uncle! you have my secret. No; I would not hate my fortunate rival. I would pray for her happiness, but my heart would break while I breathed that prayer.

Val. My excellent, ingenuous child! indulge the virtuous emotions of your heart without disguise. Florian and Geraldine are destined for each other.

Ger. Generous benefactor! what delightful, dazzling visions your words conjure up to my imagination! The universe will concentrate within the fairly circle of our health—a waking consciousness of bliss will ever freshly dress our day in flowers, and at nights, fancy will gild our pillow with the dream that merrily anticipates the future.

Val. Enthusiast! you contemplate the ocean in a calm, nor dream how frightfully a tempest may reverse the picture.

Ger. Ambitious pride may tremble at the storm, but true love, uncle, never can be wrecked. Its constancy is strengthened, not impaired by trials; and when adversity divorces us from common friendship, the chosen partners of each other's hearts a second time are married, and with dearer rites.

Val. [*Averting his face with a look of anguish.*] Girl!

Ger. [*Unnoticing his emotion.*] Then, if they have children, how surpassing is the bliss, while their own gay prime is mellowly subsiding into age, to trace the features and the virtues they adored in youth, renewed before their eyes, and feel themselves the proud and grateful authors of each other's joy! Ah! trust me, uncle, such a destiny is beyond the reach of fortune's malice,—'tis the antitype of heaven.

Val. [*Convulsed with agitation, and grasping her hand suddenly.*] 'Tis the distracting mockery of hell, that cheats us with an hour's ecstatic dream to torture us eternally!—Girl! girl! would'st thou find happiness? Die! seek it in the grave—only in the grave;—a watchful fiend destroys it upon earth! Prat'st thou of love—connubial and parental love? Ah! dear objects of my soul! what are ye now? Ashes—ashes, darkly scattered to the midnight winds! Oh, the flames yet blaze—here! here! my brain's on fire!

[*Rushes out, B. D.*]

SCENE II.] THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST. 17

Ger. [*Calling after him.*] Uncle! listen to your Geraldine! Ah! ingrate that I am! the vulture that gnaws his generous heart had slumbered for a moment, and I have waked it to renew its cruelty. My fault was unawares, yet I could chide it like a crime;—my mounting spirits fall from their giddy height at once. Oh, uncle! noble, suffering uncle! would that my tears could wash away the recollection of my words! [*Weeps.*]

Re-enter COUNT DE VALMONT, *hastily*, R. D.

Val. [*Embracing Geraldine.*] Geraldine! dear child, forgive me! my violence has terrified your gentle nature. I would not pain you, love, for worlds; but I am not always master of myself, and my passions will sometimes break forth rebellious to my reason. Pity and forgive the infirmities of grief!

Ger. [*Attempting to kneel.*] Ah, sir!

Val. [*Preventing her, and kissing her forehead.*] Bless you, my good and innocent child! Nay, do not speak to me; my happiness is lost for ever, but I can pray for yours. Bless you, my child! bless you ever!

[*Breaks from her, and exits*, R. D.]

Ger. My happiness! Ah! if the exalted virtues of a soul like yours, my uncle, despair of the capricious boon, how shall the undeserving Geraldine presume to hope?

Enter ROSABELLE, L. D.

Ros. Oh, my lady! such news! He's arrived—he's in the hall!

Ger. My Florian?

Ros. No, my lady, not your Florian, but my L'Eclair,—not quite so great a hero as his master, to be sure, but yet a real, proper, mettlesome soldier every inch; he looks about him among the men so fierce and so warlike; and then with the women, he's so impudent, and so audacious—Oh! he's a special fellow!

L'Eclair. [*Without, L.*] Here's a set of rascals! No discipline—no subordination in the house, eh? Look to the baggage—curry down my charger! Hem—ha!

Enter L'ECLAIR, L. D.

[*To Geraldine.*] Your ladyship's devoted servant—ever in the foremost rank; never did a nine-pounder traverse the enemy's line with more promptitude than I, Philippe L'Eclair,

unworthy private of the Fifth Hussars, now fly to cast my poor person at your ladyship's gracious feet.

[*Crossing to c.*

Ger. (R.) You are very welcome from the wars, L'Eclair; fame has spoken of you in your absence.

L'Ec. Fie, my lady! you disorder me at the first charge. A pestilence now upon that wicked, impertinent gossip, Fame! Will not her everlasting tongue suffer even so poor a fellow as L'Eclair to escape? 'Tis insufferable!—May I presume to inquire, then, what rumours have reached your ladyship's ear?

Ger. To a soldier's credit, trust me. But your master, L'Eclair—where is he?

L'Ec. Ah, poor gentleman! he's in the rearguard. I left him four leagues off, at the fortress of Huningen, unexpectedly confined by—

Ger. Confined! Heavens! by what complaint?

L'Ec. Only the complaint of old age. The general commissioned my master upon his route to deliver some instructions to the superannuated commandant of the fortress. Now the old gentleman being somewhat dull of apprehension, my master, though dying of impatience, was constrained to a delay of some extra hours, despatching me, his humble ambassador, forward to prevent alarms, and promise his arrival at the chateau before midnight.

Ger. Midnight! so late? Four leagues to travel—alone!—his road through an intricate forest, and the sky already seeming to predict a tempest!

L'Ec. Why, as your ladyship remarks, the clouds seem to be making a sort of forced march over our heads; but a storm is a mere trifling of nature in a soldier's estimation. My master and his humble servant have faced a cannonball too frequently, to be disconcerted by a hailstone.

Ger. Then you have often been employed upon dangerous service, L'Eclair?

L'Ec. Nay, I protest your ladyship must excuse me there—a man has so much the appearance of boasting, when he bebomes the reporter of his own achievements.—I beg leave to refer your ladyship to the gazettes, though, I confess, the gazettes do but afford a soup-maigre, whipsyllabub sort of narrative, accurate enough, perhaps, in the main, but plaguily incommunicative of particulars. For instance, in the recent affair of Nordlingen, I can defy you to find any mention in the gazette, that the Chevalier Florian charged through a whole regiment of the enemy's gre-

nadiers, drawn up in a hollow square; that Philippe L'Eclair singly followed the chevalier, and rode over all those his master had not time to decapitate; how a masked battery suddenly opened with twelve pieces of heavy ordnance, firing red-hot balls; how the chevalier's horse reared; how L'Eclair's neighed; but how both officer and private, neither a whit discouraged at this dilemma, galloped their chargers gracefully up to the flaming mouth of the danger; cleared a chevaux-de-frise of fifteen feet at a flying leap; then dismounting, carried the battery by a coup de main; spiked the guns; muzzled the gunners with their own linestocks; and, finally, compelled the principal engineer to turn cook, and grill a calf's head at his own furnace, for the dinner of his conquerors! Now this affair, which had no small influence in determining the fortune of the day, with many parallel traits, our gazetteers have unaccountably neglected to publish. My memory, perhaps, might remedy their deficiencies to any curious ear; but, alas! an insurmountable modesty renders the task so painful, that I cast myself upon your ladyship's compassion, and beseech you to forbear from further inquiry.

Ger. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! your sensitive delicacy shall be respected, L'Eclair. Rosabelle, be it your care to make the defender of his country welcome. At midnight, then— [*Crossing to L.*] Oh, hasten on your flight, dark-winged hours! through your close shadows once disclose my Florian; then, if ye list, be motionless, and still retard the day! [*Exit, L. D.*]

L'Ec. There, you hear, young woman!—you are to make the defender of his country welcome.

Ros. I'll do my best towards your pleasure. What service can I lend you first?

L'Ec. Dress my wounds.

Ros. Wounds! Gramercy! I never should have guessed you had any.

L'Ec. Deep! dangerous! desperate! [*Affectedly pressing his heart.*] Here—here, Rosabelle! here's the malady! 'Tis an old hurt; I took it ere I went on my campaign;—time and absence had clapped an awkward sort of plaster on't; but now—oh, those eyes!—the wound breaks out afresh. Must I expire? Rosabelle! pr'ythee, be my surgeon!

Ros. I have not the skill to prescribe, but I could administer a remedy by directions. What salve will you try first?

L'Ec. Lip-salve, you gipsy! [*Kisses her furiously.*

Ros. Now, shame upon your manners, master soldier! was this a trick taught you by the wars?

L'Ec. Yes, faith! Saluting is one of the first lessons in a soldier's trade—[*Catching her round the waist.*] so, my dear, tempting, provoking—

Ros. Nay, keep your hands off; you have taught me enough of the manual exercise already. But say, now—were you indeed so great a hero in the battle as you told my lady?

L'Ec. Psha! I didn't tell her half; my modesty forbade; but for thee, my pretty Rosabelle—

Ros. Aye, with me I'm certain your modesty will be no obstacle.

L'Ec. None; for while I gaze upon the face of an angel, the devil himself can't put me out of countenance.

DUET.—ROSABELLE and L'ECLAIR.

Ros. Tell, soldier, tell! and, mark, you tell me truly,
How oft in battle have you slain a foe?

L'Ec. Go count the leaves when winds are heard unruly,
In autumn, that from mighty forests blow.

Ros. Did e'er a captain, worth a ransom,
Own you his conqueror in the broil?

L'Ec. I've twigg'd field-m Marshals, pickings snug and handsome,

Twelve waggons now are loaded with my spoil.

Both. Oh, loudly, proudly, sound the soldier's fame!
Oh, flashy, dashy, fiaunt the soldier's dame!

Ros. Tell, soldier, tell! and, mark, you tell me truly,
Did foreign maids ne'er win your roving vow?

L'Ec. Oh, blood and fire! I swear I can't speak coolly:
By Mars! to you, and only you, I bow.

Ros. Say, shall love's chain of blossoms hold for ever.
Nor time nor absence bid its bloom depart?

L'Ec. Not sword nor gun such magic links can sever,
Or rend from Rosabelle her hero's heart.

Both. Oh, loudly, proudly, &c. [*Exeunt, R. D.*

SCENE III.—*Night—a Wood—very dark—thunder and lightning.*

Enter BARON LONGUEVILLE, L. U. E., *followed by* BERTRAND, *disguised and masked.*

Lon. Come, sir, to you post! What! a coward even to the last? You tremble.

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Ber. I do, indeed; the storm is terrible; it seems as if Heaven's own voice were clamoring to forbid the deed.

[*Thunder.*

Lon. This tumult of the night assists our enterprise; its thunders will drown your victim's dying groan. Where have you placed the braves?

Ber. Hard by, just where the horse-road sinks into a hollow dell, and over-spreading branches almost choke the pass; there we may rush upon the wretched youth securely, and there our poniards——

Lon. Hush! a footstep! Who passes there?

Enter SANGUINE, R.

San. Sanguine!

Lon. Wherefore are you here, and parted from your fellow?

San. I left him lurking in the hollow, while I sought you out to ask advice. Just now, a horse without a rider, burst furiously through the thicket where we lay; the lightning flashed brightly at the time, and I plainly marked the steed to be the very same young Florian rode, when we dogged him from the last inn, at sunset.

Ber. [*Involuntarily.*] Merciful Heaven! then thou hast preserved him!

Lon. Villain! you may find your transports premature. Perchance he has dismounted to seek on foot some shelter from the increasing fury of the storm; but 'tis impossible he should escape; one only path conducts to the chateau. Quick! bestow yourselves on either side, and your victim's fate is certain. I must return to avoid suspicion.

Ber. [*Catching his arm.*] Yet, my lord, once more reflect.

Lon. [*Throwing him off.*] Recollect your oath!

[*Exit, L. U. E.*

Ber. [*Desperately.*] Yes, yes; it must be written on my memory in characters of blood!

[*Exeunt Bertrand and Sanguine, R.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest more entangled and intricate—the tempest becomes violent—alternate lightning, and utter darkness.*

Enter FLORIAN, R. U. E.

Flo. [*Advancing cautiously through the thickets.*] A plague upon all dark nights, foul ways, and runaway horses!

A mettlesome madcap, to start at the lightning and plunge with me head-over-heels in the brushwood! In scrambling out of that thicket, I certainly turned wrong, and have missed my road. How to regain it? 'Sdeath! I could as soon compose an almanac as find a clue to this puzzle. Well! I was found in a wood when a baby, and have just lived to years of discretion to be lost in a wood again.— Fortune! Fortune! thou spiteful gipsy! was this an honest trick to pass upon a faithful servant, who has worn thy livery from his cradle, and taken off thy hands a thousand knocks and buffetings without a murmur? Just at this moment, too, when hope and fancy were dancing merrily, and had made the prettiest ball-room of my heart,— just, too, when the image of my Geraldine—*[Rain—the storm increases.]* But a truce with meditation; this pelting shower rather advises action. *[Turning to an opening.]* No! that can't be the path. Which ever way I turn, I may only get farther entangled. Then there are pit-falls, wolves, bears—yes! I've a prospect of a delectable night before me! What if I exercise my lungs and call for help? Oh, there's scarcely a chance of being heard. Well, 'tis my forlorn hope, and shall e'en have a trial. *[Calling.]*—Hollo! hollo! hollo! *[A whistle answers from R.]*—Huzza! somebody whistles from the right! Kind lady Fortune, never will I call thee names again! *[Another whistle is heard from L.]* Ha! answered from the left, too! Lucky fellow! Where are you, my dear boys—where are you?

Florian runs towards the R.—a vivid flash of lightning at that instant gleams upon the path before him, and displays the figure of SANGUINE, masked, with an unsheathed poniard, advancing between the trees.

Flo. *[Recoiling.]* Ha! a man armed and masked!—Perhaps some ruffian. 'Sdeath! I am defenceless! my pistols were left in the saddle.

San. *[Advancing, R. c.]* Who called?

Flo. *[Aside.]* If I return no answer, in the darkness I may retreat unseen.

[He creeps to L., as Sanguine advances.]

San. Speak! where are you?

LENOIR, another Bravo, emerges from the gloom, L. U. E., and directly crosses the path by which Florian is about to escape.

Len. Here! [Thunder.]

[*Florian, hearing a second voice, perceives himself to be between the Ruffians, and stops.*

Flo. Oh! [*He recedes a single step, c., and strikes his hand against a tree immediately behind him, the trunk of which is hollow and open in the front.*] Ha! a tree!

[*He discovers the aperture, and glides into it—the two Braves, stepping forward quickly from either side of the tree, encounter each other's extended hand.*

San. [*Raising his poniard.*] Die!

Len. Hold! 'tis I—your comrade!

San. Why did you not answer before? I took you for—Hark!

Enter BERTRAND through the trees, L. U. E.

Ber. Hist! Sanguine—Lenoir!

San. Here—both of us.

Ber. [*Coming forward, c.*] Why did you whistle?

San. In answer to your call;—you halloed to us.

Ber. When?

San. But not—a minute back.

Ber. I never spoke.

San. I'll swear I heard a voice. No doubt, then, but 'twas he that—

Ber. From what quarter did the cry proceed?

San. I thought it sounded hereabouts; but the storm kept such a confounded patter at the time—

Ber. Well, let us take the left hand path; and if we hear the call repeated—

San. Aye, our daggers meet all questions with a keen reply. [*Exeunt Bertrand, Sanguine, and Lenoir, L.*

Flo. [*Extricating himself cautiously from the tree.*]—Eternal Providence! what have I heard? Murderers, then, are upon the watch for me! No, no, not for me—I cannot be the destined victim. I never yet offended a human being, and fiends themselves would not destroy without a cause for hatred. Heaven guard the threatened one who e'er he be! Well, prudence at least admonishes me to avoid the left hand path;—faith! any turn but that must prove the right for me. [*Looking off, R.*] Ha! unless my eyes are cheated by a Will-o'-th'-Wisp, a friendly light now peeps out through yonder coppice. Perhaps some woodman's hut, with a fresh faggot just crackling on the earth. Oh, for a seat in such a chimney corner!—

[*A whistle heard at a distance, L.*] I hear you, gentlemen; a pleasant ramble to you! Adieu, messieurs! space be between us! Yours is a left-handed destiny; I'll seek mine to the right. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The Outside of a Cottage in the Wood—a door, R. C.—a light burning in the casement, C.*

Enter MONICA, L., supporting herself on a crutch, and carrying a basket of flax.

Mon. Praise to the Virgin! my old limbs have reached their resting place at last. What a tempest! my new cardinal is quite drenched. Well, I've kept the flax dry, however, that's some comfort. [*Striking against the door, R. C.*] Ho, there! within! Open quickly!

The door opens, and an UNKNOWN FEMALE, wildly dressed, appears—she catches Monica's hand with affection, and kisses it.

Mon. Ah, my poor Silence! thou hast watched and fretted for me precious, I'll warrant; but the road from Brisac is long, and this rough night half crippled me. [*The Unknown feels her damp garments, and seems with quick tenderness to invite her into the house.*] Well, well, never fright thyself; if I shiver now, a cup of warm Rhenish will soon make me glow again. Faith! I am weary, though. Wilt lend an arm to an old woman? [*The Unknown embraces and supports her.*] Ah! there's my kind Silence! [*Exeunt into the cottage, R. C.*]

Enter FLORIAN, L., running and out of breath.

Flo. I'm right, by all the household gods! 'Twas no goblin of the fen that twinkled to deceive, but a real substantial weather-proof tenement shining with invitation to benighted travellers! Oh, blessings on its hospitable threshold! My heart luxuriates already by anticipation, and pants for a fire side, a supper, and a bed! Hold, though! just now I was on the point of shaking hands with a cut-throat: who knows but here I may introduce myself upon visiting terms with his family? Faith! I'll reconnoitre the position before I establish my quarters.—This casement is commodiously low. [*Stepping on tiptoe to the window, C.*] I protest, a vastly neat creditable sort of mansion. Yes! it will do. On one side blazes an excellent fire; in the middle stands a table ready covered,—

that's for supper; then just opposite is a door left ajar—aye, that must lead to a bed. Ha! now the door opens! Who comes forward? By all my hopes, a woman!—Enough; here will I pitch my tent. Whenever doubts and fears perplex a man, the form of woman strikes upon his troubled spirit like the rainbow stealing out of clouds—the type of beauty and the sign of hope! [*Knocking.*] Now, Venus, send her with a kindly smile. She comes! she comes!

[*The Unknown opens the door, but on seeing Florian, recoils with trepidation—he catches her hand, and forcibly detains her.*

Flo. My dear madam, no alarm, for heaven's sake!—You have thieves in your neighbourhood, but, upon my soul! I don't belong to their fraternity. No, madam, I'm an unlucky fellow, but with the best morals in the world. The fact is, I have lost myself in the forest; the storm rages, and, as I am no knight-errant to court unnecessary hardships, respectfully I entreat the hospitality of this roof for the remainder of the night. [*The Unknown surveys his figure with suspicion and timidity.*] I fear 'tis my misfortune to be disbelieved. Nay, then, let my dress declare my character. [*He releases her hand, throws off his riding-cloak, and discovers his regimentals.*] Behold! I am a soldier!

[*The Unknown shrieks violently—she covers her eyes with both hands for an instant, and then, with the look and action of sudden insanity, darts away into the thickest of the wood, R.*

Flo. [*Calling after her.*] Madam! my dear madam!—only hear me, madam! She's gone—absolutely vanished! I wish I had a looking-glass;—certainly I must have changed my face when I lost my road—no scarecrow could have terrified the poor woman more. What's to be done? If I follow her, I shall but increase her terrors and my own difficulties. Shall I enter the cottage, and wait her return? The door stands most invitingly open, and, to a wet and weary wanderer, that fire sparkles so provokingly, faith, I can't resist the temptation. Adventure seems the goddess of the night, and I'll e'en worship the divinity at a blazing shrine. [*Exit into the house, R. C.*

SCENE VI.—*The Interior of the Cottage—the entrance door, R. C. F.—the casement, L.—a fire-place, R. S. E.—a staircase, L. U. E., conducting to a chamber—a table, with a lamp burning, and a frugal supper, C.*

FLORIAN *discovered kneeling on the hearth, and chaffing his hands before the fire.*

Flo. Eternal praise to the architect who first invented chimney-corners! The man who built the pyramids was a dunce by comparison. [*Rising and looking around him.*] All solitary and silent. Faith! my situation here is somewhat whimsical. Well, I'm left in undisturbed possession, and that's a title in law if not in equity. [*Taking off his cloak, and hanging it on a chair.*] Yes, this shall be my barrack for the night. What an unsocial spirit must the fair mistress of this cottage possess! Egad! she seemed to think it necessary, like the man and woman in the weather-house, that one sex should turn forth into the storm, so soon as the other sought a shelter from its peltings. A plague on such punctilio!

Enter MONICA down the staircase from her chamber,
L. U. E.

Mon. [*Descending.*] There, my garments are changed, and now we may enjoy our supper.

Flo. Ha! another woman!—but old, by the mother of the Graces!

Mon. (L.) A stranger!

Flo. (R. C.) Not an impertinent one, I trust; one who, in the darkness of the storm, has missed his road, despairs of regaining it till morning, and craves of your benevolence a shelter for the night. You shall soon be convinced I am no dangerous guest.

Mon. [*With a voluble civility.*] Nay, young gentleman, never trouble yourself to inform me of your rank; you have told me of your necessity, and that's a sufficient claim to every comfort my little cabin can afford. Pray, sir, take a seat; I am much honoured by your presence. We have a little supper prepared; you must partake of it, sir. Here, my good Silence! come hither. [*Looking anxiously round the cottage.*] Ah! I do not see her.

Flo. I am afraid, my good madam, you miss one of your family.

Mon. I do, indeed, sir; and——

Flo. It was my misfortune to drive a female out of your house at the moment I entered it.

Mon. Sir!

Flo. But not intentionally, I protest. The fact is—though I have always esteemed myself as a well-manu-

factured person, yet something in my appearance so terrified the lady, that——

Mon. Ah! I comprehend. You wear the habit of a soldier, sir; and my poor Silence never can abide to look upon that dress.

Flo. Indeed! that's rather a singular antipathy for a female. May I inquire, is she a daughter of yours?

Mon. Not by blood, sir; but she is the child of misfortune, and as such may claim a parent in every heart that has itself experienced sorrow. But come, sir, take a seat I beseech you; my alarm ceases now I know the cause of her absence. She is accustomed to wander in the woods by night when anything disturbs her mind. She'll return to me anon calm and passive as before; I have known it with her often thus. You look fatigued, sir;—let me recommend this flask of Rhenish. Pray drink, sir; 'twill do you good; it always does me good.

[*They both sit at the table.*]

Flo. (R.) Madam, since you are so pressing, my best services to you! [*Aside.*] A very companionable sort of old gentlewoman this! [*Aloud.*] I protest, madam, I feel myself interested for this unfortunate under your protection. There was a wild and melancholy sweetness in her eye that touched me at our first exchange of looks with awe and pity. Is her history a secret?

Mon. Oh, no; not a secret, but quite a mystery;—you know nearly as much of it as I do. But since we are on the subject—another draught of wine, sir.

Flo. Madam, you will pledge me? [*They drink.*] And now for the mystery.

Mon. Well, sir, about sixteen years ago, when I lived in Languedoc—for you must know I am but newly settled here—a stranger in Alsace—aye, about sixteen or seventeen years ago, there came a rumour to our village of a wild woman, that had been caught by some peasants in the woods near Albi, following quite a savage and unchristian life; gathering fruits and berries for her food by day, and sleeping in the mossy hollows of a rock at night. She was brought round the country as a show. All the world in our parts went to look upon the prodigy, and you may be sure I made one among the crowd. Well, sir, this wild woman was the very creature you beheld but now. At that time she was in truth a piteous object; her form was meagre and wasted, and her wretched garment hung over it in filthy tatters.—Her fine hair fell in matted heaps, and the sun and the

wind together had changed her skin like an Indian's. Yet, even in the midst of all this misery, there was a something so noble and so gentle in her air, that the moment I looked upon her, my curiosity was lost at once in pity and respect. The people by whom she was surrounded was stunning her with coarse and vulgar questions; but never an answer did she deign to give, though some wheedled, and some threatened; still 'twas to all alike; so most persons concluded she was dumb.

Flo. And a very natural conclusion it was, when a female remained silent, who had so excellent an opportunity of exercising her tongue.

Mon. Well, sir, presently my turn came to approach her, when, somehow, my heart swelled quite painfully, to see the gracious image of our Maker degraded, and one's own fellow-creature treated like the brutes of the field; so that when I touched her, my tears started unawares, and fell upon her trembling hand. Would you believe it, sir? The poor desolate statue felt the trickling drops, and reason was rekindled by the warmth of pity. Suddenly her eyes, so lately dull and vacant, flashed with recovered brightness: she cast herself at my feet, clasped my knees, and cried out, in tones that might have moved a heart of rock, "Angel of compassion! save me from disgrace!"—All present started as if a miracle were worked. "Will you preserve me?" cried the suppliant. I was a widowed and a childless woman; in an instant I raised the forlorn one to my arms, as a companion, as an adopted daughter; Her keepers were ignorant men, but not cruel; their hearts were softened by the scene, and they yielded their claims to my entreaties. I led the unfortunate to my dwelling; from that moment, she has shared my mat and partaken of my morsel. I love her with the affection of a real parent; and were I now to lose her, I think my heart would break upon the grave that robbed it of its darling.

Flo. By heavens! I reverence your feelings! In truth, 'tis a melancholy story.

Mon. Yes, sir; and melancholy stories make people dry; so let me recommend another cup of wine.

Flo. Madam, I can't refuse the challenge. [*Aside.*] The old lady certainly designs to send me under the table.—But pray, madam, have you never discovered the cause of that distress, from which you first relieved this suffering woman?

Mon. Never. On the subject of her early adventures,

she remains inflexibly silent. I have often tried to win the secret from her; but though she is mild and rational enough upon all other themes, yet, let but a hint remind her of her former wretchedness, her wits directly start into disorder, and for whole hours—nay, sometimes days together, she remains a lunatic. I do not even know her name, but call her Silence, because her voice is heard so very rarely. I think her dejection has increased since we quitted Languedoc; for about two months since, a kinsman of mine died, and bequeathed me this cottage with some land here in Alsace; 'tis a lone house, and the thick woods about, I fear, remind my poor Silence too much of her former wild way of life; sometimes she wanders in them half the night.

Flo. Are you not fearful of her safety? These woods are full of danger: within this half hour I myself have encountered three ruffians lurking for their prey.

Mon. Ruffians, young gentleman! Blessed Mary save us! 'Tis true, I am a stranger in these parts, but never did I hear of such neighbours. Well, well, I fear not for my child; she has no wealth to tempt a plunderer: poverty is the mother of ills, but her offspring generally respect each other. Come, sir, finish the flash, and now let me prepare your chamber for the night. [Rises.]

Flo. Kind hostess! I am bounden to you for ever.—
[Rising and filling his glass.] Here's woman! beauteous, generous woman! admired when we are happy, but in our adversity, adored! [Drinks.]

Mon. [Curtseying.] Sweet sir! down to the very ground I return your gallantry.

Flo. Hist! don't I hear footsteps in the wood?

Mon. [Listening.] Ah, yes; perhaps my child returns to us.

[The casement is thrust open, and Bertrand, with the two Bravoes, look into the cottage.]

Mon. Ha! men in masks?

Ber. 'Tis he! [They disappear from the casement.]

Flo. Swift! help me swift to bar the door!

Mon. Ha! 'tis forced already!

[A noise at the door, R. C. F.—it is burst open.]

Enter BERTRAND, SANGUINE, and LENOIR—the two Bravoes instantly spring upon Florian, and grapple with him—Bertrand seizes Monica.

Mon. (L.) Murder! murder!

Ber. (L. c.) Silence, or you die!

Flo. [*Struggling towards R. c.*] Is it plunder that you seek? What is your purpose with me? Speak!

San. [*Raising his dagger.*] Learn it by this!

Ber. Hold! not here. Drag him into the wood; dispatch him there.

Flo. Inhuman villains! By your soul's best hope, I charge you—I implore you—

Ber. [*Stamping furiously, and casting Monica from him.*] Toward the wood! follow me!

[*Bertrand turns to the door, and the Bravoes struggle to force Florian after him.*]

Enter the UNKNOWN FEMALE from the wood—she pauses opposite to Bertrand—his advanced arm falls back nerveless by his side, his limbs shake with strong convulsion, and he reels backward, L.

Ber. Support me—ha! save me, or I die!

[*The Bravoes release Florian and fly towards Bertrand, who sinks in their arms—the Unknown, with a light and rapid step, crosses in front of the group to c., where Florian remains kneeling—she spreads her wild drapery before the victim, and places herself between him and the ruffians in the attitude of protection.*]

Ber. [*Surveying her deliriously.*] Look! look! she rises from the grave! she blasts me with her frown!—Away! away! heaven itself forbids the deed!

[*Exeunt the Ruffians into the wood—Florian and Monica press the hands of the Unknown to their lips in transport, and the curtain falls suddenly.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Chateau—a door, c. F.*

Enter BARON LONGUEVILLE *and* BERTRAND, R.

Lon. Traitor! infamous, unblushing traitor! Florian has arrived, arrived in safety; every way I have been betrayed, and now, to screen your perfidy from punishment, you dare insult my ear with forgeries too monstrous and too gross for patience!

Ber. Hear me, my lord. As I have life—as I have a

soul, so have I spoken truly. The grave yawned asunder to forbid the blow; it was no vision of my cowardice. I saw—distinctly saw, it was Eugenia, as in her days of nature, entire and undecayed—the spectre-form stood terribly before me; it moved—it gazed—it frowned me into madness!

Lon. Villain! still would you deceive me?

Ber. Ah, my lord, you would deceive yourself. I swear it was Eugenia!—her shadowy arms were stretched between the lifted dagger and the prostrate youth, while her swift, dark eye flashed on mine with brightness insupportable.—Such was her dreadful look, when, with her bleeding infant clinging to her breast, she sprang into the flames, and—

Lon. Hush! [*The doors of an inner chamber open, and Count de Valmont appears conversing with Florian and Geraldine, c.*] We are interrupted. Quick! change those ruffled features into smiles—quick! Mark me, wretch!

Enter COUNT DE VALMONT, GERALDINE, and FLORIAN,
C. D. F.

Val. [*Coming forward, l. c.*] My boy, your preservation was indeed a miracle. Ascribe not to the vague results of chance that which belongs to Providence alone. [*Seeing Longueville.*] Ah! here is my kinsman, one whose anxious fears on your account have held him a sleepless watcher through the night.

Lon. [*With affected fervency.*] Florian, a thousand welcomes! The return of friends at all times is a joy; but when they come through dangers to our arms, there's transport in the meeting. Tell me: what strange tale is this I catch imperfectly from every lip? Can it be possible you were assailed last night by ruffians in the wood?

Flo. (R. c.) Yes, my dear baron, yes. But morning has chased away night, and I am out of the wood now; therefore, let us banish gloomy retrospections, and yield the present hour to bliss without alloy.

Val. Not so; in this your friends must claim an interest dearer than your own; these men of blood shall be pursued to justice, if Alsace yet hold them.

Lon. Be that my task. [*To Florian.*] Should you recognise their persons?

Flo. Positively no; their disguises were impenetrable.

Ger. (L.) But their voices, Florian—you heard them speak?

Flo. True, sweet Geraldine, a few broken sentences;

but their accents were not framed like thine, to touch the ear but once, yet vibrate on the memory for ever.

Lon. Indulge my curiosity : how were you preserved ?

Flo. Well, baron, since you will force me to act the hero in my own drama, thus runs my story :—I was defenceless, helpless, hopeless. Two sturdy knaves had mastered my struggling arms, and the dagger of a third gleamed against my throat, when, suddenly, a female form appeared before us. In an instant, as if by magic, the murderers relaxed their hold, shuddered, recoiled, uttered cries, and fled the spot ; the female, mute and motionless, remained.

Ber. [*R. corner, apart to Longueville.*] You mark !

Lon. [*Repulsing him.*] Silence !

Flo. Cowardice is ever found the mate of cruelty. This stranger was, doubtless, regarded by the villians as a preternatural agent : she proved, however, a mere mortal, frail and palpable as ourselves.

Ber. [*Listening with tremulous attention.*] Ha ! living !

Lon. [*Not regarding Bertrand, who has drawn behind.*] Whence came this woman ? what was she ?

Flo. Alas ! the most pitiable object in nature—an unhappy maniac. She resides at the same cottage where I found shelter from the storm.

Ber. [*As if electrified by a sudden thought.*] Direct me, Heaven !

[*Exit, L., gliding silently out of the gallery unobserved.*]

Lon. Were not any other circumstances linked with this adventure ?

Flo. None of consequence ; but I suspect one of the ruffians was known to this wretched woman : her incoherent words implied that she recognised in him an ancient enemy ; but her frail remains of intellect were, for a time, quite unsettled by the terror of the scene. She fled from me to her chamber in dismay, and, at day-break, I left the cottage without a second interview.

Lon. [*With much emotion.*] Florian, it is necessary this woman should be interrogated further. Not a moment must be lost. [*Crossing to L.*] Dear count, excuse me for an hour, my anxiety admits not of delay. I will myself visit this cottage instantly. [*Exit, L.*]

Ger. (L.) [*Half-apart to De Valmont.*] Uncle, if the baron tarries beyond the hour, we must not wait for his return—recollect it is to be at noon exactly.

Flo. (R.) [*Overhearing.*] And what at noon, dear Geraldine ?

Val. (c.) [*Smiling.*] Florian, you are destined to be our hero in peace as well as war. My niece has planned a little fête in compliment to the conquerors of Nordlingen.

Ger. Fie, uncle! Florian was not to have known of it till the moment. You have betrayed my secret; now, as a due punishment for the treason, I impose upon you to appear at our fête in person.

Val. What a demand! I, who never——

Ger. Nay, if it be only for a minute, positively you must come among us—nay, I will not be denied.

Val. Well, you reign a fairy sovereign for the day, and, if it be your will to play the despot, your subjects, though they murmur, must obey.

Ger. [*Embracing him.*] There's my kindest uncle!—thanks! Florian, I warn you not to stir towards the terrace till I summon you. Beware of disobedience; I have the power to punish.

Flo. And to reward also.

Ger. Ah! at least I have the inclination. It will be your own fault if ever my actions and my wishes dissociate, or Geraldine refuse a boon when Florian is the suitor.

[*Exit, L.*]

Flo. [*Looking after her.*] Geraldine! too kind, too lovely Geraldine! Ah, sir! is she not admirable?

Val. She has been accounted so by many in your absence. I cannot estimate her beauty, but I know her virtue; and the last fond wish left clinging to this heart, is Geraldine's felicity. I shall endeavour to secure it, by uniting her in marriage with a worthy object.

Flo. Sir! marriage did you say? Gracious heaven!—Marriage!

Val. What is it that surprises you? I can assure you, Geraldine already has been addressed by lovers.

Flo. To doubt it were a blasphemy against perfection. Oh, sir! it is not that—oh, no!

Val. Wherefore, my dear Florian, so much emotion?—Does the idea of Geraldine's marriage afflict you?

Flo. I am not such an ingrate; her happiness is the prayer of my soul to heaven, and I would perish to insure it.

Val. [*After a pause, during which he regards the agitated Florian with tender earnestness.*] Young man, I have long since determined to address you with a brief recital of circumstances necessary to your future decisions of life. Every word of that recital must draw with it a life-

drop from my heart, for I shall speak to you of a past, and recollection to me is agony. The trial we once have considered as inevitable, it is fruitless to defer. Draw yourself a seat, and afford me for a few minutes you fixed attention. [*Florian presents a chair to the count, and then seats himself.*] Florian, you now behold me, such as I have seemed, even from your infancy—a suffering, querulous, cheerless, hopeless, broken-hearted man—one who has buried all the energies of his nature, and only preserves a few of its charities tremblingly alive. It was not with me always thus. I once possessed a mind and a body vigorously moulded, a heart for enterprise, and an arm for achievement. Grief, not time, has palsied those endowments. Born to exalted rank, and luxuriously bred, like the new-fledged eaglet rushing from his nest at once against the sun, eager, elate, and confident, I entered upon life.

Flo. Ah! that malignant clouds should obscure so bright a dawn!

Val. My spirit panted for a career of arms; civil war then desolated France, and, at the age of twenty, I embraced the cause of my religion and my king. Fortune, prodigal of her flatteries, twined my brow with clustering laurels, and at the close of my first campaign, my sovereign's favour and the people's love already hailed me by a hero's title. Fatigued with glory—then—ah, Florian! then it was I welcomed love—a first, a last, an only and eternal passion! [*Pauses with emotion.*]

Flo. Nay, sir, desist; these recollections shake your mind too strongly.

Val. No, no, let me proceed; I can command myself. Florian, I wooed and won an angel for my bride—my expression is not a lover's rhapsody. At this distant period, seriously I pronounce it, Eugenia approached as closely to perfection as the Creator has permitted to his creatures! Such as she was, to say I loved her were imperfect phrase—my passion was enthusiasm—was idolatry! Our marriage-bed was early blessed with increase, and as my lip greeted with a father's kiss the infant, my heart bounded with a new transport toward its mother. My felicity seemed perfect. Now, Florian, mark! My country a second time called me to her battles. I left my kinsman, Longueville, to guard the dear ones of my soul at home, then speed to join our army in a distant province. I was wounded and made prisoner by the enemy. When I recovered health and liberty, I found a rumour of my death

had in the interval prevailed through France. I trembled lest Eugenia should receive the tale, and flew in person to prevent her terrors. It was evening when I reached the hills of Languedoc, and looked impatiently towards my cheerful home beneath. I looked—the last sun-beam glared redly upon smoking ruins. Oh, oh! the blood now chills and curdles round my heart—the wolves of war had rushed by night upon my slumbering fold—fire and sword had desolated all! I called upon my wife and my infant. I trampled on their ashes while I called! [*Sinking back exhausted in his chair for a moment, and then resuming, faintly.*] Florian, there is a grief that never found its image yet in words. I prayed for death—nay, for madness! but Heaven, for its own best purposes, denied me either boon. I was ordained still to live, and still be conscious of my misery. For many weeks I wandered through the country, silent, sullen, stupified. My people watched but dared not comfort me. Abjuring social life, I plunged into the deepest solitudes, to shun all commerce with my kind.—’Twas at the close of a sultry day, the last of August, that I entered a forest at the foot of the Cevennes, and worn with long fatigue and misery, stretched myself upon the moss for momentary rest. On the sudden, a faint and feeble moan pierced my ear; instinctively I moved the branches at my side, and, at the foot of a rude stone, beheld an infant, unnaturally left to perish in the wilderness! It was famishing—expiring. I raised it to my breast, and its little arms twined feebly round my neck. Florian, thou wert Heaven’s gracious instrument to reclaim a truant to his duties. “Welcome,” I cried to thee, “young brother in adversity! thou art deserted by thy mortal parents, and my heavenly Father has forsaken me!” From that moment I felt I had a motive left to cherish life, since my existence could be useful to a fellow-being. My wanderings finished, and I settled in Alsace. Eighteen years have followed that event; but I shall not comment on their course.

Flo. [*With energy.*] Yet, sir, those years must not, shall not pass forgotten. Deeds of generous charity have made them sacred, and an orphan’s blessing wafts their eulogy to Heaven. [*Casting himself at De Valmont’s feet.*] Friend! protector! more than parent! the beings who had called me into life denied my claim, and you performed the duties Nature had renounced. Ah, sir! I am thoughtless, volatile—my manners wild; but, from my inmost soul, I love, I reverence, I bless my benefactor!

Val. Rise, young man; your virtues have repaid my cares. Here let us dismiss the past, and advert to the future. Geraldine is my heiress; my niece and my vassals must receive the same master;—both are the objects of my care, and I would confide them only to a man of honour. Florian, let Geraldine become your wife—be you hereafter the protector of my people.

Flo. Merciful powers! what is it that I hear? I?—the child of accident and misery—a wretched foundling—I?

Val. Young man, your sentiments and your actions have proved themselves the legitimate offspring of honour, and I require no pedigree for limbs and features. Fortune forbade you to inherit a name, but she has granted you a prouder boast—you have founded one. Common men vaunt of the actions of their forefathers, but the superior spirit declares his own. Nay, no reply; I never form or break a resolution lightly. I know your heart—I am acquainted with Geraldine's—they beat responsive to each other. Your passion has my consent—your marriage shall be my blessing. Farewell!

[*Exit, suddenly, R., preventing Florian by his action from any reply.*]

Flo. Heard I aright? Yes, he pronounced it—"Geraldine is thine!" Earth's gross substantial touch is felt no more. I mount in air, and rest on sun-beams! Oh, if I dream now, royal Mab! abuse me ever with thy dear deceits; for, in serious, wakeful hours, truth ne'er can touch my senses with a joy so bright. Oh! I could sing, dance, laugh, shout—and yet, methinks, had I a woman's privilege, I'd rather weep; for tears are pleasure's oracles as well as grief's.

Enter L'ECLAIR, L.

L'Ec. So, captain, you are well encountered. I have sad forbodings that our shining course of arms is threatened with eclipse. If I may use the boldness to advise, we shall strike our tents, and file off in quick march without beat of drum. Our laurels are in more danger here than in the midst of the enemy's lines.

Flo. How now, my doughty 'squire? what may be our present jeopardy?

L'Ec. Ah, captain! the sex—the dear, seductive sex! This house is the modern Capua, and we are the Hannibals of France, toying away our severe virtues amidst its voluptuousness. One damsel throws forward the prettiest ancle

in anatomy, and cries, "Mr. L'Eclair, I'm yours for a waltz." A second languishes upon me from large blue melting eyes, and whispers, "Mr. L'Eclair, will you take a stroll by moonlight in the grove?"—while a third, in all the ripe, round plumpness of uneasy health, calls the modest blood to my finger's end, by requesting me "to adjust some error in the pinning of her kerchief." Oh, captain, captain! heroes are but men, men but flesh, and flesh is but weakness; therefore, let us briefly put on a Parthian valour, and strive to conquer by a flight.

Flo. Knave! prate of deserting these dear, precious scenes again, and I'll finish your career myself by a coup-de-main. No, no; change churlish drums and braying trumpets to mellifluous flutes. I'm to be married. Varlet, wish me joy!

L'Ec. Certainly, captain, I do wish you joy. When a man has once determined upon matrimony, he acts wisely to collect the congratulations of his friends beforehand, for heaven only knows whether there may be any opportunity for them afterwards. May I take the freedom to inquire the lady?

Flo. 'Tis she, L'Eclair, 'tis she—the only she, the peerless, priceless Geraldine!

L'Ec. "Peerless" I grant the lady, but as to her being "priceless," I should think for my own poor particular, that when I bartered my liberty for a comely bedfellow, I was paying full value for my goods, besides a swinging overcharge for the fashion of the make.

Flo. Tush, man! 'tis not by form or feature I compute my prize. Geraldine's mind, not her beauty, is the magnet of my love. The graces are the fugitive handmaids of youth, and dress their charge with flowers as fleeting as they are fair; but the virtues faithfully o'erwatch the couch of age, and, when the flaunting rose has withered, twine the cheerful evergreen, crowning true lovers freshly to the last.

[*Exit, L.*

L'Ec. True lovers! Well, now, I love Love myself, particularly when 'tis mixed with brandy—like the loves of the landlady of Lisle and the bandy-legged captain. *

SONG.—L'ECLAIR.

A landlady of France she loved an officer, 'tis said,
 And this officer he dearly loved her brandy, oh!
 Sigh'd she, "I love this officer, although his nose is red,
 And his legs are what his regiment call bandy, oh!"

* For this speech, and the song that follows, the author is indebted to the pen of George Colman, Esq.

But when the bandy officer was ordered to the coast,

How she tore her lovely locks that looked so sandy, oh !
 " Adieu, my soul ! " says she : " if you write, pray pay the
 post,

But before we part, let's take a drop of brandy, oh ! "

She fill'd him out a bumper just before he left the town,

And another for herself, so neat and handy, oh !

So they kept their spirits up by their pouring spirits down,

For love is, like the colic, cured with brandy, oh !

" Take a bottle on't," says she, " for you're going into
 camp ;

In your tent, you know, my love, 'twill be the dandy, oh ! "

" You're right," says he, " my life ! for a tent is very
 damp,

And 'tis better, with my tent, to take some brandy, oh ! "

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—*The Cottage in the Wood.*

MONICA and BERTRAND discovered.

Mon. (L.) In truth, sir, I have told you every circumstance I know concerning my poor lodger. But wherefore so particular in your inquiries ?

Ber. (R.) Trust me, I have important motives for my curiosity. Seventeen years ago, I think you said, and in the woods near Albi ?

Mon. Aye, aye, I was accurate both in time and place.

Ber. Every incident concurs. Gracious heaven ! should it prove—My good woman, I suspect this unfortunate person is known to me. Bring me directly to the sight of her.

Mon. Hold, sir ! I must know you better first. I fear me, this poor creature has been hardly dealt with. Who knows but you may be her enemy ?

Ber. No, no, her friend—her firm and faithful friend.—Suspense distracts me ! lead me to her presence instantly.

Mon. Well, well ! truly, sir, you look and speak like an honest gentleman ; but though I consent, I doubt whether my lodger will receive you ; her mind is ill at ease for visitors. All last night, I overheard her pacing up and down her chamber moaning piteously, and talking to herself.—Toward daybreak, all became quiet ; then I peeped through the crevice of the door, and saw that she was writing. I never knew her to write before ; I knocked for admittance, but she prayed me not to interrupt her for another hour.

Ber. Does she still keep her chamber?

Mon. She has not quitted it this morning. Hark! I think I hear her stir. [*Going to the stair-foot, L. U. E., and looking up.*] Aye! her door now stands open. Place yourself just here, and you may view her plainly without being seen yourself; her face is turned towards us, but her eyes are fixed upon a writing in her hands.

[*Bertrand looks for a moment to satisfy his doubts, then rushes forward, and casts himself upon his knee transportedly.*

Ber. She lives! Eternal mercy!—thanks! thanks!

Mon. Holy St. Dennis! the sight of her has strangely moved you. Collect yourself, I pray; she comes towards us.

Ber. Oh, let me cast myself before her feet!

Mon. [*Restraining him.*] Hold, sir! Whatever be your business, I beseech you to refrain a little. I must prepare her for your appearance; her spirits cannot brook surprise. Back! back! [*Bertrand withdraws.*

Enter EUGENIA—she descends the stairs with a folded paper in her hand, appears to struggle with emotion, runs towards Monica, and casts her arms passionately around her.

Eug. My kind mother! this is, perhaps, our last embrace. We must part!

Mon. Part, my child! what mean you?

Eug. Ah! it is my fate, my cruel, unrelenting fate, that drives me from you, from the last shelter, and the only friend I yet retain on earth.

Mon. Explain yourself—I cannot comprehend.

Eug. Mother, I have an enemy, a dreadful one. Seventeen years have veiled me from his hate in vain. Those years have wasted the victim's form, but the persecutor's heart remains unchanged. My retreat is discovered; the wretches who were here last night too surely recognised me. Soon they may return and force me—oh! thought of horror!—No, no! here I dare not stay.

Mon. My poor innocent! whither would you go?

Eug. To the woods and caves from which you rescued me. Mother, the wilderness must be my home again. I fly to wolves and vultures to escape from man! Receive this paper; 'tis the written memoir of my wretched life; read it when I am gone. My head burned and my hand trembled while I traced those characters, yet 'tis a faithful history. Mother, I dare not thank your charity, but Hea-

ven will remember it hereafter. Bestow upon me one embrace, and then let me depart in silence.

[*Monica gives a sign to Bertrand to advance, R.*

Mon. Yet hold some moments. A stranger has been inquiring here this morning, who describes himself your friend.

Eug. Ha!—no, no, the tomb long since has covered all my friends. 'Tis some wily agent of my foe. Ah! forbid him, mother—let him not approach me!

Mon. 'Tis too late; he is already in the house.

Eug. Where?

[*Monica points, and Eugenia's eyes following her direction, rest upon the prostrate figure of Bertrand, who has placed himself in a posture of supplication, and concealed his face with his hands.*

Eug. (c.) [*Gazing intensely with apprehension.*] Speak! you kneel, and still are silent. Say, what would you require of me?

Ber. [*Uncovering his face without raising his eyes.*]—Pardon! pardon!

Eug. [*Shrieking and flying, c.*] Ha! Bertrand!

Ber. [*Catching her mantle.*] Stay, angel of mercy—stay and hear me! He that was your scourge now yields himself your slave. A wretched, penitent, despairing man lies humbled in the dust before you, and implores for pardon.

[*Eugenia pauses, and presses her crucifix to her lips with fervor.*

Eug. Yes! charity and peace to all! Nay, Heaven forgive thee, sinful man; I never will accuse thee at its bar.

Ber. Angel! my actions, better than my prayers, may plead with Heaven for mercy. The cruel wrongs that I have offered, yet in part may be atoned. Lady, I come to serve and save you.

Eug. Ah! to what fresh terrors am I yet devoted?

Ber. Might we converse without a witness? In your ear only dare I breathe my purpose.

Mon. Nay, I will not be an eaves-dropper. My child, you do not fear this person now? I'll leave you with him—nay, 'tis best;—perchance he comes indeed with service. My blessings go with you, stranger, if you mean her fairly; but if you wrong or play her false, a widow's curse fall heavy on your death-bed!

[*Exit up the staircase, L.U.E.—A pause of mutual agitation.*

Eug. Speak, man of terrors! say, what has the persecuted and undone Eugenia yet to dread?

Ber. The Baron Longueville—

Eug. That fiend!

Ber. He now is in the neighbourhood. As yet he dreams not that you live; but accident this very hour might betray you to his knowledge. Lady, I possess the means—oh, blessed chance! to shield you from his malice.

Eug. And wilt thou—oh! wilt thou, Bertrand, at last extend a pitying arm to raise the wretch thy former hate had stricken to the ground? I have been despoiled of fortune, fame, and health; my brain has been distracted by thy cruelty, yet now preserve me from this worst extreme of fate—let me not die the slave of Longueville—all my injuries, all my sufferings are forgotten, and this one gracious act shall win thy pardon for a thousand sins!

Ber. Lady, my o'erweighed conscience heaves impatiently to cast its load. [*Sinking on his knee.*] Lo! at your injured feet I kneel, and solemnly pronounce a vow, the tyrant, Longueville, shall mar your peace no more.

The cottage door silently opens, and SANGUINE looks in—he makes a sign to LONGUEVILLE, who follows, and they glide to the further end of the cottage unperceived, where they remain in anxious observation.

Eug. Rise! your penitence wears nature's stamp, and I believe it honest.

Ber. Oh, lady, your words redeem me from despair; but say, to ease a heart that aches with wonder—say by what prodigy you escaped the flames of that tremendous night, when all believed you perished?

Eug. [*Shuddering.*] Ah! what hast thou said? My dream of confidence dissolves, and now I turn from thee again with horror! Again I view thy murderous poniard reared to strike—again my wounded infant shrieks upon my bosom, and the fiery gulf yawns redly at my feet!—Begone! begone! for now I hate thee!

Ber. Ah! not to me—to Longueville ascribe the horrors of that night. [*Aside.*] What shall I say? I dare not own to her that De Valmont lives. [*Aloud.*] Hear me, lady: scarce was your lord's untimely fall reported, when the cruel Longueville in secret plotted to remove his infant heir—the only bar that held him from a rich succession. By hellish means he won me to his cause; his hand it was that opened the castle gates at midnight to the foe, and when the fierce Huguenots rushed shouting through the halls, still his hand it was that fired the chamber where you slept in peace. To save your child, you rushed dis-

tracted to the rampart's edge; just as I followed to complete my prey, a falling turret crossed my path, and presently the general fabric sank in ruin.

Eug. A wayward destiny that night was mine—at once both saved and lost. A hidden passage dug beneath the rampart, twining through many a caverned maze, at distance opened to the woods. I reached the secret entrance of that pass, just as the turret fell and screened me from pursuit. Concealing darkness wrapt my flying steps; the roar of death sank from behind, and ere the dawn, in safety with my child, I gained the forest.

Ber. Your child! Eternal powers! your infant then escaped the blow.

Eug. Thy dagger's point twice scarred his innocent hand, but failed to reach the life. [*Bertrand gesticulates his transport.*] A sanguine cross indelibly remained, but nature and his mother's tears assuaged the pain. Charitable foresters, ignorant of our rank, relieved our wants and changed our robes for rustic weeds. Thus disguised, my infant in arms, on foot I travelled far and long, seeking ever by the loneliest paths to reach my sovereign's court, and at the throne of power implore for justice.

Ber. Oh! does the infant yet survive? Speak, lady; bless me with those words—he lives!

Eug. No, Bertrand, no; fortune but mocked me with a moment's hope to curse me deeper still through ages of despair. In vain I snatched my darling boy from poniard and from flame. When way-lost in the wilderness—but for a moment did I quit my treasure, the mazes of the wood ensnared my step; the fever of my body rushed upon my brain; I wandered never to return, while my forsaken infant—he perished, Bertrand. Ah! my brain begins to burn afresh. Mark me: he perished terribly—inquire not further.

Ber. [*Deeply affected.*] Thou suffering excellence!—Be witness, Heaven! the monster that I was, no longer hath a life. Thy tears have drowned it quite, and now it strangely melts in pity and remorse. Come, lady, let me bestow thee in a safe retreat. The hoarded wages of my sinful youth I'll use as offerings to redeem thy peace.—Far hence in foreign lands a certain refuge waits our flight, and there, secure from Longueville—

[*The Baron suddenly stands before them, c.—Eugenia shrieks, and Bertrand stands aghast and trembling.*]

Ber. Undone for ever!

Lon. [*Furiously to Sanguine.*] Guard well the door! let not a creature enter or depart!

[*Sanguine advances, L.—Eugenia flies by the stairs to the upper chamber—Longueville, after a short pause of indecisive passion, draws a poniard, and seizes Bertrand.*

Lon. Wretch!

Ber. Strike!—yes, deep in this guilty bosom, strike at once, and rid me of despair!

Lon. Thou double traitor! thy perjuries now meet their just reward. Tremble at impending death!

Ber. (R.) No! I have not feared to live in vice, and will not shrink at last to die for virtue.

Lon. [*Throwing him off, R.*] No! I will not take the wretched forfeit. Thou'rt spared from hate, not pity. I give thee back thy life, but I will study punishments to make the boon a curse unutterable.

Ber. Tyrant! I defy thy vengeance to increase my torments. The innocent I pledged myself to save, already stands devoted to destruction, and the measure of my anguish and despair is full.

Lon. Sanguine, ascend the stairs, and force that wretched woman to my presence.

[*Sanguine ascends the stairs, L. U. E.*

Ber. Hold, hold, my lord! recal those threatening words. Oh, Heaven! what damning crime is in your thought? Pause—yet for a moment pause, ere you barter to the fiend your soul for ages. Omnipotence hath interposed with miracles, and still preserved you from the guilt you sought—your conscience yet is undefiled with blood.

Lon. Away! my purpose is resolved.

Ber. Will you then reject the mercy Heaven extends? [*Kneeling, and catching his cloak.*] Hear me, my lord—nay, for your own eternal being, hear me! As you now deal with this afflicted innocent, even so hereafter shall the God of judgment deal with you!

Lon. I brave the peril! [*Calling aloud.*] Hasten, Sanguine! produce my victim.

Ber. [*Desperately.*] Cover me, mountains! hide me from the sun!

[*He casts himself upon the ground—Sanguine returns precipitately from above.*

San. My lord, one fatal moment has undone your scheme. The female has escaped.

Lon. Villain! escaped?

Ber. [*Raising himself in frantic joy.*] Ha!

San. I found the casement of the upper chamber open; some twisted linen fastened to the bar nearly reached to the ground without, and proved the method of her flight. A beldame, who must have aided her escape, remains alone above. [*Turning toward the window.*] Ha! I catch a female figure darting through the trees at a distance; she runs with lightning speed—now she turns towards the castle!

Lon. Distraction! if she gains the castle, I am lost for ever. Pursue! pursue!

[*Longueville and Sanguine rush off, R. D. F.*]

Ber. [*Vehemently.*] Guardians of innocence, direct her steps! [*Exit, following them.*]

SCENE III.—*A Gallery in the Chateau.*

Enter ROSABELLE, L, followed by GASPARD.

Gas. Ha! young mistress Rosabelle, whither so fast, I pray? Faith, damsel, you are fleet of foot.

Ros. Yet my steps are heavier than my heart, for that's all feather, ready for any flight in fancy's hemisphere: give thought but breath, and 'twere blown in a second to the moon or the antipodes. Wilt along with me, Gaspard?

Gas. What, to the moon or the antipodes? Alack, damsel, I should prove but a sorry travelling companion upon either road. No, no! youth is for flights, but age for falls.

Ros. Wilt turn a waltz anon, and be my partner in the dance?

Gas. Hey, madcap! have we dances toward?

Ros. Aye, upon the terrace presently; all the world will assemble there; the Lady Geraldine and myself for beauty, and then for rank, we shall have the Count himself, and the Baron, and the Chevalier, and—

Gas. Out upon you, magpie! Would you delude the old man with fables? His lordship, the Count, among revellers! Truly, a pleasant jest. I have been his watchful servant these twenty years, and never knew him to abide the sight or sound of pleasures.

Ros. Then I can acquaint you, he proposes on this day to regale both his eyes and his ears with a novelty. I heard him promise Lady Geraldine to join the pastimes on the terrace.

Gas. Oh, the blessed tidings! Damsel, thy tongue has made a boy of me again.

Ros. Now charity forefend, for so should I bring thee to thy second childhood.

Gas. Ah! would you flee me? His lordship among revellers! Oh, the blessed prodigy! Well, well, I give no promise, mark; but should a certain damsel lack a partner—agad, I know not—sixty-five shows with an ill-grace in a rigadon, but for a minuet—Well, well! St. Vitus strengthen me, and I accept thy challenge. [*Exit, R.*]

Ros. Go thy ways, thou antique gallantry; thy pledge shall never be endangered by my claim. I'm for a brisker partner in every dance through life, I promise thee.

AIR.—ROSABELLE.

On the banks of the Rhine, at the sun-setting hour,
Oh, meet me, and greet me, my true love, I pray;
Or feasting, or sleeping, in hall, or in bower,
To the Rhine-bank, oh, true love! rise up and away.

On that bank, an old willow dejectedly grieves,
And drops from each leaf, for love's falsehoods, a tear;
Go, rivals, and gather the willow's pale leaves,
For falsehood ne'er cross'd between me and my dear.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Castle Gardens decorated for a fête—
a lofty Terrace crosses the extremity.*

Dancers and Musicians discovered R. and L.

Enter Village Girls, scattering flowers before GERALDINE, who is led by FLORIAN to an open temple, containing three seats, R. 3d E.

Ger. [*Pointing to the centre seat.*] There is our hero's seat of triumph—nay, my commands are absolute, and you have no appeal. I reserve this for my uncle; he will join us presently. [*They seat themselves.*]

A BALLET.

Enter Boys, habited as warriors—they pay homage before Florian, and hang military trophies round his seat.

Enter Girls, as wood-nymphs, who surprise and disarm the warriors, then remove the trophies, and replace them with garlands—the warriors and nymphs join in a general dance—suddenly, a piercing shriek is heard, L. U. E., and the ballet abruptly stops.

Enter EUGENIA, L. U. E.—*she rushes distractedly between the groupes of dancers, and casts herself at the feet of Geraldine, R.*

Eug. Save me! save me!

Ger. Ah! what wretched supplicant is this?

Flo. By heavens! the very woman who yesternight preserved my life.

Enter BARON LONGUEVILLE, *in pursuit*, L. U. E.

Lon. [*Advancing rapidly with instant self-command.*] Dear friends, Heaven has this hour appointed me the agent of its grace. I have discovered in this wretched woman the long-lost wife of an ancient friend, at Baden. Lend your assistance to secure her person till I can apprise the husband of this unexpected meeting.

Eug. No, no, I have no husband; they have murdered him! He would betray, destroy me! [*Catching Geraldine's robe.*] Oh, you, whose looks are heavenly soft, to you I plead—protect me from this fiend.

Ger. How earnestly she grasps my hand;—indeed—indeed, her agony seems genuine.

Lon. You are deceived—she utters nought but madness; her mind has been for years incurably diseased. Come! away—away!

[*He seizes violently upon Eugenia to force her with him—she clings to Geraldine in anguish.*]

Eug. Forsake me not! I have no protector to invoke but you.

Ger. Forbear, my lord, I cannot find that wildness you proclaim. Forbear, and recollect the rights of hospitality never yet were violated at my uncle's gate. Lady, dismiss your fears; here sorrow ever meets a ready shelter, for here resides the Count de Valmont.

Eug. [*Eagerly.*] Who

Ger. The excellent, the suffering Count de Valmont.

Eug. [*Starting up with recurring insanity.*] Ha, ha, ha! come to the altar—my love waits for me—weave me a bridal crown!

Lon. [*Triumphantly.*] Behold! can you doubt me now?

Ger. Too painfully I am convinced. Miserable being! Ah, remove her hence, before my uncle joins us,—so terrible an object would inexpressibly afflict him.

Flo. Yes, yes, remove her hence; but, oh! I charge you, treat her with the tenderest care.

Enter SANGUINE and LENOIR, L. U. E.

Lon. [*Eagerly to the Braves.*] Advance! bear her to my pavilion—mark! to my pavilion on the river-bank.

[Sanguine and Lenoir seize Eugenia.]

The COUNT DE VALMONT appears in the terrace. R. U. E.

Val. My friends, I come to join your pleasures.

Eug. [*Struggling violently.*] Hark! he calls me to his arms! Unhand me! Nay, then—Oh, cruel! cruel! cruel!

[Overcome by her exertions, she sinks into a swoon, and falls into the arms of the Braves—Longueville rapidly draws her veil across to conceal her features from the Count as he advances.]

Lon. Away with her this instant!

[He turns quickly toward the terrace, and catches De Valmont's arm as he descends to prevent his approach.]

Lon. [*Turning imperatively to the Braves.*] Quick! quick!—away!

[De Valmont pauses in surprise—Longueville maintains his restraining attitude—Florian and Geraldine join to arrest his steps—the Braves withdraw the insensible and unresisting Eugenia, L. U. E., and the curtain falls on the picture.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Steward's Apartment in the Chateau de Valmont—a table and chairs, c.*

GASPARD and L'ECLAIR discovered drinking, the latter half-intoxicated.

Gas. (R.) Adod! a very masterpiece of the military art! Why, this Turenne must be a famous captain. I'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*] Oddso! where did we leave the enemy? Oh, the Bavarians were just driven across the Neckar, and had destroyed the bridge. Well, and then what did our troops?

L'Ec. (L.) They dashed after them through the river like a pack of otters.

Gas. Hold! you said just now the river wasn't fordable.

L'Ec. Did I? Psha! I only meant, it wasn't fordable to the enemy. No, poor devils! they couldn't ford it certainly; but as to our hussars—whew! such fellows as they would get through anything, were it ever so deep to the bottom. [*Takes the flask from Gaspard, and drinks.*]

Gas. Oh, the rare hussars! Now this is a conversation just to my heart's content. I dearly love to hear of battles and sieges. The household are all retired to rest, and my room is private; so here we may sit peaceably, and talk about war for the remainder of the night.

L'Ec. Bravo! agreed;—we'll make a night of it. But, hark ye: is not this room of yours built in a queer sort of a circular shape?

Gas. No; a most perfect square.

L'Ec. Well, I never studied mathematics; but for a perfect square, it has the oddest trick of turning round with its company I ever witnessed.

Enter ROSABELLE, L.

Ros. Here's a display of profligacy! So, gentlemen, are these your morals? Methinks you place a special example before the household,—drinking and carousing thus after midnight, when all decent persons ought to be at rest within their beds.

Gas. Marry, now, my malapert lady, how comes it you are found abroad at these wild hours?

Ros. I have always important motives for my conduct. A strange female waits at the castle-gate, who clamours for admittance; she seems in deep distress, refuses to accept denial or excuse, and demands to speak with the person of first consequence in the family. Now, Mr. Gaspard, as you happen to be steward—

Gas. [*Rising pompously.*] I am of course the personage required. You say a female?

Ros. Yes; she waits for you in heavy trouble at the gate.

Gas. I fly. Gallantry invites, and I obey the call.—Good Mr. L'Eclair, I cast myself upon your courtesy for this abrupt departure:—

'Tis woman tempts from friendship, war, and wine;
My fault is human—my excuse divine! [*Exit, L.*]

Ros. In sooth, the old gentleman has not forgotten his

manners in his cups. [*To L'Eclair.*] But as to you, sir—how stupidly you sit! Have you nothing to say for yourself?

L'Ec. [*Rising and reeling towards her.*] Much, very much—love—midnight—all snug and private.

Ros. Mercy o' me! the wretch is certainly intoxicated. How wickedly his eye begins to twinkle! Why, scapegrace, I'm sure you're not sober.

L'Ec. Don't say so, pray don't—you wound my delicacy. Oh, Rosabelle! beautiful but misjudging Rosabelle! I am unfortunate, but not criminal. This morning I beheld only one Rosabelle, and yet I was undone; now I seem to behold two Rosabelle's—ergo, I either see double or am doubly undone. There's logic for you. Now, could a man who wasn't sober, talk logic?—only answer me that.

Ros. [*Aside.*] What shall I do with him? If I leave him here, he'll drink himself into a fever. I must e'en coax him. [*Aloud.*] L'Eclair—come, come, my dear L'Eclair, let me prevail upon you to go to bed; I'm going to bed myself.

L'Ec. Oh, fie! that's too broad; I blush for you.—Would you delude my innocence?

Ros. The profligate monster! I delude!

L'Ec. Well, I yield to fate. Stars! veil your chaste heads, and thou, oh little candle, hide thy wick. [*Reeling to embrace her.*] Behold the lamb submitting to the sacrifice!

Ros. Why, you heathen monster! how dare you talk to me about lambs and sacrifices? Ha! if you stir another step, I'll alarm the family. I can scream, sir!

L'Ec. I know you can, but pray don't; somebody might hear you, and that would be very disappointing.—Recollect I have a character to lose.

Ros. And have I not a character, too, sir?

L'Ec. Hush! hush! let's drop the subject.

Ros. How now, sirrah? have you anything to say against my character?

L'Ec. Oh, no, I never speak ill of the dead.

Ros. Why, you vile, insinuating—But I shall preserve my temper though you have lost your manners. Well, assuredly, of all objects in creation, the most pitiable is a man in liquor.

L'Ec. There's one exception—a man in love.

DUET.—ROSABELLE *and* L'ECLAIR.

Ros. The precept of Bacchus to man proves a curse,
The head it confounds, and the heart it bewitches.

L'Ec. I'm sure the example of Cupid is worse,
For he walks abroad without shirt, drawers, or
breeches.

Ros. Psha! Cupid, you dolt, has rich garments enough.

L'Ec. Nay, his wardrobe's confined to a plain suit of buff.

Ros. 'Twas Bacchus taught men to drown reason in cans.

L'Ec. 'Twas Cupid taught ladies the first use of fans.

Ros. How diff'rent the garland their votaries twine!
How genteel is the myrtle—how vulgar the vine!

L'Ec. Of myrtle or vine I pretend not to know,
But a fig-leaf I think would be most apropos!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Count's Chamber.*

DE VALMONT *discovered seated at a table, c., gazing in
profound meditation upon a miniature.*

Val. Eugenia!

Now of the angel race, and housed in Heaven!
Forgive, dear saint, these blameful eyes that flow
With human love, and mourn thy blessedness.
Oh, ye strange powers! with what excelling truth
Has Art's small hand here mimick'd mightiest Nature!
What cheeks are these! Could Death e'er crop such roses?
Eyes! star-bright twins!—fair glasses to fair thoughts,
Where, as by truest oracles confess'd,
The god-like soul reveals itself in glory,
Your glances thrill me! Amber-twinkling threads,
Half bound by grace, half loosed by winds, how strays
This shining ringlet o'er this clear white breast,
Like the pale sunshine streaking wintry snows!
These lips have life—yea, very breath! A sweet,
Warm spirit stirs through the cleft ruby now.
They move—they smile—they speak! Soft—soft! sweet
heavens!

I'll gaze no more; there's witchcraft in this skill,
And my abused weak brain may madden soon!

[*Conceals the picture in his bosom.*]

The spell is hidden, still the illusion works.

Oh! in my heart, Eugenia, art thou traced;

There—there—thou livest—speakest—yet are mortal.

Strong memory triumphs over death and time ;
In all my circling blood—each vein—each pulse
Wherever life is, even there art thou !

Gaspard. [*Without, L.*] Go, go ! his lordship may not be disturbed.

Monica. [*Without, L.*] Away ! I have a cause that must be heard.

Val. How now ! voices in the anti-room ? [*Calling off.*] Ho !

Enter GASPARD, L.

Gas. Alack ! that folk will be so troublesome. My good lord, here's a strange woman—truly, a most obstinate spirit—who craves vehemently to be heard on matters, as she reports, of much importance to your lordship.

Val. Nay, in the morning be it, not at this hour.

Gas. I told her so, my very words ; but truly, her grief seems to have crazed her reason.

Val. How ! is she unhappy then ? Her sorrows be her passport here—admit her instantly. [*Exit Gaspard, L.*] Where should the afflicted heart prefer a prayer, if kindred wretchedness deny its sympathy ?

Re-enter GASPARD, L., introducing MONICA.

Mon. So ! you are seen at last, my lord. Men say your heart is good,—grant Heaven, I find it so ; but, ah ! perhaps it is too late. Yes, yes, I fear it ; the dove is in the vulture's gripe already.

Val. Woman, what strange distraction's this ? Give me a knowledge of your griefs with method.

Mon. I will, I will ; but anguish stifles me. Oh, my lord, my lord ! this is your castle, and here she fled for shelter, yet cruel hearts refused her prayer. I have been told by your people that the Baron's pavilion on the river-bank is made her prison ;—she will be murdered there.— [*Throwing herself passionately at his feet, c.*] Oh, my gracious lord ! save her—save her !

Val. Rise ; attempt composure ; your words are riddles to me.

Gas. My lord, 'tis of the poor lunatic she speaks, she whom the Baron has confined ; this woman claims her as her charge.

Val. I saw the person not, but heard in brief her story from the Baron. Rest, good woman, rest ; my kinsman is her friend.

Mon. No, no, he is a monster, thirsting for her blood. [*Producing Eugenia's manuscript.*] Here—here I have read his character.

Val. Beware! you offend me; grief yields no privilege to slander.

Mon. I am not a slanderer, indeed—indeed I am not,—here are proofs. Your lordship, I find, is called the Count de Valmont. Had you not once a relation of the same title, who fell in battle with the Huguenots, eighteen years ago?

Val. Never.

Mon. Yet it was the same title; aye, here 'tis written, "in forcing the passage of Durance."

Val. How! 'tis of myself assuredly you read. I was reported falsely in that very action to have fallen, and for a time my death was credited through France.

Mon. Ah, my lord, my lord! Oh, it rushes on my heart—nay, give but a moment—speak! were you once wedded to a lady named Eugenia?

Val. Woman—ah, name beloved!—wherefore that torturing question?

Mon. Yes, yes; it is—it must be so—I cannot—here—read—read this! [*Gives the scroll.*]

Val. Eternal Powers! Eugenia's well-known character! When and whence did you procure this writing?

Mon. This very morning, from her own hand, my lord. Eugenia lives to bless, and to be blessed again.

[*De Valmont starts—his features express amazement, then incredulity and indignation.*]

Val. Begone, thou wretched woman, lest I forget thy sex, and kill thee for thy cruelty!

Mon. Nay, let me die, but not be doubted. Read, read, and let your eyes assure your soul of joy.

[*The Count faintly staggers back into a seat, R. C., and fastens his eyes upon the scroll with a frenzied earnestness.*]

Gas. Woman, if you have spoken falsely, my noble master's heart will break at once.

Mon. By the great issue, let my words be judged!

Val. [*Reading.*] "*The chamber burst in flames; I snatched my infant from its slumber; I heard the voice of Longueville direct our murder; ruffians rushed towards us to perform his bidding.*" [*Starting forward with uncontrollable fury.*] Oh, God of wrath and vengeance! hear thou a husband's and a father's prayer! Strike the pale

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villain! oh, with thy hottest lightning blast him dead!—a curse, a ten-fold curse o'erwhelm his death-bed! Traitor! thou shalt not escape; this hand shall rend thy heart-strings—I'll smite thee home!

[In the delirium of his passion, he draws his sword, and strikes with it as at an ideal combatant—his bodily powers forsake him in the effort—he reels, and falls convulsed into Gaspard's arms.]

Gas. *[Calling off.]* Help! help! death is on him!—help there swiftly!

Enter GERALDINE, *hastily, R., followed by* *Domestics.*

Ger. *[Rushing forward.]* Whence these cries? Ah, Heavens! what killing sight is this? Uncle, uncle! speak to me! 'tis Geraldine that calls.

Enter FLORIAN, *hastily, L.*

Flo. My patron!—ha! convulsed! dying! Eternal mercy, spare his sacred life!

Ger. Nay, bend him forward,—his eyes unclose again—he sees—he knows us.

[The Count in silence draws the hands of Geraldine and Florian within his own, and presses them to his heart.]

Flo. How fares it, sir? bless us with your voice.

Val. Ah—ah!

[He grasps the scroll and points to it emphatically, but cannot articulate.]

Flo. Oh, for a knowledge of your gracious pleasure!—Speak, sir—pronounce but one word.

Val. *[Faintly and with great effort.]* Longueville!—Ah, fly, preserve—*[Again his accents fail him—he seems to collect all his remaining strength for one short effort, and a second time just articulates.]* Longueville!

[He relapses into insensibility.]

Flo. Enough; I comprehend your will. Nay, bear him gently in; I'll to the river bank, and seek the Baron.

[Geraldine, Gaspard, and *Domestics, bear the Count off, R.—Florian rushes away, L.]*

SCENE III.—*A Rugged Cliff overhanging the River.*

Enter LONGUEVILLE *and* SANGUINE, *R.*

Lon. Tardy, neglectful slave! still does he loiter?

San. Nay, return to the pavilion; the signal soon must

greet us. You bade Lenoir to sound his bugle when he reached the bank.

Lon. Aye, thrice the blast should be repeated. Still must I listen for those notes of destiny in vain? Hark! hear you nothing now?

San. Only the rising tide that murmurs hoarsely as it frets and chafes against the bank below us.

Lon. Is midnight passed?

San. Long since. Just as we crossed the glen, the monastery chime swang heavy with the knell of yesterday.

Lon. A guiltless end that flitted yesterday hath reached! Oh, that the morrow found as clear a tomb! When the next midnight tolls, Eugenia, thou wilt rest in blessedness, whilst thy murderer—Ah! what charmed couch shall bring the sweet forgetful slumber at that hour to me? Midnight, the welcome sabbath of unstained souls, oh, to the murderer thou art terrible! Silence and darkness, that with the innocent make blessed time, to him bring curses; for then, through sealed ears and close-veiled eyes, strange sounds and sights will steal their way, that in the hum and glare of daylight dare not stir—then o'er the wretch's forehead ooze cold beads of dew; in feverish, brain-sick dreams, with starts and groans, on beds of seeming down he feels the griding rack, and finds himself a hell more fierce than fiends can show hereafter!

San. How now, my lord? unmanned by Conscience?—Nay, then, let Eugenia live.

Lon. Not for an angel's birthright! Think'st thou I would deign to breathe on wretched sufferance? No, no! her death is necessary to my honour and my peace. Come on! my hand may falter, but my heart's resolved—'tis sworn, inexorably sworn—Eugenia dies! [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The River-bank—the Rhine flows across at a distance—a Pavilion extends obliquely, R. U. E.—lights appear through the lower windows—a small bower of lattice-work, L. U. E.—Moonlight.*

BERTRAND discovered watching the pavilion, R. U. E.

Ber. I watch in vain; all means of access to the prisoner are debarred. Her chamber now is dark and silent, still tapers glare and voices murmur from the hall beneath.—The Baron and Sanguine are there;—'tis against life these midnight plotters stir. Oh, that this heart might bleed to its last guilty drop in ransom for Eugenia! Soft! does

not the dashing of a distant oar disturb the silence of the tide? Yes; just where the moonlight gleams, a boat now crosses rapidly—it rows towards this bank—it pauses now in stillness. What may this mean? the hour so late—the spot so unfrequented and remote! [*A bugle is sounded three times without.*] Ha! a bugle sounded thrice! Too sure the omen of some fatal deed. I will not quit this spot—no, Eugenia, I will preserve or perish with thee!—Soft! the pavilion opens. Bower, receive me to thy friendly shades! watch with me, blessed spirits!

[*He retires into the bower, L. U. E.*]

Enter LONGUEVILLE, *cautiously from the pavilion, R. U. E.*

Lon. 'Twas the signal; the boat has reached the bank. [*Calling off.*] Ho, Lenoir! advance! no eye observes thy step.

Enter LENOIR *along the bank by an opening between the bower and the river, L. U. E.*

Len. All is prepared; your orders are fulfilled.

Lon. Laggard! too many precious moments have been wasted in their execution;—the moon has risen high, and casts a brightness round scarce feebler than the day.—Your course may be observed.

Len. Dismiss that fear; nothing that lives hath voice or motion. Now, not even the solitary fisher spreads his nets upon the stream.

Lon. Where have you left the boat?

Len. Under the bank in shade, fastened to the roots of yon tall willow.

Lon. Sanguine shall accompany you;—then, when you reach the middle of the current—

Len. Aye, where it flows deep and strong—Eugenia's funeral rites are few and brief.

Lon. To-morrow, I shall report she has been conveyed in safety to her friends upon the German bank; thus all inquiry stands for ever barred.

[*Bertrand, who watches from the bower, clasps his hands in despair, and groans aloud.*]

Lon. Ha! what sound was that?

Len. [*Looking cautiously round.*] Some tree moaning to the blast—no more.

Lon. Now then—yet hold! wherefore come you not masked? Some of the peasantry may chance to stir ere you return, and I could wish your persons were unmarked by any.

Len. I left a mask within the boat ;—this flowing mantle will conceal my dress. Trust me, both form and feature shall effectually be hid.

[*Bertrand makes a gesticulation of hope towards the pavilion, then glides silently round the angle of the bower, and exits hastily along the bank.*

Lon. 'Tis well. [*Calling at the pavilion.*] Ho! Sanguine! lead forth your charge. Dispatch, Lenoir! return to the boat, and row it swiftly hither. Away! [*Exit Lenoir, L. U. E.*] She comes! Ill-starred Eugenia! fate chides the lingering echo of thy step, yet but a moment, and 'tis hushed for ever.

Enter SANGUINE, leading EUGENIA from the pavilion,
R. U. E.

Eug. Ah! whither do you lead me? Speak—in pity—nay, nay, I pr'ythee force me not; this is a savage hour, and I must fear your purpose. Speak! whither would you hurry me? Ha! Longueville! now then I read my answer—'tis to death—to murder!

Lon. Lady, you misjudge my purpose: true, that once I proved myself your foe—perhaps a kindless once—time and pity have extinguished hate. Across the Rhine, upon the German bank, a safe asylum is provided, where peace shall gild the evening of your life, and cure the memory of its early woes. 'Tis necessary you should cross the river before dawn; a boat is now in readiness to bear you over.

Eug. No, no! I find a language in your eye more certain than your lip. Murder—midnight murder is its direful theme! Thou wretched man! rather for thee than for myself I kneel. Pause, Longueville! raise but thine eye to yon clear world, thick-sown with shining wonders—think that, throughout the boundless, beauteous space, an omnipresent and all-conscious Spirit is—think that, within His awful eye-beam, now thy actions pass, and presently before His throne must wait for judgment—think, when'er He touched the veriest worm that crawls on this base sphere with life, His mighty will encompassed it with safety! Then tremble, creature as thou art! to spurn His law by whom thou wert created, nor quench with impious hand that gifted spark Omnipotence hath once ordained to glow!

Lon. Lady, already I have said, your auguries wrong me. [*The noise of a combat is heard without, L. U. E.*]—Ha! the clash of swords! Sanguine, fly to the spot;

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Lenoir, I fear, is in danger. [*Exit Sanguine, L. U. E.*]—
Confusion to my hopes! what ill-beamed planet rules the
hour? Eugenia, return to the pavilion.

Eug. Not while succour seems so nigh. Help! help!

Lon. Dare but repeat that cry, by heavens! [*Drawing
a dagger.*] this very moment is your last! [*Forcing her
towards the pavilion.*] Nay, nay, you strive in vain. Away!
[*Drawing a bar across the door.*] What cursed step has
wandered on these banks to thwart my ripe design? Per-
dition to the meddling slave! his life shall pay the forfeit
of his rashness.

Re-enter SANGUINE, L. U. E.

San. My lord, the combatants, whoe'er they were, had
vanished ere I reached the stop. Close to the water's
edge the turf was stained with blood, and already to a dis-
tance from the bank Lenoir had rowed away the boat. I
called aloud, but he increased his speed, and gave no answer.

Lon. 'Sdeath! some prying hind has stolen on our
plans; doubtless Lenoir has been assailed, and for awhile
avoids the bank, fearful of further ambush. Follow me to
search yon winding path: if the villain have received a
wound, traces of blood will guide us to his haunt. Ven-
geance direct our steps! [*Exit with Sanguine, L. U. E.*

EUGENIA appears at the lower windows of the pavilion.

Eug. Fond, trusting heart! art thou again deceived?—
does the great thunder sleep? and are the Heavens still pa-
tient of a murderer's crimes? Yes, yes! the sounds have
ceased, and now a dreadful stillness sits upon the night—
the tomb seems imaged in the hour. Hope in the
breathless pause forsakes my breast for ever!

Enter FLORIAN, R.

Flo. Ha! lights still burning! Fortunately, then, he
has not retired to rest. [*Running to the door of the pa-
vilion, and calling.*] Baron! Baron!

Eug. [*Shrieking.*] Ah! the voice of succour! Turn—
in pity turn—snatch me from despair—preserve me from
the grave!

[*Florian involuntarily withdraws the bar, when Eu-
genia darts forth, and clings wildly around him.*

Flo. Heavens! Unhappy woman, whence these trans-
ports?

Eug. Swear to preserve me—swear not to yield me to

the murderer's dagger! No, no, you have a human heart—am I not safe with you?

Flo. My honour and my manhood both are pledged for your safety; but who is the enemy you dread?

Eug. Longueville; he seeks my life. Nay, nay! I am not mad—indeed I am not!—turn not from me—look with compassion on a desolate, devoted creature, whom man conspires to wrong, and Heaven forgets to aid!

Flo. Appease these agonies. By my eternal hope I swear, whate'er the danger, or the foe that threatens, I will defend you with my life from injury.

Eug. A wretch's blessing crown thee for the generous vow! Oh, let my soul dissolve and gush in tears upon this gracious hand!

[Eugenia enthusiastically clasps Florian's hand, and kisses it fervently—suddenly, a new impulse appears to direct her actions—she gazes at and rubs the back of the hand with strange earnestness, and a tremor pervades her whole frame.]

Flo. Why do you fasten thus your looks upon my hand? what moves your wonder?

Eug. *[Tremblingly.]* This scar—this deep, deep scar—that with a crimson cross o'erseams your hand—speak! how gained you first this dreadful mark?

Flo. From infancy I recollect the stamp; its cause remains unknown.

Eug. Who were your parents?

Flo. Alas! that knowledge never blessed my heart. I am a foundling. Eighteen years since, in a forest at the foot of the Cevennes—

Eug. Ah! did watchful angels then—Yes, yes! twice the dagger struck! 'tis Nature's holy proof!

Flo. Merciful heavens! you then possess the secret of my birth! Woman! pronounce my parents' name, and I will worship you!

Eug. Your parents! Ah! they were—ah—oh!

[She attempts to enfold him with her arms, but faints as he receives the embrace.]

Flo. Speak! I conjure you, speak!—breathe but their sacred name! She hears me not, and Nature struggles at my heart in vain!

*Re-enter LONGUEVILLE and SANGUINE, at a distance,
L. U. E.*

Lon. The lurking knave, whate'er his aim, has fled

beyond our search, and all is now secure. Has Lenoir returned your signal to approach the bank?

San. He rows towards us now—nay, look! the boat draws near.

Lon. Then to our last decisive deed! [*Crossing to the pavilion.*] Ha! confusion and despair! Eugenia rescued, and in Florian's arms!

Flo. Help, Baron! swiftly help!—aid me to preserve a dying woman!

Lon. Florian, by what wild chance at such unwonted hour I find you on this spot, admits not of inquiry now; but for this fair impostor, resign her to my care—with me her safety is at once assured.

Flo. Pardon me, Longueville; whate'er the laws of courtesy demand, I yield; but to this female's fate my soul is newly bound by ties so strange and strong, that even your displeasure must not part us.

[*The alarm-bell tolls from the castle, &c.*]

Lon. Ha! the castle is alarmed! Look out, Sanguine. What means this tumult?

San. My lord, the glare of numerous torches wavers through the grove—this way the crowd directs its course.

Lon. Distraction! Florian, beware my just resentment, and instantly resign this woman!

[*Attempts to force her from him.*]

Flo. Never! My word stands pledged for her protection, and only with my life will I desert my honour.

Lon. Hell! [*Rushing furiously to the bank, and motioning to the boat.*] Ho! Lenoir! Lenoir!

Eug. [*Recovering.*] Stay, blessed vision! [*Recognizing Florian.*] Ah! 'twas real; I fold him to my heart, and am blessed at last!

[*A boat, rowed by a man enveloped in a mantle and mask, appears at the bank.*]

Lon. [*Triumphantly.*] Ha! the boat has arrived! Now, then, presumptuous boy! receive the chastisement you dare provoke.

[*He draws, and rushes upon Florian, who disengages himself from Eugenia, and stands upon his defence.*]

Flo. In a just cause I would not shrink before a giant's arm!
[*They engage.*]

Eug. [*Frantically.*] Inhuman Longueville! forbear! forbear!

[*While Florian encounters Longueville, Sanguine suddenly darts upon Eugenia, who is too enfeebled to resist—by the action of a moment he transports her from her protector's side to the Baron's, whose sword now equally intercepts Florian from Eugenia and from the river.*]

Lon. [*Perceiving his advantage.*] Away! drag her to the boat! be mine the task to curb her champion's valour.

Flo. Hold, dastard!—unless thou art dead to every sense of manhood—hold!

Lon. Boy! I triumph, and deride thy baffled spleen!

[*Sanguine lifts Eugenia into the boat, and the man in the mask receives her.*]

Eug. [*From the boat.*] Great nature, speed my dying words! Thon dear-loved youth! thy mother blesses thee—long-lost, late-found. Behold! she struggles now to bless her child, and now she dies content!

Flo. Eternal Providence! what words were those? Longueville!—barbarian! fiend! [*He rushes madly upon the Baron, who parries the assault—then, in an agony of despair, casts himself at his feet.*] Oh! if thou art human, hold! I kneel—I fall thy slave—spurn me—trample on my neck—take my life—but, oh! respect and spare my parent!

San. [*From the boat.*] Decide, my lord; the crowd approach;—already they o'erlook the bank.

Lon. 'Twere vain to pause; I founder upon either course. Nay, then, revenge shall brighten ruin. Swift! plunge your poniards in Eugenia's bosom!—let me behold my victim perish, and then commit me to my fate!

Flo. [*Starting up in desperation.*] Monster!

Lon. They come! Obey me, slaves!

[*Sanguine draws Eugenia back, and the Mask lifts a dagger over her.*]

San. We are prepared.

Lon. Now!

San. Comrade, strike!

Mask. Aye, to the heart! [*The Mask rapidly darts his arm across Eugenia, and plunges his dagger into Sanguine, who reels beneath the blow, and falls into the stream.*] Eugenia is preserved!

[*With one arm he supports Eugenia, and snatching off his mask with the other, discovers the features of BERTRAND.*]

SCENE IV.] THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST. 61

Lon. Bertrand! Perfidious slave! eternal palsies strike thy arm!

Enter GASPARD, MONICA, and *Domestics*, with torches, R.—they surround the Baron, whose surprise bereaves him of power to resist.

Flo. Secure the villain, yet forbear his life. Mother—mysterious blessing!—ah, yield her to my arms—my heart!

[*Bertrand resigns Eugenia to Florian's embrace.*]

Eug. My boy—my only one! Bertrand, life is thy gift, and now indeed I bless thee for the boon.

Ber. I swore to save you; I have kept my oath. Unseen I watched—unknown I ventured in your cause: your forgiveness half relieves my soul, and now I dare to pray for Heaven's.

Enter DE VALMONT, supported by GERALDINE and *Domestics*, R.

Val. Ah! 'tis she, dear worshipped form! She lives—she lives!

Eug. (c.) Ah! shield me—Florian, yon phantom-shape—death surely hovers near!

Val. Nay, fly me not, Eugenia; 'tis thy lord, thy living lord—thy once-beloved De Valmont calls, thou dear divorced one! Bless these outstretched arms! I kneel and woo thee for my bride again!

[*Florian leads Eugenia trembling and uncertain to the Count—he catches her irresolute hand.*]

Eug. Indeed—my wedded lord! I wept for a dear warrior once, and did the sword forbear so just a heart? Ah, chide not love—joy kills as well as grief!

[*She sinks gradually into his embrace, and he supports her on his breast in speechless tenderness.*]

Ger. [*Advancing.*] Florian—friend!—ah! yet a dearer name! You rob me of a birthright, still I must greet my new-found kinsman.

Flo. Geraldine! what means my love?

Val. Florian! Heaven mysteriously o'erwatched thy hour of peril, and led a father through the desert, unconsciously to succour and redeem his child.

Flo. Ha! De Valmont's glorious blood then circles in these veins! My parent—my preserver! twice has existence been my father's gift.

Val. My pride thus long in humbleness—my forest prize—my foundling boy! thou had'st my blessing ere I

knew thy claim. Eugenia, greet our mutual image. Ah! wilt thou weep, sweet love? Thou bendest o'er his forehead e'en as a lily, brimming with clear dews, that stoops in beauteous sorrow to embathe its neighbouring bud.—Through many a storm of perilous and marring cares o'erborne, our long-benighted loves at last encounter on a sun-bright course, and reach the haven of domestic peace.

Thus Judah's pilgrim—one whose steps in vain
Climb sky-crown'd rocks—o'erpace the burning plain,
Just when his soul despairs. His spirits faint,
Achieves the threshold of his long-sought saint;—
The desert's danger—storms and ruffian-bands—
All sink forgotten as the shrine expands.
Feet cure their toil that touch the hallow'd floors;
He rests his staff—kneels, trembles, and adores!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Domestics.

Domestics.

Domestics.

DE VALMONT.

GERALDINE.

FLORIAN.

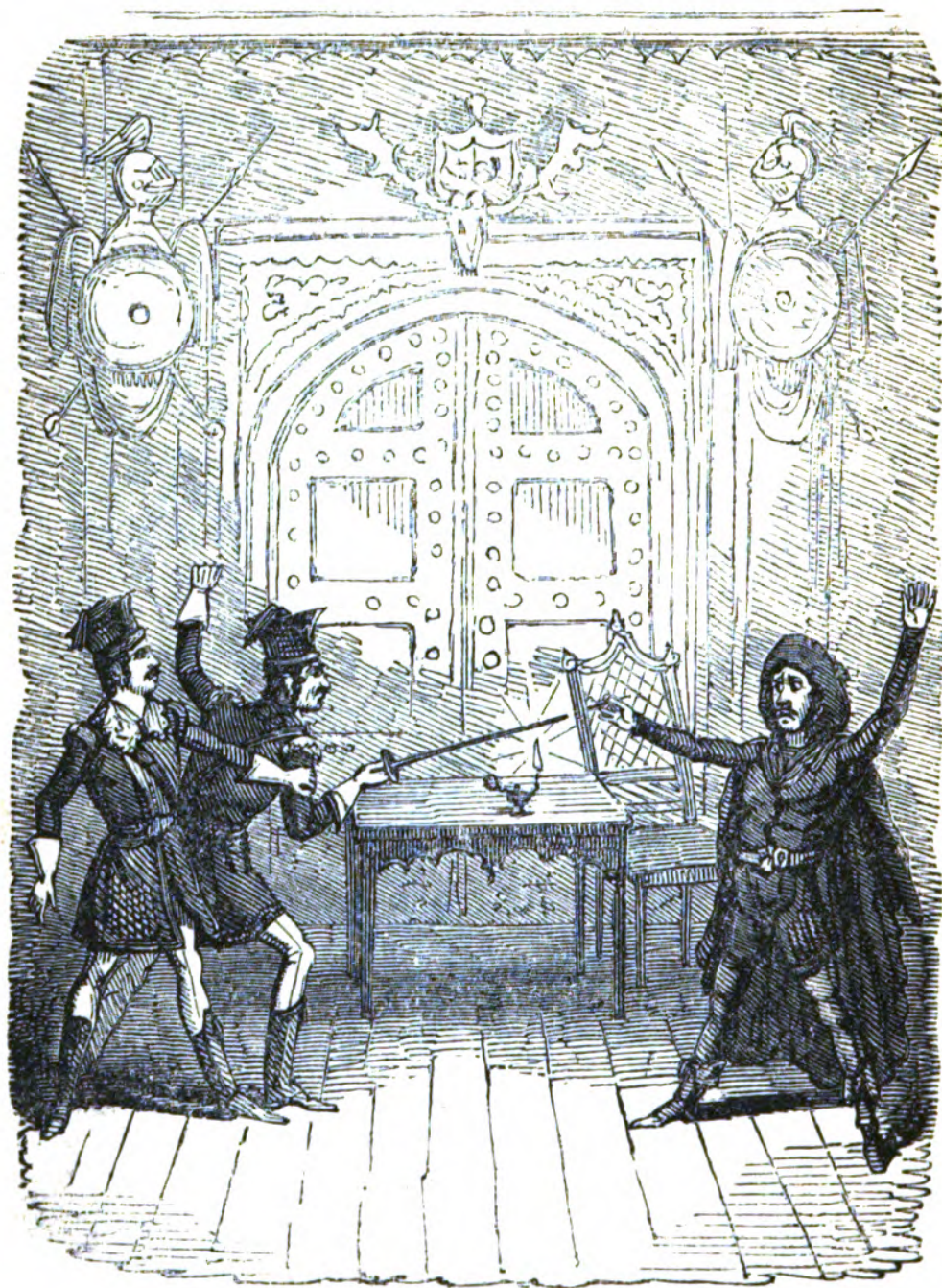
EUGENIA.

R.]

[L.

THE END.





H. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Broken Sword.

Estevan. Ah! the proof! [*Fixing the fragment to the extended blade.*] the deep, the damning proof!—Heaven's own eternal hand is here!

Act II. Scene 5

THE BROKEN SWORD.

A GRAND MELO-DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

BY WILLIAM DIMOND,

Author of The Foundling of the Forest, The Young Hussar, The Hunter of the Alps, The Peasant Boy, Youth, Love, and Folly, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
From a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

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REMARKS.

The Broken Sword.

“Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.”

And innocence, when condemned by man, has been miraculously saved by the interposition of Heaven.

'Tis day-break, and the magnificent Pyrennes lift their lofty summits to the skies. On a distant crag, a solitary wanderer, emaciated and way-worn, approaches with a timid step, the goatherd's cabin. Terror is strongly marked in his haggard countenance;—he pauses, irresolute, whether to proceed. Hunger and despair urge him on; he knocks faintly and fearfully. Who at this early hour seeks Stella? An unhappy, houseless wretch, craves food and shelter. Then shall he have welcome!

“Way-worn man! here cheerly rest,
Perils past, and travail o'er;
Droop no more, by toil opprest,
Rest thee at the rustic's door.

Milk, our upland flocks have yielded,
Roots and honey strew the board;
Grapes, yon rock from storm hath shielded,—
These are all our huts afford.”

The stranger calls his hostess by name. He knows her? So once did Stella know her happy cousin Esteven de Burgos! What tidings brings he of that beloved relative?

“Oh, grief hath changed him since you saw him last;
And careful hours, with time's deforming hand,
Have written strange defeatures in his face!”

Esteven de Burgos is himself the stranger!

Accused of a dreadful crime—convicted and sentenced to the galleys; four nights since he escaped from prison. He toiled to pass the Spanish Frontier; but fatigue and famine bore down his strength, and the well-remembered cot of his kinswoman offered a ready asylum to the condemned felon with the iron collar upon his neck! Love and compassion warm the heart of Stella; *she* believes him guiltless; her cottage shall be his refuge from present danger. There may he sleep securely, while hope cheers his heart, and Heaven guards his pillow.

Preparations of joy and sorrow are on foot at the chateau of a neighbouring Baron. The young Don Claudio returns victorious from the wars—*that* calls for rejoicing. 'Tis the anniversary of the murder of Count Luneda—*that* has ever been a season of sorrow. Considerable mystery hangs upon the last event, which gave an interesting young stranger to the castle. On that day six years, Captain Zavior, brother of the Baron, was passing through the wood of Collares on his way home to his native mountains, when a little boy slipped suddenly from the bows of a chesnut tree, threw himself on his knees before him, and, in dumb motion, piteously craved his protection. He then led him further through the wood, till they beheld a chariot that had just been

plundered, and in which lay the dead body of an officer pierced by many wounds. The boy, uttering a fantic shriek, raised his hands and eyes to heaven, sank lifeless on the ground, and spoke not from that hour. In vain the alarm bell rang; no clue could be traced of the murderers; but some papers that lay scattered around, proved the victim to be a Count Luneda, from Mexico. The poor little orphan became the benevolent seaman's adopted son.

If Myrtillo has a tender father in Captain Zavior, he has a fond sister in Rosara, the Baron's daughter. Among the property belonging to Count Luneda, transmitted from Mexico, was a bust, said to be a striking resemblance of the murdered man. Myrtillo is as yet ignorant of its existence; but on this day she consecrates a cypress grove to the brother of her affections; in which a monument is placed, surmounted by this interesting memorial. No sooner does the youth behold the animated marble, than he clasps it with fervor to his bosom. He then seeks the chapel beyond the torrent, where annual mass is sung for the soul of the Count. The merry bells ring, and a joyous troop of villagers greet the young warrior; who, accompanied by a Colonel Rigolio, receives the blessing of his father, and the congratulations of all. But one kind welcome is wanting. Where is Captain Zavior's adopted son? Son? This is some new relation, of whom Claudio had not spoken of to his friend. Has the Colonel never heard then of the poor orphan who, that day six years, was found in the wood of Collares? The wood of Collares? Rigolio starts. What sudden pang has afflicted him? And as he is being led through the Cypress grove to the chateau, the bust meets his eye, and roots him to the spot. Ill-fated Luneda! Friend! By a violent effort, he regains his firmness; when a shout announces the return of Myrtillo. Ha! his son? he who can identify the assassin! He conceals his face as the youth enters; and, taking the path the latter has just left, hurries on to the mountains.


Stella's cabin stands before him. He hears no longer the voice of Claudio hallooing down the rocks. The fatal mountains have been his doom. Shall he remove the witness? Commit a second murder? The boy is too well protected. His only refuge is in immediate flight. Could he but procure a guide to lead him across these yawning precipices! He knocks at the cottage door. The great visitor from the castle! Urgent business calls him forth; he would pass to the French side of the mountain. Knows she a guide? A poor kinsman, who can tread these dangerous paths, will accompany him beyond the frontier. Estevan is introduced; who recognises the Colonel. What good angel has brought this only proof of his innocence? He can repeal the unjust sentence pronounced by judges, acting upon false evidence. But Estevan pleads in vain. Beggared by gamesters, to restore his ruined fortunes, Rigolio waylaid his friend, robbed him of a vast treasure, and fixed the foul deed on the miserable slave, who now kneels before him! Perceiving that his guilt is not suspected, he despatches the suppliant with a letter to the Baron, which is to clear him of his imputed crime. But the letter informs Claudio that the bearer is the convicted murderer who has fled from justice! All shudder to behold such a monster of iniquity; and Myrtillo, entering cheerfully, is implored by Rosara to withdraw from the dreadful scene. The orphan and the fugitive meet face to face. Conviction is strong in Myrtillo that he remembers the stranger; and all remaining doubt instantly gives way, when Estevan, clasping his knees, tears open the sleeve of his right arm, and points to a scar that he had received in protecting him from a ferocious wolf in his infant years. Mutual caresses follow. Can Myrtillo embrace the assassin of his father? The orphan, by the most emphatic gesture, expresses his dissent from the charge.

A storm arises; the thunder rolls, the lightning flashes; and Claudio, who, at the impulse of the moment, had rushed forth to summon the police, may, overtaken by sudden darkness, miss the narrow foot-track beyond the torrent. All repair with torches to the fearful spot—Myrtillo and Estevan among the foremost.

In the valley of the torrent, where huge perpendicular rocks are piled on all sides, and to the summit of one of which, a foot-bridge is thrown across the head of the dashing waters, Rigolio, invoking the spirits of darkness, is seen buffeting with the storm, which rages with tremendous fury. He rushes wildly up the rocks. Halloos are heard at a distance; torches are seen advancing. Whither shall he fly from his pursuers? He crosses the narrow bridge; a flash of lightning discovers a human figure to the Baron and his followers. 'Tis Claudio!—and ere the words are spoken, Myrtillo, snatching a torch, and heedless of remonstrances, dashes up the perilous path! Meanwhile Rigolio has gained a ruined chapel on the summit of a rock; and seeing Myrtillo approaching, strikes the torch from his hand with his sword; and, as he recedes over the bridge, hurls him headlong into the torrent. Estevan, hearing the plunge, hurries to his assistance, and brings him safe to shore.

Vengeance still closely pursues the assassin. Myrtillo having directed a search on the spot from which he had fallen, the fragment of a sword-blade is picked up at the entrance of the ruined chapel. He describes his attack by an unknown hand;—the sword broke at the blow; a piece fell at his foot; and the next moment he was precipitated over the bridge. Suspicion, for the first time, attaches to the right party; and the unexpected return of Rigolio, pale and trembling, brings affairs to a crisis. He tries to account for so soon revisiting the chateau. The sudden storm, and the inundation across the valley, rendered it impossible for him to proceed. The story is a lame one. He is confronted with Estevan. For the opprobrious term of “convicted felon,” the latter compliments him with the title of “murderer and coward.” Rigolio, furious with rage, draws his sword; when the proof of his guilt is seen in the extended blade, from which the fragment is broken. The wretched culprit once saved the life of Claudio. This debt of gratitude he would repay, by urging his instant flight.—But Justice is not to be defrauded. A crowd of peasants intercept him at one door, and Estevan drives him back from the other.—Rigolio, turning from the man whom—save one—he had most injured, faces Myrtillo. Both start, and behold each other as spectres risen from the dead! By a violent revulsion of nature, the boy, uttering a fearful cry, and springing upon the assassin, recovers the long-lost use of his speech, and denounces to the terror-struck assembly, his father's murderer!

There are few better writers of melodrama than Mr. Dimond; all of whose productions awaken curiosity. His humorous dialogue is smart and agreeable; and many of his lyrics, serious and comic, are of a superior order. The general outline of this piece is taken from “La Vallée du Torrent,” but considerably altered and improved. The catastrophe of *The Broken Sword* is his own.

 D.—G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

	1825.	1834.
<i>The Baron</i>	Mr. Barrymore.	Mr. F. Cooke.
<i>Captain Zavior</i>	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Bartley.
<i>Claudio</i>	Mr. Abbott.	Mr. Brindal.
<i>Colonel Rigolio</i>	Mr. Terry.	Mr. G. Bennett.
<i>Pablo</i>	Mr. Simmons.	Mr. Meadows.
<i>Estevan</i>	Mr. Farley.	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Myrtillo (a Dumb Orphan)</i> . .	Miss Luppino.	Mrs. Vining.
<i>Rosara (Daughter to the Baron)</i>	Miss S. Booth.	Miss Taylor.
<i>Stella</i>	Miss Carew.	Miss Lee.
<i>Beatrice</i>	Miss M'Alpine.	Mrs. East.
<i>Jacintha</i>	Miss Mortram.	Mrs. Alcroft.

Peasants, Officers of Justice, Goutherdresses, Villagers and Domestics,

Costume.

THE BARON.—Black velvet and gold doublet—trunks—cloak and hat—red silk hose—russet shoes—white hair—collar.

CAPTAIN ZAVIOR.—Black velvet tunic, striped down the front with broad gold binding—the sleeves slashed at the elbows and wrists with blue—large red Dutch breeches—long black slouch boots—hat to match—gold-headed cane—turn-over collar—bald-pated long gray curly wig.

CLAUDIO.—Green tunic, with gold binding—buff tights—hessian boots—Boheimian cap—lace collar—sword.

COLONEL RIGOLIO.—Ibid, with epaulettes.

PABLO.—Snuff-coloured doublet—trunks and cloak—red hose—russet shoes—collar—hat to match—red feather.

ESTEVAN.—Dark brown doublet—trunks—fleshings—large ragged cloak—shouched hat—russet boots—iron collar round the neck in the First Scene.

MRYTILLO.—Light blue tunic, with black satin binding and rows of white bell-buttons—hat to match—gray tights—yellow morroco lace-up boots.

OFFICERS OF JUSTICE.—Black gowns—caps and wands.

PEASANTS.—Gray, brown, and drab doublettes and trunks—gray hose and russet shoes—straw hats.

ROSARA.—White leno French dress.

STELLA.—Black body—blue petticoat—white slip—straw hat—red silk stockings—black satin shoes—white apron—the whole trimmed with cherry-coloured and black satin ribbon.

BEATRICE.—Ibid, with light blue.

JACINTHA.—Ibid, with gray body.

DANCERS.—Ibid, white leno dresses—crimson velvet body's.

THE BROKEN SWORD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Pyrenees at Day-break—the Cabin of a Goatherdess, R. S. E.—a rude cross, c.*

MUSIC.—ESTEVEN, *worn and emaciated, discovered on a crag, L. U. E.—Music ceases.*

Est. [*Approaching the cabin with a timid, but doubtful step.*] It is her cabin!—yes, the cabin of my kinswomans! Her heart was ever kind, and she will surely shelter me!—No one observes me!—Now, dare I venture? [*Advancing to knock, and suddenly recoiling with terror.*] Ha! who calls me?—is't the pursuit? [*Looking wildly around.*]—No, no! 'twas but the eagle's scream. [*Cautiously striking against the door.*] Stella! Stella!

STELLA *appears at a casement above, R. S. E.*

Ste. Who calls so early?—Is't Beatrice? Ha! a man—and a stranger! Who's at my door?

Est. A wretch—a way-worn, fainting wretch! If you have charity, receive and shelter him.

Ste. Enough!—Unhappy man, be comforted!

[*She closes the casement, and retires.*]

Est. A blessing on the mercy that preserves me! Another hour of struggle, and these limbs had sunk beneath their wretched burden.

Enter STELLA from the cabin, R. S. E.

Ste. Now, my good friend, what service can I show you?

Est. Grant me but a little food—let me rest 'till evening on your mat, and you will save a fellow creature's life.

Ste. Cheerfully, and with the heart's kind welcome.—Lean on this arm, poor wanderer, and enter.

Est. Ah, my good and generous Stella!

Ste. My name!—You know me, then?

Est. So, once, did Stella know a happy and respected kinsman, called Estevan de Burgos.

Ste. My cousin, and my kindest friend in childhood?—

Ah—yes! I knew and loved him dearly. He was valet to the Count de Luneda, and left his country many years since to follow his master into Mexico. Do you bring news of him?

Est. Stella, look on these haggard features well.

Ste. Ah! is it possible? Oh, yes! I see—I recollect;—but sure, so terrible a change—

Est. Misery and despair have wrought it. For four dreadful days the wolf has shared his hiding place with me in watchfulness and famine. [*Opening his mantle, and displaying an iron collar about his neck.*] Stella, behold this chain!

Ste. Merciful heavens!—the iron collar! the habit of—

Est. A galley-slave! Ay, Stella! I have been accused of fearful deeds—tried, convicted, sentenced, to the toiling oar for life! But I was innocent—on my soul, innocent! Four nights since, I burst my chains, and escaped from my prison at Rosas; the Pyrenees have veiled me in their pathless mazes from pursuit. I toiled to pass the Spanish frontier, but fatigue and famine overweighed my strength. Just as my steps had failed, your cabin, Stella, your well-known cabin—

Ste. Ah! be it your beacon of hope—your citadel of safety. [*Voices heard at a distance, R. U. E.*]

Est. [*In violent emotion.*] Ha! voices—footsteps!—I am pursued—I am lost!

[*Falls exhausted on the ground—Stella runs affrighted to the foot of the cross.*]

Ste. [*Returning.*] No, no, you are safe, believe me!—They who approach, are only the Goatherdesses from the valley;—they are my companions and my friends. Rouse thee, cousin! be cautious, and fear not. [*Esteven rises.*]

Enter BEATRICE, JACINTHA, and Goatherdesses, descending the crags, and advancing gaily to Stella, R. U. E.

Bea. Come, Stella, forward with us, to the bridge of St. Paulo; the sun is rising, and we shall scarcely reach it before the young cavalier passes. [*Seeing Esteven.*] Who is this stranger?

Ste. 'Tis a poor travelling man, half perishing, I fear, from want. [*Apart to Esteven.*] Rely upon my caution!

Jac. A traveller in distress! Ah, let us all assist him!

[*Some of the Girls encircle Esteven, and support him—others run into the Cabin, and return with a bench and table, which they cover with fruits, bowls of milk, &c., R. C.*]

Est. Thanks, my kind and charitable mistresses! the blessings of the wretched be upon your way!

Ste. Ours is not a distant one—only to the bridge which crosses the torrent at the end of our valley. The son of our good seigneur returns home this morning from the wars, and we are assembled to meet him at the bridge, and strew flowers; but my companions shall proceed without me.

Est. Nay, not so, I beseech you. [*Apart to Stella.*]—If you remain, it may excite suspicion.

Ste. [*Acquiescing by a look.*] Well, then, I will return, good man, in an hour at latest. Meanwhile, feed on the simple fare our mountain boards provide, rest on the rushes strewn within, to slumber sink securely, and in dreams be happy.

SONG and CHORUS.—STELLA and GOATHERDESSES.

Way-worn man! here cheerly rest,
Perils past, and travail o'er;
Droop no more by toil oppress'd,
Rest thee at the Rustic's door.

Rest, way-worn man!

Milk our up-land flocks have yielded,
Roots and honey strew the board;
Grapes yon rock from storm hath shielded,—
These are all our huts afford.

Rest, way-worn man!

[*The Girls ascend, L. U. E., singing in chorus, and Esteven looks after them, as the scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Chateau—a table and two chairs, c.*

Enter Domestics, hurrying across from L. to R., carrying vases of flowers, and different ornaments for a Fête, and followed by PABLO.

Pab. Have a care, Theresa, how you carry that jar.—Pedro, hold the beaupot steady. Ah, Bartolo! thou art an awkward devil! All my pains are thrown away—everything will be spoilt. There, there! get you forward, idle, heedless, graceless heathens! [*Exeunt Domestics, R.*]—How I labour, but all to no purpose! Elegance is not to be taught—I present the model, but nobody copies it.—[*Taking a chair.*] What a fatiguing day this will be!—First, it's the return of young Don Claudio from the wars; that's a rejoicing. Next, it's the anniversary of the murder of Count Luneda—poor little Master Myrtillo's papa; that's a condoling. Then there's to be a ceremony upon

both occasions—to laugh for the one, and cry for the other. How difficult to unite such opposites! Miss Rosara has left all to my management. What a task for a man of genius!—I shall sink under it—I feel quite oppressed already!

Captain Zavior. [*Without, R.*] Sail a-head, there!—Valet—Pablo!

Pab. [*Jumping up.*] Here's the old sea Captain firing his chase-guns after me;—it's too much on the brain—I can't stand it! Here, Captain Zavior.

Enter CAPTAIN ZAVIOR, R.

Zav. So, puppy, I have you within hail at last! How long am I to wait for breakfast? where's my brother—my niece? where's my little Myrtillo?

Pab. Under favour, you must fancy it banyan day, Captain; no breakfast yet. I can't spare a single lacquey.

Zav. Why, the knave's besotted! Where have you sent all the servants?

Pab. (L.) [*Laying his finger on his nose.*] Hush, hush! be secret; we are knee-deep in preparations.

Zav. (R. c.) Preparations! and for what?

Pab. Joy and grief—dances and dirges—the living and the dead.

Zav. Speak plainly, you incomprehensible dolphin, or I'll translate your skull into a meaning with my stick.

Enter ROSARA, R., and catches Zavior's arm.

Ros. Hold, dear uncle! I'll be poor Pablo's expositor.

Zav. Aha, my pretty niece! thy kiss charms the rising storm into a nap, more cunningly than e'er a Lapland witch's bag! Yes, that puppy so provoked me——

Ros. I am in fault, uncle; poor Pablo only acted by my desire.

Pab. No, Captain, I only stood at the helm, but miss gave steering orders. [*Aside.*] There's a salt sop for the old dragon in his own element.

Zav. Well, but I must be taken into confidence. Come, roguish eyes, tell me your secret.

Ros. Must I? You shall promise to be very good, then. We are preparing a surprise for somebody in the garden—a triumphal arch—garlands—inscriptions—in fact, a fête in compliment to the day. You know, my brother's return after a long twelvemonth's absence, may be expected every minute. His campaign has been a glorious one, and

our dear Claudio ought to meet, amidst the welcomes of his house, a grateful recollection of the gallantry by which it had been protected.

Zav. That's a sentiment worthy of a female heart; the debt of gratitude can never be over-paid to the defenders of their country, whether by land or sea. Ah! you girls have little notion of our perils. I remember when I was first appointed to his Catholic majesty's gun-brig, the Strombolo——

Pab. [*Aside.*] Oh, lord! if he once get's on board the Stombolo, we shall make a voyage till dinner-time. [*Aloud, hastily.*] Miss, miss, you have not told his honour t'other half of the secret.

Ros. True, Pablo. [*To Zavior.*] Have you forgotten this day is the anniversary of an event, at once our happiness and our affliction. Your little protégée, the orphan Myrtillo——

Zav. How—what? this day, said you? True, true, the thirteenth of August; 'tis just six years, this day, since I first found him in the wood of Collares. Poor little fellow! how unhappy this day will make him; for he still feels the horrid tragedy, as if it were but yesterday it happened.

Ros. True, my dear uncle;—and, as I know his sorrows ever return upon this morning with acuter pain, I have planned a little incident. Among the effects, which the unhappy Luneda had left behind him in Mexico, and which, but lately, were transmitted for his orphan, I found a marble bust, said to be a striking resemblance of the murdered man. Myrtillo is, as yet, ignorant of its existence. I have ordered a small monument, recording the strange calamity, to be raised at the entrance of the garden; on this the bust shall presently be deposited, with an appropriate ceremony, in the orphan's presence. Thus, in the very midst of our own festivity, he will discover, that *his* afflictions have been remembered.

Zav. Well, well, but is not this beating about for a north-east passage to China, through the frozen ocean, while the plain course lays open to us, by the Cape of Good Hope? Why remind the little fellow of his misfortunes, while we have songs, dances, castanets, and sparkling muscadin to drown them in oblivion?

Ros. Wrong, uncle—positively wrong. Navigation is your science—botany mine;—and since you have invoked Neptune for a metaphor against me, I shall e'en borrow an illustration of Flora in my defence. Recollect the plant

I sketched for your dressing-room yesterday—the Evening Primrose. When the sun glares, and the busy hum of action is abroad, that timid flower folds itself together closely, droops to the ground, and seems to sicken with the day; but when the nightingale sings plaintively, and the meek glimmer of the moon is round us—ah! *then* its tiny leaves disclose—the dew-drop steals into its bosom—it cheers—it blooms, and blends its spirit with the gentler hour! Even so fares it with the human heart,—affliction recoils from the embrace of mirth, but softens and expands at the touch of sympathy.

Zav. Hum! may be so, may be so! My poor Myrtillo! and this day six years was the very morning of our first meeting. Niece, did I ever relate to you the particulars of that adventure in the wood of Collares?

Pab. [*Aside.*] Oh, doleful! when once he gets into that wood, he never finds a way out again. [*Aloud.*] Miss, miss! don't trouble the Captain now; remember, 'tis such a busy time.

Zav. Oh, I don't value the trouble a rope's end; but, take a seat, my child. [*Rosara places a seat for Zavior.*] I always tell my story best when the company are seated. Pablo, my lad, there's a stool for thee in yonder corner.

Pab. Thank ye kindly, Captain, but I wouldn't take such a liberty for the world; besides, I've heard the story.

Zav. Repitition imprints a fact stronger on the memory. Be seated, I command you.

Pab. [*Aside, seating himself on a stool, L. corner.*] My bowels yearn at the thought of it. Such a disagreeable hard seat, too!

Zav. Let me see—ay! it is exactly six years since, that peace being restored to Spain, and my ship paid off, my kind brother offered me a snug hammock in the dwelling of my forefathers. I mounted a mule at Barcelona, and trotted away for my native mountains. At the dawn of the fourth day's journey, I entered the wood of Collares, when, suddenly, from the thick boughs of a cork-tree—

Pab. [*Jumping up.*] A chesnut, Captain, a chesnut!

Zav. Bah, you booby! I say, a cork!

Pab. And I swear, a chesnut. Captain, this is the twenty-seventh time I have heard you relate this story, and you invariably said, a chesnut, till now.

Zav. Did I? Well, a chesnut be it then. But take your seat again.

Pab. Willingly; only out with the cork, and I'm your man for sitting.

Zav. Well, then, from the thick bows of the chesnut, suddenly slipped down a little boy, who cast himself on his knees in the path before me. His features were convulsed and pale, and his poor piteous eyes, that were raised beseechingly to mine, ran over with salt water as fast as the scupper of my own brig, when she had shipped a sea.—“What cheer, young messmate?” cried I. His lips opened, as if to return my hail, but no utterance followed. Yet the boy kept throwing out strange signals of distress, and seemed to invite me, in dumb show, to accompany him through an opening in the underwood. I dismounted, fastened my mule to the—the——

Pab. [*Eagerly.*] Chesnut.

Zav. Well, well, the tree that stood next me. The child placed his cold and trembling hand within mine, and led me through a winding of the wood, into an open space where the high road to Collares crossed. There I beheld—oh, I shall never forget the sight!—a chariot, with its traces cut—the doors on either side forced open, and the body of an officer covered with stabs, stretched on the seat within. The boy sprang from me, threw himself upon the corpse, covered with frantic kisses every bubbling wound, then raised his eyes to Heaven, but dropped them in despair, and sank down as lifeless as the form that pillowed him.

Ros. Dear Myrtillo! my heart weeps with thee.

Zav. A precious time I had of it, you may be sure.—The alarm was rung; the district raised, Alguazils,—Corregidores—depositions—examinations, and cross-examinations. At last, we discovered by papers, found upon the body, and by the child's evidence, who, though deprived of speech by the terror of the scene, could write, that the murdered man had been a Count Ludena, but recently landed from Mexico, and then travelling to meet some military friend, whose name Myrtillo had forgotten.

Ros. I think it was stated, Count Luneda had converted his large property into jewels, which he carried about him at the time.

Zav. And of which he was rifled by the murderer.—But, thanks to Providence and my excellent brother, our poor orphan, though bereft of parent, and of fortune, possesses yet a kindly, and protecting home.

Ros. Where compassion gives him two fathers for the one he has lost—a sister in Rosara——

Pab. And a true friend in Pablo. [*Pointing off, R.*]—
But see, his chamber opens.

Zav. He seems lost in thought; he holds his tablets in one hand, a pencil in the other.

Ros. And writes as he advances—so earnestly, too, he does not observe us.

MUSIC.—*Enter MYRTILLO, R.*—*when he reaches the front, he rapidly adds another word to the tablet, and, by gesture, expresses that the document is then complete—he turns, perceives his friends, and throws himself precipitately into the arms of Rosara and Zavior.*

Zav. Welcome, my adopted son!

Ros. Welcome, my second brother!

Pab. (L.) The compliments of the morning to you, Master Myrtillo! [*Myrtillo draws back, and signs to Pablo reproachfully.*] Ah! he will never let me speak respectfully, as I wish. Well, then, if I must not say Master Myrtillo, good day, my friend Myrtillo. [*Myrtillo smiles, runs to him, and shakes hands eagerly.*] Ay, now he's pleased; but it's a shame for me to be so familiar—I, who am only a servant.

[*Myrtillo shakes his head, and seems to ask, "What then am I?"—turns again to Zavior, and expresses that, without his bounty, he should be destitute.*

Ros. (R.) Fye, Myrtillo! we do not like to be reminded; your sense of gratitude is too deep—it distresses us.

Zav. (R. c.) Gratitude! and for what? doing my duty? Heaven help the child! wouldn't he be a pretty dog of a sailor who should see a messmate drowning alongside of his ship, and not fling out a rope to save him upon deck.

[*Exit, L.*

Ros. You have been writing this morning; what subject has employed your fancy?

[*He signifies his past misfortunes, that the present day is their sixth anniversary, then bows respectfully, and offers the tablets to Rosara.*

Ros. Ah! I comprehend you, dear Myrtillo, but too well, and these tablets are designed for me. [*He expresses assent.*] What inscription is here? [*Reading.*] "The memoirs of an orphan dedicated to his benefactress." [*She is about to open the leaves, when Myrtillo stops her, and signifies that she must not read further in his presence.*] Enough, I will read of you hereafter, converse with you now, and think of you for ever.

Enter the BARON, with an open letter, L.

Bar. Joy—joy to all of you! Our absentee will be in the arms of his family within the hour. Thus runs his billet:—*[Reading.]* “*The courier who delivers this will scarcely precede me by a single post. A brother officer, the Chevalier Rigolio, is the companion of my journey.—He has proved the kindest of friends to your inexperienced soldier. Tell Rosara he is wealthy, accomplished, and a batchelor. Need I entreat the smiles of my pretty sister to welcome such a visitor?*” You perceive, Rosara, your brother thinks of you.

Ros. And I of him so entirely, sir, I cannot find a thought to waste on strangers.

Pab. Fags and fidgets! Don Claudio on the road, and half my work yet unfinished! Oh! by your love of the fine arts—to the garden—to the fête—to the bust!

[Crosses to R.

Ros. Hush!—Come, Myrtillo, you must be my escort. *[Myrtillo hesitates, and implies reluctance.]* How! you refuse to be my beau? is this your gallantry?

[He shakes his head mournfully, draws out his watch, points to the hour, and lifts his hands, as in prayer, and expresses anxiety to be gone.]

Ros. (c.) *[Apart to Pablo.]* Hush! his watch reminds him; 'tis near the hour when the annual mass for his father is sung at the chapel beyond the torrent;—'tis his custom afterwards to remain in solitary prayer 'till evening. *[Aloud.]* We understand your scruples, Myrtillo, and respect their piety. You shall reach the chapel by the time you wish; but yield us a few spare minutes first. Your own Rosara asks it. Will you refuse her? *[Myrtillo eagerly kisses the hand she extends, and submits himself to her discretion.]* You trust to me. Ah! the confidence shall not be abused. Quickly to the garden—to our festival!

[Music of sudden animation.—Exeunt, R., Myrtillo caressing the hand of Rosara.]

SCENE III.—*The Gardens—the entrance to the cypress grove, across which an artificial screen of boughs has been placed, R. 3d E.*

PABLO and *Domestics* discovered, busied in arrangements—
Pablo runs forward and increases the bustle.

Enter ROSARA, MYRTILLO, CAPTAIN ZAVIOR, and the BARON, L.—they advance to the front.

Ros. Beloved Myrtillo, pause! this spot is sacredly your own. Rosara consecrates this eypress grove to the adopted brother of her affections.

CHAUNT of Invisible Persons from the grove, R. 3d E.

Orphan! left by fate to languish,
In these bowers appease thy fear,
Kindred breasts still own thy anguish,
View their love, their pity here.

[The Girls suddenly divide the screen into several boughs, and a monument appears, which has been hidden behind it, inscribed, "SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF LUNEDA"—Myrtillo sinks on his knee with involuntary fervor—a black veil, which surmounts the monument, is floated away, and the bust of Luneda, in white marble, is discovered—Myrtillo utters a sudden cry, springs forward, and clasps the marble with enthusiastic joy.

Zav. (R. c.) [Grasping Myrtillo by the hand.] Yes, my dear Myrtillo, you at last possess the darling object of your pious wishes—a memorial of your unhappy father; and think not heavenly justice less certain because 'tis slow; for, even this day, while you chaunt to the repose of your parent, his murderer may be disclosed—his destiny avenged!

[Myrtillo, wrought up to enthusiasm by the address of Zavior, passionately addresses Heaven, and seems to imprecate its vengeance on the secret assassin.—Shouts of Villagers suddenly resound without, L., and the chime of bells strike out joyously.

Bar. Hark! my son is within sight.

Ros. Our dear Claudio arrived!

Pab. Now for my Allegro after my Penseroso. Oh, the bonny bells! I hear them!—and oh, the bonny throats of the lasses!—I hear them, too! Huzza! huzza! Claudio for ever!

[He runs to meet them—Myrtillo seems anxious to avoid the festivity.

Zav. No, my child, you shall not be detained. Obey the altar's sacred call! By yonder path you can avoid the crowd.

Ros. (c.) But when Religion has fulfilled its claim, then

think of us—think of Claudio—he is Rosara's brother, and must be yours !

[Myrtillo, much agitated, hastily bids adieu, and promises to return, then darts off by an ascending path, R. U. E., just as the joyous groupe begin to display themselves on a planted eminence, L. U. E.—Young Villagers, Male and Female, precede with castanets, tamborines, &c., scattering flowers, and fill the front of the garden with song and dance.—CLAUDIO and COLONEL RIGOLIO are seen to pause upon the eminence—they are recognized and welcomed, in action, by the family, Claudio introducing his friend.—The Company gradually advance to the front, as the ballet concludes.]

Bar. (R.) In truth, my noble boy, you credit your campaign.

Pab. [R. corner.] Yes, young master has shot up like a poplar-tree.

Cla. (c.) If my return is indeed a subject of gratulation among my relatives, to this excellent guardian, this best of friends—*[Pointing to Rigolio.]* all acknowledgements are justly due.

Rig. (L. c.) Forbear, dear Claudio! you over-rate my simple services.

Cla. Nay, Rigolio, you shall not deny my heart its dearest luxury, the expression of its gratitude. Yes, my friends, but for this generous arm, young Claudio had been nothing. At the storming of Tortona, dashed from the rampart, and hurled amidst a crowd of foes, the brave Rigolio cut a passage to my aid, and, at the hazard of his own life, rescued mine.

Bar. Noble gentleman! if ever you become a parent, you will feel those thanks I cannot utter.

Rig. Your son, my lord, is an enthusiast. To save a gallant comrade in his extremity, is but the common impulse of a soldier's mind; yet he venerates, as the result of principle, that which was merely the effect of chance.

Bar. The generous spirit ever makes its own distinctions. *[To the Peasants.]* Now, my kind neighbours, partake of our refreshments. Pablo, this is a part of your office.

Pab. Yes, my lord, and one I always execute in person. When eating and drinking is the charge, I never could bear to employ a deputy.

[Pablo conducts the Villagers to the tables—they as-

semble joyiously, and he appears to superintend very officiously.

Cla. Ah! how this scene—this happy, native scene, exhilarates my heart! But, uncle, I miss one welcome yet. Where is your son?

Zav. (L.) Oh, he shall greet you presently.

Rig. How! Claudio, this is a relative you had not mentioned to me. I never heard you had a cousin.

Zav. What! has the Colonel never been told of our Myrtillo, the little orphan, whom I found this day six years, in the wood of Collares?

Rig. [*Starting.*] Found!—the wood of Collares!—and on this day?

Zav. Ay, the thirteenth of August. Providence, sir, cast him on my care, for his father had just perished in that very wood by the execrable hand of an assassin.

Rig. [*Involuntarily.*] Merciful heavens!

Cla. My friend!

Ros. The colonel is unwell.

Rig. [*Endeavouring to rally.*] No, no! a momentary spasm—I entreat your pardon—'tis gone again. This keen mountain air—

Bar. You have remained exposed to it too long; let me conduct you, I entreat, into the house. Our breakfast shall be prepared within.

Rig. (L.) You are too kind. I follow you. Lovely Rosara, may I presume to ask this hand?

[*The Baron turns to pass into the house, L. U. E.—Rigolio follows, leading Rosara—just as they front the bust, his eye falls upon it—he suddenly drops the hand of Rosara, and stands intently rooted to the spot.*]

Cla. Colonel, will you not proceed?

Rig. [*Without disengaging his eye.*] Which is the path?

Cla. Straight onward.

Rig. No! it's barred against me!—No, no, no! I cannot pass him!

Cla. Whom?

Rig. Those dead eyes glare so!—Oh, I cannot bear it! Frown not so terribly, Luneda!

Cla. [*To Rigolio.*] You knew him, then? Perhaps he was your friend?

Rig. My friend! [*Laughing hysterically.*] Ha, ha!—yes, yes! he was my friend!—Ha, ha, ha!

[He sinks, paralysed with emotion, between Claudio and Zavior—all the Peasants, &c., participate.]

Cla. Bend him forward; he revives again.

Rig. Did I dream it? No, 'tis there again!—ill-fated, sacrificed Luneda! My friend!—I called him so, did I not?

Zav. You did, and you are with those who venerate his memory.

Rig. True, I perceive all now—a bust, a mere memorial. And his orphan resides here?

Ros. Oh, yes, sir! and he will be so rejoiced to welcome a friend of his father's. Though he is dumb, his eyes will speak for him.

Rig. How! dumb, say you?

Zav. Yes, Colonel, excessive terror at the moment of his father's murder deprived him of his utterance; but medical men have assured me that some violent revulsion of nature may as suddenly restore it.

Rig. Does he recollect any circumstances think you of—of—

Ros. Of the murder? Oh, thoroughly; and though six years have now elapsed, he persists that he should recognize the face of the assassin at a single glance.

Pab. *[Running forward, R.]* Joy, joy! good fortune at the very nick of time! Here comes Myrtillo himself, returning from mass. He runs towards us with all his speed.

Cla. Happy minute! Now, my friend, you will behold—

Rig. *[Wildly.]* Not for worlds! My surprise—my emotion—I cannot yet support the joy of—

Ros. *[Looking off.]* But he is here.

MYRTILLO appears at the top of the rising path, R. U. E.

Rig. *[Just glancing towards him.]* Horror! madness!

[He covers his face with his hat, and recedes as the Boy advances—while Myrtillo gains the front, the Colonel passes behind, and darts away by the path,

R. U. E.

Cla. *[Pursuing him crying.]* My friend! my friend!

[General groupe, as the act drop falls.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Pyrenees—Stella's Cabin, as before.*

RIGOLIO *appears on the crags, R. U. E., and descends, C., looking anxiously behind him.*

Rig. Yes—I have outstripped pursuit. Claudio's voice halloos down the rocks no longer; 'tis solitude, utter solitude around. Here, then, let me pause—here use the few brief minutes yet my own, for reflection—for decision! After six years of fancied safety, ruin, absolute ruin, threatens to overwhelm me! The father perished, but the child survives. Aye, I recollect—when the mask fell from my face, and my dying victim cried, “Is it my friend that strikes?”—then my arm—my faculties were paralysed, and while I faltered, the urchin glided from my grasp!—Six years!—And yet this day—this fatal day—a living evidence appears to blast me! If this boy once meets, he remembers—and all is lost! What's to be done?—a second murder? No, no! that were the only certain way—but in the castle, amidst his friends—the attempt were vain. Flight, then—ay! instant flight alone can save me. Once at a distance from the scene of danger, I could at leisure frame some plan for my future life—write to Claudio—colour with some well-imagined fraud, the abruptness of my departure,—and—yes—yes, it must be so. What if I cross the mountains into France? So, I might elude inquiry altogether. Could I but hire a guide to lead me across these precipices to Bellegarde—[*Seeing the cabin, R.*] a goatherd's cabin!—this may furnish me!

[*Knocks at the door.*]

Enter STELLA from the cabin.

Ste. Gracious saints! here's an honour!—the great visitor from the castle!

Rig. [*Aside.*] Confusion! known here, too! [*Aloud.*] You have seen me then before?

Ste. Yes, signior.—You might not have noticed me, but I was one of the village lasses, who met you at the bridge, to strew flowers, and to——

Rig. True, true, I remember you.

Ste. But, bless me! how comes your honour in such a place—just when the fête is going on at the castle? Not a creature has returned from the dance yet, except myself, and I only slipped away, because——

Rig. [*Hastily.*] No matter, my good girl! sudden and unexpected business calls me from my friends. Could you

procure me a guide, who would lead me by the straightest path to the French side of the mountain?

Ste. How fortunate! Yes, signior! I have a travelling person within—a poor kinsman of my own—he knows the road, and if he could but pass the frontier under your protection——

Rig. I promise for him everything that you can wish. But hasten, hasten! I have not a minute now to lose.

Ste. He shall attend you instantly.

[*Exit into the cabin, R.*]

Rig. Each moment swells into hours, that I delay among these fatal mountains. Why was I persuaded to visit them? Oh, that I could recall the damning hour I first beheld them!—that hour of frenzy and perdition,—when stripped by gamesters of my last resource, fortune lost, and reputation staked, I rushed on blood and rapine as my predestined course! Upon what trivial chances may our crimes and virtues hinge! Had not Luneda's letter reached me at the very instant that it did, had not it apprised me of the treasure borne about his person—his lonely route, his unattended state—each particular conspiring to seduce—my soul had never—no, surely, never—been tempted to the deed which damns it! Wretched Luneda! still, still I hear his dying cry—it pleads to Heaven against me!

Enter ESTEVAN from the cottage, with fearful humility.

The groans too uttering now, by the poor wretch, on whom I secretly directed the suspicion—that miserable slave, who now toils among the galleys, and invokes——

[*Sees Estevan.*]

Est. [*Bowing.*] Signior, I wait your——

Rig. [*Starting.*] Ha! what apparition has——

Est. The Signior Rigolio!

Rig. 'Tis he—Estevan!—the very valet of——

Est. Count Luneda. Oh, signior! betray me not.—
[*Flinging himself distractedly at Rigolio's feet.*] Mercy! mercy!

Rig. Rise! if you are unfortunate, I—but, tell me, how came you to this spot? Report had reached me, you were sentenced—and for life, to——

Est. Yes, to slavery!—and to disgrace, far heavier than my chains. But I was innocent of all. Oh, signior! you were my master's friend—pity me—save me!

Rig. Speak more coherently—let me comprehend your

case. I had been told that, some weeks after the murder of my friend, you had been apprehended in a distant part of Spain upon suspicion of the crime; and though the fact was not distinctly proved upon your trial, yet, so ambiguous seemed the circumstance, your judges had condemned you to the oar for life.

Est. Such was the dreadful sentence. Yet, by every power——

Rig. Reserve your oaths, give me facts.

Est. I will obey you, signior. My unfortunate master, when he landed from Mexico, was accompanied only by his little son, and by myself. His vast property, converted into jewels, travelled with him. Your name he perpetually mentioned with anxiety, as one of his earliest friends. At the first post upon our journey, he learned that your regiment lay in quarters but a short distance from the town of Tarracona. Instantly he dispatched me forwards with a note, requesting you to meet him at Collares. This, as you must remember, I had the honour to deliver into your own hands with punctuality. I was then to have rejoined my master instantly, before he passed into the wood.—Scarcely had I proceeded a league on my return, when a stranger met me with a written letter, apparently in the Count's hand. In this I was directed to take a different route, and wait at Gerona for his future orders. Credulous fool! I fell into the snare, treachery triumphed, and the noble Luneda perished!

Rig. [*Aside.*] Still, then, I am unsuspected by him.—
[*Aloud.*] Proceed, my worthy man, I am attentive.

Est. News of the murder reached Gerona. On the first surprise, my senses fled. When I recovered, it was in a dungeon. During my delirium, some secret villain had denounced me as the assassin. Hurried before strange judges—my guilt in part believed—a sentence of eternal slavery was passed. Oh, signior! think of his horrid fate who lives to be a slave for ever! Four nights since, by miracle, I escaped—your protection would ensure my safety. Oh, bear me with you into France—my services—my prayers—my life are yours!

Rig. [*Aside.*] This accident may yet redeem me—[*Suddenly.*] ay! and it may——[*Aloud.*] Estevan! honest, suffering creature!—a sure asylum for your griefs is near. The chateau of my friend shall be your home while I am absent; and, trust me, even before I return, such zeal will I employ, tidings you little can expect, may reach you.

Est. [*Flinging himself before him.*] Benignant, gracious being! these busting tears must thank you!

Rig. No thanks till you find I have deserved them.—There's not a moment to be lost; you must thither instantly—I will provide you with a letter that shall accomplish all.

Est. Too gracious signior!—but your own affairs—

Rig. However urgent, they shall not be regarded till I have settled yours. Once in the castle, you will be sufficiently secured.—The letter shall instantly be written, which decides your fate!

[*Exit into the cabin, hastily, motioning Estevan to follow him.*]

Re-enter STELLA from the cabin.

Ste. Speed thee, dear kinsman! beyond those mountains danger and persecution will cease,—and, through the means of that kind and powerful lord, comfort and peace may yet be yours for the future.

Est. Thanks, kind Stella—eternal thanks!

[*Exit into the cabin, R.*]

AIR.—STELLA—(*by Miss Carew.*)

Oh! speed thee, dear kinsman
From chains and from fear,
For dangers await thee
While lingering here.
The breeze of yon mountain
Shall lift up its voice,
Like a spirit to rid thee,
In freedom rejoice!
Then speed thee, dear kinsman!
Oh, hasten away!—
From slavery's darkness
To liberty's day.

Thy fame has been blotted
By calumny's mark;
The stream of thy fortunes
Runs troubled and dark;—
But streams that have struggled,
Long buried in night,
At length burst in torrents
To freedom and light!
Then speed thee, &c.

[*Exit into the cabin, R.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Chateau—a door, c. F.*

Enter ROSARA, R., PABLO, L., meeting.

Ros. (R.) How singular an event!

Pab. (L.) The oddest of all possible oddities!

Ros. To leave us so abruptly—to refuse all explanation.

Pab. Without the civility of saying, “Gentlemen, good day!”

Ros. To depart without his servants.—What a strange man!

Pab. To depart without his breakfast.—What a simple man!

Enter CAPTAIN ZAVIOR, R.

Ros. Any news of our runaway guest, uncle?

Zav. None, my girl; I left your brother in the chace; but this Colonel slipped his cable so quietly, without signal, and had stood out to sea under such a press of sail, that the *Stombolo* herself would never come up with him.

Ros. How unaccountable his conduct! Surely, his friendship for *Lunedá* must have been extraordinary. I never witnessed agitation so violent.

Zav. Nor I.—What says *Myrtillo*? does he recollect the Colonel’s name?

Ros. Yes, perfectly; he frequently had heard his poor father mention it, but he cannot recall any particulars.

Baron. [*Without, L.*] This way, good man! let me present you to my family.

Enter the BARON, L., followed by ESTEVAN.

Zav. What strange cruizer has my brother taken in tow here? One that seems to have weathered some foul gales.

Bar. Pablo, seek for my son directly; this stranger bears a letter to him. [*Pablo looks curiously at Estevan, and exits, R.*] He comes, recommended to our protection by the Chevalier *Rigolio*.

Ros. (R. c.) Oh, then, we shall know all. Where did you leave the Colonel, honest man?—when does he return to us?

Est. (L.) I am ignorant, young lady, of the Colonel’s precise plans, but I know that he devotes himself at this moment to a benevolent cause, and the prayers of the unfortunate attend him everywhere.

Zav. (R.) Do they? then a seaman’s good wish be blown along with them!—let him tack about, and steer for what harbour he pleases!

Ros. [*Looking off.*] Ah! *Claudio* is here, and now the letter will tell us all.

Enter CLAUDIO and PABLO, R.

Cla. A messenger to me! and from Rigolio!

Bar. This man has a letter for you;—the Colonel is his patron.

Cla. Indeed!—Then I beseech you, let all here receive him as their friend.

Bar. Speak for your family, Claudio. Say, that he is welcome—truly welcome!

Est. Ah, signiors! this kindness to one, so long inured to sorrow and contempt, I—

Cla. [*Crossing to c.*] Whatever your distresses, think them concluded here. This letter will teach us, doubtless, how to sympathize with, and to console you. [*Opening the letter, and reading.*] “My excellent young friend, entreat your family to pardon my abrupt departure—to-morrow shall elucidate everything. Meanwhile, let me conjure you to secure the person of the man who delivers this. You behold in him, a fugitive from offended laws, and the convicted murderer of Count Luneda.”

[*A pause.—Estevan, overwhelmed by surprise and emotion, stands incapable of utterance—the company survey him with horror and dismay.*]

Cla. Monster!

Ros. Wretched, wicked being! I shudder to behold him!

Bar. Let the officers of justice be summoned! Remove the monster from us, lest his presence draw a vengeance on these walls.

Cla. Be that my care—guard him closely!—let him not stir till I return. [*Rushes off, L.*]

Zav. (R.) See how conscious guilt confounds his features!

Bar. (L.) Speak, have you a word to offer in defence?

[*Estevan seems for a moment endeavouring to address him, but emotion suffocates the effort—he staggers towards Rosara, buries his face in his hands, and at last sobs audibly.*]

Ros. (R. c.) Ah, how dreadful the image of affliction, even in the guilty! Unhappy being!—speak, have you one plea to offer?

Est. (c.) [*With a look of still despair.*] None, lady, none! I feel that I was born to be a wretch, and dare not struggle longer against my fate!

Ros. Then you confess the crime?

Est. No! before man and Heaven I deny it solemnly!

But treachery has woven such a net about me, I must needs despair!

[Estevan relapses into the profoundest despondency, and again obscures his face.]

Enter MYRTILLO, cheerfully, C. D. F., and advances between Zavior and Rosara, R.

Ros. (R. C.) [Rapidly intercepting his view of Estevan.]
Oh! beloved Myrtillo, withdraw!—I conjure you—you must not pass this way.

[Myrtillo, in astonishment, seems to ask her motives—Estevan suddenly changes his position, and the eyes of the two meet—they both start as if bewildered by doubtful recollections.]

Est. Merciful heavens!—that face!—those eyes!

Zav. Yes, murderer! tremble!—The son of Luneda stands before you!

Est. Ha!

[He springs involuntarily forward, and clasps Myrtillo's knees—the boy still hesitates—Estevan tears up the sleeve of his right arm, and points to a scar—the Boy's eyes lighten up with instant conviction—he embraces Estevan, and welcomes him with tenderness and affection.]

Est. Boutheous heaven, thanks!—I behold my master's son once more, and I can die content.

Zav. What mystery is here? Can Myrtillo embrace the assassin of his father?

[Myrtillo persists in his caresses, and, pointing to the scar, indicates that he remembers it with gratitude.]

Ros. Why does he point to that scar upon the arm?

Est. He remembers: 'twas the bite of a ferocious wolf, which I received in protecting him from danger in his infant years.

[Myrtillo acquiesces with fervour.]

Zav. Is it possible Rigolio has deceived us? Answer us, Myrtillo. You beheld distinctly the features of your father's murderer;—answer, then, is there a possibility this can have been the man?

[Myrtillo impetuously repels the idea, and identifies Estevan as his friend.]

Est. *[With frantic joy.]* My innocence at last is manifest! Yes, yes, Luneda's son proclaims my innocence.

Zav. Rise, much injured man!—Whoever be your persecutors, you shall find protection here.

[The thunder rolls suddenly, and the windows become illuminated with the lightning.]

Pab. [R. corner.] There! I thought so—I expected a storm would come after sunset—the skies have threatened all day.

Ros. I fear 'twill be tremendous; and our dear Claudio, deceived by this unlucky letter, crossing the mountain to the police, is now exposed to all its fury.

Bar. I tremble lest he should be overtaken by the darkness, and miss the narrow foot-track beyond the torrent.

Pab. Ah! that cursed torrent! some accident happens there continually. *[The storm increases.]*

Zav. Brother, let the servants assemble with torches, and take different paths towards the torrent. I'll go with them myself.

Bar. Have with you, brother. Unless we plant lights along those precipices, Claudio's danger may indeed be great.

Ros. But if the officers of justice should arrive in your absence, how shall I protect this unfortunate man?

[Myrtillo signifies that himself, with Estevan, will accompany the party forth.]

Ros. You will meet them, and declare his innocence at once. *[The storm rages.]* Ah! but in this storm——

Zav. No more delay! Pablo, torches there!—to the torrent!

[Exeunt, Rosara R., the others, L., Myrtillo grasping Estevan's hand with alacrity, and pledging himself to avouch his innocence.]

SCENE III.—*The Valley of the Torrent—a foot-bridge is cast across the head of the Torrent to the summit of a perpendicular rock, on which the ruins of a chapel are perceptible, L. U. E.—Nearly dark.—The masses of rock and water are developed, at intervals, by the glare of lightning, amidst the raging of the storm.*

RIGOLIO is discovered combating with the storm, R. U. E.

Rig. Spirits of darkness! whither will ye drive your victim? I have lost the track which should lead me into France, and wander through this dreadful wilderness without a clue. What will become of me? Return to the castle, I dare not, while the orphan lives! *[Leaning on the rock.]* I am exhausted. *[The storm redoubles.]* Avenging powers! *[Rushing wildly forward.]* Luneda's spirit walks

abroad, and arms the elements against me. [*Halloos are heard at a distance—he halloos in return.*] Ah! voices so near!—torches, too! If they are peasants, I am saved.—Hollo! this way! this way!

Bar. [*Without, L. U. E.*] This way!

Rig. Ah—no! the Baron's voice.—I am sought for.—If they find me——horror!—whither shall I fly to shun them?

[*He rushes up the winding path, R. U. E., leading to the bridge over the torrent.*]

Enter the BARON, ZAVIOR, PABLO, and Domestics, with torches, L. S. E.

Zav. This way the voice sounded. No doubt it was my nephew.

Bar. Merciful heavens! how dreadfully the torrent rages!

Zav. Hollo! Claudio! nephew! hollo!

Enter ESTEVAN and MYRTILLO, L. S. E.

Est. Ah, sirs! I beseech you prevail upon this generous, noble youth, that he return. At such tender years, to brace a storm like this.

Zav. Return, return, Myrtillo—I command you.

[*Rigolio is seen crossing the foot-bridge, from R. to L., to gain the shelter of the ruins—just as he crosses, the lightning glares upon his figure.*]

Pab. (L.) Look! look! there's somebody on the bridge. I saw the figure pass—I swear it.

Bar. It must be Claudio; and if he ventures further—

[*Myrtillo suddenly snatches a torch from one of the Domestics, and darts up the path, R. U. E.*]

Pab. Stop, stop!—Master Myrtillo, stop!

Zav. Ah, the brave child! never fear him; he knows his footing well. Bring your torches further along the bed of the torrent, that he may see us, and one of you follow him.

[*Exeunt all, except Estevan, L. U. E., who follows Myrtillo, but is left far behind him—Rigolio is seen watching from the ruin the different directions of the torches—Myrtillo advances across the bridge—just as he is about to enter the ruin, Rigolio with his sword strikes the torch from his hand—the Boy recedes in the darkness—Rigolio follows, seizes him on the middle of the bridge, and hurls him over*]

into the bed of the torrent—Estevan, with his torch, appears at the same moment on a projecting crag, about half way up the path, R.

Est. [Hearing the plunge.] Ah! he has fallen from the bridge! Help, help! save him! save him!

[*He precipitates himself into the torrent—Rigolio rushes back into the ruins, L. U. E.*

Re-enter the BARON, ZAVIOR, PABLO, and Domestics, hastily, L. S. E.

Zav. My boy! my boy! save him! All I have in the world shall reward the man who saves him.

[*The lightning flashes vividly, and shows Myrtillo floating down the agitated waters, Estevan struggling after him.*

Zav. Ah! he floats towards the second fall!—then he is lost!

Pab. No, no! the man has caught his arm.

Zav. But the torrent bears them both away.

[*Pablo flings out a cord at the moment they approach the second fall—Estevan catches it with his disengaged hand.*

Pab. Huzza! he catches the cord! Quick, quick! all of you with your torches this way!

[*Estevan struggles—they drag him to the bank—he bears Myrtillo forward insensible, flings him into Zavior's extended arms, and falls exhausted among the groupe.*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Chateau,*

Enter ROSARA and CLAUDIO, L.

Ros. (L.) How unlucky!—Then you have returned without meeting them?

Cla. You say they are seeking for me in the direction of the torrent, supposing I must pass the bridge? But the storm beset my path so suddenly, I dispatched a peasant forwards, and returned myself by the sheltered path among the olive grounds. However, the magistracy are, ere this, alarmed; and the villain will be secured by their officers to-night.

Ras. Ah! I had forgotten to inform you—your friend the Colonel, has been utterly deceived. The man he

would accuse, is innocent of the murder;—Myrtillo has himself declared so.

Cla. Impossible!—My life and honour upon the strictness of Rigolio's charge. The misapprehension must be here.

Enter PABLO, L.

Pab. Horrible! dreadful!—Oh, Miss Rorara! have you heard it?—Such an accident!

Ros. Heavens! what has happened?

Pab. Death and horror!—murder and destruction!—Poor Master Myrtillo has been drowned.

Ros. Merciful powers!

Cla. Myrtillo drowned!

Pab. Oh, yes! he was quite killed once; but we have brought him to life again.

Ros. Then he yet lives?

Pab. Yes; all owing to me, though. How the torrent foamed and roared—there he floated away for the second fall—there the strange man buffeted after him—there both of them were just spent—and there I flung out the rope that saved them. Oh, miss! if you had but seen me fling it—so nice and neat to the moment!

Ros. But speak, speak!—How did this danger happen?

Pab. I can't tell you. Master Myrtillo had but just recovered, and was beginning to explain, when I ran on before to tell you.

Enter CAPTAIN ZAVIOR, abruptly, with ESTEVAN, L.—
he waves to Pablo to withdraw, who exits, L.

Zav. Ah, nephew! you are here, then? You have heard already of—

Cla. Dear Myrtillo's danger? Yes, sir. But how did this accident—

Zav. No, no, nephew, it was not accident—design, horrible design!

Cla. You cannot mean it! What hand so atrocious—

Zav. I tremble for your sake—I tremble whilst I denounce the monster. But suspicion—powerful suspicion, falls upon—

Cla. Whom?

Zav. That man you call your dearest friend—Rigolio!

Cla. Monstrous calumny! Who could defame so excellent, so honourable a character?

Zav. Behold his accuser, this stranger, who, but now, at the hazard of his own life, saved Myrtillo's.

Cla. Infamous aspersion!—If there be a punishment—

Est. Prove that I merit your reproach, and yield me freely to the sharpest torture; but listen to my proofs before you reject my testimony.

Cla. Speak!

Est. When Myrtillo recovered from his swoon, he motioned to us that we should search the spot from which he has fallen. We did so; and this fragment of a sword blade [*Producing about a third of a one, broken off from the point.*] was found at the entrance of the ruined abbey. That it must recently have fallen there, the brightness of its polish is an evidence. Signior, respectfully I request that you will unsheath your own regimental sword, and compare the two blades together.

Cla. [*Drawing.*] Assuredly!—examine it freely.

Zav. [*After comparing them.*] The fragments correspond precisely, both in shape and quality, and the engravings on each alike. Would not Colonel Rigolio's sword be the counterpart of yours?

Cla. I admit the resemblance and the probability. But what would you infer from this?

Zav. Hear me:—While this search was making on the rock, my poor boy traced eagerly with a pencil these hasty words—[*Reading.*] “*My life has been attempted. A sword suddenly struck against the torch I carried, and dashed it from my hand;—the blade broke as it gave the blow, and a piece of it fell against my foot. I retreated; but a figure pursued me in the dark; it seized and plunged me from the bridge into the torrent.*”

Cla. And is this your motive for suspicion? Vain and preposterous surmise! Rigolio, the bravest and best of heroes, become the assassin of an innocent boy!—Too monstrous for reply! But know, base slanderer! to your confusion know, my friend must have been at a distance of many leagues beyond the bridge at the very moment Myrtillo was assaulted there.

Re-enter PABLO, L.

Pab. Oh, signior! wonder upon wonders!—Your friend, whom everybody thought had gone away from us, has just come back again; I left him in the great hall.

Cla. Colonel Rigolio do you mean?

Pab. Yes; and such a figure I never saw in my life—his face so pale, and his eyes so wild! I vow, when I placed the candles before him, he looked to me for all the world like some murderer.

Cla. Peace, scoundrel!—I must not, will not, dare not think of it.

Zav. Nephew, nephew! if private friendship can stifle in your bosom the awful claim of justice, then the pride and honour of your house are forfeited for ever. Rigolio's return at the very instant when——

Cla. Everything will be explained to his honour; I am convinced it will. Pablo, lead me to him instantly.

[Crosses to L.]

Est. (c.) Hold, signior!—I have a cause which makes a lowly man forget humility. I demand—solemnly demand, to be confronted with Rigolio, this moment, in your presence.

Cla. [Seizing his hand.] Come on! You brave a fearful risk. May Heaven decide between you for the truth!

[Exeunt Pablo, Claudio, and Estevan, L., Zavior and Rosara, R.]

SCENE V.—*The Castle Hall—folding-doors, c. F.—another door, L. C. F.—a table, with lights burning on it, L. C.*

COLONEL RIGOLIO discovered seated, c., pale and haggard.

Rig. How frightful is this pause of solitude and silence! None of the family approach to welcome me. But, oh! neglect of ceremony is affliction's charter; and this accursed hand has changed these hospitable halls into a desolate abode of death and tears! [Suddenly starting up.] Let me endeavour to shake off this lethargy! [Pacing rapidly.] I can pace these floors securely now; the only form I dreaded to encounter—*here* shall never, never more be found. The winds have heard, and mocked his dying cry! the waves flow over him—he sleeps eternally! Sit lightly then, my heart! rejoice—exult!—No, no! there is a chilly weight that sinks it down—quite down! [Drops back into his chair.] Shame! shame! let me rally—they approach. Let me, at least, be faithful to myself.

Enter PABLO, L., lighting CLAUDIO, who is followed by ESTEVAN.

Cla. Pablo, leave me. [Exeunt Pablo and Estevan, L.]

Rig. (R. C.) [Advancing with forced spirits.] My friend! dear Claudio! [For a moment they preserve an uneasy silence, and regards each other anxiously, as if at a loss how to address.] Claudio, you are, doubtless, surprised as my return.

Cla. I must own, it was unexpected.

Rig. Entirely accidental. The storm has swollen the rivulets into an inundation across the valley, and I found it impossible to proceed. My return is not, I trust, unwelcome to my friends?

Cla. [*After a struggle.*] Rigolio, I cannot—never could dissemble. Speak! does your conscience declare you still deserve our welcome?

Rig. Ha! I perceive—some odious calumny. Where is the wretch who dares accuse me?

Re-enter ESTEVAN, L.

Cla. [*Pointing to Estevan.*] Behold!—and, oh! if possible, disprove him here!

Rig. That traitor—that convicted felon!

Est. No! that injured, suffering man, whom a villain persecutes, but whom Heaven protects.

Rig. Insolent wretch! is it to me you dare address—

Est. The only language truth can use to villainy so monstrous. Here, in the presence of this noble youth—and soon before the whole assembled world—aloud I brand you with the name of murderer—an infant's murderer!—ay, murderer and coward!

Rig. My rage can brook no more!—Die, miscreant! 'ere that venom'd tongue—

[*Rigolio, transported almost to madness, furiously draws his sword—Claudio forcibly catches his arm as he rushes forward—the blade appears broken towards the point.*

Est. Ah! the proof! [*Fixing the fragment to the extended blade.*] the deep, the damning proof!—Heaven's own eternal hand is here!

[*Rigolio, perceiving the discovery, stands as if rooted to the spot by magic.*

Cla. (R.) Merciful heavens! the evidence indeed is clear!

Rig. (c.) [*Tremulously.*] What proof? what evidence? Who says that—If the orphan, by accident, has perished—

Est. (L.) Ha! mark there!—the villain's own confusion now confesses all. But know, Myrtillo lives!

Rig. Lives!

Est. Ay! to blast and overwhelm a monster! This instant let the wretch be seized—this instant!

[*Estevan rushes out, L., as if to summons the family—Rigolio staggers towards the table, and supports his trembling limbs against it.*

Cla. [*Surveying him with mixed emotions.*] Rigolio, most unhappy man! what dæmon could have prompted—but no matter, you once saved my life, I cannot injure yours. Fly! escape, if possible.

Rig. You, then, even you believe me guilty.

Cla. Unfortunate man! I feel convinced;—but let me pay the debt of gratitude I owe you. These doors open to the garden—this key unlocks the private gate beyond.—Fly! fly!

Rig. I am a wretch—dispose me as you will.

Baron. [*Without.*] This way!

[*Claudio leads Rigolio, stupified by apprehensions, to the folding-doors, c. f.—they are thrown open, and a crowd of Officers and Peasants, with torches, are discovered without.*]

Cla. [*Dragging Rigolio quickly back.*] We are prevented. Ah! 'tis not too late—by yonder door—fly! fly!

Bar. [*Advancing, R.*] My son, the officers of justice have arrived to execute your summons.

Enter the Crowd at the folding-doors, c. f.—ZAVIOR and ROSARA, with MYRTILLO, R. C.—Rigolio turns to escape, L.

Re-enter ESTEVAN, rapidly, L. D. F., intercepting Rigolio.

Est. Officers, advance! behold your prisoner!

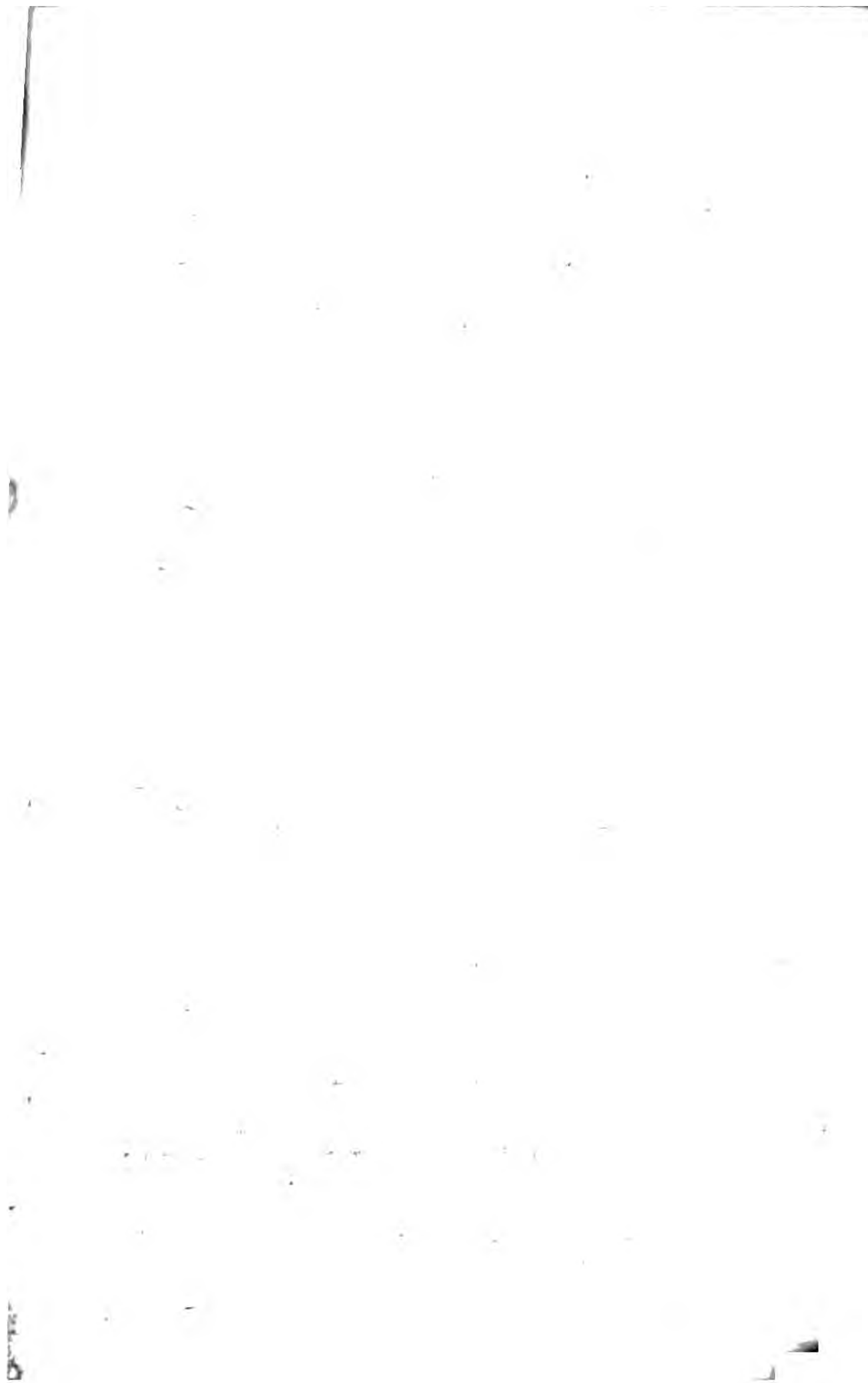
[*Rigolio turns to avoid Estevan, and suddenly faces Myrtillo—the eye of each becomes rivetted—the Boy presses his throat between his fingers, as if to repress a choaking effort of his feelings—he shudders violently, then, with a sudden, fearful cry, he darts from his position, and springs upon Rigolio.*]

Myr. My father's murderer!

Est. Ha! he speaks! an inspiration from the grave resounds!—the father's ghost cries—"Vengeance!" by his orphan's lips.

Myr. [*Fastening irremovably upon Rigolio.*] Justice! justice! justice!

[*Rigolio laughs deliriously, and sinks down, convulsed, under the grasp of Myrtillo.—Picture, as the curtain falls.*]





R. Cruikshank, Del.

White, Sc.

The Castle Spectre.

Angela sinks upon her knees, with her eyes rivetted upon the figure, which for some moments remain motionless.

Act IV. Sc. II.

THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

In Five Acts,

By M. G. LEWIS.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
EXITS AND ENTRANCES,—RELATIVE POSITION OF THE PER-
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As now Performed at the

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REMARKS.

A BELIEF has existed, in all ages and countries, in supernatural appearances. So universal was the impression in former times, that

“ Departed Spirits have appear'd to men,
And little Fairies tripp'd it o'er the green,
Beneath the moonlight shade—”

that it would have been accounted heresy to deny the fact ; and indeed the re-appearance of departed spirits becomes an interesting question, even in these matter-of-fact days ; since not only among the ignorant and barbarous nations of the world has this belief existed, but the sages of antiquity, the most eminent men of ancient and of modern times, have not scrupled to give their partial assent to it—some, from awful and mysterious evidence of the fact itself coming within their own knowledge and experience—others, from testimony so circumstantial and positive, that upon any other occasion it would have been pronounced conclusive by a competent tribunal : why, therefore, it is reasonably urged, doubt *that* evidence which, in ordinary cases, would have been received, had life or death been the issue?—God is a Spirit—the Soul is a Spirit—we are said, after death, to enter the world of Spirits. We may argue away the *probability* of supernatural visitations, but not the *facts* themselves ; and such facts are upon record—not the phantoms of over-heated imaginations, but of calm and collected memories —

—————“ It is not *madness*
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from.”

It is impossible wholly to separate fiction from fact—human nature is by instinct inclined to the marvellous—hence the innumerable superstitions, which may *indeed* be termed ridiculous, that credulity, and ignorance, sportive fancy, and unbounded imagination, have grafted upon events, incredible only from this monstrous association, and from which even religious belief is

not exempt. The time of Shakspeare was fruitful in these superstitions, to which the bias of the reigning monarch was peculiarly favourable—"Our forefathers (says Addison) loved to astonish themselves with the apprehensions of 'witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments." And Bourne, in his *Antiquities*, gives a curious and interesting account of a *winter-night's conversation*, where the parties sit round the fire, and tell stories of *fairies, ghosts, and apparitions*. The *Demonology* of James the First is the most singular, wild, and elaborate production that the credulity of man ever produced; and we cannot but regret, that so much learning and research, exquisitely quaint and amusing, should have been thrown away upon *bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies*, and a whole troop of *black spirits and white*, equally fantastic and incomprehensible!* Yet James was no impostor—he required not his subjects to give their implicit faith to wonders that had not already fixed his own; and he surely claims our lasting thanks, for rendering popular a belief which has proved the foundation of some of the noblest efforts of the imagination—*Midsummer-Night's Dream, the Tempest, Macbeth, and Hamlet*.

Of these various superstitions—if in truth they can *all* be called such—the doctrine of *Guardian Angels* is the most pleasing. To believe, that when death has separated us from a beloved object, we are not left wholly unprotected, but that the disembodied spirit still continues to watch over us, to guard us from impending evil, and to perform the office of a ministering angel, in moments of difficulty and danger, is a belief both rational and consoling: how beautifully has Tickell illustrated the idea, in his pathetic elegy upon Addison—

" Oh ! if, sometimes, thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou *Guardian Genius*, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Led thro' the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more "

That deeds of darkness have been revealed and punished by the intervention of supernatural agency, was a prevalent notion from the earliest ages, and has probably not been wholly without it's use in society. The assassin's arm may have been arrested by a superstitious dread—Men, reckless of the ven-

* Those who desire to see a complete exposition of these extraordinary fables, will do well to read "*The Discoverie of Witchcraft*," written by a contemporary and sensible author, Reginald Scot.

geance of Heaven, start with horror from earthly retribution. The fear attending supernatural visitation never met with a finer illustration than in the guilty terrors of Macbeth—

“ Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger,
Take *any shape but that.*———”

It is only when these awful mysteries have been profaned by unskilful hands, that their effect becomes weakened and destroyed—the glorious machinery of the immaterial world was never designed for the rude touch of Nature's journeymen: we have “Tales of Terror” that produce almost as powerful an effect upon our muscles as “Broad Grins.”

The story of the Castle Spectre is deeply interesting, and the plot is conducted and developed with a considerable portion of dramatic skill. It is a vulgar error to cry down Romance—that mysterious power which enchains the mind, raising it to the highest pitch of intensity, and within whose magic circle the various conflicting passions that agitate the human breast obedient move, may well appeal to a nobler tribunal than calculating heads and insensible hearts! Romance has been aptly called the child of melancholy—whose haunts, if ever they have been profaned by unhallowed footsteps, shall still remain sacred in the high-wrought imagination of the poet—

——— “ Pale melancholy,
And Madness, sister wan! together roam
The pathless track, or mount to rugged cliff
Where mortal never trod, and to the moon
Will utter tales of woe, nor heed the storm
That whistles round them !”———

It has been objected, that the tale itself, and the characters, belong to no period—that they form an heterogeneous mixture of persons and things, out of nature, and impossible. That it contains *anachronisms* we readily admit; but they detract little from it's value as a dramatic composition. Spenser introduces *Wolves* in England, and the correct Pope talks of a *sacrifice of lambs*, and of *thanking Ceres for a plentiful harvest*, in a scene laid in Windsor Forest! and last, not least, the ingenious Wilkie, in one of his most capital pictures, the *News of the Battle of Waterloo*, has introduced a man *eating oysters in June!*—These are anachronisms with a vengeance! and deserve the attention of Sterne's critic, with his *stop-watch*. There is nothing even improbable in this Drama, but the Spectre—and with respect to the characters, *Earl Osmond* is not more outrageous in his anger, or in his love, than many a bold baron who cuts a conspicuous figure in the annals of chivalry. It was not the fashion in those days for heroes to woo in white kid

gloves and powdered perriwigs. *Hotspur* has completely settled that question, in his contemptuous description of the "certain lord" who "talk'd so like a waiting gentlewoman."—Politeness and ceremony were not to be expected from lovers—who

" Lay down to rest
With corslet lac'd,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard—
Carv'd at their meal
With gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine thro' the helmet barr'd."

Let it also be remembered that the *Ladies* too were not particularly distinguished for delicate feelings—at least according to *modern* notions: our virgin queen, who made nothing of drinking off a half-pint bumper of Burgundy, to the destruction of the Spanish armada, and who, when excited, never spoke without an oath, will bear us out in this remark—to say nothing of her maids of honour, who, by all accounts, were not backward in emulating the example of their royal mistress. The jousts and tournaments that were honoured with the presence of beauty seldom terminated without the wounding, or slaughtering, of some half dozen gallant knights; and it was absolutely necessary, before a gentleman could pretend to a lady's good graces, that he should transfix his doughty antagonist—and, for *her sake*,

—— ——— " Wear a garment all of blood,
And stain his favours with a bloody mask."

But we manage matters better now-a-days! the way to a lady's love lies through a less difficult and dangerous path—

" Two or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools!"

Nor is Angela's transition from simplicity to heroism at all forced, or unnatural: in the calm retirement of rural life there was nothing to excite, or alarm—but when the prisoner of Osmond, and trembling under his stern menaces, she assumes that enthusiastic courage, which in all ages has been one of the most distinguishing characteristics of woman—

—— ——— ——— " Rightly to stir,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When *Honor's* at the stake.——"

Motley, the *Fool*, is a failure—and so are all the fools, to the end of the chapter, not excepting those of Colman—the immortal *Touchstone* has rendered every attempt of the kind hopeless: *Motley* is a modern jester, in an ancient party-colored suit—*Tom Errand* in *Benjamin Clincher's* clothes; but we are well pleased with *Father Philip*—his mode of arranging his ideas in the *buttery*—his calling in a *flagon of ale*, when he lacks any important advice—and his maturing his plan, over a cold venison *pasty*, are in perfect unison with that tremendous tomb of fish, flesh, and fowl, that threatens his girdle: though not quite so witty as his comical cousin-german *Father Paul*, he is sufficiently rosy and entertaining, and when the late Bob Palmer was his representative, was nearly every thing that could be wished.

The language of this play is in many parts turgid and bombastic—there is too much—

“Go call a coach—and let a coach be call'd.”

We could abate some portion of the slave *Hassan*—and to venture a pun, the piece would be all the *lighter* for it. There are however three scenes, which for strong scenic illusion, and stage effect, cannot easily be paralleled. The 1st and 3rd scene in the 2nd act—and the last scene in act 4th, in which the *spectre* appears. The illuminated oratory—the solemn movement of the supernatural vision—the full swell of the organ—with the accompanying voices, chanting “*Jubilate*,” form a picture awful and sublime. We are not surprised at the great success of this Drama when first produced—nor does its popularity argue any bad taste in the public. Sheridan's witty remark* does not apply here. Had that eminent man lived to witness the nauseous *diablerie* we have lately imported from the German school—

“Monstrous fancies, fit for skull
That's empty, when the moon's at full,”

he might have mingled greater truth with his bitterness.

The “*Castle Spectre*” had the advantage of a very strong cast, when originally produced at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1798. We recognise as leading names, Kemble, Bannister, Palmer, Wroughton, Mrs. Jordan, and Mrs. Powell. It is hardly necessary to say, that every *succeeding* cast has been for the *worse*—with the exception of the *Osmond* of Mr. Young, which, without

* Lewis and Sheridan disputing one night in the green room of Drury Lane Theatre, the former, in the heat of argument, offered to bet him *all the money* that the “*Castle Spectre*” had brought to the house, that he was right.—“No,” said Sheridan, “I can't afford to bet so much; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll bet you all that *it is worth!*”

saying any thing disrespectful of an able and highly useful actor of the old school, is certainly an improvement upon Mr. Barrymore ; and though Miss O'Neil did not *quite* reach the excellence of Mrs. Jordan in *some parts* of *Angela*, her scene with the *Spectre* we may almost pronounce *superior*. Harley, in *Motley*, is a lively transcript of Bannister ; and the worthy veteran Pope and the pathetic Murray, (the *Adam* and *Jarvis* of our youthful days,) left us nothing to regret in Wroughton : and now, since *comparisons* are no less odious than painful, we dismiss the remaining *Dramatis Personæ*.

The author of this play is Matthew Gregory Lewis, a name well known in the annals of romance. His most celebrated work is "The Monk," which produced a wonderful sensation on its first appearance ; from its singular machinery, its shameless and unwarrantable attacks upon Scripture, and the peculiar merit that distinguished it in a literary point of view : these indecent freedoms raised the just indignation of the author of "The Pursuits of Literature," and indeed that of every well-regulated mind. The chief merit that belongs to "The Monk," is in bringing together an accumulation of supernatural horrors, and skilfully arranging them into an interesting tale—for it can boast of scarcely an atom of *originality*—it is *German* from beginning to end. Mr. Lewis is the author of several dramatic pieces, all nearly of the same school. "Rugantino" and the "Wood Dæmon"—"Adelgitha" and "Venoni"—are the creations of a fancy singularly wild and romantic.

It may be well to add, that "The Monk," which contains the objectionable passages already alluded to, was written by Mr. Lewis when a very young man : as he grew *older*, it would appear that he grew *wiser* and *better*. There are many passages in the present Drama, and in those succeeding, which confirm this opinion. In private life he was amiable in his disposition, and pleasing in his manners ; an elegant scholar, and an accomplished gentleman. He died on shipboard, returning home from a second voyage to the West Indies, where a part of his paternal estates lay. Mr. Lewis was a member of the House of Commons ; an honour of which he was not a little vain—

" For ev'ry one knows little Matt's an M. P."

It is not, however, as a senator that his name will descend with any particular credit to posterity.

D—G.

Costume.

EARL OSMOND.—Yellow tunic, trimmed with silver spangles and buttons; purple velvet belt, white pantaloons spangled, short blue velvet robe trimmed with fur only, open sleeves. Second dress.—Handsome satin morning-gown.

PERCY.—Slate-coloured shirt tunic, trimmed with black galloon, flesh pantaloons. Second dress.—Green old English suit, with puffs trimmed, steel breastplate, long scarlet satin sash, leather belts; black velvet hat, white feathers, gauntlets, russet boots, ruff.

KENRIC.—Brown velvet shape, puffed with blue, cloak of the same, brown stockings.

HASSAN.—White body with sleeves looped up, trowsers of same, black leggings and arms, black velvet flies, silver buttons, sandals.

SAIB. } Ditto.
MULEY. }

ALARIC.—Not quite so good.

MOTLEY.—Touchstone's dress.

FATHER PHILIP.—Friar's grey gown, with Falstaff's belly, a cord round the waist, flesh stockings and sandals.

ALLAN.—An old English dress, drab trimmed with black.

HAROLD.—Blue tunic with yellow binding, blue stockings, short breeches.

EDRIC.—Blue Flushing great coat, blue trowsers, striped Guernsey shirt, blue cap, fishing stockings and boots.

REGINALD.—Brown tunic and pantaloons, with a loose torn cloak or drapery, flesh legs and arms, old sandals, the whole dress much torn.

SOLDIERS.—Green tunics with scarlet bindings, and stockings, boots, and breastplates.

ANGELA.—Handsome embroidered white satin dress.

ALICE.—Black open gown trimmed with point lace, red stuff petticoat, black hood, high heel'd shoes, with buckles.

SPECTRE.—Plain white muslin dress, white head dress, or binding under chin, light loose gauze drapery.

Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatres Royal.

	As originally acted.	Drury Lane.	Covent Garden.
<i>Osmond</i>	Mr. Barrymore.	Mr. Rae.	Mr. Young.
<i>Reginald</i>	Mr. Wroughton.	Mr. Pope.	Mr. Murray.
<i>Percy</i>	Mr. Kemble.	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Father Philip</i>	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Motley</i>	Mr. Bannister, jun.	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Kenric</i>	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Saib</i>	Mr. Truman.	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Hassan</i>	Mr. Downton.	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Slader.
<i>Muley</i>	Mr. Davis.	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Alaric</i>	Mr. Wentworth.	Mr. Evans.	Mr. Louis.
<i>Allan</i>	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Maddocks.	
<i>Edric</i>	Mr. Wathen.	Mr. Minton.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Harold</i>	Mr. Gibbon.	Mr. Buxton.	
<i>Angela</i>	Mrs. Jordan.	Mrs. Robinson.	Miss Bristow.
<i>Alice</i>	Mrs. Walcot.	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Kennedy.
<i>Evelina</i>	Mrs. Powell.	Mrs. Knight.	Mrs. Powell.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Wroughton.

FAR from the haunts of men, of vice the foe,
The moon-struck child of genius and of woe,
Versed in each magic spell and dear to fame,
A fair enchantress dwells, Romance her name.
She loathes the sun, or blazing taper's light.
The moon-beam'd landscape and tempestuous night,
Alone she loves ; and oft, with glimmering lamp,
Near graves new open'd, or 'midst dungeons damp,
Drear forests, ruin'd aisles, and haunted towers,
Forlorn she roves, and raves away the hours !
Anon, when storms howl loud, and lash the deep,
Desperate she climbs the sea-rock's beetling steep ;
There wildly strikes her harp's fantastic strings,
Tells to the moon how grief her bosom wrings ;
And while her strange song chants fictitious ills,
In wounded hearts Oblivion's balm distils.

A youth, who yet has liv'd enough to know
That life has thorns, and taste the cup of woe,
As late near Conway's time-bowed towers he stray'd,
Invok'd this bright enthusiast's magic aid.
His prayer was heard. With arms and bosom bare,
Eyes flashing fire, loose robes, and streaming hair,
Her heart all anguish, and her soul all flame,
Swift as her thoughts, the lovely maniac came !
High heav'd her breasts, with struggling passions rent,
As prest to give some fear-fraught mystery vent :
And oft, with anxious glance and altered face,
Trembling with terror, she relaxed her pace,

And stopt ! and listened !—then with hurried tread
 Onwards again she rushed, yet backwards bent her head,
 As if from murderous swords or following fiends she fled.

Soon as near Conway's walls her footsteps drew,
 She bade the youth their ancient state renew.
 Eager he sped, the fallen towers to rear :
 'Twas done, and Fancy bore the fabric here.
 Next, choosing from great Shakspeare's comic school ;
 The gossip crone, gross friar, and gibing fool—
 These, with a virgin fair and lover brave,
 To our young author's care the enchantress gave ;
 But charged him, 'ere he bless'd the brave and fair,
 To lay the exulting villain's bosom bare ;
 And, by the torments of his conscience, shew,
 That prosperous vice is but triumphant woe !

The pleasing task, congenial to his soul,
 Oft from his own sad thoughts our author stole :
 Blest be his labours, if with like success
 They soothe their sorrows whom I now address.
 Beneath this dome, should some afflicted breast
 Mourn slighted talents, or desert opprest,
 False friendship, hopeless love, or faith betray'd,
 Our author will esteem each toil o'er-paid,
 If, while his muse exerts her livelier vein,
 Or tells imagin'd woes in plaintive strain,
 Her flights and fancies make one smile appear
 On the pale cheek, where trickled late a tear ;
 Or if *her* fabled sorrows steal one groan,
 Which else her hearers would have given their own.

THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter FATHER PHILIP and MOTLEY, through Gate, L. U. E.

F. Phil. NEVER tell me!—I repeat it, you are a fellow of a very scandalous course of life! But what principally offends me is, that you pervert the minds of the maids, and keep kissing and smuggling all the pretty girls you meet. Oh! fye! fye! [Crosses to R.]

Mot. I kiss and smuggle them? St. Francis forbid! Lord love you, father, 'tis they who kiss and smuggle me. I protest, I do what I can to preserve my modesty; and I wish that the Archbishop Dunstan had heard the lecture upon chastity which I read last night to the dairy-maid in the dark! he'd have been quite edified. But yet what does talking signify? The eloquence of my lips is counteracted by the lustre of my eyes; and really the little devils are so tender, and so troublesome, that I'm half angry with nature for having made me so very bewitching.

F. Phil. Nonsense! nonsense!

Mot. Put yourself in my place:—suppose that a sweet, smiling rogue, just sixteen, with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, pouting lips, &c.—

F. Phil. Oh, fye! fye! fye!—To hear such licentious discourse brings the tears into my eyes!

Mot. I believe you, father; for I see the water is running over at your mouth; which puts me in mind, my good father, that there are some little points which might be altered in you still better than in myself: such as intemperance, gluttony—

F. Phil. Gluttony! Oh! abominable falsehood!

Mot. Plain matter of fact!—Why, will any man pretend to say that you came honestly by that enormous belly, that

tremendous tomb of fish, flesh, and fowl? And, for incontinence, you must allow, yourself, that you are unequalled.

F. Phil. I!—I!—

Mot. You! you!—May I ask what was your business in the beech grove the other evening, when I caught you with buxom Margery, the miller's pretty wife? Was it quite necessary to lay your heads together so close?

F. Phil. Perfectly necessary: I was whispering in her ear wholesome advice.

Mot. Indeed? Faith then she took your advice as kindly as it was given, and exactly in the same way too: you gave it with your lips, and she took it with hers.—Well done, father Philip!

F. Phil. Son, son, you give your tongue too great a license.

Mot. Nay, father, be not angry: fools, you know, are privileged persons.

F. Phil. I know they are very useless ones; and in short, master Motley, to be plain with you, of all fools I think you the worst; and for fools of all kinds I've an insuperable aversion.

Mot. Really? Then you have one good quality at least, and I cannot but admire such a total want of self-love! [*Bell rings, L.*] But, hark! there goes the dinner-bell—away to table, father.—Depend upon't, the servants will rather eat part of their dinner unblessed, than stay till your stomach comes like Jouas's whale, and swallows up the whole.

F. Phil. Well, well, fool; I am going; but first let me explain to you, that my bulk proceeds from no indulgence of voracious appetite. No, son, no—little sustenance do I take; but St. Cuthbert's blessing is upon me, and that little prospers with me most marvellously. Verily, the saint has given me rather too plentiful an increase, and my legs are scarce able to support the weight of his bounties.

[*Exit through gate, L. U. E.*

Mot. He looks like an overgrown turtle, waddling upon its hind fins! Yet, at bottom, 'tis a good fellow enough, warm hearted, benevolent, friendly, and sincere; but no more intended by nature to be a monk, than I to be a maid of honour to the queen of Sheba. [*Going, L. U. E.*

Enter PERCY, R.

Per. I cannot be mistaken—In spite of his dress, his

features are too well known to me ! Hist ! Gilbert ! Gilbert !

Mot. (L.) Gilbert ? Oh lord, that's I !—Who calls ?

Per. Have you forgotten me ?

Mot. Truly, sir, that would be no easy matter ; I never forgot in my life what I never knew.

Per. (R.) Have ten years altered me so much that you cannot—

Mot. Hey !—can it be—Pardon me, my dear lord Percy.—In truth, you may well forgive my having forgotten your name, for at first I didn't very well remember my own. However, to prevent further mistakes, I must inform you that he who in your father's service was Gilbert the knave, is Motley the fool in the service of Earl Osmoud.

Per. Of Earl Osmond ?—This is fortunate. Gilbert, you may be of use to me ; and if the attachment which as a boy you professed for me still exists—

Mot. It does, with ardour unabated, for I'm not so unjust as to attribute to you my expulsion from Alnwick castle : but now, sir, may I ask, what brings you to Wales ?

Per. A woman whom I adore.

Mot. Yes, I guessed that the business was about a petticoat. And this woman is—

Per. (R.) The orphan ward of a villager, without friends, without family, without fortune !

Mot. (L.) Great points in her favour, I must confess. And which of these excellent qualities won your heart ?

Per. I hope I had better reasons for bestowing it on her. No, Gilbert ; I loved her for a person beautiful without art and graceful without affectation, for a heart tender without weakness, and noble without pride. I saw her at once beloved and revered by her village companions ; they looked on her as a being of a superior order : and I felt, that she who gave such dignity to the cottage maid, must needs add new lustre to the coronet of the Percies.

Mot. From which I am to understand that you mean to marry this rustic ?

Per. Could I mean otherwise I should blush for myself.

Mot. Yet, surely, the baseness of her origin—

Per. Can to me be no objection : in giving her my hand I raise her to my station, not debase myself to hers ; nor ever, while gazing on the beauty of a rose, did I think it less fair because planted by a peasant.

Mot. Bravo!—And what says your good grumbling father to this?

Per. Alas! he has long slept in the grave.

Mot. Then he's quiet at last! Well, heaven grant him that peace above, which he suffered nobody to enjoy below. But his death having left you master of your actions, what obstacle now prevents your marriage?

Per. You shall hear.—Fearful lest my rank should influence this lovely girl's affections, and induce her to bestow her hand on the noble, while she refused her heart to the man, I assumed a peasant's habit, and presented myself as Edwy, the low-born and the poor. In this character I gained her heart, and resolved to hail as Countess of Northumberland, the betrothed of Edwy the low-born and the poor! Judge, then, how great must have been my disappointment, when, on entering her guardian's cottage with this design, he informed me, that the unknown, who sixteen years before had confided her to his care, had reclaimed her on that very morning, and conveyed her—no one knew whither.

Mot. That was unlucky.

Per. However, in spite of his precautions, I have traced the stranger's course, and find him to be Kenric, a dependant upon Earl Osmond.

Mot. Surely, 'tis not Lady Angela, who—

Per. The very same! Speak, my good fellow! do you know her?

Mot. Not by your description; for here she's understood to be the daughter of Sir Malcolm Mowbray, my master's deceased friend. And what is your present intention?

Per. To demand her of the earl in marriage.

Mot. Oh! that will never do: for, in the first place, you'll not be able to get a sight of him. I've now lived with him five long years, and till Angela's arrival, never witnessed a guest in the castle. Oh! 'tis the most melancholy mansion! And as to the earl, he's the very antidote to mirth. He always walks with his arms folded, his brows bent, his eyes lowering on you with a gloomy scowl: he never smiles; and to laugh in his presence would be treason. He looks at no one—speaks to no one. None dare approach him, except Kenrick and his four blacks—all others are ordered to avoid him; and whenever he quits his room, ding! dong! goes a great bell, and away run the servants like so many scared rabbits.

Per. Strange!—And what reasons can he have for—

Mot. Oh! reasons in plenty. You must know, there's an ugly story respecting the last owners of this castle. Osmond's brother, his wife, and infant child were murdered by banditti, as it was said: unluckily, the only servant who escaped the slaughter, deposed, that he recognised among the assassins a black still in the service of Earl Osmond. The truth of this assertion was never known, for the servant was found dead in his bed the next morning.

Per. Good heavens!

Mot. Since that time no sound of joy has been heard in Conway Castle. Osmond instantly became gloomy and ferocious; he now never utters a sound except a sigh, has broken every tie of society, and keeps his gates barred unceasingly against the stranger.

Per. Yet Angela is admitted.—But, no doubt, affection for her father—

Mot. Why, no; I rather think that affection for her father's child—

Per. How?

Mot. If I've any knowledge in love, the earl feels it for his fair ward; but the lady will tell you more of this, if I can procure for you an interview.

Per. The very request which—

Mot. 'Tis no easy matter, I promise you; but I'll do my best. In the mean while, wait for me in yonder fishing-hut—its owner's name is Edric;—tell him that I sent you, and he will give you a retreat.

Per. Farewell, then, and remember that whatever reward—

Mot. Dear master, to mention a reward insults me. You have already shewn me kindness: and when 'tis in my power to be of use to you, to need the inducement of a second favour, would prove me a scoundrel undeserving of the first. [Exit, L. U. E.]

Per. How warm is this good fellow's attachment! Yet our barons complain that the great can have no friends! If they have none, let their own pride bear the blame. Instead of looking with scorn on those whom a smile would attract, and a favour bind for ever, how many firm friends might our nobles gain, if they would but reflect that their vassals are men as they are, and have hearts whose feelings can be grateful as their own! [Exit, R.]

SCENE II.—*The Castle-Hall.**Enter SAIB, L. and HASSAN, R.**Saib.* Now, Hassan, what success ?*Has. (R.)* My search has been fruitless. In vain have I paced the river's banks, and pierced the grove's deepest recesses. Nor glen nor thicket have I passed unexplored, yet found no stranger to whom Kenric's description could apply.*Saib. (L.)* Saw you no one ?*Has.* A troop of horsemen passed me as I left the wood.*Saib.* Horsemen, say you ?—Then Kenric may be right. Earl Percy has discovered Angela's abode, and lurks near the castle, in hopes of carrying her off.*Has.* His hopes then will be vain. Osmond's vigilance will not easily be eluded—sharpened by those powerful motives, love and fear.*Saib.* His love, I know ; but should he lose Angela, what has he to fear ?*Has.* If Percy gains her—every thing ! Supported by such wealth and power, dangerous would be her claim to these domains, should her birth be discovered. Of this our lord is aware ; nor did he sooner hear that Northumberland loved her, than he hastened to remove her from Allan's care.*Saib.* Think you the lady perceives that our master loves her ?*Has.* I know she does not. Absorbed in her own passion for Percy, on Osmond she bestows no thought, and, while roving through these pompous halls and chambers, sighs for the Cheviot-hills, and Allan's humble cottage.*Saib.* But as she still believes Percy to be a low-born swain, when Osmond lays his coronet at her feet, will she reject his rank and splendour ?*Has.* If she loves well, she will. *Saib,* I too have loved ! I have known how painful it was to leave her on whom my heart hung ; how incapable was all else to supply her loss ! I have exchanged want for plenty, fatigue for rest, a wretched hut for a splendid palace. But am I happier ? Oh no ! Still do I regret my native land, and the partners of my poverty. Then toil was sweet to me, for I laboured for Samba ! then repose ever blessed my bed of leaves, for there by my side lay Samba sleeping.*Saib.* This from you, Hassan ?—Did love ever find a place in your flinty bosom ?

Has. Did it? Oh, Saib! my heart once was gentle, once was good! But sorrows have broken it, insults have made it hard! I have been dragged from my native land, from a wife who was every thing to me, to whom I was every thing! Twenty years have elapsed since these Christians tore me away; they trampled upon my heart, mocked my despair, and, when in frantic terms I raved of Samba, laughed, and wondered how a negro's soul could feel! [*Crosses to L.*] In that moment, when the last point of Africa faded from my view, when as I stood on the vessel's deck, I felt that all I loved was to me lost for ever, in that bitter moment did I banish humanity from my breast. I tore from my arm the bracelet of Samba's hair; I gave to the sea the precious token, and while the high waves swift bore it from me, vowed, aloud, endless hatred to mankind. I have kept my oath, I will keep it! [*Crosses to R.*]

Saib. (L.) Ill-starred Hassan! your wrongs have indeed been great.

Has. (R.) To remember them unmans me.—Farewell! I must to Keuric. Hold!—Look, where he comes from Osmond's chamber!

Saib. And seemingly in wrath.

Has. His conferences with the earl of late have had no other end. The period of his favour is arrived.

Saib. Not of his favour merely, Hassau.

Has. How? Mean you that—

Saib. Silence! He's here!

Enter KENRIC, R.

Ken. (R.) Osmond, I'll bear your ingratitude no longer.—Now, Hassan, found you the man described?

Has. (C.) Nor any that resembled him.

Ken. Yet, that I saw Percy, I am convinced. As I crossed him in the wood, his eye met mine. He started as he had seen a basilisk, and fled with rapidity. But I will submit no longer to this painful dependance. To-morrow, for the last time, will I summon him to perform his promise: if he refuses, I will bid him farewell for ever, and, by my absence, free him from a restraint equally irksome to myself and him.

Saib. (L.) Will you so, Kenric?—Be speedy then, or you will be too late.

Ken. Too late! And wherefore?

Saib. You will soon receive the reward of your services.

Ken. Ha! know you what the reward will be?

Saib. I guess, but may not tell.

Ken. Is it a secret?

Saib. Can you keep one?

Ken. Faithfully!

Saib. As faithfully can I.—Come, Hassan. [*Exeunt, L.*]

Ken. What meant the slave? Those doubtful expressions—Ha! should the earl intend me false—Kenric! Kenric! how is thy nature changed! There was a time when fear was a stranger to my bosom—when, guiltless myself, I dreaded not art in others. Now, where'er I turn me, danger appears to lurk; and I suspect treachery in every breast, because my own heart hides it. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter Father PHILIP, followed by ALICE, R.

F. Phil. Nonsense!—You silly woman, what you say is not possible.

Alice. (R.) I never said it was possible. I only said it was true; and that if ever I heard music, I heard it last night.

F. Phil. (L.) Perhaps the fool was singing to the servants.

Alice. The fool, indeed? Oh! fye! fye! How dare you call my lady's ghost a fool?

F. Phil. Your lady's ghost!—You silly old woman!

Alice. Yes, father, yes; I repeat it, I heard the guitar, lying upon the oratory table, play the very air which the lady Evelina used to sing while rocking her little daughter's cradle. She warbled it so sweetly, and ever at the close it went—

[*Singing.*]

“Lullaby! lullaby! hush thee, my dear!

Thy father is coming and soon will be here.”

F. Phil. Nonsense! Nonsense!—Why, prithee, Alice, do you think that your lady's ghost would get up at night only to sing Lullaby for your amusement? Besides, how should a spirit, which is nothing but air, play upon an instrument of material wood and wire?

Alice. How can I tell?—Why, I know very well that men are made; but if you desired me to make a man, I vow and protest I shouldn't know how to set about it. I can only say, that, last night, I heard the ghost of my murdered lady—

F. Phil. Playing upon the spirit of a cracked guitar! Alice! Alice! these fears are ridiculous! The idea of ghosts is a vulgar prejudice. However, the next time you are afraid of a ghost, remember and make use of the receipt

which I shall now give you ; and instead of calling for a priest to lay the spirits of other people in the Red-Sea, call for a bottle of red wine, to raise your own. *Probatum est.*

[*Exit, L.*

Alice. Wine, indeed !— I believe he thinks I like drinking as well as himself. No, no ! let the topping old friar take his bottle of wine ; I shall confine myself to plain cherry-brandy.

Enter ANGELA, R.

Ang. I am weary of wandering from room to room ; in vain do I change the scene, discontent is every where.— There was a time when music could delight my ear, and nature could charm my eye ! when as the dawn unveiled the landscape, each object it disclosed to me looked pleasant and fair ; and while the last sun-beams yet lingered on the western sky, I could pour forth a prayer of gratitude, and thank my good angels for a day unclouded by sorrow !— Now all is gone, all lost, all faded !

[*Aside.*

Alice. Lady !

Ang. Perhaps he wanders on those mountains ! Perhaps at this moment he thinks upon me ! Perhaps then he sighs, and murmurs to himself, “ The flowers, the rivulets, the birds, every object reminds me of my well-beloved ; but what shall remind her of Edwy ? ”— Oh ! that will my heart, Edwy ; I need no other remembrancer.

[*Aside.*

Alice. (L.) Lady ! Lady Angela ! She minds me no more than a post !

Ang. (R.) Oh ! are you there, good Alice ? What would you with me ?

Alice. Only ask how your ladyship rested ?

Ang. Ill ! very ill !

Alice. Lack-a-day ! and yet you sleep in the best bed !

Ang. True, good Alice ! but my heart’s anguish strewed thorns upon my couch of down.

Alice. Marry, I’m not surpris’d that you rested ill in the cedar-room. Those noises so near you —

Ang. What noises ? I heard none.

Alice. How ?— When the clock struck one, heard you no music !

Ang. Music ?— None.— Not that I— Stay ! now I remember that while I sat alone in my chamber this morning—

Alice. Well, lady, well !

Ang. Methought I heard some one singing ; it seemed as if the words run thus— [Singing.]

“ Lullaby ! lullaby ! hush thee, my dear ! ”

Alice. [*Screaming.*] The very words!—It was the ghost, lady! it was the ghost!

Ang. The ghost, Alice! I protest I thought it had been you.

Alice. Me, lady!—Lord, when did you hear this singing?

Ang. Not five minutes ago, while you were talking with father Philip.

Alice. The Lord be thanked!—then it was not the ghost. It was I, lady! it was I!—And have you heard no other singing since you came to the castle?

Ang. None.—But why that question?

Alice. Because, lady—But perhaps you may be frightened?

Ang. No, no!—Proceed, I entreat you.

Alice. Why, then, they do say, that the chamber in which you sleep is haunted. You may have observed two folding doors, which are ever kept locked: they lead to the oratory, in which the Lady Evelina passed most of her time, while my lord was engaged in the Scottish wars. She would sit there, good soul! hour after hour, playing on the lute, and singing airs so sweet, so sad, that many a time and oft have I wept to hear her. Ah! when I kissed her hand at the castle-gate, little did I suspect that her fate would have been so wretched!

Ang. And what was her fate?

Alice. A sad one, lady! Impatient to embrace her lord, after a year's absence, the countess set out to meet him on his return from Scotland, accompanied by a few domestics and her infant daughter, then scarce a twelvemonth old. But, as she returned with her husband, robbers surprised the party scarce a mile from the castle; and since that time no news has been received of the earl, of the countess, the servants, or the child.

Ang. Dreadful! Were not their corpses found?

Alice. Never! The only domestic who escaped, pointed out the scene of action; and as it proved to be on the river's banks, doubtless the assassins plunged the bodies into the stream.

Ang. Strange; And did Earl Osmond then become owner of this castle?—Alice! was he ever suspected of—

Alice. Speak lower, lady! It was said so, I own: but for my own part I never believed it. To my certain knowledge, Osmond loved the lady Evelina too well to hurt her; and when he heard of her death, he wept, and sobbed as if his heart were breaking. Nay, 'tis certain that

he proposed to her before marriage and would have made her his wife, only that she liked his brother better. But I hope you're not alarmed by what I mentioned of the cedar-room?

Ang. No, truly, Alice; from good spirits I have nothing to fear, and heaven and my innocence will protect me against bad.

Alice. My very sentiments, I protest: But heaven forgive me; while I stand gossiping here, I warrant all goes wrong in the kitchen! [*Crosses, R.*] Your pardon, lady: I must away! I must away! [*Exit, R.*]

Ang. [*Musing.*] Osmond was his brother's heir—— His strange demeanour!—Yes, in that gloomy brow is written a volume of villany! Heavenly powers! an assassin then is master of my fate!—An assassin too who—I dare not bend my thoughts that way!—Oh! would I had never entered these castle walls!—had never exchanged for fearful pomp the security of my pleasures—the tranquillity of my soul!

Return, return, sweet Peace! and o'er my breast
Spread thy bright wings, distil thy balmy rest;
And teach my steps thy realms anrong to rove;
Wealth and the world resigned, nought mine but love.
[*Exit, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Armory. Suits of Armour are arranged on both sides upon Pedestals, with the names of their possessors written under each.*

Enter MOTLEY, *peeping, L.*

Mot. The coast is clear!—Hist! Hist!—You may enter.

Enter PERCY, *L.*

Per. Loiter not here. Quick, my good fellow! Conduct me to Angela!

Mot. (u.) Softly, softly! A little caution is needful; and I promise you just now I'm not upon roses.

Per. (L.) If such are your fears, why not lead me at once to Angela? Are we not more exposed in this open hall?

Mot. Be contented, and leave all to me: I will contrive matters so that Osmond shall have you before his eyes, and be no jot the wiser. [*Takes down some armour.*] But you must make up your mind to play a statue for an hour or two.

Per. How?

Mot. [*Putting armour on Percy.*] Nay, 'tis absolutely necessary—Quick! The late earl's servants are fully persuaded that his ghost wanders every night through the long galleries, and parades the old towers and dreary halls which abound in this melancholy mansion. He is supposed to be dressed in complete armour; and that which you wear at present was formerly his. Now, hear my plan.—The earl prepares to hold a conference with the lady Angela—even now I heard her summoned to attend him in the armory: placed upon this pedestal you may listen to their discourse unobserved, and thus form a proper judgment both of your mistress and her guardian. As soon as it grows dark, I will conduct you to Angela's apartments: the obscurity will then shelter you from discovery, and even should you be observed, you will pass for earl Reginald's spectre.

Per. I do not dislike your plan: but tell me, Gilbert, do you believe this tale of the apparition?

Mot. Oh! heaven forbid! Not a word of it. Had I minded all the strange things related of this castle, I should have died of fright in the first half-hour. Why, they say, that earl Hubert rides every night round the castle on a white horse; that the ghost of lady Bertha haunts the west pinnacle of the chapel tower; and that lord Hildebrand, who was condemned for treason some sixty years ago, may be seen in the great hall regularly at midnight, playing at foot-ball with his own head! Above all, they say that the spirit of the late countess sits nightly in her oratory, and sings her baby to sleep. However, if it be so—[*Bell sounds thrice.*] Hark! 'tis the earl; quick, to your post! [*Percy ascends the pedestal.*] Farewell—I must get out of his way, but as soon as he quits this chamber, I'll rejoin you. [*Exit, R.*

[*The middle folding-doors are thrown open; Saib, Hassan, Muley, and Alaric enter, preceding earl Osmond, who walks with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon the ground. Saib advances to a sofa, into which, after making a few turns through the room, Osmond throws*

himself. He motions to his attendants, and they withdraw (M. D.) He appears lost in thought; then suddenly rises, and again traverses the room with disorder-ed steps.]

Osm. I will not sacrifice my happiness to hers! No, Angela, you ask of me too much. Since the moment when I pierced her heart, deprived of whom life became odious; since my soul was stained with his blood who loved me, with hers whom I loved, no form has been grateful to my eye, no voice spoken pleasure to my soul, save Angela's—save only Angela's! Mine she is, mine she shall be, though Reginald's bleeding ghost flit before me, and thunder in my ear—"Hold! Hold!"—Peace, stormy heart! She comes!

Enter ANGELA, R.

Osm. (L.) [In a softened voice.] Come hither, Angela. Wherefore so sad? That downcast eye, that listless air, neither suit your age or fortunes. The treasures of India are lavished to adorn your person; yet still do I see you, forgetting what you are, look back with regret to what you were!

Ang. (R.) Oh! my good lord, esteem me not ungrateful! I acknowledge your bounties—but they have not made me happy. I still linger in thought near those scenes where I passed the blessed period of infancy; I still thirst for those simple pleasures which habit has made so dear. The birds which my own hands reared, and the flowers which my own hands planted; the banks on which I rested when fatigued, the wild tangled wood which supplied me with strawberries, and the village church where I prayed to be virtuous, while I yet knew of vice and virtue but the name, all have acquired rights to my memory and my love!

Osm. Absurd!

Ang. While I saw you, Cheviot Hills, I was happy, oh! how happy! At morn when I left my bed, light were my spirits, and gay as the zephyrs of summer; and when at night my head again pressed my pillow, I whispered to myself, "Happy has been to-day, and to-morrow will be as happy!" Then sweet was my sleep; and my dreams were of those whom I loved dearest.

Osm. Romantic enthusiast! These thoughts did well for the village maid, but disgrace the daughter of Sir Malcolm Mowbray: hear me, Angela; an English baron loves

you, a nobleman than whom our island boasts few more potent. 'Tis to him that your hand is destined, 'tis on him that your heart must be bestowed.

Ang. I cannot dispose of that which has long been another's—My heart is Edwy's.

Osm. Edwy's? A peasant's?

Ang. For the obscurity of his birth chance must be blamed; the merit of his virtues belongs wholly to himself.

Osm. By Heaven you seem to think that poverty is a virtue!

Ang. Sir, I think 'tis a misfortune, not a crime: and when in spite of nature's injustice, and the frowns of a prejudiced and illiberal world, I see some low-born but illustrious spirit prove itself superior to the station which it fills, I hail it with pleasure, with admiration, with respect! Such a spirit I found in Edwy, and finding loved! He has my plighted faith; he received it on the last evening which I passed in Northumberland, as we sat on a low bench before old Allan's cottage. It was a heavenly night, sweet and tranquil, as the loves of angels. A gentle breeze whispered among the honeysuckles which bloomed above us, and the full moon tinged with her silver light the distant towers of Alnwick. It was then, that for the first time I gave him my hand, and I swore that I never would give it but to him! It was then, that for the first time he pressed his lips to mine, and I swore that my lips should never be pressed by another!

Osm. Girl! Girl! you drive me to distraction!

Ang. You alarm me, my lord! Permit me to retire.

[*Going; Osmond detains her violently by the arm.*]

Osm. Stay!—[*In a softer tone.*] Angela! I love you.

Ang. [*Starting.*] My lord!

Osm. [*Passionately.*] Love you to madness!—Nay, strive not to escape: remain and hear me! I offer you my hand; if you accept it, mistress of these fair and rich domains, your days shall glide away in happiness and honour; but if you refuse and scorn my offer, force shall this instant—

Ang. Force? Oh no!—You dare not be so base!

Osm. Reflect on your situation, Angela; you are in my power—remember it, and be wise!

Ang. If you have a generous mind, that will be my surest safeguard. Be it my plea, Osmond, when thus I sue to you for mercy, for protection! look on me with pity, Osmond! 'Tis the daughter of the man you loved, 'tis a

creature, friendless, wretched, and forlorn, who kneels before you, who flies to you for refuge!—True, I am in your power; then save me, respect me, treat me not cruelly; for—I am in your power!

Osm. I will hear no more. Will you accept my offer?

Ang. Osmond, I conjure you—

Osm. Answer my question!

Ang. Mercy! Mercy!

Osm. Will you be mine?—Speak! Speak!

Ang. [*After a moment's pause, rises, and pronounces with firmness.*] Never, so help me Heaven!

Osm. [*Seizing her.*] Your fate then is decided!

[*Angela shrieks.*]

Per. [*In a hollow voice.*]—Hold!

Osm. [*Starts, but still grasps Angela's arm.*] Ha! what was that?

Ang. [*Struggling to escape.*] Heard you not a voice?

Osm. [*Gazing upon Percy.*] It came from hence—From Reginald!—Was it not a delusion? Did indeed his spirit—[*Relapsing into his former passion.*] Well be it so! though his ghost should rush between us, thus would I clasp her! What sight is this! [*At the moment that he again seizes Angela, Percy extends his truncheon with a menacing gesture, and descends from the pedestal. Osmond releases Angela, who immediately rushes from the chamber R. D., while Percy advances a few steps and remains gazing on the Earl steadfastly.*] I know that shield!—that helmet!—Speak to me, dreadful vision! Tax me with my crimes! Tell me, that you come—Stay! Speak! [*Following Percy, who, when he reaches the door, through which Angela escaped, turns, and signs to him with his hand.—Osmond starts back in terror.*] He forbids my following! He leaves me! The door closes—[*In a sudden burst of passion, and drawing his sword.*] Hell, and fiends! I'll follow him, though lightnings blast me!

[*He rushes distractedly from the chamber, R. D.*]

SCENE II.—*The Castle Hall.*

Enter ALICE, (R.)

Alice. Here's rudeness! here's ill-breeding! On my conscience, this house grows worse and worse every day!

Enter MOTLEY, (L.)

Mot. (L.) What can he have done with himself? How now, dame Alice, what has happened to you? You look angry.

Alice. (R.) By my troth, fool, I've little reason to look pleased. To be frightened out of my wits by night, and thumped and bumped about by day, is not likely to put one in the best humour.

Mot. Poor soul! And who has been thumping and bumping you?

Alice. Who has? You should rather ask who has not—Why only hear: As I was just now going along the narrow passage which leads to the armoury—singing to myself, and thinking of nothing—I met lady Angela flying away, as if for dear life! So I dropped her a courtesy, but might as well have spared my pains. Without minding me any more than if I had been a dog or a cat, she pushed me on one side; and before I could recover my balance, somebody else, who came bouncing by me, gave me t'other thump—and there I lay sprawling upon the floor. However, I tumbled with all possible decency.

Mot. Somebody else! What, somebody else?

Alice. I know not—but he seemed to be in armour.

Mot. In armour? Pray, Alice, looked he like a ghost?

Alice. What he looked like, I cannot say; but I'm sure he didn't feel like one: however, you've not heard the worst. While I was sprawling upon the ground, my lord comes tearing along the passage; the first thing he did was to stumble against me—away went his heels—over he came—and, in the twinkling of an eye, there lay his lordship! As soon as he got up again—Mercy! how he stormed!—He snatched me up—called me an ugly old witch—shook the breath out of my body—then clapped me on the ground again, and bounced away after the other two!

Mot. My mind misgives me! But what can this mean, Alice?

Alice. The meaning I neither know, or care about; but this I know—I'll stay no longer in a house where I'm treated so disrespectfully. "My lady!" says I, "Out of my way!" says she, and pushes me on one side. "My lord!" says I, "You be damn'd," says he, and pushes me on t'other!—I protest I never was so ill used, even when I was a young woman! [Exit, L.]

Mot. Should earl Percy be discovered—the very thought gives me a crick in my neck! At any rate I had better inquire whether— [Going, R.]

Enter FATHER PHILIP, hastily, R.

F. Phil. (R.) [Stopping him.] Get out of the house!—That's your way!

Mot. (L.) Why, what's the meaning—

F. Phil. Don't stand prating here, but do as I bid you!

Mot. But first tell me—

F. Phil. I can only tell you to get out of the house.—Kenric has discovered earl Percy. You are known to have introduced him—the Africans are in search of you: If you are found, you will be hung out of hand. Fly then to Edric's cottage—hide yourself there! Hark!—Some one comes! Away! away! ere it is too late!—

[*Pushing him out.*

Mot. [*Confused.*] But earl Percy—but Angela—

F. Phil. Leave them to me! You shall hear from me soon. Only take care of yourself, and fly with all diligence! Away!

[*Exit Motley, L.*

So, so, he's off, and now I've time to take breath. I've not moved so nimbly for the last twenty years; and, in truth, I'm at present but ill calculated for velocity of motion. However, my exertions have not been thrown away: I've saved this poor knave from Osmond's vengeance; and should my plan for the lady's release succeed—poor little soul! To see how she took on, when Percy was torn from her! Well, well, she shall be rescued from her tyrant. The movable panels—the subterraneous passages—the secret springs, well known to me—Oh! I cannot fail of success; but, in order to secure it, I'll finally arrange my ideas in the buttery. Whenever I've any great design in hand, I always ask advice of a flagon of ale, and mature my plan over a cold venison-pasty. [*Exit, R.*

SCENE III.—*A spacious Chamber; on one side is a Couch; the other a Table, which is placed under an arched and lofty Window R. in flat.*

Enter OSMOND, M. D. followed by SAIB, HASSAN, MULEY, and ALARIC, who conduct PERCY, disarmed.

Osm. This, sir, is your prison: but, doubtless, your confinement will not continue long. The moment which gives me Angela's hand, shall restore you to liberty; and till that moment arrives, farewell.

Per. Stay, sir, and hear me! By what authority presume you to call me captive? Have you forgotten that you speak to Northumberland's earl?

Osm. Well may I forget him, who could so far forge himself. Was it worthy of Northumberland's earl to steal

disguised into my castle, and plot with my servant to rob me of my most precious treasure?

Per. Mine was that treasure; you deprived me of it basely, and I was justified in striving to regain my own.

Osm. Earl, nothing can justify unworthy means. If you were wronged, why sought you not your right with your sword's point? I then should have esteemed you a noble foe, and as such would have treated you: but you have stooped to paltry artifice, and attacked me like some midnight ruffian, privately, and in disguise. By this I am authorized to forget your station, and make your penance as degrading as your offence was base.

Per. If such are indeed your sentiments, prove them now. Restore my sword, unsheath your own, and be Angela, the conqueror's reward!

Osm. No, earl Percy! I am not so rash a gamester as to suffer that cast to be recalled, by which the stake is mine already. Angela is in my power.

Per. Insulting coward.

Osm. Be calm, earl Percy! You forget yourself. That I am no coward, my sword has proved in the fields of Scotland. My sword shall again prove it, if, when you are restored to liberty, you still question the courage of my heart! Angela once mine, repeat your defiance, nor doubt my answering.

Per. Angela thine? That she shall never be. There are angels above who favour virtue, and the hour of retribution must one day arrive.

[*Throws himself upon the couch.*]

Osm. But long ere the arrival of that hour, shall Angela have been my bride, and now farewell lord Percy.—Muley, and Saib!

Both. My lord?

Osm. To your charge I commit the earl; quit not this apartment, nor suffer him for one moment from your sight.

Saib and Muley. My lord, we shall obey you.

[*Osmond goes off, attended by Hassan and Alaric, M. D.*]

Saib. Look, Muley, how bitterly he frowns!

Muley. Now he starts from the sofa! 'Faith, he's in a monstrous fury!

Saib. That may be. When you mean to take in other people, it certainly is provoking to be taken in yourself.

Per. [*After walking a few turns with a disordered air, suddenly stops.*] He is gone to Angela! Gone perhaps,

to renew that outrage whose completion my presence alone prevented!

Muley. Now he's in a deep study: marry, if he studies himself out of this tower, he's a cleverer fellow than I take him for.

Per. Were I not Osmond's captive, all might yet be well. Summoning my vassals, who by this time must be near at hand, forcing the castle, and tearing Angela from the arms of her tyrant. Alas! my captivity has rendered this plan impracticable! And are there then no hopes of liberty?

Saib. He fixes his eyes on us.

Per. Might not these fellows—I can but try it. Now stand my friend, thou master-key to human hearts! Aid me, thou potent devil, gold!—Hear me my worthy friends. Come nearer!—My good fellows, you are charged with a disagreeable office, and to obey a tyrant's mandates cannot be pleasant to you: there is something in your looks which has prejudiced me too much in your favour to believe it possible.

Saib. Nay, there certainly is something in our appearance highly prepossessing.

Muley. And I know that you must admire the delicacy of our complexions!

Per. The tincture of your skin, my good fellow, is of little consequence: many a worthy heart beats within a dusky bosom, and I am convinced that such a heart inhabits yours; for your looks tell me that you feel for, and are anxious to relieve my sufferings. See you this purse, my friends?

Muley. It's too far off, and I am short-sighted. If you'll put it a little nearer—

Per. Restore me to liberty!—and not this purse alone, but ten times its value shall be yours.

Saib. To liberty?

Muley. That purse?

Saib. Muley!

Muley. Saib!

Per. You well know, that my wealth and power are equal, not to say superior, to earl Osmond's; release me from my dungeon, and share that power and wealth!

Muley. In truth, my lord, your offers are so generous, and that purse is so tempting—Saib, what say you?

[*Winking to him.*]

Saib. The earl speaks so well, and promises so largely, that I own I'm strangely tempted.

Muley. Look you, Saib; will you stand by me?

Saib. [*After a moment's thought.*] I will!

Muley. There's my hand then! My lord, we are your servants!

Per. You agree then to release me?

Muley. 'Tis impossible to do otherwise; for I feel that pity, generosity, and every moral feeling, command me to trouble your lordship for that purse.

Per. There it is. And now unlock the door.

Muley. [*Chinking the purse.*] Here it is! And now I'm obliged to you. As for your promises, my lord, pray don't trouble yourself to remember them, as I sha'n't trouble myself to remember mine.

Per. [*Starting.*] Ha! what mean you?

Saib. [*Firmly.*] Earl, that we are faithful!

Per. What! will you not keep your word?

Muley. In good troth, no; we mean to keep nothing—except the purse.

Per. Confusion! To be made the jest of such rascals.

Saib. Earl Percy, we are none, but we should have been, could your gold have bribed us to betray our master. We have but done our duty—you have but gained your just reward; for they who seek to deceive others should ever be deceived themselves.

Per. Silence, fellow!—Leave me to my thoughts!

[*Throwing himself passionately upon the couch.*]

Muley. Oh! with all our hearts. We ask no better.

Saib. Muley, we share that purse?

Muley. Undoubtedly. Sit down and examine its contents.—

[*They seat themselves on the floor in the front of the stage.*]

Per. How unfortunate, that the only merit of these villains should be fidelity!—

[*Chorus of voices, Singing without, behind window.*]

“Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!”

Muley. Hark!—What's that?

Saib. I'll see. [*Mounting upon the table.*] This window is so high—

Muley. Here, here! Take this chair.—

[*Saib places the chair upon the table, and thus lifts himself to a level with the window, which he opens.*]

SONG AND CHORUS.

Mot. [*Singing without.*] Sleep you or wake you, lady bright?

Chorus. [*Without.*] Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Mot. Now is the fittest time for flight.

Chorus. Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Mot. Know from your tyrant father's power,
Beneath the window of your tower

A boat now waits to set you free;

Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Chorus. Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Per. [*Who has half-raised himself from the couch during the last part of the song, and listened attentively.*]—Surely, I know that voice!

Muley. Now, what's the matter?

Saib. A boat lies at the foot of the tower, and the fishermen and their wives sing while they draw their nets.

Per. I could not be mistaken; it was Gilbert.

SECOND STANZA.

Mot. Though deep the stream, though high the wall,

Chorus. Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Mot. The danger trust me, love, is small;

Chorus. Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Mot. To spring below then never dread;

My arms to catch you shall be spread;

And far from hence you soon shall be,

Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Chorus.—Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Per. I understand him.

Muley. Prithee, come down, Saib; I long to divide the purse—

Saib. Stay a moment; [*Shutting the window and descending.*] Here I am, and now for the purse—

[*They resume their seats upon the ground; Saib opens the purse, and begins to reckon the gold.*]

Per. Yes, I must brave the danger—I will feign to sleep; and when my gaolers are off their guard, then aid me, blessed Providence! [*Extending himself upon the couch.*]

Saib. Hold, Muley!—What if, instead of sharing the purse, we throw for its contents? Here are dice.

Muley. With all my heart; and look—to pass our time the better, here's a bottle of the best sack in the earl's cellar.

Saib. Good! Good!—And now, be this angel the stake!
But first, what is our prisoner doing?

Muley. Oh! he sleeps; mind him not. Come, come, throw!

Saib. Here goes—nine!—now to you.

Muley. Nine too!—double the stake.

Saib. Agreed! and the throw is mine. Hark! What noise?

[During this dialogue, Percy has approached the table in silence: at the moment he prepares to mount it, Saib looks round, and Percy hastily throws himself back on the couch.]

Muley. Oh!—nothing, nothing!

Saib. Methought I heard the earl—

Muley. Mere fancy!—you see he is sleeping soundly. Come, come; throw!

Saib. There then—eleven!

Muley. That's bad—huzza!—sixes!

Saib. Plague on your fortune!—come, double or quits!

Muley. Be it so, and I throw—zounds;—only five.

Saib. Then I think this hit must be mine—aces, by heavens!

Muley. Ha! ha!—your health, friend!

Per. *[Who has again reached the table, mounted the chair, and opening the window, now stands at it, and signs to the men below.]* They see me, and extend a cloth beneath the window!—'Tis a fearful height!

Saib. Do you mean to empty the bottle?—Come, come—give it me.

Muley. Take it, blunder-head!— *[Saib drinks.]*

Per. They encourage me to venture!—Now then, or never! *[Aloud.]* Angels of bliss protect me!—

[He throws himself from the window.]

Muley and Saib. *[Starting at the noise.]* Hell and furies!

Saib. *[Dashes down the bottle, and climbs to the window hastily, while Muley remains below in an attitude of surprise.]*
Escaped! Escaped!

Per. Mot. &c. *[Without.]* Huzza! huzza! huzza!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A view of the River Conway, with a Fisherman's Hut, R. S. E.—Sun-set.*

Enter ALLAN and EDRIC, from Hut, R. S. E.

Allan. (L.) Still they come not!—Dear, dear, still they come not!—Ah! these tumults are too much for my old body to bear.

Edr. (R.) Then you should have kept your old body at home. 'Tis a fine thing truly for a man of your age to be galloping about the country after a girl, who, by your own account, is neither your chick nor child!

Allan. Ah! She was more to me! She was my all, Edric, my all!—How could I bear my home when it no longer was the home of Angela?—How could I rest in my cottage at night, when her sweet lips had not kissed me—and murmured, “Father, sleep well!”—She is so good! so gentle!—I was sick once, sick almost to death!—Angela was then my nurse and comforter; she watched me when I slept, and cheered me when I awoke; she rejoiced when I grew better; and when I grew worse, no medicine gave me ease like the tears of pity which fell on my burning cheeks from the eyes of my darling!

Edr. Tears of pity indeed! a little rhubarb would have done you more good by half.—But our people stay a long time; perhaps Motley has been discovered and seized; if so, he will lose his life, the earl his freedom, Angela her lover, and, what's worst of all, I shall lose my boat! I wish I hadn't lent it, for I doubt that Motley's scheme has failed.

Allan. I hope not—oh! I hope not!—Should Percy remain a captive, Angela will be left unprotected in your wicked lord's power—Oh! that will break my poor old wife's heart for certain!

Edr. And if it should break it, a mighty misfortune truly!—Zounds! master Allan, any wife is at best a bad thing; a poor one makes matters yet worse; but when she's old, lord! 'tis the very devil!

Allan. Hark! hark! Do you hear? 'Tis the sound of oars!—They are friends!—Oh! heaven be thanked! the earl is with them.

[*A boat appears, L. U. E. with Percy, Motley, and Soldiers, disguised as Fishermen.—They land.*]

Per. [*Springing on shore.*] Ouce more then I breathe the air of liberty!—Worthy Gilbert, what words can suffice to thank you?

Mot. (R.) None; therefore do not waste your breath in the attempt. You are safe—thanks to St. Peter and the blanket! and your lady's deliverance now demands all your thoughts. Ha! who is that with Edric?

Per. Allan, by all my hopes! Welcome, welcome, good old man? Say, came my vassals with you?

Allan. Three hundred chosen men are within the sound of your bugle. But now, my lord, tell me of Angela: is she well? Did you speak to her? And speaks she sometimes of me?

Per. She is well, my old friend, and I have spoken to her—though but for a moment. But be comforted, good Allan! Should other means fail, I will this very night attack the castle, and compel Osmond to resign his prey.

Allan. Heaven grant that you may succeed! Let me but once see Angela your bride!—Let me but once hear her say the sweet words, "Allan, I am happy!" then I and my old wife will seek our graves, lay us down, and die with pleasure!

Mot. Die with pleasure, you silly old man! you shall do nothing so ridiculous.—You shall live a great many years; and instead of lying down in your grave, we'll tuck you up warm with your old wife in the best down bed of Aluwic. But now let us talk of our affairs, which, if I mistake not, are in the high road to success.

Per. How? Has any intelligence reached you of your ally, the friar?

Mot. You have guessed it. As it passed beneath his window, the pious porpus contrived to drop this letter into the boat. Its contents must needs be of consequence; for I assure you it comes from one of the greatest men in England. Pray examine it, my lord! I never can read when the wind's easterly. [*Motley gives Percy the Letter, who reads to himself.*] Well sir, what says the letter?

Per. Listen.—[*Reads.*] "*I have recognised you in spite of your disguise, and seized the opportunity to advise your exerting yourself solely to obtain earl Percy's liberty. Heed not Angela: I have sure and easy means for procuring her escape; and before the clock strikes two, you may expect me with her at the fisherman's hut. Farewell, and rely upon father Philip!*"—Now, Gilbert, what say you? May the monk's fidelity be trusted?

Mot. His fidelity may undoubtedly ; but whether his success will equal his good intentions, is a point which time alone can decide. Should it not—

Per. Then with my faithful vassals will I storm the castle to-morrow. But where are my followers ?

Allan. Fearing lest their numbers should excite suspicion, I left them concealed in yonder wood.

Per. Guide me to them.—Edric, for this night I must request the shelter of your hut.

Edr. Willingly, my lord. But my cottage is so humble, your treatment so wretched—

Per. Silence, my good fellow ! The hut where good will resides is to me more welcome than a palace, and no food can be so sweet as that which is seasoned with smiles. You give me your best ; a monarch could give no more, and it happens not often that men ever give so much. Now farewell for an hour !—~~Allan, lead on !~~

[*Exeunt Percy, Allan, &c. L.*

Mot. And in the mean while, friend Edric, I'll lend you a hand in preparing supper.

Edr. Truly the task won't give you much trouble, for times have gone hard with me of late. Our present lord sees no company, gives no entertainments, and thus I sell no fish. Things went better while earl Reginald lived.

Mot. What ! you remember him ?

Edr. Never shall I forget him, or his sweet lady. Why, I verily believe they possessed all the cardinal virtues !—So pious, so generous, so mild ! so kind to the poor—and so fond of fish !

Mot. Fond of fish !—One of the cardinal virtues, of which I never heard before !

Edr. But these thoughts make me sad. Come, master Motley ; your lord's supper still swims in the river :—if you'll help to catch it, why do so, and thank you heartily. Can you fish ?

Mot. Can I ? Who in this world cannot ?—I'll assure you, friend Edric, there is no profession more universal than yours ; we all spread our nets to catch something or other ; and happy are they, in this world of disappointments, who throw out no nets save fishing ones !

[*Retires up the stage, as if going to the boat.*

SCENE II.—*The Castle-Hall.**Enter* KENRIC, L.

Ken. Yonder he stalks, and seems buried in himself!—Now then to attack him while my late service is still fresh upon his memory. Should he reject my petition positively, he shall have good cause to repent his ingratitude. Percy is in the neighbourhood; and that secret, known only to myself, will surely—But, silence!—Look where he comes!
[*Exit*, L.]

Enter OSMOND, R.

Osm. It shall not be! Away with these foreboding terrors, which weigh down my heart!—I will forget the past, I will enjoy the present, and make those raptures again mine, which—Ah! no, no, no!—Conscience, that serpent, winds her folds round the cup of my bliss, and, ere my lips can reach it, her venom is mingled with the draught. And see where he walks, the chief object of my fears!—He advances!

Re-enter KENRIC, L.

Ken. So melancholy, my lord?

Osm. Ay, Kenric, and must be so till Angela is mine. Know that even now she extorted from me a promise, that, till to-morrow, I would leave her unmolested.

Ken. But till to-morrow.

Osm. But till to-morrow?—Oh! in that little space a lover's eye views myriads of dangers! Yet think not, good Kenric, that your late services are undervalued by me, or that I have forgotten those for which I have been long your debtor. When, bewildered by hatred of Reginald, and grief for Evelina's loss, my dagger was placed on the throat of their infant, your hand arrested the blow—Judge then how grateful I must feel, when I behold in Angela her mother's living counterpart.—Worthy Kenric, how can I repay your services?

Ken. These you may easily.—Let me then claim that independence so long promised, and seek for peace in some other climate, since memory forbids me to taste it in this.

Osm. Kenric, ere named, your wish was granted. In a far distant country a retreat is already prepared for you: there may you hush those clamours of conscience, which must reach me, I fear, e'en in the arms of Angela. Are you contented?

Ken. [*Affected.*] My lord!—Gratitude—Amazement—and I doubted—I suspected—Oh! my good lord, how have I wronged your kindness!

Osm. No more—I must not hear you!—[*Aside.*] Shame! shame! that ever my soul should stoop to dissembling with my slave! [*Crosses to L.*]

SAIB enters, L. and advances with apprehension.

Osm. How now?—Why this confusion?—Why do you tremble?—Speak!

Saib. My lord!—The prisoner—

Osm. The prisoner?—Go on! go on!

Saib. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, pardon! Our prisoner has escaped!

Osm. Villain! [*Wild with rage he draws his dagger, and rushes upon Saib—Kenric holds his arm.*]

Ken. Hold! hold!—What would you do?

Osm. [*Struggling.*] Unhand me, or by heaven—

Ken. Away! away!—Fly, fellow, and save yourself! [*Exit Saib, L. Kenric releasing Osmond.*] Consider, my lord—Haply 'twas not by his keeper's fault that—

Osm. [*Furiously.*] What is't to me by whose? Is not my rival fled? Soon will Northumberland's guards encircle my walls, and force from me—Yet that by heaven they shall not! No! Rather than resign her, my own hand shall give this castle a prey to flames; then, plunging with Angela into the blazing gulf, I'll leave these ruins to tell posterity how desperate was my love, and how dreadful my revenge! [*Going, he stops, and turns to Kenric.*] And you, who dared to rush between me and my resentment—you, who could so well succeed in saving others—now look to yourself! [*Exit, R.*]

Ken. Ha! that look—that threat. Yet he seemed so kind, so grateful! He smiled too! Oh! there is ever danger when a villain smiles.

SAIB enters softly, L. looking round him with caution.

Saib. [*In a low voice.*] Hist! Kenric!

Ken. (R.) How now? What brings—

Saib. (L.) Silence, and hear me! You have saved my life; nor will I be ungrateful. Look at this phial!

Ken. Ha! did the earl—

Saib. Even so: a few drops of this liquor should to-night have flavoured your wine—you would never have drank again! Mark me then—When I offer you a goblet

at supper, drop it as by accident. For this night I give you life: use it to quit the castle; for no longer than till tomorrow dare I disobey our lord's commands. Farewell, and fly from Conway—You bear with you my thanks.

[*Exit, L.*

Ken. Can it be possible? Is not all this a dream? Villain! villain! Yes, yes, I must away! But tremble, traitor! A bolt, of which you little think, hangs over, and shall crush you! The keys are still in my possession; Angela shall be the partner of my flight. My prisoner too—Yet hold! May not resentment—may not Reginald's sixteen years' captivity—Oh no! Angela shall be my advocate; and, grateful for her own, for her parent's life preserved, she can, she will obtain my pardon. Yet, should she fail, at least I shall drag down Osmond in my fall, and sweeten death's bitter cup with vengeance.

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE III.—*The Cedar-room, with Folding-doors in the middle, and a large antique Bed; on one side is a Portrait of a Lady, on the other that of a Warrior armed. Both are at full length. After a pause the Female Portrait falls back, and FATHER PHILIP, after looking in, advances cautiously.*

F. Phil. [*Closing the panel in Flat, R.*] Thus far I have proceeded without danger, though not without difficulty. Yon narrow passage is by no means calculated for persons of my habit of body. But by my holydame, I begin to suspect that the fool is in the right! I certainly am growing corpulent. And now, how shall I employ myself? Sinner that I am, why did I forget my bottle of sack? The time will pass tediously till Angela comes. And to complete the business, yonder is the haunted oratory. What if the ghost should pop out on me? Blessed St. Bridget, there would be a tête-à-tête! Yet this is a foolish fear: 'tis yet scarce eight o'clock, and your ghosts always keep late hours; yet I don't like the idea of our being such near neighbours. If Alice says true, the apparition just now lives next door to me; but the lord forbid that we should ever be visiting acquaintance!

Osm. [*Without, L. D.*] What, Alice! Alice! I say!

F. Phil. By St. David, 'tis the earl! I'll away as fast as I can. [*Trying to open the R. door.*] I can't find the spring. Lord forgive me my sins; Where can I hide my-

self? Ha! the bed! 'Tis the very thing. [*Throws himself into the bed, L. U. E. and conceals himself under the clothes.*] Heaven grant that it mayn't break down with me! for, oh! what a fall would be there, my countrymen! They come!
[*The L. door is unlocked.*]

Enter OSMOND, ANGELA, and ALICE, L. D.

Osm. [*Entering.*] You have heard my will, lady. Till your hand is mine, you quit not this chamber.

Ang. If then it must be so, welcome my eternal prison! Yet eternal it shall not be. My hero, my guardian-angel is at liberty. Soon shall his horn make these hateful towers tremble, and your fetters be exchanged for the arms of Percy.

Osm. Beware, beware, Angela! Dare not before me—

Ang. Before you! Before the world! Is my attachment a disgrace? No! 'tis my pride; for it's object is deserving. Long ere I knew him, Percy's fame was dear to me. While I still believed him the peasant Edwy, often, in his hearing, have I dwelt upon Northumberland's praise, and chid him that he spoke of our lord so coldly! Judge then, earl Osmond, on my arrival here, how strongly I must have felt the contrast! What peasant names you his benefactor? What beggar has been comforted by your bounty? what sick man preserved by your care? Your breast is unmoved by woe, your ear is deaf to complaint, your doors are barred against the poor and wretched. Not so are the gates of Alnwick Castle; they are open as their owner's heart.

Osm. Insulting girl!—This to my face?

Ang. Nay, never bend your brows! Shall I tremble, because you frown? Shall my eye sink, because anger flashes from yours?—No! that would ill become the bride of Northumberland.
[*Crosses, L.*]

Osm. Amazement!—Can this be the gentle, timid Angela?

Ang. Wonder you that the worm should turn when you trample it so cruelly? Oh! wonder no more; ere he was torn from me, I clasped Percy to my breast, and my heart caught a spark of that fire which flames in his unceasingly!

Alice. Caught fire, lady!

Osm. Silence, old crone!—I have heard you calmly, Angela; now then hear me. Twelve hours shall be allowed you to reflect upon your situation; till that period

is elapsed, this chamber shall be your prison, and Alice, on whose fidelity I can depend, your sole attendant. This term expired, should you still reject my hand, force shall obtain for me what love denies. [*Crosses, L.*] Speak not: I will hear nothing! I swear that to-morrow sees you mine, or undone! and, skies, rain curses on me if I keep not my oath! Mark that, proud girl! mark it, and tremble!

[*Exit, L.*]

Ang. Tremble, did he say? Alas! how quickly is my boasted courage vanished! Yet I will not despair; there is a power in heaven, there is a Percy on earth; on them will I rely to save me.

Alice. The first may, lady; but as to the second, he'll be of no use, depend on't. Now might I advise, you'd accept my lord's offer: what matters it whether the man's name be Osmond or Percy? An earl's an earl after all; and though one may be something richer than t'other—

Ang. Oh! silence, Alice!—nor aid my tyrant's designs: rather instruct me how to counteract them;—you have influence in the castle; assist me to escape.

Alice. I help you to escape! Not for the best gown in your ladyship's wardrobe! I tremble at the very idea of my lord's rage; and, besides, had I the will, I've not the power. Kenric keeps the keys; we could not possibly quit the castle without his knowledge; and if the earl threatens to use force with you—Oh gemini! what would he use with me, lady?

Ang. Threatens, Alice! I despise his threats! Ere it pillows Osmond's head, will I plunge this poniard in my bosom.

Alice. Holy fathers!—a dagger!

Ang. Even now, as I wandered through the armoury, my eye was attracted by its glittering handle. Look, Alice! it bears Osmond's name; and the point—

Alice. Is rusty with blood! Take it away, lady! take it away! I never see blood without fainting!

Ang. [*Putting up the dagger.*] This weapon may render me good service. But, ah! what service has it rendered Osmond? Haply 'twas this very poniard which drank his brother's blood—or which pierced the fair breast of Evelina! Said you not, Alice, that this was her portrait?

Alice. I did, lady; and the likeness was counted excellent.

Ang. How fair! how heavenly!

Alice. [*Having locked the folding-doors.*] Ah! 'twas a

sad day for me, when I heard of the dear lady's loss! look at the bed, lady:—that very bed was hers. How often have I seen her sleeping in that bed! And, oh! how like an angel she looked when sleeping! I remember, that just after Earl Reginald—Oh! Lord! didn't somebody shake the curtain?

Ang. Absurd! It was the wind.

Alice. I declare it made me tremble!—Well, as I was saying, I remember, just after Earl Reginald had set out for the Scottish wars, going into her room one morning, and hearing her sob most bitterly.—So advancing to the bed-side, as it might be thus—“My lady,” says I, with a low courtesy, “Isn't your ladyship well?”—So, with that, she raised her head slowly above the quilt, and, giving me a mournful look—[*Here, unseen by Angela, who is contemplating Reginald's portrait, Father Philip lifts up his head, and gives a deep groan.*]

Alice. The devil! the devil!

[*Exit, L. D.*]

Ang. [*Turning round.*] How now? [*Father Philip rising from the bed—it breaks under him, and he rolls at Angela's feet.*] Good heavens! a man concealed! [*Attempting to pass him, he detains her by her robe.*]

F. Phil. Stay, daughter, stay! If you run, I can never overtake you!

Ang. Amazement! Father Philip!

F. Phil. The very same; and at present the best friend that you have in the world. Daughter, I came to save you.

Ang. To save me? Speak! Proceed!

F. Phil. Observe this picture; it conceals a spring, whose secret is unknown to all in the castle except myself. Upon touching it, the panel slides back, and a winding passage opens into the marble hall. Thence we must proceed to the vaulted vestibule: a door is there concealed, similar to this; and, after threading the mazes of a subterranean labyrinth, we shall find ourselves in safety on the outside of the castle walls.

Ang. Oh! worthy, worthy father! Quick, let us hasten! let us not lose one moment!

F. Phil. Hold! hold! Not so fast. You forget that between the hall and vestibule we must traverse many chambers much frequented at this early hour. Wait till the castle's inhabitants are asleep. Expect me, without fail, at one.

Ang. Stay yet one moment. Tell me, does Percy—

F. Phil. I have apprized him, that this night will restore

you to liberty, and he expects you at the fisherman's cottage. Now, then, farewell, fair daughter!

[*Exit F. Phil. through the sliding panel, closing it after him.*]

Ang. Good friar, till one, farewell! This is thy doing, Father of Justice! receive my thanks. Yes, Percy, we shall meet once more—shall meet never again to separate! Those dreams shall be realized—those smiling, golden dreams which floated before us in Allan's happy cottage. I must not expect thee, Friar, before one. Till that hour arrives, will I kneel at the feet of yonder saint, and tell my beads, and pray for morning. [She kneels.]

[*Soft music, as the scene comes down very slowly.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Castle-Hall. The lamps are lighted.*

Enter FATHER PHILIP, R.

F. Phil. 'Tis near midnight, and the earl is already retired to rest. What if I ventured now to the lady's chamber? Hark! I hear the sound of footsteps!

Enter ALICE, L.

F. Phil. (R.) How, Alice, is it you?

Alice. (L.) So, so! have I found you at last, father? I have been in search of you these four hours!—Oh! I've been so frightened since I saw you, that I wonder I keep my senses!

F. Phil. So do I; for I'm sure they're not worth the trouble. And, pray, what has alarmed you thus? I warrant you've taken an old cloak pinned against the wall for a spectre, or discovered the devil in the shape of a tabby-cat.

Alice. [*Looking round in terror.*] For the love of heaven, father, don't name the devil! or, if you must speak of him, pray mention the good gentleman with proper politeness. I'm sure, for my own part, I had always a great respect for him, and if he hears me, I dare say he'll own as much, for he certainly haunts this castle in the form of my late lady.

F. Phil. Form of a fiddle-stick!—Don't tell me of your—

Alice. Father, on the word of a virgin, I saw him this very evening in Lady Angela's bed!

F. Phil. In Lady Angela's? On my conscience, the devil has an excellent taste! But, Alice! Alice! how dare you trot about the house at this time of night, propagating such abominable falsehoods? One comfort is, that nobody will believe you. Lady Angela's virtue is too well known, and I'm persuaded she wouldn't suffer the devil to put a single claw into her bed for the universe.

Alice. How you run on! Lord bless me, she wasn't in bed herself.

F. Phil. Oh! was she not?

Alice. No to be sure: but you shall hear how it happened. We were in the cedar-room together; and while we were talking of this and that, Lady Angela suddenly gave a great scream. I looked round, and what should I see but a tall figure, all in white, extended upon the bed! At the same time I heard a voice, which I knew to be the Countess Evelina's, pronounce in a hollow tone—"Alice! Alice! Alice!" three times. You may be certain that I was frightened enough. I instantly took to my heels; and just as I got with outside of the door, I heard a loud clap of thunder.

F. Phil. Well done, Alice! A very good story, upon my word. It has but one fault—'tis not true.

Alice. Odds my life, father, how can you tell any thing about it? Sure I should know best; for I was there, and you were not. I repeat it—I heard the voice as plain as I hear yours: do you think I've no ears!

F. Phil. Oh! far from it: I think you've uncommonly good ones; for you not only hear what has been said, but what has not. As to this wonderful story of yours, Alice, I don't believe one word of it; I'll be sworn that the voice was no more like your lady's than like mine; and that the devil was no more in the bed than I was. Therefore, take my advice, set your heart at rest, and go quietly to your chamber, as I am now going to mine. Good night. [*Exit, L.*]

Alice. There, he's gone!—Dear heart! dear heart! what shall I do now? 'Tis past twelve o'clock, and stay by myself I dare not, I'll e'en wake the laundry-maid, make her sit up in my room all night; and 'tis hard if two women a'n't a match for the best devil in christendom.

[*Exit, R.*]

Enter SAIB and HASSAN, L.

Saib. The earl then has forgiven me! A moment longer and his pardon would have come too late. Had not Kenric held his hand, by this time I should be at supper with St. Peter.

Has. Your folly well deserved such a reward. Knowing the earl's hasty nature, you should have shunned him till the first storm of passion was past, and circumstances had again made your ministry needful. Anger then would have armed his hand in vain; for interest, the white man's God, would have blunted the point of his dagger.

Saib. I trusted that his gratitude for my past services—

Has. European gratitude? Seek constancy in the winds, fire in ice, darkness in the blaze of sunshine! But seek not gratitude in the breast of an European!

Saib. Then why so attached to Osmond? For what do you value him?

Has. Not for his virtues, but for his vices, Saib; can there for me be a greater cause to love him? Am I not branded with scorn? Am I not marked out for dishonour? Was I not free, and am I not a slave? Was I not once beloved, and am I not now despised? What man, did I tender my service, would accept the negro's friendship? What woman, did I talk of affection, would not turn from the negro with disgust? Yet, in my own dear land, my friendship was courted, my love was returned. I had parents, children, wife! Bitter thought, in one moment all were lost to me! Can I remember this, and not hate these white men? Can I think how cruelly they have wronged me, and not rejoice when I see them suffer? Attached to Osmond, say you?—Saib, I hate him! Yet viewing him as an avenging fiend sent hither to torment his fellows, it glads me that he fills his office so well! Oh! 'tis a thought which I would not barter for empires, to know that in this world he makes others suffer, and will suffer himself for their tortures in the next! [Crosses, R.]

Saib. (L.) Hassan, I will sleep no more in the lion's den. My resolve is taken: I will away from the castle, and seek, in some other service, that security—

Osm. [Within, M. D.] What, ho! help! lights there! lights!

Has. Hark! Surely 'twas the earl!

OSMOND *rushes in wildly* at M. D.

Osm. (C.) Save me! Save me! They are at hand! Oh! let them not enter! [*Sinks into the arms of Saib.*]

Saib. (L.) What can this mean? How violently he trembles?

Has. (R) Speak, my lord! Do you not know us?

Osm. [*Recovering himself.*] Ha! whose voice? Hassan's? And Saib too here? Oh! was it then but a dream? Did I not hear those dreadful, those damning words? Still, still they ring in my ears. Hassan! Hassan! Death must be bliss, in flames or on the rack, compared to what I have this night suffered!

Has. Compose yourself, my lord. Can a mere dream unman you thus?

Osm. A mere dream, say'st thou? Hassan, 'twas a dream of such horror! Did such dreams haunt my bitterest foe, I should wish him no severer punishment. Mark you not how the ague of fear still makes my limbs tremble? Roll not my eyes as if still gazing on the spectre? Are not my lips convulsed, as were they yet pressed by the kiss of corruption? Oh! 'twas a sight that might have bleached joy's rosy cheek for ever, and strewed the snows of age upon youth's auburn ringlets! Hark, fellows! Instruments of my guilt, listen to my punishment! Methought I wandered through the low-browed caverns, where repose the reliques of my ancestors! Suddenly a female form glided along the vault; it was Angela! She smiled upon me, and beckoned me to advance. I flew towards her; my arms were already unclosed to clasp her; when, suddenly, her figure changed, her face grew pale, a stream of blood gushed from her bosom! Hassan, 'twas Evelina!

Saib and Has. Evelina!

Osm. Such as when she sank at my feet expiring, while my hand grasped the dagger still crimsoned with her blood! "We meet again this night!" murmured her hollow voice! "Now rush to my arms—but first see what you have made me! Embrace me, my bridegroom! We must never part again!" While speaking, her form withered away: the flesh fell from her bones; her eyes burst from their sockets; a skeleton, loathsome and meagre, clasped me in her mouldering arms!

Saib. Most horrible!

Osm. And now blue dismal flames gleamed along the walls; the tombs were rent asunder; bands of fierce spec-

tres rushed around me in frantic dance ; furiously they gnashed their teeth, while they gazed upon me, and shrieked in loud yell "Welcome, thou fratricide! Welcome, thou lost for ever!" Horror burst the bands of sleep ; distracted I flew hither : But my feelings—words are too weak, too powerless to express them. [Crosses, L.

Saib. (c.) My lord ! my lord ! this was no idle dream ! it was a celestial warning ; 'twas your better angel that whispered, "Osmond, repent your former crimes ! Commit not new ones !" Remember, that this night should Kenric—

Osm. Kenric? Oh ! speak ! Drank he the poison ?

Saib. Obedient to your orders, I presented it at supper ; but ere the cup reached his lips, his favourite dog sprang upon his arm, and the liquor fell to the ground untasted:

Osm. Praised be heaven ! Then my soul is lighter by a crime ! Kenric shall live, good Saib. What though he quit me, and betray my secrets ? Proofs he cannot bring against me, and bare assertions will not be believed. At worst, should his tale be credited, long ere Percy can wrest her from me, shall Angela be mine. [Crosses, c.] Hassan, to your vigilance I leave the care of my beloved. Fly to me that instant, should any unbidden footstep approach yon chamber-door. I'll to my couch again. Follow me, Saib, and watch me while I sleep. Then, if you see my limbs convulsed, my teeth clenched, my hair bristling, and cold dews trembling on my brow, seize me—rouse me—snatch me from my bed ! I must not dream again. Oh ! how I hate thee, sleep ! Friend of virtue, oh ! how I hate thy coming ! [Exit with Saib, through M. D.

Has. Yes, thou art sweet, vengeance ! Oh ! how it joys me when the white man suffers ! Yet weak are his pangs, compared to those I felt when torn from thy shores, oh, native Africa ! from thy bosom, my faithful Samba !—Oh ! when I forget my wrongs, may I forget myself ! When I forbear to hate these Christians, God of my fathers, may'st thou hate me !—Ha ! Whence that light ? A man moves this way with a lamp ! How cautiously he steals along ! He must be watched. This friendly column will shield me from his regards. Silence ! He comes.

[Retires, L. S. E.

Enter KENRIC, softly, with a lamp, R.

Ken. All is hushed ! the castle seems buried in sleep. Now then to Angela ! [Exit, L.

Has. [Advancing.]—It was Kenric !—Still he moves

onwards—Now he stops—'Tis at the door of Angela's chamber!—He unlocks it!—He enters!—Away then to the earl: Christian, soon shall we meet again!

[*Exit, M. D.*]

SCENE II.—*Angela's Apartment.*

ANGELA stands by the window, which is open, and through which the moon is seen.

Ang. Will it never arrive, this tedious lingering hour? Sure an age must have elapsed since the friar left me, and still the bell strikes not one! Hark! Surely I heard—some one unlocks the door!—Oh! should it be the earl! should he not retire ere the monk arrives!—The door opens—How!—Kenric here!—Speak—what would you?

Enter KENRIC, L. door.

Ken. Softly, lady!—If overheard, I am lost—and your fate is connected with mine—[*Placing his lamp on the table.*]

Ang. What means this mystery?—'This midnight visit—

Ken. Is the visit of a friend, of a penitent!—Lady, I must away from the castle: the keys are in my possession: I will make you the companion of my flight, and deliver you safe into the hands of Percy.—But, ere we depart—[*Kneeling.*—Oh! tell me, lady, will you plead for me with one, who to me alone owes sixteen years of hard captivity?

Ang. Rise, Kenric: I understand you not. Of what captive do you speak!

Ken. Of one, who by me has been most injured, who to you will be most dear. Listen, lady, to my strange narration. I was brought up with Osmond, was the partner of his pleasures, the confidant of his cares. The latter sprung solely from his elder brother, whose birth-right he coveted, whose superiority he envied. Yet his aversion burst not forth, till Evelina Neville, rejecting his hand, bestowed hers with her heart on Reginald. Then did Osmond's passion overleap all bounds. He resolved to assassinate his brother when returning from the Scottish wars, carry off the lady, and make himself master of her person by force. This scheme he imparted to me: he flattered, threatened, promised, and I yielded to his seduction!

Ang. Wretched man!

Ken. Condemn me not unheard. 'Tis true, that I followed Osmond to the scene of slaughter, but no blood

that day imbrued my hand. It was the earl whose sword struck Reginald to the ground; it was the earl whose dagger was raised to complete his crime, when Evelina threw herself upon her husband's body, and received the weapon in her own.

Ang. Dreadful! dreadful!

Ken. His hopes disappointed by this accident, Osmond's wrath became madness. He gave the word for slaughter, and Reginald's few attendants were butchered on the spot. Scarce could my prayers and arguments save from his wrath his infant niece, whose throat was already gored by his poniard. Angela, yours still wears that mark.

Ang. Mine?—Almighty powers!

Ken. Lady, 'tis true. I concealed in Allan's cottage the heiress of Conway: there were you doomed to languish in obscurity, till, alarmed by the report of his spies that Percy loved you, he caused me to reclaim you from Allan, and resolved, by making you his wife, to give himself a lawful claim to these possessions.

Ang. The monster! Oh! good, good Kenric! and you knelt to me for pardon? You to whom I owe my life! You to whom—

Ken. Hold! oh, hold!—lady, how little do I deserve your thanks!—Oh! listen! listen!—I was the last to quit the bloody spot: sadly was I retiring, when a faint groan struck my ear. I sprang from my horse; I placed my hand on Reginald's heart; it beat beneath the pressure!

[*Here Osmond appears at the door, motions to Saib to retire, L. and advances himself unobserved.*]

Ang. It beat! it beat! Cruel, and your dagger—

Ken. Oh! that would have been mercy. No, lady; it struck me, how strong would be my hold over Osmond, while his brother was in my power; and this reflection determined me to preserve him. Having plunged the other bodies in the Conway's flood, I placed the bleeding earl's on my horse before me, and conveyed him still insensible to a retreat, to all except myself a secret. There I tended his wounds carefully, and succeeded in preserving his life.—Lady, Reginald still exists.

[*Here Osmond, with a furious look, draws his dagger, and motions to stab Kenric. A moment's reflection makes him stay his hand, and he returns the weapon into the sheath.*]

Ang. Still exists, say you? My father still exists?

Ken. He does, if a life so wretched can be termed exist-

ence. While his swoon lasted, I chained him to his dungeon wall; and no sooner were his wounds healed, than I entered his prison no more. Lady, near sixteen years have passed, since the human voice struck the ear of Reginald!

Ang. Alas! alas!

Ken. But the hour of his release draws near: I discovered this night that Osmond seek's my life, and resolved to throw myself on your mercy. Then tell me, lady, will you plead for me with your father? Think you, he can forgive the author of his sufferings?

Ang. Kenric, you have been guilty—cruel: but restore to me my father, aid us to escape, and all shall be forgiven, all forgot.

Ken. Then follow me in silence; I will guide you to Reginald's dungeon: this key unlocks the castle gates; and ere the cock crows, safe in the arms of Percy—[*Here his eye falls upon Osmond, who has advanced between him and Angela. She shrieks and sinks into a chair.*] Horror!—The earl!—Undone for ever!

Osm. Miscreant!—Within there!

Enter SAIB, HASSAN, and MULEY, L. S. E.

Osm. Hence with that traitor! confine him in the western tower!

Ang. [*Starting wildly from her seat.*] Yet speak once more, Kenric; Where is my father? What place conceals him?

Osm. Let him not speak! Away with him!

[*Kenric is forced off by the Africans, L. D.*

Osm. [*Paces the stage with a furious air, while Angela eyes him with terror: at length he stops, and addresses her.*] Nay, stifle not your curses! Why should your lips be silent when your eye speaks? Is there not written on every feature "Vengeance on the assassin! Justice on my mother's murderer?"—But mark me, Angela! Compared to that which soon must be thine, these titles are sweet and lovely. Know'st thou the word parricide, Angela? Know'st thou their pangs who shed the blood of a parent?—Those pangs must be thine to-morrow. This long-concealed captive, this new-found father—

Ang. Your brother, Osmond? your brother?—Surely you cannot, will not—

Osm. Still doubt you, that I both can, and will?—Remember Kenric's tale! Remember, though the first blow failed, the second will strike deeper!—But from

whom must Reginald receive that second? Not from his rival brother? not from his inveterate foe!—from his daughter, his unfeeling daughter! 'Tis she, who, refusing me her hand, will place a dagger in mine; 'tis she, whose voice declaring that she hates me, will bid me plunge that dagger in her father's heart!

Ang. Man! man! drive me not mad!

Osm. Then fancy that he lies in some damp solitary dungeon, writhing in death's agonies, his limbs distorted, his eyestrings breaking, his soul burthened with crimes, his last words curses on his unnatural child, who could have saved him, but would not!

Ang. Horrible! horrible!

Osm. Must Reginald die, or will Angela be mine?

Ang. Thine?—She will perish first!

Osm. You have pronounced his sentence, and his blood be on your head!—Farewell!

Ang. [*Detaining him, and throwing herself on her knees.*] Hold! hold! Look with pity on a creature whom your cruelty has bowed to the earth, whose heart you have almost broken, whose brain you have almost turned!—Mercy, Osmond! Oh! mercy! mercy!

Osm. Lovely, lovely suppliant! Why owe to cold consent what force may this instant give me?—It shall be so, and thus—[*Attempting to clasp her in his arms, she starts from the ground suddenly, and draws her dagger with a distracted look.*]

Ang. Away! approach me not! dare not to touch me, or this poniard—

Osm. Foolish girl! let me but say the word, and thou art disarmed that moment. [*Attempting to seize it, his eyes rest upon the hilt, and he starts back with horror.*] By hell, the very poniard which—

Ang. [*In an exulting tone.*] Ha! hast thou found me, villain?—Villain, dost thou know this weapon? Know'st thou whose blood incrusts the point? Murderer, it flowed from the bosom of my mother!

Osm. Within there! help!—[*Hassan and Alaric enter.*] Oh! God in heaven! [*He falls senseless into their arms, and they convey him from the chamber, the door is locked after them.*]

Ang. He faints!—Long may the villain wear thy chains, oblivion!—Long be it ere he wakes to commit new crimes!—[*She remains for some moments prostrate on the ground in silent sorrow. The castle bell strikes "one!" She rises.*]

Hark! the bell! 'Tis the time which the monk appointed. He will not tarry. Ha! what was that? Methought the sound of music floated by me! It seemed as if some one had struck the guitar!—I must have been deceived; it was but fancy. [*A plaintive voice sings within, accompanied by a guitar.*]

“Lullaby!—Lullaby!—Hush thee, my dear,
Thy father is coming, and soon will be here!”

Ang. Heavens! The very words which Alice—The door too! It moves! It opens! Guard me, good angels!

[*The folding-doors unclose, and the oratory is seen illuminated. In its centre stands a tall female figure, her white and flowing garments spotted with blood; her veil is thrown back, and discovers a pale and melancholy countenance: her eyes are lifted upwards, her arms extended towards heaven, and a large wound appears upon her bosom. Angela sinks upon her knees, with her eyes rivetted upon the figure, which for some moments remain motionless. At length the spectre advances slowly to a soft and plaintive strain: she stops opposite to Reginald's picture, and gazes upon it in silence. She then turns, approaches Angela, seems to invoke a blessing upon her, points to the picture, and retires to the oratory. The music ceases. Angela rises with a wild look, and follows the vision, extending her arms towards it. The spectre waves her hand, as bidding her farewell. Instantly the organ's swell is heard; a full chorus of female voices chant “Jubilate!” A blaze of light flashes through the oratory, and the folding-doors close with a loud noise. Angela falls motionless on the floor.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A view of Conway Castle, by Moonlight.*
[*Stage rather dark.*]

Enter ALLAN and MOTLEY, L.

Allan. (R.) But should the friar's plot have failed—

Mot. (L.) Failed, and a priest and a petticoat concerned in it—oh no, a plot composed of such good ingredients cannot but succeed. Ugh! would I were again seated by the fisher's hearth: the wind blows cruel sharp and bitter

Allan. For shame, Gilbert; is not my lord equally exposed to its severity.

Mot. Oh, the flame in his bosom keeps him warm, and in a cold night love wraps one up better than a blanket; but that not being my situation, the present object of my desires is a blazing wood fire, and Venus would look to me less lovely than a smoking sack posset. Oh! when I was in love, I managed matters much better; I always paid my addresses by the fire-side, and contrived to urge my soft suit just at dinner-time—then how I filled my fair one's ears with fine speeches, while she filled my trencher with roast beef! Then what figures and tropes came out of my mouth, and what dainties and tid bits went in! 'Twould have done your heart good to hear me talk; and see me eat, and you'd have found it no easy matter to decide whether I'd most wit or appetite.

Allan. And who was the object of this voracious passion?

Mot. A person well calculated to charm both my heart and my stomach; it was a lady of great merit, who did earl Percy's father the honour to superintend his culinary concerns. I was scarce fifteen, when she kindled a flame in my heart, while lighting the kitchen fire. From that moment I thought on nothing but her; my mornings were passed in composing poems on her beauty; my evenings in reciting them in her ear—for nature had equally denied the fair creature and myself the faculty of reading and writing.

Allan. You were successful, I hope.

Mot. Why at length she consented to be mine; when, oh! cruel fortune! taking one night a drop too much—poor dear creature, she never got the better of it—I wept her loss, and composed an elegy upon it, which has been thought, by many persons of great judgment, not totally destitute of taste and sublimity. It began thus:

“ Baked be the pies to coals,
Burn, roast meat, burn,
Boil o'er, ye pots—ye spits, forget to turn,
Cindrelia's death—”

Allan. Here comes the earl.

Enter EARL PERCY, R.

Mot. In truth, my lord, you venture too near the castle ; should you fall into Osmond's power a second time, your next jump may be into a better world.

Per. Oh, there's no danger, Gilbert ; my followers are not far off, and will join me at a moment's warning. Then fear not for me.

Mot. With all my heart ; but permit me to fear for myself : we are now within bow-shot of the castle : the archers may think proper to amuse us with a proof of their skill, and were I to feel an arrow quivering in my gizzard, probably I should be much more surprised than pleased. Good my lord, let us back to the fisherman's hut.

Per. Your advice may be wise, Gilbert ; but I cannot follow it : see you nothing near yonder tower ?

Mot. Yes, certainly. Two persons advance towards us : yet they cannot be our friends, for I see neither the lady's petticoat nor the monk's paunch !

Per. Still they approach, though slowly : one leans on his companion, and seems to move with pain. Let us retire and observe them.

Mot. Away, sir : I'm at your heels.

[*They retire*, R. S. E.]

Enter SAIB conducting KENRIC, L.

Saib. Nay, yet hold up a while ! Now, we are near the fisher's cottage.

Ken. Good Saib, I needs must stop ! Enfeebled by Osmond's tortures, my limbs refuse to bear me further !— here lay me down : then fly to Percy, guide him to the dungeon, and, ere 'tis too late, bid him save the father of Angela !

Per. [*To Motley.*] Hark ! did you hear ?

Saib. Yet, to leave you thus alone !—

Ken. Oh, heed not me ! Think that on these few moments depend our safety—Angela's freedom—Reginald's life ! You have the master-key ! Fly, then ; oh, fly to Percy !

[*Percy and Motley come forward*, R. to Kenric and Saib.]

Per. Said he not Reginald ? Speak again, stranger !— What of Reginald ?

Saib. Ha ! look up, Kenric !—'Tis Percy's self !

Per. and Mot. How ! Kenric ?

Ken. [*Sinking at Percy's feet.*] Yes, the guilty, penitent Kenric ! Oh, surely 'twas Heaven sent you hither !

Know, Earl Percy, that Reginald lives, that Angela is his daughter!

Per. Amazement! And is this known to Osmond?

Ken. Two hours have scarcely passed since he surprised the secret. Tortures compelled me to avow where Reginald was hidden, and he now is in his brother's power. Fly, then, to his aid! Alas! perhaps at this moment his destruction is completed! Perhaps, even now, Osmond's dagger—

Per. Within there! Allan! Harold!

Enter ALLAN, EDRIC, HAROLD, and Soldiers, R.

Per. Friends, may I depend on your support?

Har. While we breathe, all will stand by you!

Soldiers. All! All!

Per. Follow me then—away!

Ken. Yet stay one moment! Percy, to this grateful friend have I confided a master-key, which will instantly admit you to the castle, and have described to him the retreat of Reginald! Be he your guide, and hasten—Oh! that pang! [*He faints; Allan and Edric support him.*]

Per. Look to him! He sinks! Bear him to your hut, Edric, and there tend his hurts.—[*To Saib.*] Now on, good fellow, and swiftly! Osmoud, despair! I come! [*Exit, with Saib, Motley, Harold, and Soldiers, L. U. E. while Allan and Edric convey away Kenric, still fainting.*]

SCENE II.—*A vaulted Chamber.*

Stage still dark.

Enter FATHER PHILIP, R. with a basket on his arm, and a torch, conducting ANGELA.

F. Phil. (L.) Thanks to St. Francis, we have as yet passed unobserved! Surely, of all travelling companions, fear is the least agreeable: I couldn't be more fatigued, had I run twenty miles without stopping!

Ang. (R.) Why this delay? Good father, let us proceed.

F. Phil. Ere I can go further, lady, I must needs stop to take breath, and refresh my spirits with a taste of this cordial.

[*Taking a bottle from the basket*]

Ang. Oh! not now! Wait till we are safe under Percy's protection, and then drink as you list. But not now, father; in pity, not now!

F. Phil. Well, well; be calm, daughter!—Oh! these women! these women! They mind no one's comfort but their own! Now where is the door?

Ang. How tedious seems every moment which I pass within these hated walls!—Ha! yonder comes a light

F. Phil. So, so—I've found it at last.

[*Touching a spring, a secret door flies open.*]

Ang. It moves this way! By all my fears, 'tis Osmond! In, father, in!—Away, for heaven's sake!

[*Exeunt, L. D. in flat, closing it after them.*]

Enter OSMOND and HASSAN with a torch, R.

Osm. [*After a pause of gloomy meditation.*] Is all still within the castle?

Has. As the silence of the grave.

Osm. Where are your fellows?

Has. Saib guards the traitor Kenric: Muley and Alaric are buried in sleep.

Osm. Their hands have been stained with blood, and yet can they sleep? Call your companions hither. [*Hassan offers to leave the torch.*] Away with the light! its beams are hateful! [*Exit Hassan, R.*] Yes! this is the place. If Kenric said true, for sixteen years have the vaults beneath me rung with my brother's groans. I dread to unclose the door! How shall I sustain the beams of his eye, when they rest on Evelina's murderer? Ha! at that name my expiring hate revives! Reginald! Reginald! for thee was I sacrificed! Oh! when it strikes a second blow, my poniard shall strike surer!

Enter HASSAN, MULEY, and ALARIC, R. with torches.

The Africans. [*Together.*] My lord! my lord!

Osm. Now, why this haste?

Has. I tremble to inform you, that Saib has fled the castle. A master-key, which he found upon Kenric, and of which he kept possession, has enabled him to escape.

Osm. Saib, too, gone?—All are false! All forsake me!

Has. Yet more, my lord; he has made his prisoner the companion of his flight.

Osm. [*Starting.*] How? Kenric escaped?

Ala. 'Tis but too certain; doubtless he has fled to Percy.

Osm. To Percy? Ha! Then I must be speedy: my fate hangs on a thread! Friends, I have ever found ye faithful; mark me now! [*Opening the private door.*] Of these two passages, the left conducts to a long chain of dungeous: in one of these my brother still languishes.—

Once already have you seen him bleeding beneath my sword—but he yet exists. My fortune, my love, nay my life, are at stake! Need I say more? [*Each half unsheathes his sword.*] That gesture speaks me understood. On then before, I follow you. [*The Africans pass through the private door: Osmond is advancing towards it, when he suddenly starts back.*] Ha! Why roll these seas of blood before me? Whose mangled corse do they bear to my feet?—Fratricide? Oh! 'tis a dreadful name! Yet how preserve myself and Reginald? It cannot be! We must not breathe the same atmosphere. Fate, thy hand urges me! Fate, thy voice prompts me! Thou hast spoken;—I obey. [*He follows the Africans; the door is closed after him.*]

SCENE III.—*A gloomy subterraneous Dungeon, wide and lofty: the upper part of it has in several places fallen in, and left large Chasms. On one Side are various Passages leading to other Caverns: on the other is an Iron Door with Steps leading to it, and a Wicket in the Middle. REGINALD, pale and emaciated, in coarse Garments, his Hair hanging wildly about his Face, and a Chain bound round his Body, lies sleeping upon a Bed of Straw. A Lamp, a small Basket, and a Pitcher, are placed near him. After a few Moments he awakes, and extends his Arms.—The stage nearly dark.*

Reg. My child! My Evelina!—Oh! fly me not, lovely forms!—They are gone, and once more I live to misery. Thou wert kind to me, sleep! Even now, methought I sat in my castle-hall: a maid, lovely as the queen of fairies, hung on my knees, and hailed me by that sweet name, "Father!" Yes I was happy!—Yet frown not on me, therefore, darkness! I am thine again my gloomy bride!—Be not incensed, despair, that I left thee for a moment; I have passed with thee sixteen years! Ah! how many have I still to pass?—Yet fly not my bosom quite, sweet hope! Still speak to me of liberty, of light! Whisper, that once more I shall see the morn break, that again shall my fevered lips drink the pure gale of evening! God, thou knowest that I have borne my sufferings meekly: I have wept for myself, but never cursed my foes; I have sorrowed for thy anger, but never murmured at thy will. Patient have I been; oh! then reward me; let me once again press my daughter in my arms; let me, for one instant,

feel again that I clasp to my heart a being who loves me.
Speed thou to heaven, prayer of a captive!

[*He sinks upon a stone, with his hands clasped, and his eyes bent steadfastly upon the flame of the lamp.*]

ANGELA and FATHER PHILIP are seen through the Chasms above, passing slowly along, from R. to L.

Ang. Be cautious, father!—Feel you not how the ground trembles beneath us?

F. Phil. Perfectly well; and would give my best breviary to find myself once more on terra-firma. But the outlet cannot be far off: let us proceed.

Ang. Look down upon us, blessed angels! Aid us! Protect us!

F. Phil. Amen, fair daughter! [They disappear.]

Reg. [After a pause.] How wastes my lamp? The hour of Kenric's visit must long be past, and still he comes not. How, if death's hand hath struck him suddenly? My existence unknown—Away from my fancy, dreadful idea! [Rising, and taking the lamp.] The breaking of my chain permits me to wander at large through the wide precincts of my prison. Haply the late storm, whose pealing thunders were heard e'en in this abyss, may have rent some friendly chasm: haply some nook yet unexplored—Ah! no, no, no! My hopes are vain, my search will be fruitless. Despair in these dungeons reigus despotie; she mocks my complaints, rejects my prayers, and when I sue for freedom, bids me seek it in the grave!—Death! oh, death! how welcome wilt thou be to me! [Exit, R. S. E.]

[The noise is heard of a heavy bar falling; the door opens, L. U. E.]

Enter FATHER PHILIP and ANGELA, L. U. E.

F. Phil. How's this? A door?

Ang. It was barred on the outside.

F. Phil. That we'll forgive, as it wasn't bolted on the in. But I don't recollect—Surely I've not—

Ang. What's the matter?

F. Phil. By my faith, daughter, I suspect that I've missed my way.

Ang. Heaven forbid!

F. Phil. Nay, if 'tis so, I sha'n't be the first man who of two ways has preferred the wrong.

Ang. Provoking! And did I not tell you to choose the right-hand passage!

F. Phil. Truly, did you: and that was the very thing which made me choose the left. Whenever I am in doubt myself, I generally ask a woman's advice. When she's of one way of thinking, I've always found that reason's on the other. In this instance, perhaps, I have been mistaken: but wait here for one moment, and the fact shall be ascertained. [Exit, R. S. E.]

Ang. How thick and infectious is the air of this cavern! Yet perhaps for sixteen years has my poor father breathed none purer. Hark! Steps are quick advancing! The friar comes, but why in such confusion?

Re-enter FATHER PHILIP, running R. S. E.

F. Phil. Help! help! it follows me!

Ang. [Detaining him.] What alarms you? Speak!

F. Phil. His ghost! his ghost!—Let me go!—let me go!—let me go!

[Struggling to escape from Angela, he falls and extinguishes the torch; then hastily rises, and rushes up the stair case, and closing the door after him, L. U. E.]

Ang. Father! Father! Stay, for heaven's sake!—He's gone! I cannot find the door!—Hark! 'Twas the clank of chains!—A light too! It comes yet nearer!—Save me, ye powers!—What dreadful form! 'Tis here! 'I faint with terror! *[Sinks almost lifeless against the dungeon's side.]*

Re-enter REGINALD, with a Lamp, R. S. E.

Reg. [Placing his lamp upon a pile of stones.] Why did Kenric enter my prison. Haply, when he heard not my groans at the dungeon door, he thought that my woes were relieved by death! Oh! when will that thought be verified?

Ang. Each sound of his hollow plaintive voice strikes to my heart. Dared I accost him—yet perhaps a maniac—no matter; he suffers, and the accents of pity will sound sweetly in his ears!

Reg. Thou art dead and at rest my wife! Safe in yon skies, no thought of me molests thy quiet. Yet sure I wrong thee! At the hour of death thy spirit shall stand beside me, shall close mine eyes gently, and murmur, "Die, Reginald, and be at peace!"

Ang. (L.) Hark! Heard I not—Pardon, good stranger—

Reg. (R.) [Starting wildly from his seat.] 'Tis she! She

comes for me! Is the hour at hand, fair vision? Spirit of Evelina, lead on, I follow thee!

[He extends his arms towards her, staggers a few paces forwards, then sinks exhausted on the ground.]

Ang. He faints! perhaps expires!—Still, still! See, he revives!

Reg. 'Tis gone! Once more the sport of my bewildered brain! *[Starting up.]* Powers of bliss! Look where it moves again! Oh! say, what art thou? If Evelina, speak, oh, speak!

Ang. Ha! Named he not Evelina? That look! This dungeon too! The emotions which his voice—It is, it must be! Father! oh! Father! Father!

[Falling upon his bosom.]

Reg. Said you? Meant you? My daughter—my infant, whom I left—Oh! yes, it must be true! My heart which springs towards you, acknowledges my child! *[Embracing her.]* But say how gained you entrance? Has Osmond—

Ang. Oh! that name recalls my terrors! Alas! you see in me a fugitive from his violence, guided by a friendly monk, whom your approach has frightened from me. I was endeavouring to escape: we missed our way, and chance guided us to this dungeon. But this is not a time for explanation. Answer me! Know you the subterraneous passages belonging to this castle?

Reg. Whose entrance is without the walls? I do.

Ang. Then we may yet be saved! Father, we must fly, this moment. Percy, the pride of our English youth, waits for me at the Conway's side. Come then, oh! come! Stay not one moment longer.

[As she approaches the door, lights appear above, R. U. E.]

Reg. Look! look, my child! The beams of distant torches flash through the gloom!

Osm. *[Above.]* Hassan, guard you the door. Follow me, friends. *[The lights disappear.]*

Ang. Osmond's voice! Undone! Undone! Oh! my father! he comes to seek you, perhaps to—Oh! 'tis a word too dreadful for a daughter's lips!—

Reg. Hark! they come! The gloom of yonder cavern may a while conceal you: fly to it—hide yourself—stir not, I charge you.

Ang. What, leave you? Oh! no, no!

Reg. Dearest, I entreat, I conjure you, fly! Fear not for me!

Ang. Father! Oh! Father!

Reg. Farewell! perhaps for ever! [*He forces Angela into the cavern, then returns hastily, and throws himself on the bed of straw.*] Now then to hear my doom!

Enter OSMOND, L. U. E. followed by MULEY and ALARIC with torches.

Osm. The door unbarred? Softly, my fears were false! Wake, Reginald, and arise!

Reg. You here, Osmond? What brings you to this scene of sorrow? Alas! hope flies while I gaze upon your frowning eye! Have I read its language aright, Osmond?

Osm. Aright if you have read my hatred.

Reg. Have I deserved that hate? See, my brother, the once proud Reginald lies at your feet, for his pride has been humbled by suffering! Hear him adjure you by her ashes, within whose bosom we both have lain, not to stain your hands with the blood of your brother!

Osm. He melts me in my own despite.

Reg. Kenric has told me that my daughter lives! Restore me to her arms; permit us in obscurity to pass our days together! Then shall my last sigh implore upon your head heaven's forgiveness, and Evelina's.

Osm. It shall be so. Rise, Reginald, and hear me! You mentioned even now your daughter: know, she is in my power; know, also, that I love her!

Reg. How?

Osm. She rejects my offers. Your authority can oblige her to accept them. Swear to use it, and this instant will I lead you to her arms. Say will you give the demanded oath?

Reg. I cannot dissemble: Osmond, I never will.

Osm. How?—Reflect that your life—

Reg. Would be valueless, if purchased by my daughter's tears—would be loathsome, if imbittered by my daughter's misery. Osmond, I will not take the oath.

Osm. [*Almost choked with passion.*] 'Tis enough.—[*To the Africans.*] You know your duty! Drag him to yonder cavern! Let me not see him die!

Reg. [*Holding by a fragment of the wall, from which the Africans strive to force him.*] Brother, for pity's sake! for your soul's happiness!

Osm. Obey me, slaves! Away!

ANGELA *rushes in wildly from the Cavern.*

Ang. Hold off!—hurt him not! he is my father!

Osm. Angela here?

Reg. Daughter, what means—

Ang. [*Embracing him.*] You shall live, father! I will sacrifice all to preserve you. Here is my hand, Osmond. Osmond, release my father, and solemnly I swear—

Reg. Hold, girl, and first hear me! [*Kneeling.*] God of nature, to thee I call! If e'er on Osmond's bosom a child of mine rests; if e'er she call him husband who pierced her hapless mother's heart, that moment shall a wound, by my own hand inflicted—

Ang. Hold! Oh! hold—end not your oath!

Reg. Swear never to be Osmond's!

Ang. I swear!

Reg. Be repaid by this embrace: [*They embrace.*]

Osm. Be it your last! Tear them asunder! Ha! what noise?

Enter HASSAN, hastily, L. U. E.

Has. My lord, all is lost! Percy has surprised the castle, and speeds this way!

Osm. Confusion! Then I must be sudden. Aid me, Hassan!

[*Hassan and Osmond force Angela from her father, who suddenly disengages himself from Muley and Alaric. Osmond, drawing his sword, rushes upon Reginald, who is disarmed, and beaten upon his knees; when at the moment that Osmond lifts his arm to stab him, Evelina's Ghost throws herself between them: Osmond starts back, and drops his sword.*]

Osm. Horror! What form is this?

Ang. Die. [*Disengages herself from Hassan, springs suddenly forwards, and plunges her dagger in Osmond's bosom, who falls with a loud groan, and faints. The Ghost vanishes: Angela and Reginald rush into each other's arms.*]

Enter PERCY, SAIB, HAROLD, &c. L. U. E. pursuing OS-MOND'S Party. They all stop on seeing him bleeding upon the ground.

Per. Hold, my brave friends! See where lies the object of our search!

Ang. Percy! Dear Percy!

Per. [*Flying to her.*] Dearest Angela!



Ang. My friend, my guardian angel! Come, Percy, come! embrace my father! Father, embrace the protector of your child!

Per. Do I then behold earl Reginald?

Reg. [*Embracing him.*] The same, brave Percy! Welcome to my heart! Live ever next it.

Ang. Oh, moment that o'erpays my sufferings! And yet—Percy, that wretched man—He perished by my hand!

Muley. Hark! he sighs! There is life still in him.

Ang. Life! then save him! save him! Bear him to his chamber! Look to his wound! Heal it, if possible! At least gain him time to repent his crimes and errors!

[*Osmond is conveyed away: Servants enter with torches, and the Stage becomes light.*]

Per. Though ill deserved by his guilt, your generous pity still is amiable. But say, fair Angela, what have I to hope? Is my love approved by your noble father? Will he—

Reg. Percy, this is no time to talk of love. Let me hasten to my expiring brother, and soften with forgiveness the pangs of death!

Per. Can you forget your sufferings?

Reg. Ah! youth, has he had none? Oh! in his stately chambers, far greater must have been his pangs than mine in this gloomy dungeon; for what gave me comfort was his terror, what gave me hope was his despair. I knew that I was guiltless—knew, that though I suffered in this world, my lot would be happy in that to come.

THE END.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SOLDIERS, ANGELA, REGINALD, PERCY, SOLDIERS.
R.] [L.]

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, located at the top center of the page.



R. Cruikshank, Del.

P. Cruikshank, Sc.

Honesty the Best Policy.

Jacques. Rose de Mai, whom you would have held up to infamy—is your own child.

Act II. Scene 2.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY :

A DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

(ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE,)

BY MARK LEMON, ESQ.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
by MR. P. CRUIKSHANK, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

G. H. DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.

REMARKS.

Honesty the Best Policy.

'**HONESTY** the best policy.'—Antedeluvian adage! **Honesty!**—ragged virtue, kicked out of doors to beg or starve! He who now-a-days ventures a word in favour of honesty, shall be drummed out of society for a dolt and a dreamer! The march of progression, in finding out a royal road to riches, has removed this ancient stumbling-block. In the universal scramble for money, nobody can find time, or afford to be honest! Talk of physical malaria, to which cholera is said to be first cousin; look at moral malaria! Metropolitan rank sewers, quotha! What sewer so foetid, what standing-pool so foul as the corruption that regales the delicate nostrils of Capel Court? A stock-jobber and a railway-director is a moral pestilence that walketh not in darkness, but that poisoneth in noonday. The noxious gas of ten thousand dead carcasses is not more destructive to the body, than the reeking rascality of your living ones is to the soul! Yet this plague what shall stay? Not religion, for the God of the present day is gold. Not shame, for the brass candlestick, like the schoolmaster, is abroad, and not expected home again! A Board of Health (when all are alike infected!) for cholera of the conscience—Ha! ha! ha!

'**Honesty the best policy,**' so teaches this little drama, and it may be well just to step into the Strand Theatre, and see how pleasantly this old-fashioned moral is taught. It is harvest-home in the Val d' Andorre, one of those sweetly romantic spots in the majestic Pyrennes where happiness may still be found, if, perchance, it has survived the Fall. Georgette, a pretty village lass, is the harvest-queen; her crown is of flowers, and her reign is for a day! All is bustle and merriment—the well-stocked farm-house of Madame Theresa has put on its gayest livery, and Madame, the wealthy and handsome widow, has put her's on too! But a dark cloud overhangs this happy valley, nor does it pass away until it has showered down upon it a storm of crime and misery.

Madame Theresa receives a visitor, Jacques Sincère, one of those honest, yet eccentric philanthropists, whom everybody is too happy to welcome. He comes to breakfast at the farm, and to see Rose de Mai, who is in the service of the widow, and whose story is a mystery. She had been discovered, when an infant beneath a rose-tree that grew beside a good man's door; and that good man, out of compassion, kindly adopted the little foundling. The fatherly fondness of Jacques for the child would be soon accounted for, were we to reveal (which we shall *not* do) a very interesting part of the plot. Rose de Mai is the pet of the cantou; she is innocent and happy; blooming with youth and beauty, and overflowing with the love of nature and romance. At the time of her fosterfather's arrival she is abroad gathering flowers for the reapers' garlands; but ere long she returns to gladden the good old goatherd, who, doubling the part of conjuror and confessor, tells the blushing maiden a secret that, alas! she knows too well already, and extracts from her its acknowledgement.

The secret is her love for Stephan, a gallant young chamois-hunter; and so pleased is Jacques with the prospect of their union, that he promises her a dowry of three thousand livres—a good round marriage portion for a friendless orphan—a penniless foundling! This sum Jacques has placed out at interest with one Dubois, the landlord of the 'Golden Lamb,' his ancient comrade in the wars; and being unwilling to delay the connubial bliss of the young couple, he will (having breakfasted bravely,) away to town, and return post-haste with the portion in his pocket.

Mr. Hector Coco, a tax-gatherer not yet in full flower, is (to his own particular thinking) the undoubted Adonis of the canton. He is a most egregiously gallant, dangerous,—not to say ferocious—Don Juan! He coquets with the queen of the harvest (who to his question popped condescends neither 'yea' nor 'nay')—is winking and waggish with the widow—(who only laughs at her Whimsical!)—and kisses his hand to Rose de Mai! Mr. Coco is in a hurry to be coupled—Hector hankers for an Andromache! For this matrimonial mania, however, he has cause more than conjugal. He is no Mars; and as the officers of the conscription are expected on a recruiting visit, Coco has horrid visions of cannon-balls, and all the destructive et-ceteras of killing and slaying. Wed he must, and that speedily! He hears, or fancies he hears, a drum! He thinks he espies a red-coat—suppose he should not get married in time. The soldiers have crossed the valley, and while he is on the tenter-hooks of anxiety '*Bonjour!*' cries to him the recruiting captain, with a familiar nod and a shaking slap on the shoulder, that betoken fire and slaughter! Serjeant Endormi's hat (redolent of brimstone, hairpowder, and gunpowder!) is the ominous urn of destiny. As a bachelor, he is liable to serve his Majesty King Louis, and to be a locomotive target to the liberal tune of tenpence per diem.—If he should have the good luck to draw a black billet, he will be honourably enrolled 'a full private,'—if a white one, alas!—Hector may whistle to become a hero!

Most ladies have some sort of a secret to keep, which, if duly kept, is assuredly their own. A secret has Madame Theresa—nay, she has two: One of the two is her affection for the good looking chamois-hunter, and the other, a certain mysterious disagreeable '*something*' that she shrewdly suspects Jacques knows too well for her security and peace. In this painful and perplexing suspense, she determines to follow him forthwith to the 'Golden Lamb,' and worm out the fact; but before her departure, she tells Rose de Mai that should the receiver of the canton call for her rent during her absence, she (Rose) will find the said rent in the shape of three thousand livres deposited in her *escritoire*.

If good fortune favours the brave, it not unfrequently smiles upon the coward. Hector of the white feather draws the white billet; to poor Stephan's bad luck falls the sable one! 'Is there no hope!—no escape?' cries the distracted Rose;—none, but in the purchase of her lover's discharge. King Louis wants his golden namesakes more than he does food for powder and shot; and if fifteen hundred livres can be conjured up for that purpose, the young recruit is free. But Stephan had already taken a more ready and less expensive course to obtain his liberty—he had fled to the mountains! Not being forthcoming when the muster-roll is called over, he is proclaimed a deserter, and sentenced to be shot!

Too terribly tried, Rose reluctantly yields to strong temptation:—she abstracts from the widow's *escritoire* the sum sufficient for Stephan's discharge; but certainly with the full expectation of repaying it out of her wedding dowry. In handing over the money to

Captain Lejoyeux, she requests him to keep secret the party from whom it came; Stephan, therefore, imputes this generous act to his fair cousin, the harvest queen.

The goatherd returns—but no dowry. Dubois had absconded with it! Poor Rose!—poor, indeed!—for she is guilty Rose—guilty and undone!

The widow, too, returns, and misses her money. Upon whom can her suspicion fall but Rose? The tipsy talkativeness of the recruiting captain lets out the fatal secret of the purchase of Stephan's discharge. Fifteen hundred livres paid for it! The very sum that she has been robbed of! Stephan married to Rose!—Never!—Or, if it be so, she will have vengeance! And she *has* vengeance!—by publicly denouncing the culprit and demanding her punishment! To the passionate entreaties of Jacques for mercy, she returns bitter contumely and scorn.—‘*Listen Theresa Mavoisier;*’ and the indignant, heart-broken old man rings such a peal of guilt (her *secret*!) in her ear, that the haughty, jealous, and revengeful woman quails with terror and remorse! The story is short—the widow is a runaway wife, and Rose is her child! The interesting sequel let the drama itself tell, for it tells it with infinite pathos and effect.

Poetical justice is awarded to all parties but the comical Coco, who cannot persuade her coquetting majesty, the harvest queen, to own the soft impeachment, and transform Bachelor Hector into a Benedict. The repentant and too-severely tried Rose is made happy with her lover.—The runaway delinquent, Dubois, is re-taken, and well ducked in the mill-pond—the three thousand livres are duly applied to their original purpose—and Jacques is as happy as he is compassionate and virtuous.

To see Mr. Farren in the goatherd, was to see one of those beautiful and pathetic impersonations with which this great actor often treats the town. It was the perfection of genuine manly feeling—a diamond of the purest water in the rough!—sterling gold without any care about fashion or form! Mr. H. Farren (we fain hope a chip of the fine old block!) was gallant and gay in the recruiting captain. His drunken scene was excellent. And how coxcombical and curt was the Coco of Compton! It was comicality and cowardice incarnate! Well might the little Strand Theatre ring again with laughter! The widow was efficiently represented by Mrs. Stirling, no less in her lighter scenes than in her jealousy, rage, remorse, and despair. The harvest queen lost nothing of her piquancy in the hands of Mrs. Leigh Murray; and Mrs. Compton, as Rose de Mai, sent her pathos home to every heart. Altogether, this piece was capitally played, and Mr. Farren has our thanks, and we hope (for he well deserves it) the thanks of the public, for introducing a drama so calculated for moral improvement—so unexceptionable, and so entertaining.

When we announce that Mr. Mark Lemon has adapted this drama from the French, it is a guarantee for its fidelity, and also for its fun. The man who has made merry so many by his eccentricities in ‘Punch,’ could hardly fail to exhilarate an audience on the stage. Mr. Mark Lemon has also the happy facility of drawing tears as well as provoking smiles.

 D.—G.

The Cast of Characters and Costume.

As represented at the Strand Theatre.

Jacques Sincère, a Goatherd, (MR. W. FARREN).—Pea jacket, lined with goat-skin—skin waistcoat—breeches—gaiters—sugarloaf hat—wallet and stick.

Stephan, a young Chamois-hunter, (MR. LEIGH MURRAY).—Leather tabbed jacket—breeches and gaiters—striped shirt—belt—flask—shot-belt, and sugarloaf hat.

Hector Coco, Deputy Receiver of Taxes, &c., (MR. COMPTON).—Green tabbed jacket—full breeches—red stockings—belt—hat and feather.

Captain Lejoyeux, Officer of the Conscription, (MR. H. FARREN).—Military coat of the period—kerseymere breeches—high boots—three-cornered hat, and white wig.

Endormi, his Serjeant, (MR. BENDER).—Military dress of the period—white gaiters—white wig—three-cornered hat.

Antoine, a Peasant, Officer of the Syndic, &c., &c.

Theresa Mavoisier, a rich Widow, (MRS. STIRLING).—Black Spanish body, and skirt, trimmed with scarlet—black velvet cap and veil.

Rose de Mai (MRS. COMPTON).—Black boddice—blue skirt—checked stockings, and French cap.

Georgette (MRS. LEIGH MURRAY).—Black velvet boddice—drab skirt—apron—French cap.

Peasants. — Full breeches—white shirts—braces and sabres.

**** This Drama is the sole property of Mr. W. Farren, of whom permission only can be obtained for its representation.**

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

ACT I.

The Period of Louis XV. of France.

SCENE I.—*A Picturesque View of the Pyrenees in the Val d' Andorre—A Farm-house, L.—Outhouses, various implements of husbandry, &c., about the scene, R.—A slight fence divides the Farm-yard from the Public Road.—The Scene represents two Roads—one leading to the Valley, the other to the Mountain.—Table, on which are wine, fruit, &c., R.—Chairs and Benches.—Peasants discovered, dancing.*

Enter THERESA, from Farm, L.

The. That's right, my friends,—dance and make merry. We should all have thankful hearts for the abundance of our harvest. There is wine on the table—use it freely, but wisely.

All. Thanks, Madame Theresa!

[All crowd round the table.]

The. Antoine! [*One answers.*] Antoine! [*In an under tone.*] Will you be my almoner again to-day?

Ant. (R.C.) With pleasure, Madam.

The. (L.C.) Here are a few francs, which I wish you to distribute between old Jerome the basket-maker, poor blind Louise, and Fanchette, the mother of the dumb boy.

Ant. I will be a faithful steward, Madam, depend upon it—*[Counting]*. Forty francs!—bless you for your goodness!

The. It is my duty, Antoine,—nothing more. Heaven has blessed me with abundance, and the needy claim their share of it.—*[Flageolet heard all the Villagers break off and exclaim]*—'Georgette! the Harvest Queen!'

[Exeunt and return with Georgette, L.U.E.]

The. Welcome, fair Queen of the Harvest!

Geor. (L.U.E.) Indeed, I am very proud of my honours, although my crown is of simple flowers, and my reign but for a day. Friends, we will not waste the precious time in ceremonies;—so, forth to your merry-making. I will join you presently. *[All shout, and exeunt, L.U.E.]*

Enter HECTOR COCO, L.U.E.

Hec. [*Bows.*] Ah! allow me to salute the most charming widow in the Val d' Andorre—rich as she is lovely, and lovely as she is rich.

The. Really, Monsieur Hector, you are politeness itself.

Hec. I also tender my homage to the lovely Georgette, the queen of our hearts and wheatstacks. You have taken possession of my heart, and who could wish for more eligible tenants?

Geor. [*Laughing, L.*] The heart of Monsieur Coco! ha! ha!—the heart of a tax-gatherer!

Hec. Only a tax-gatherer in the bud, Ma'mselle. Recollect I officiate for my uncle.

The. I presume Monsieur has called for my rent—3,000 livres: it is ready.

Hec. At present, Madam, I am myself, and not my uncle. I came of my own accord—not to touch your money, but your heart.

The. Really, you are a most gallant and dangerous young gentleman!

Geor. Ferocious!

The. Not a heart in the canton is safe for you. Yesterday I saw you kissing your hand to my little farm servant—Rose de Mai.

Hec. Platonically, I assure you: you must not be jealous of her.

The. Jealous! ha! ha!—jealous of one of my own dependants; a little dreamer who spends her time in watching the clouds, or gathering flowers, instead of helping to look after the farm.

Hec. And yet she has made a conquest.

Geor. and The. Of whom?

Hec. Oh, not of me—not of me; that victory is reserved for [*Looks at both.*] somebody I have my eye on.

The. But who is the happy swain that owns an interest for Rose de Mai?

Hec. The handsomest man in the canton, next to myself—the bravest man in the canton, when I'm out of it—Stephan, the chamois-hunter.

SCENE I.] HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

The. [*Moved, aside.*] Stephan! He in love with Rose?

Geor. What, my cousin Stephan! Well, I wish her joy of her choice.—Why, he's little better than a savage, and spends nearly all his life upon the mountains.—[*Aside.*]—He's so intolerably proud!

Hec. And pride is no sign of true greatness.—Look at me;—although deputy tax-gatherer, I'm not proud of it: ladies, will one of you share my honours?—for I must get married immediately—to-day, if I can,—to-morrow, positively.

Geor. Dear me, you are in a great hurry!

The. But why in such haste, Monsieur Hector?

Hec. That is *my* secret—I have a *very, very* particular reason.—I am sorry to disappoint you, as you both seem so anxious about me;—settle it between yourselves—though, if I had believed old Jacques, the fortune telling goatherd, I should never have made the proposal.

The. Jacques! what has he said?

Hec. That you had a secret attachment—and I wasn't the object;—an old donkey!

The. [*Anxiously.*] Jacques is very impertinent!

Hec. Now, don't mind about it—I didn't believe it—and if I don't believe it—

The. You! What are you to me, booby?

Hec. Well, nothing at present.

Geor. And what said old Jacques of me, pray?

Hec. Why, that you had taken a lodger into your heart, and that I wasn't the individual.

Geor. I, indeed!

Hec. But I didn't believe it—I couldn't believe it:—if he had named me— [Crossing to L.

Geor. That would have been rather too much.

The. If he dare tell me such a thing—

[*Jacques speaks without, R.U.E.*

Hec. Ask him, then,—ask him!—There he is—he'll speak out, depend upon it;—for the old sorcerer fears nothing—not even fire, since they have left off grilling, or rather devilling, gentlemen of his profession.

Enter JACQUES SINCERE, habited as a Goatherd.

Jac. (c.) Phew! Good day, Madam Theresa! I have come to breakfast—I neglect none of my friends, and it is your turn to-day.

The. (R.) I am glad of it, Father Jacques:—I am only sorry that your protégée, Rose, is not here to wait upon you:—you would have been better pleased, eh!

Jac. I will wait, Madam: for I should be troubled if you were to attend upon the old goatherd.—I will wait, Madam.

The. As you please, Father Jacques;—I know you think both the milk and bread are sweeter from her hands,—though she is a sad gad-about: since sunrise she has been in the fields, gathering flowers for the reapers' wreaths and garlands, instead of—

Jac. Oh, but she is so young!—so very young!—and she has always been petted—her strange story has made her a favourite with everybody in the canton. You know she was found by your predecessors under a May rose-tree, and thence her pretty name of Rose de Mai. She will improve as she grows older; take my word for it—and if I could be only near her to advise and direct her—but no—no—

The. There is no reason why you should not, Father Jacques. I have offered you a room in my house, but you have refused to accept my offer.

Jac. [*Thoughtfully.*] What chamber can equal mine? its roof studded with glittering diamonds and quenchless fires?—my bed, fragrant herbs and blooming flowers—the valley or the mountain is my dwelling-place; for what can I exchange them?

Hec. You have a very roomy residence—light, airy, and rent-free; and one for which I can charge no taxes.

Jac. Light and air are the birthright of the poor—nature's free gifts to all.—If I decline your offer, Madam, it is because I could not be dependent.

The. You are right, no doubt, Father Jacques,—you do and say as you will.

Jac. Ah!

Geor. (L. c.) People trust you with their secrets—their love affairs—do they not?

Jac. Oh! I understand:—that babbling Coco is the cause of this.

Hec. (L.) Babbling! Father Jacques, that's a very improper adjective to put before a proper name.

Jac. (c.) He told you that he wished to marry?

Geor. Yes, and as speedily as possible.

The. [R. c.] To-day, if he could,—but to-morrow, positively.

Jac. (c.) And has he told you his reasons for this haste,—eh! Madam?

Hec. (L.) That is my secret:—[*Aside.*]—he can't know that!

Jac. I know that is a secret, young man; but not to me.—An extraordinary levy for the army of Louis XV. is about to take place; the officers are now in the canton:—and, as married persons are exempt, our gallant friend Coco wishes to take a wife, and so screen himself behind a petticoat.

The. [*Curtseys to him.*] Most prudent Monsieur Coco!

Geor. Most valorous of deputy tax-gatherers!

Hec. No such thing, ladies!—A man who would take a wife is not likely to be afraid of anything:—what's military drill to a curtain lecture?—What's a charge of infantry in the field, to the cost of infantry in the nursery?—no, no; and if Father Jacques is deceived—if you love no one else but me——

Jac. Young man, I tell you that both already love another!

Hec. Impossible! there's not another man in the canton worth my money.

Jac. Come, come! they are not so poor as that; and if they will place their two fair hands in mine, I will reveal to each the lov'd one of the other. [*Crosses to c.*]

The. There's my hand.

Geor. There's mine.

Jac. [*Looks at each hand alternately.*] A dark man! hum!—a dark man! hum!—young,—hum!—young;—his name,—hum!—his name——

Geor. (L.) and *The.* (R.) Well, his name?

Jac. [*To Theresa.*] Georgette loves Stephan, the hunter.

The. [*Aside.*] Can this be true?—and, if true, why should I be moved at it?—I thought I had done with love!

Jac. [*To Georgette.*] You will keep it secret?

Geor. Yes.

Jac. Theresa loves Stephan, the hunter.

Geor. [*Aside.*] She love my cousin Stephan!—He that from childhood was called my future husband!

Jac. [*Drawing them near to each other.*] You both love Stephan, the hunter.

[*Theresa and Georgette glance at each other angrily.*]

The. I can but compliment your good taste, Mam'selle.

Geor. Nay! it is you, whose experience ought to be commended.

The. As I am busy, Mam'selle, possibly you will join my work-people, who are waiting for your presence.

[*Crosses to L.*]

Geor. [*Crosses to R.*] Instantly, Madam: I would invite

you to join our dance, but I believe that is an amusement you have abandoned for some years.

The. No, Madam; but I only dance with a partner fitting my condition. [*Curtseys, and exit into farm, L.*]

Hec. [*R. c. To Jacques.*] What are they quarrelling about?

Jac. (L.C.) You, no doubt!—As they cannot both marry the same man, you had better hold yourself in readiness to espouse the rejected one:—there's no doubt but she'll be desperate enough to marry even you.

Hec. [*Shakes his head, and crosses to L.*] Father Jacques, you're a real comforter. Georgette, may I venture to ask your hand?

Geor. [*Boxes his ear.*] There, booby! [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

Hec. This is twice to-day that I've been called booby: there must be something in it. [*Exit, L.*]

Jac. [*Pointing to the farm.*] There's not much chance of a breakfast from that quarter, I fancy;—no matter, I am generally provided against an accident of this kind.

[*Sits himself on stone-piece, L., opens wallet, and takes out bread and fruit.*]

ROSE DE MAI is seen descending the Mountain-road.—She bears in her hand a bunch of flowers, R.U.E.

Jac. Ah! here comes my Rose de Mai, the idol of my old heart.—Rose, my beloved Rose!

Rose. [*Running to him.*] Ah!—dear, dear Father Jacques! [*Kisses him.*]

Jac. Then you still love your poor old adopted father: he who has watched over you from your cradle—who has carried you in these arms over valley and mountain for miles and miles—who told you the names of every wild flower, and taught you to love the truth of nature before the mockeries of art,—Kiss me again, my child, for you are the only being I love, or who loves me.—[*She kisses him.*]—Now tell me where you have been this morning.

[*Resumes his meal.*]

Rose. [*Embarrassed.*] Where should I have been, but in the harvest-field, with——

Jac. You should not deceive your truest friend, Rose.

Rose. Oh, forgive me, Father Jacques!—but I was ashamed—— [*Pauses.*]

Jac. Ashamed of what?—ashamed to confess your love for Stephan, the noble fellow who once rescued you from death?

Rose. [*More confused.*] I have never said I loved him !

Jac. Not in words ; but you forget I hold communion with the stars. Look at me—[*Rose looks at him earnestly—he looks into her eyes.*—in these stars I read the secret of your heart.—[*Rose appears confused.*—There, there ! I don't blame you.

Rose. Yes, dear father, it is true that when he is absent my mind grows sorrowful—my daily tasks become irksome to me ; when he is near me, I tremble at his voice, and dare not look upon him but by stealth. I love him, father,—I love him too well for my own peace ; for, can I hope he will marry a poor friendless orphan—a penniless foundling ?

Jac. [*Placing his arm round her neck.*] Not friendless, whilst old Jacques is spared to you ; and when he is gone, your own goodness will raise you up new friends—not penniless, neither.

Rose. Not penniless !

Jac. No, for you have a good round sum placed out at interest in the town—three thousand livres, Rose, three thousand livres !

Rose. And mine ?—[*Jacques nods and eats.*] Then there is hope for me !

[*She rises in a transport of joy, and Jacques's bread and fruit are thrown upon the ground.*]

Jac. There may be obstacles ; fetch me a cup of water.—[*Rose runs to the house, and returns during the following.*]—No ! she must not think the match is decided ; because Stephan may be looking higher than Rose,—but I must see what I can do to secure her happiness.

Rose. [*Enters with the cup of water.*] And now, dear father, what are the obstacles ?

Jac. [*Drinks.*] Rivals, my dear.

[*Drinks.*

Rose. Rivals !

Jac. Georgette,—Stephan's cousin.

Rose. [*Alarmed, L.*] Does she love him ?

Jac. (C.) At least she thinks so ;—but she is a coquette, whose heart's like a looking-glass, reflecting every form, but retaining none.—No, [*In an under tone.*]—there ;—[*Pointing over his shoulder at the farm.*]—the danger lies there, with your mistress—the Spanish widow, who came here ten years ago,—she loves Stephan.

Rose. (L.) Ah ! now I recollect her marked attention to him—she never speaks of him without emotion—she is rich and handsome—oh, father !—

Jac. Tut! tut!—she hasn't married him yet!—fear nothing, child.

Rose. [*Joyously.*] Here he comes, father!

Jac. Who comes?

Rose. Stephan! I know his step—[*Runs to back, and returns, R., timidly to Jacques.*]—'Tis he! 'tis he!

STEPHAN appears, descending the Mountain-road, R.U.E., his gun in his hand, and his knapsack on his back.

Enter THERESA, from house, L.

The. So, Mam'selle Rose, you have return'd at last! What with your love of rambling, and flowers, and this harvest mummery, I am left to wait on myself.—[*Jacques seems to screen Rose.*]—It's all very fine, Father Jacques! but you will be the ruin of that girl.

Ste. (c.) Don't be angry with poor Rose, Madam.

The. (L.) La! Monsieur Stephan!

Ste. I cannot bear to see a pretty woman either sad,—[*To Rose.*]—or angry—[*To Theresa.*]

The. [*Smiling, crosses to Rose.*] There, then; I am rather hasty, at times, I confess: but my ill-temper is soon over—eh, Rose?

Rose. O yes, Madam!

The. (R.C.) You seem fatigued and heated, Monsieur Stephan.

Ste. No wonder, Madam,—[*Crosses to c.*]—for since sunrise I have been in pursuit of a chamois; if it had had wings, it could not better have cleared rock and ravine; I followed him in spite of every obstacle.

Rose. [*Aside.*] He knew not whose eyes were watching him.

Jac. (L.) You secured him, I hope.

Ste. (c.) Yes, at last my ball proved the fletter; and the gallant fellow now hangs by the heels in the larder of the Grand Syndic of the Val d' Andorre, who has paid me a handsome price for him.

The. (R.C.) Rose, bring Monsieur Stephan some of our best wine.—[*Exit Rose, into the house.*]—Pray sit down, neighbour,—you so seldom pay us a visit. I wonder you do not take more rest, for your employment is a laborious one. [*Sits at table.*]

Ste. [*L. of table.*] My gun is the only means I have of supporting my aged mother.—I often think, when pursuing my dangerous trade, should a false step plunge me down

some precipice, what would be her sorrow and her fate but then, the recollection that her prayers are ever ascending to heaven for my safety, nerves both limbs and heart: I seldom return without a quarry.

[*Rose re-enters with wine.*

Jac. (L.) Brave lad! your wife will be a happy woman, for a good son is ever a good husband.—I often call at the old dame's chalet, and listen to your praises.

Ste. Dear mother! I could never leave her;—I would rather brave death—nay, almost dishonour.

The. [R. of table.] Then Father Jacques' news will indeed be unwelcome.

Ste. What news?

Jac. Oh, nothing alarming to a brave fellow; merely an extraordinary levy in the name of Louis XV.—We are called upon to furnish our quota of men for the Polish war.

Ste. [Sadly.] Most unwelcome news indeed!

Jac. (L.C.) How, Stephan! surely you are not afraid of the smell of gunpowder?

Ste. Afraid! no Jacques, I know not what fear is: reared a hunter, I have braved death in a thousand shapes.—Were it to fight for my native land, I should be the first to take up arms—but to serve as a mercenary—to abandon my mother at any other call than the defence of home and kindred, weighs upon my heart, and makes me seem a coward.

The. [Confusedly.] But Monsieur Stephan, the levy is not yet made, and there is—a means of escaping it.

Ste. What means?

The. Married men are exempt.

Ste. True, I had forgotten that—[*Giving his glass to Rose to be filled, who spills it as she does so.*]—Rose, here's to the happy future,—why, how you tremble!

The. [Taking the bottle.] Let me fill your glass, Monsieur Stephan,—Rose is but a careless Hebe.

Ste. Nay, do not blame her, Madam:—but, in order to marry, I shall need a wife; and who will wed a poor chamois-hunter, whose only fortune is his trusty rifle—whose daily pursuit is one of danger?

The. A woman might be found regardless of such objections.

Jac. [*Aside, L.*] Oho!—it's time I had something to say. [*Apart to Theresa.*]—What think you of Rose de Mai for Stephan's bride?

[*Theresa starts and rises.*

Rose. [*At table.*] Oh, Father Jacques!

Jac. She is young, beautiful, and innocent.

The. (R.) I do not understand you—do not abuse the privilege you enjoy—you may become impertinent.

Jac. [*To Theresa.*] Well, not yet.

The. Well, sir?

Jac. (L.C.) Plainly, then, the wife of this honest lad should have no history of the past she dare not tell her husband.

The. [*Starts, R.C.*] To what do you refer?—[*With great emotion.*]—Do you know my secret?

Jac. Hum! I sometimes read the stars.

The. And would you ruin me?

Jac. Heaven forbid! I would injure no one—I have devoted my life to a better purpose. [*They retire up, L.*]

Enter HECTOR COCO, R.

Hec. I'll swear I heard a drum!—[*Walks up and down.*]—unless I am accepted by some one to-night, I shall die of fright by the morning.—It's not upon my own account I object to the army; but I am sure I should disgrace the republic.

Ste. [*Coming down, c.*] Hey-day, Monsieur Coco: what's the matter?

Hec. Oh! you're just the man I want;—the fact is I'm in love in two places, but I've reason to believe you stand in the way.

Ste. I don't understand you.

Hec. I'm quite prepared to love and marry your cousin Georgette—that is, if you've no objection?

Ste. My cousin is independent of my control.

Hec. No, she's not!—she's silly enough to give you the preference.

Ste. Indeed! it is long since we have spoken to each other: Georgette can never be more to me than cousin.

Rose. [*Aside, at table.*] Thank Heaven!

Ste. [*Glancing at Rose.*] And the other, Monsieur Hector Coco?

Hec. (c.) I ought, perhaps, to be silent; but gratitude for your liberality makes me traitor to Madam Theresa:—there, Stephan,—[*Points to Theresa.*]—there's beauty and a sack full of louis-d'ors waiting your acceptance.

The. [*Confused, c.*] Monsieur Hector!

Ste. (R.) Do not mind him, Madam—[*Crosses to c.*]—

One so rich and beautiful could never think of the poor hunter, but as a friend—am I not right, Madam?

Jac. [*Aside, to Theresa.*] Reject him;—a moment longer, and I disclose all.

The. [*Aside, L. c.*] Jacques, I fear, yet doubt, your power.—[*Aloud.*]—You are right, Monsieur Stephan;—Hector Coco has deceived himself, or rather has been deceived—as a friend, I shall always regard you.

[*Rose appears faint, and leans on the table, R.*

Jac. [*Turns up to Rose.*] Come, come! cheer up!—[*Aloud.*]—This has been a busy morning—but I must away to the town; I will return shortly, Rose—[*Aside.*]—with your dowry in my pocket.—[*Aloud.*] My old comrade, Dubois, who keeps the 'Golden Lamb,' always gives me a hearty welcome. Adieu, my dear, adieu!

[*Exit, L.U.E.; Theresa watches him for a moment, and then exit into house.*]

Hec. (R.C.) Stephan, the widow may say what she pleases; but if she don't love you—then a cat don't like cream.

Ste. (C.) Nonsense, man!—the pretty widow never thought of me.

Rose. [*Timidly, L.C.*] Would you have been gratified if she had, Monsieur Stephan?

Ste. Not I, dear Rose,—I never cared but for the love of one.

Rose. [*Aside,*] Am I that one?—I hope, yet fear to trust such happiness. [*Drums at a distance, then louder.*

Hec. [*Alarmed.*] There they are—that confounded drum again—what's thunder to that?

Ste. It sounds like a march.

Hec. Of course it does—it's the knell of some fifteen brave fellows of this republic:—I knew, I knew I shouldn't be married in time.

Rose. Ah! Monsieur Stephan!—if it should be the recruiting party!

Ste. I will soon satisfy your doubt; it may be but a regiment crossing the valley.

[*Exit, up mountain, L.U.E.—Drum louder.*

Hec. [*More alarmed.*] Georgette!—oh, that I had but a wife to lean upon!

Lej. [*Within.*] Halt!

Enter LEJOYEUX and ENDORMI, L.U.E.

Lej. [*Saluting, L.C.*] Bonjour, Mam'selle; bonjour.

Monsieur ;—it is not often that I am welcomed by a deputation of the inhabitants ; but this canton was ever famous for the beauty of its women and the bravery of its men.

Hec. (R.C.) Then curse our reputation, say I : I know of twenty cowards besides myself.

Lej. [*Crosses to R.*] Ah, Monsieur ! if I mistake not, I saw you the last time I was in this happy valley !

Hec. Possibly, sir ; and it's most likely I saw you then, but at present I've a sort of dizziness, as though I had been performing the part of a peg-top, and was just now dying off in the spoon.

Lej. I am Captain Lejoyeux, of the recruiting service.

Hec. I know :—how could they have picked out a man with such a pleasant name for such a melancholy business ?—its adding insult to injury.

Lej. It's really a pleasure to recruit in the Val d'Andorre, for here we find heroes ready made—brave fellows who look upon cannon-balls as hail-stones, and are ever ready to die for glory.

Hec. That's true enough—for I'm half dead already.

Lej. There is the material for a great general about this gentleman, Endormi. I can see him storming a breach— [*Hector evinces great alarm.*]—a hundred bayonets are pointed against his breast—he thinks no more of them than if they were pins, and his body a pincushion—onward he rushes—perhaps he conquers—perhaps he falls—what matter ?

Hec. Thank you—but really you are deceived in me,—I shall be giving your gallant corps a great deal of trouble, for you will have to shoot me for a deserter.

End. (L.C.) What a droll dog he is.

Lej. What a dull dog you are !—He is the greatest coward in the canton : but we'll soon cure him of that infirmity— [*To Hector.*] I suppose you are unmarried ?

Hec. (R.) I am ; but in eight days I hope to be otherwise.

Lej. (R.C.) Just eight days too late ; I see you were born to be fortunate : as you are single, you will have the happiness to take your chance of the conscription :—Sergeant Endormi's hat will represent the urn of destiny.—You will have the privilege to dip into it ; and if you have the good fortune to draw a black billet, I shall have the honour to enrol you as a full private in our gallant company.

Hec. [*Muttering.*] A full private !

Lej. On tenpence a day! and find your own rations and pipe-clay.

Rose. [*Coming down, R.C.*] And must all draw, without exception, Captain?

Lej. (L.C.) All bachelors, my pretty dear:—none must lose their chance of glory.

Hec. (R.) And tenpence a-day, and find their own pipe-clay.

Lej. Now, Endormi,—don't stand sleeping there like an owl in the sun.

End. (L.) I am fatigued, Captain,—for eight days we have been marching from village to village.

Lej. Nonsense! you must earn the luxuries you enjoy—bread and broth are not to be had without exertion.—*Au revoir*, my pretty one,—we must now to our pleasurable duty, and this gentleman must do us the honour to accompany us.—[*Hector, bewildered, is about to go R.H. in an opposite direction to Lejoyeux.*]—Your pardon, my fine fellow, but you are turning your back on the urn of destiny.—[*Lejoyeux and Endormi march Hector off, L.U.E.*]

Rose. All must encounter this fearful trial!—would that I could preserve Stephan, at any sacrifice.

Enter THERESA in travelling costume, from the house.

The. I cannot rest until I have again seen Jacques Sincère: can he know my miserable story? or have my fears betrayed me?—He rests to-night at the 'Golden Lamb.'—I have yet time before sunset to reach the town—[*Seeing Rose.*]—Ah! Rose, I was looking for you.—I am going to the neighbouring town: if the receiver of the canton should call for my rent, you will find three thousand livres in my *escritoire*—here is the key.

Rose. [*Taking key.*] Yes, Madam.

The. Be careful, Rose, and do not quit the house until my return.

Rose. I will obey you, Madam.

The. Now to know the worst, and, if needful, to purchase the silence of Jacques Sincère.

[*Exit, L.U.E.*

[*Roll of Drum.*

Rose. [*Looking off, L.*] Ah! the drawing for the conscription has begun—[*Shout within.*]—'Exempt! exempt!'—some one hath escaped: oh, that it may be Stephan!—[*Roll of Drum.*]—Some unfortunate has drawn the fatal card—I dare not look longer, for I grow faint with fear.—[*The drum and shout are heard occasionally,*

but very faintly ; Hector enters with a white card in his hat, L.U.E.]

Hec. Fal de ral ! fal de ral ! I'm exempt ! I'm exempt !

Rose. [*Timidly.*] And Stephan !

Hec. Don't know—don't particularly care : ha ! ha ! —some of our fellows called me coward, but I'm not asham'd of my white feather—not I—I'll invite the Captain to celebrate my deliverance in some of my old claret, —fal-de-ral—I'm exempt—I'm exempt ! [*Exit, R.U.E.*

Enter STEPHAN, L.

Ste. (L.C.) My evil destiny has betrayed me.

Rose. (C.) No, Stephan, no ! you are not a conscript ?

Ste. Even so, dear Rose : I am called upon to leave my mother—you—my happy home, to serve a cause in which I have no interest—with which I have no sympathy.

Rose. Is there no hope—no escape !

Ste. Yes, there shall be—this cruel law shall not make me its victim, if only one heart remain faithful to me.

Rose. One will, Stephan, whatever be your resolve !

Ste. Then, on yon mountains will I seek refuge from their accursed law, and woe be to him who follows me !

[*Exit.*

[*Rose watches anxiously the approach of Lejoyeux, and the departure of Stephan.*

Enter LEJOYEUX and ENDORMI, L.U.E.

Lej. Now, Serjeant Endormi, if you are awake, attend to me : if any of our brave conscripts have the means of purchasing their discharge, take their money—the law allows it, and I want louis-d'ors more than the King wants soldiers. [*Exit Endormi, L.*

Rose. [*Anxiously.*] What did you say just now, sir—did I hear aright, you spoke of the means of purchasing the liberty of a recruit ?

Lej. Yes, my pretty dove—has that rascal Endormi caught your mate ?

Rose. Yes, sir—no, sir ;—but a young man that I love as a brother.

Lej. Oh ! as a brother ;—Plato in petticoats : if the rules of the service allowed me to have feelings, I should take a great interest in your brother ; but, as it is, money must supply the place of sentiment : I dare say you have some little dowry which you would give to redeem your—brother !

Rose. A dowry!—yes, I have, sir.—Father Jacques told me so, and he never deceived me—three thousand livres!—*[Joyfully.]*—With this sum I will purchase his discharge, if it be enough, sir?

Lej. Fifteen hundred livres will suffice, my dear.

Rose. Oh, thanks, Sir! thanks!—as soon as Jacques returns at ten o'clock you shall have the money.

Lej. At ten o'clock!—too late, my dear,—we march at nine.

Rose. Impossible!

Lej. By ten o'clock we shall be far on our march;—and once his name inscribed on the muster-roll of the regiment, substitution is impossible: we set out immediately for the frontier.

Rose. But the money cannot be had until that hour:—Oh, sir! you will not be so cruel or hard-hearted as to leave immediately?

Lej. I have no choice, Mam'selle—I dare not follow the dictates of my own feelings—a soldier has no conscience but his duty.

Rose. *[Covering her face.]* This is horrible!

Lej. That's right!—nothing like tears to lighten a woman's heart.—Woman's grief is like a rain-cloud—very dismal to look at—though really nothing but water: the heavier the shower, the shorter its duration.—A dying widow is a bride in a twelvemonth: if your—brother—should happen to go to sleep in the bed of glory, there are too many gallant bachelors in the canton to let you die an old maid.—*[Rose shudders.]*—So, having offered you all the consolation in my power, I'll take a glass of claret;—at nine o'clock we march, and duty compels me to say—*with the money, or the recruit.* *[Retires up to the table.]*

Rose. In one hour I could save him—restore him to his mother and his home—and to-morrow will be too late:—ah! what horrible thought enters my mind:—that gold which my mistress has entrusted to my keeping—*[Clock strikes nine.]*—I have the key, and before her return I can replace the sum needed for Stephan's deliverance—*[Going.]* No, no, that would be a dishonest and unworthy act—no! no!—*[Crosses her hands, and seems to pray.]*—Ah! 'tis the hour of departure;—*[Looks off.—Drumming.]*—they are about to march, and—*[Pleased.]*—without Stephan!

Enter LEJOYEUX, R., and ENDORMI, L.

Lej. Well, Serjeant, are your recruits ready?

End. I have but fourteen—Stephan, the hunter, has not joined us.

Lej. Let him be declared deserter, and, if taken, shot.
[*Exit Endormi, L.*]

Rose. Shot! I can hesitate no longer—Stephan, I will save you, though at the ruin of myself.

[*Exit to Farm, R.*]

Lej. No tidings of sister Plato.—[*Enter Endormi, L.*]—Well, the money would have been welcome. Order the men to fall in, Serjeant. [*As they are going, Rose enters.*]

Rose. Stay,—one moment!

Lej. Halt, Serjeant!

Rose. Fifteen hundred livres, you said, would purchase the discharge of—of—

Lej. Any one.

Rose. Here is the money, sir. [*Gives it.*]

Lej. Solid louis-d'or! a kind-hearted banker would tell over every coin—the cruel hard-hearted soldier takes your word for the correctness of the amount.

[*Gives money to Endormi.*]

Rose. Stephan is then free?

Lej. Certainly!—free to enter even the service of Hymen!

Rose. One moment—promise me never to disclose who paid this money for his deliverance.

Lej. Well, pretty one, I do promise, on the word of a soldier.—Adieu!—Forward, Serjeant Endormi.

[*March and drums.*]

Rose. [*Falling on her knees.*] Oh heaven, pardon me! I have deeply erred—but, pardon!—pardon!—[*March, —drums, and shouts.*]—Should my mistress return before I have replaced the money, and discover what I have done, I should be ruined and disgraced for ever!—Great heaven! she is here! [*Retires up as Theresa enters, L.U.E.*]

The. I have had my journey in vain—Jacques had left the inn before I arrived;—the more I reflect, the more certain I am that Jacques is in ignorance of my true story—he may suspect some secret, but knows not what. Did he really know all—all that I have suffered, he would rather pity than persecute the unhappy Theresa Mavoisier.

Rose. [*Looking off, L.U.E.*] Jacques not yet arrived!

The. [*Seeing Rose, c.*] Ah! Rose—what has alarmed you?—has anything serious occurred during my absence?

Rose. [*Confused, L.*] No, Madam—nothing.

The. Then what is the matter?—you seem excited—distressed.

Rose. Nothing, Madam—only—surprised to see you return so early.

The. [*Aside.*] My mind misgives me,—something is wrong.—[*Aloud.*]—Has the receiver been here?

Rose. No, Madam.

The. Give me my keys, Rose.

Rose. Your keys, Madam! I—have not—got them.

The. [*Taking them from Rose's girdle.*] You are out of your senses.—[*Crosses to c.*]—Here is some mystery—wait till I return. [*Exit.*

Rose. [*Covering her face.*] Guilty creature that I am!—what will become of me!

Enter STEPHAN, over the bridge, R.

Rose. Stephan is here!—should he suspect me of this dishonourable act, even though it has saved him, he would—he must—despise me.

Ste. (R.C.) Ah, Rose! dear Rose, I am again a free man.

Rose. (L.C.) I have heard so—the soldiers have left the village.

Ste. Antoine tells me some unknown friend has purchased my discharge, and restored me to my beloved mother, and to you, Rose—my only hope—my only love!

Rose. Stephan, you have never spoken thus to me before.

Ste. It was not till the moment when I thought we were to be separated for ever, that I felt how much I loved you. For the first time, I knew my mother had a rival in my love; and that that rival was Rose de Mai.—What do I not owe to him who has restored me to liberty, and to those I love:—would that I knew my benefactor:—can you assist me to discover him?

Rose. [*Confused.*] I, Monsieur Stephan!—no, I know no one likely to have so befriended you.

Ste. Ah! here comes the only person who could give me the information, Captain Lejoyeux,—I thought he was far on his march by this time.

Enter LEJOYEUX, L.U.E.

Rose. [*Alarmed.*] The Captain!—what has occasioned his return?

Lej. (L.) Fortune, my friends, has for once done me a

good turn—[*Glancing at Rose.*]—I have been ordered to wait here for further instructions from head quarters; the recollection of your good claret makes me grateful for the delay, for I know not which is the best—your pretty women, your wine, or your brandy.

Ste. [*Unstinging his flask.*] I have a flask of the latter, Captain; its kindred spirit has often given me new energy when the chase has been a long one—will you try a cup?

Lej. Willingly, my good friend.

Ste. Rose, dear, a drinking-cup.

[*Exit Rose into farm-house.*]

Lej. [*L. of table.*] Hum! is that your sister?

Ste. [*R. of table.*] No,—not exactly a sister,—but a very dear friend.

[*Rose re-enters with cup.*]

Lej. You seem celebrated for your friendships in this happy valley;—come, let us drink to our future good-fellowship.

[*Fills and drinks.*]

Ste. With all my heart.—[*Drinks.*]—Captain, will you do me a small favour?

Lej. Willingly;—enlist you?

[*Stephan shakes his head.*]

Rose. [*Aside, to Lejoyeux.*] Remember your promise to keep my secret.

Lej. You have a soldier's honour pledged to you.

Ste. I want to know to whom I am indebted for my liberty?

Lej. [*Shaking his head.*] On that subject I am dumb—[*Holding his empty cup.*]—brandy could not draw the secret from me.

Ste. [*Aside,—fills cup.*] At least I'll try.—[*Aloud.*]—Come, then, let us pledge this unknown friend.

Lej. With all my heart; I make it a rule never to refuse a pledge, except a pledge of affection: a soldier should always drink when he can, for he has many a dry march. Here's to—[*Rose makes a sign to Lejoyeux, who winks knowingly.*]—Your pretty benefactress!

Ste. What,—a woman!

Rose. [*Aside.*] Alas! he will disclose all.

Ste. Come, Captain,—her name?

Lej. [*Tipsily.*] Not for all the brandy in the canton—you have guessed that it was a woman—how, I know not, but let that content you.

Ste. Nay,—the first letter of her name—was it—

Rose. [*Stopping him.*] Here comes Georgette!

[*Pointing off, L.*]

Ste. Georgette!—then Hector was right—she loves me, and has generously procured my liberty.—Let me thank her for it.

Rose. [*Detaining him.*] Not now, Stephan—wait until to-morrow.

Ste. Why until to-morrow?—why not now?

Rose. Perhaps you may know my reason when it is too late.

Ste. (c.) To-morrow be it, then——

Enter GEORGETTE, L.U.E., who is passing without speaking.

Cousin, we must no longer be strangers to each other; forget any unkindness that may have passed between us, and let us be the friends we were of old.

Geor. (R.C.) Are you sincere, Stephan?

Ste. (c.) Indeed I am.—Are we friends?

Geor. Ye, yes!—you know not how happy this reconciliation makes me.

Rose. [*Aside, L.*] I have undone myself.

Ste. [*Aside, to Rose.*] Rose, Rose, what is the matter? jealous of my cousin—fie! fie!—you must not doubt my love.

Rose. [*Aside.*] He loves me still!—now to meet dear Father Jacques with a joyful heart. [*Exit, L.U.E.*]

Ste. Come, cousin, you must pay a visit to my dear mother: she will rejoice at our reconciliation.

Enter HECTOR COCO, L.U.E.

Hec. Hallo! hallo!—I can't allow that, Master Stephan?

Geor. You can't allow—what next, I wonder!

Hec. (L.) That's what I wonder;—I can't leave you an hour, but I find you paying your addresses to some other young man.

Geor. [*Angrily.*] I paying my addresses!

Hec. Yes, in a feminine sort of way: I know how any body feels when you hang on their arm this way—and look up in their face that way—you might as well say tender things as look them.

Geor. And suppose I do; you have no right to question.—I am not your betrothed—and if I choose to marry anybody else, I am quite at liberty to do so.

[*Crosses to L.*]

Hec. Oh! what have girls come to, now-a-days; I

wouldn't like your grandmother's ghost to hear you talk in that way.

Geor. (c.) Really, Monsieur Coco, I wish you would not trouble yourself about me or my grandmother's ghost, I want nothing to say to you. [*Crosses to R.*]

Hec. Georgette, I'm disgusted—that's a strong word, but it expresses my feelings. Captain Lejoyeux!— [*To Georgette.*—Here! here! stop and hear what I am about to say—Captain, I am about to enter the army!— [*Aside.*—That ought to sting her!

Lej. [At table.] Bravo, comrade!

Hec. (L.C.) This campaign is expected to be the most terrible in the annals of war; not a bachelor is likely to be left in the canton. [*Aside.*]—She don't implore me not to make a fool of myself!

Geor. Good bye, Coco,—I've no doubt some day I shall hear you are a corporal.

[*Stephan appears to detain her.*]

Lej. [Comes to c.] Now, my dear fellow, here's a little bit of paper to sign: when you have done that, you have taken the first step on the ladder of fame—write your name here. [*Points to paper.*]

Hec. With the greatest pleasure.

[*Takes paper and puts it in his pocket.*]

Lej. Why do you put the engagement in your pocket?

Hec. To sign when my head is cool.— [*Crosses to c.*—I'm a minor, and must have my uncle's consent.—Oh! Georgette! you have used me cruelly!

Ste. (R.) Come, you must not quarrel with my pretty cousin, Monsieur Coco: when we were children, she was called my little wife—and—

Hec. [Interrupting him.] Your wife, sir!—the monopoly which you've established in this canton is anything but creditable to you, or the female population.

Geor. [Laughing.] Good-by! ah! poor Coco!

[*Exit, with Stephan, R.U.E.*]

Hec. [Calling after them.] That girl has worried me so that I really begin to love her in earnest. I'll go and do something desperate,—perhaps that'll move her;—I'll take a very mild dose of poison—or, perhaps, a couple of bottles of uncle's old claret might agree with me better.

[*Exit, R.U.E.*]

Enter ENDORMI, L.U.E.

End. [Salutes Lejoyeux.] A letter from the Syndic.

[*Presents letter.*]

Lej. [*Reads.*] Endormi, a rascally innkeeper has absconded with some three thousand livres, confided to his keeping—he is supposed to have proceeded to the Spanish frontier: let some of our men be instantly dispatched in pursuit of him—I will give you the necessary authority for his arrest. [*Exeunt, L.U.E.*]

Enter JACQUES, L.U.E.

Jac. She is alone,—how I tremble, as though I myself had wronged her;—Rose!

Enter ROSE, L.U.E., utters a cry.

Rose. Oh! Father Jacques!—[*Runs to him.*]—The money, father!—quick,—not a moment is to be lost.—Where is it?—quick! give it to me!

Jac. (L.C.) The money, my poor child?

Rose. (R.C.) The dowry, which you said was mine.

Jac. Yes, Rose, that money was yours—my savings of twenty years—all my savings, Rose.

Rose (R.C.) Well, father?

Jac. (L.C.) Dubois, to whom I entrusted that money—

Rose. Go on.

Jac. Has fled, like a villain!

Rose. [*Aside.*] Then, I am lost!

Jac. To save that sum I had deprived myself of every comfort; but it was for you, my beloved Rose—for you I suffered—but all is gone—all—all——

Rose. Then I am ruined, father!—listen to me——

STEPHAN enters, R.U.E.

Stephan here! no, I cannot confess my crime before him. Come, father, let us go.

Ste. (R.) Rose! my dear Rose! stay for one moment: now that your kind old friend has returned, I wish to speak to you on a subject which concerns my future happiness.

Jac. Proceed. [*Crosses to c.*]

Ste. (R) Rose has told me that Georgette has purchased my discharge; her motive I fear to conjecture; but though I must ever feel grateful to my cousin—it is your Rose only that I can call my wife.

Rose. [*Aside, L.*] Oh, what happiness have I lost!

Jac. (C.) [*Patting Stephan kindly on the shoulder, as if to hide his own emotion.*] I feel that I ought to speak for Rose;—come, Rose,—you will marry Stephan?

Rose. [*Aside to Jacques.*] But yesterday, and how my heart had throbb'd at such a question—but now—[*Aloud, to Stephan.*—] you must find another bride than Rose de Mai.

Ste. (R.) Rose, you do not reject my love?

Jac. No—no— [Crosses to R.]

Rose. [*With effort.*] Think no more of me—from this day let us meet as strangers.

Ste. (C.) As strangers, Rose?—Oh, that will be impossible!—Though you reject me for your husband, my fate must be inseparably linked to yours—I have no joy but when I see you joyous—no hope, but for your happiness—no fear, but for your sorrow.

Rose. [*Aside*] Oh, the misery I now suffer!

[Crosses to L.]

Ste. Speak to me?—recall those fatal words!

Rose. No!—no!—[*Aside.*]—I could never make him a partner in my disgrace.

Jac. (R.C.) Rose, I am bewildered—I know that you love Stephan.

Rose. [*Wildly.*] No! no!—I love him not!—farewell!—forget me!—we part for ever! [Rushes off, L.U.E.]

Jac. Oh, follow her, Stephan!—[*Exit Stephan.*]—What has worked this change in her?—Theresa?—If so, let her beware!

Enter THERESA, from Farm.

The. [*To herself.*] I dare hardly trust my senses—yet there is the proof!—the money is gone.

Jac. What is the matter, Madam!

The. Oh, Jacques!—I have been robbed.

Jac. Robbed!

The. Yes!—part of the money I had set aside for my rent has been stolen from the escritoire.

Jac. Can you accuse any one?

The. Accuse!—no, but there is one whom I suspect.

Jac. Whom?

The. (L.C.) One in whom I placed the most implicit confidence, and whom I could never have believed capable of such an act. Before my departure I gave her my keys—

Jac. (R.C.) Merciful heaven!—Rose!

The. Yes, Father Jacques!—it is Rose whom I suspect—she whom I have fed by my bounty, and treated as one of my own kindred.

Jac. [*Indignantly.*] And you suspect Rose of this crime?

The. Whom else can I suspect?—she had my keys.—When I returned and asked her for them, she was greatly agitated—on whom else could suspicion fall?

Jac. Every one—me—the whole village, sooner than that poor child, whose honour and virtue are her sole inheritance;—what use has she for gold?—without vanity,—without passion—what was to tempt her to the commission of this theft?—yet you accuse her!

The. I do not accuse—I only suspect.

Jac. Suspicion whispered about is like the blight upon the wholesome grain: it blackens first, and then destroys. Better to accuse, for innocence can defend itself.—Rose is all I live for—her honour is dear to me as my own, and with my honour I will answer for my child—you yet shall do her justice. [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

The. It is not me she has to fear—could I conceal my loss, I would let her own conscience be her punishment; but the deficiency in my rent will cause inquiry, and I have but the truth to tell.

Enter LEJOYEUX, rather tipsy, L. U. E.

Lej. What a paradise you inhabit, Madam!—such wine—such beauty!—[*Bows.*]—a Mahometan ghost might be contented.

The. (R. C.) I bow to your better judgment

Lej. (L.) Such hospitality, too.—I have been banquetting all day, and now am invited to a wedding supper.

The. A wedding supper!—whose, pray?

Lej. There you puzzle me: unless the gallant Stephan has married his preserver—the pretty Rose de Mai.

The. Stephan and Rose de Mai!

Lej. Egad! I had forgotten—I ought not to have spoken of it; but as I know you will keep it secret, it's of no consequence.

The. How, his preserver, Sir?

Lej. Why, the generous angel rescued him from the talons of the glorious conscription—she bought him off.

The. When?

Lej. A short time since—at the very moment we were to have marched.

The. And the sum?

Lej. Fifteen hundred livres in honest louis-d'or—and a very good bargain she has for her money. [*Turns up, L.*]

The. [*Aside.*] The very sum I have lost ;—ungrateful creature !—will Jacques defend her still ?

Lej. [*Coming down, L.*] My dear Madam !—what ails you ?

The. I see it all—she loves him—his gratitude will lead him to marry her—this she foresaw, and basely plundered me in order to procure the means to gain her selfish ends. Can I see her united to Stephan ?—never ! never !

[*Crosses to L.*

Lej. [*Crosses to R.*] I seem to have aroused this handsome fury : from a man I'd scorn to retreat, but from an angry woman I'll condescend to do something more—I'll bolt !

[*Exit, R.U.E.*

The. That marriage shall not take place ; I pity her,—but her crime shall not go unpunished.—Should they be already married ?—the thought maddens me.

Enter STEPHAN, supporting ROSE, L.U.E., followed by JACQUES.

Ste. (L.) I will not leave you, Rose, until I know that you are in safety—you have rejected my love,—still I shall watch over you—still be to you as a brother.

The. [*Aside, R.*] It is true, then.

[*Goes hastily to back, and rings a large bell to summon work-people.*

Rose. Ah ! she's here—for pity's sake let me go ;—I shall die with fear and shame.

Enter SERVANTS, &c., from farm and from road.

The. (c.) Listen, all of you !

Rose. (L.) I cannot bear this. [*About to go.*

The. (c.) Stop that ungrateful criminal !

All. Criminal !

The. I had thought to have concealed her criminality, but since she dares to brave me, I will disclose all.—[*Rose stands motionless.*]—I have been robbed of fifteen hundred livres in louis-d'or ;—there stands the thief !—[*To Stephan.*] Now, sir, be happy if you can—give her your name—make her your wife !

Ant. [*Aside to Theresa, R.*] No, no !—it's not Rose he's going to marry—it's Georgette—Monsieur Hector told me so.

The. Rose not his wife !—what have I done ?

Ste. (c.) What! are you all silent?—Does no one raise a voice in her defence?—Shame on you all—Rose, dear Rose! I dare avouch your honour and your innocence.

Jac. There are, then, two who have faith in you, my child; and who dare hurl back the calumny upon your detractor. Heaven, in its own good time, will punish the false accuser.

Ste. (L.C.) Speak, Rose!—but one word!

Rose. (L) Not one!

Jac. (L.) Yes, one word of denial?

Rose. No—I can deny nothing—[*Falls into Jacques's arms.*]—Nothing! nothing!

Ste. (c.) Nothing!—[*Turning away.*]—Alas! it is too true.

Jac. Rose, Rose!—[*Stephan turns to her again, Jacques repulses him.*]—No, to doubt is to abandon! Henceforth her place is here!—her place is here!—[*Presses her to his bosom; Villagers form on the bridge—Theresa, overpowered, sinks on the bank.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Rocky Pass.

Enter GEORGETTE, followed by HECTOR COCO, L.U.E.

Geor. For shame, Coco; at such a painful moment as this, to bother me with your proposals.

Hec. (L.C.) Why, I've tried you at all other times, and with uniform non-success. When you're gay, you laugh at me—when you're cross, you blow me up;—perhaps now you're in the dumps, you may be tender to me.

Geor. (R.C.) I wish you wouldn't plague me with your attentions—there are plenty of other girls.

Hec. Ah, but not with your style of nose—some are too puggy, and some are too roman.

Geor. There's Theresa—she's handsome and rich.

Hec. Yes, but she's got a little too much of the Spanish for me.—She looked just now, when Stephan swore that he loved Rose better than ever—she looked then, as though poison and daggers would have been a great relief to her.

Geor. She certainly seems violently enraged against somebody.

Hec. You, no doubt,—you'll need a protector—take me?

Geor. I know what this will end in;—you will worry me so, I shall be obliged to say *yes*, to get rid of you.

Hec. Perseverance conquers all things, says the copy-book—[*Aside.*]—I'll stick to her.

Geor. If you would only do something to distinguish yourself.

Hec. Well, I have: you've called me a hundred times the greatest booby in the canton.

Geor. Ah! that distinction you owe to nature; but I mean, if you would do some great action.

Hec. Well, old Bonfoi owes three quarters' taxes—I'll seize his cows?

Geor. La! no, monster!

Hec. Shall I shoot my uncle?

Geor. No!

Hec. Set fire to the church?

Geor. [*Laughing.*] No, booby, no! [Going.]

Hec. Hang myself?

Geor. Yes!

Hec. Egad! there seems to be no pleasing you.

[*Exeunt, R.U.E.*]

Enter JACQUES, supporting ROSE.

Rose. [*Exhausted—pausing.*] Oh, father!—here let me die—I can never see him more!

Jac. Nay, nay, my child—that haughty Spaniard shall sue to you for pardon for this deep injustice—she alone accuses you—unless it be yourself by your silence—

STEPHAN enters at the back.

—and your tears.—Stephan still loves you—still believes you innocent.

Rose. [*Earnestly.*] He, at least, will not condemn me for this act.

Jac. Who dare condemn, if you deny your guilt!

Rose. Oh, would that I could do so!—dear Father Jacques—would that I could do so!

Jac. How?

Rose. [*Falling on her knees.*] I am guilty!—I am guilty!

Jac. [*Raising her.*] Guilty! Rose de Mai—my hope! my life!—my all!—guilty of a theft?

Rose. It is true!—too true! It was to save Stephan;—he was denounced as a deserter—condemned to death: it was to save him.

Ste. [*Coming forward, R.*] Great heaven!

Rose. He here! oh, do not reproach me, Stephan!

[*Falls on her knees.*]

Ste. [*Crosses to c.*] Reproach you, Rose!— [*Raises her*—rather worship you for your devoted love, which at such a sacrifice has sought to save me.

Rose. But you know not all—I never thought to wrong Theresa by the course I have pursued: Father Jacques had promised me a dowry—twice the sum required for your liberation.—He has been deceived, and I disgraced beyond redemption.

Jac. (R.) I see it all, now.

Rose. [*Seeing Stephan weeping.*] You pity me—you pardon my crime for the motive which occasioned it!

Ste. (c.) Pity you! pardon you!—I alone am guilty; had I fulfilled my duty and obeyed the law—for, cruel and unjust though it be, yet as the law it claimed my obedience—this misery had been spared us.

Jac. True! good cannot spring from evil. You both have erred—both for your own selfish ends forgotten the path of duty.

Ste. I, at least, have done so; but it is not too late to retrace my steps.— [*Crosses to L.*]—Lejoyeux is not without generosity; I will tell him all, and doubtless he will restore the money, and let me fulfil my obligations to my country.

Rose. (c.) Oh, Stephan! think of your mother!

Ste. (L.) I do, Rose, and know that she would rather mourn for me in my grave than blush for me living: your safety is my only care.

Jac. (R.) And justice to Theresa:—you have determined rightly; this money must be restored, if possible. You, Stephan, find Lejoyeux.—Rose, come, we must go together.

Ste. [*Kissing Rose's hand.*] Be comforted, dear Rose—whoever else condemns, I bless you for your devotion.

[*Exit, L. V. E.*]

Jac. Now to Theresa.

Rose. [*Starts back.*] Oh, not to her!

Jac. Yes,—to her; we owe her reparation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Interior of Theresa's Farm-house.*

THERESA discovered.

The. So he loves her!—Even when her shame, her guiltiness, is proclaimed: he avows his determination to share his destiny with her. Be it so—let him wed the criminal—the condemned! for, by the Moresco blood within my veins, I will have vengeance.

The. [To *Rose*, L.C.] You here!—Forth, with your beggar counsellor!—here you find shelter no longer.

Rose. (C.) Oh, forgive me! I own my fault, and cling to you for mercy.

Jac. (R.) And you will grant it: forgive the error of a loving, doting child.

The. (L.) At whose bidding should I do this?—at yours? a cunning knave, who lives upon the compassion and ignorance of these village dupes.

Jac. (R.) Hard words, Madam; but I will bear all for the sake of this poor child. You know not the cause of her transgression—you know not for whom she has committed this error. Speak, *Rose*—tell her all.

Rose. (C.) It was to save the one I loved from a disgraceful death—it was to preserve *Stephan*.

The. (L.) And this you confess to me! you both knew how dearly I loved that man, and yet you plead to me, in extenuation of this crime, that I have been robbed—basely robbed—to purchase from me the love I so much coveted.

Rose. I had no such thought, Madam.—Until a few minutes past, he did not know who had preserved him.

The. Indeed! and you expect me to believe this? You are deceived, base girl—you have to contend with one who has bought her knowledge of the world at too dear a price, not to value her experience. I know—your cunning aided as it has been by that old man—has worked the ruin of my peace.—I will not, cannot tamely suffer.

Rose. (C.) Do with me as you will: but forgive me, Madam!

The. Forgive!—you do not know me! [Crosses to R.]

Jac. True! she does not know you!— [Leading *Rose* off through L.D.; aside.]—There is no other way.

[*Jacques* returns.]

The. (R.) Why do you return? Why do you not follow your innocent protégée?

Jac. (L.) Because she is not innocent, and I require her pardon.

The. [*Scornfully.*] You require?

Jac. And will obtain it!

The. Insolence!

Jac. Truth is often thought to be so. Now listen to me——

The. Not a word—begone!

Jac. (L.c.) Listen to me, Theresa Mavoisier.

The. [*Starts, R.*] Ah, you know me!

Jac. Yes, if you are she who, seventeen years ago, deserted her husband and child, and became the mistress of the Count D'Orvigny; are you that woman?

The. [*Distractedly.*] I am! I am!

Jac. For ten years you have lived here honoured and esteemed. All that time I have kept this secret, without fee or recompense.

The. Keep it still:—here's money—[*Forcing a bag into his hands*—take all I have as yours, but do not drive me forth again, a wretched outcast!

Jac. [*Throwing down the money.*] I ask a larger bribe than this poor bag of coin; your husband was my commander—in many a hard fought field we stood side by side—I never saw him quail, until a woman made him—that woman was his wife.

The. Oh! I have suffered for my crime!—sleepless haunted nights, and wretched days, have been my lot, with none to pity! none! none!

Jac. And wherefore pity?

The. Think how young I was; even my—[*Pause.*]—even the husband's pride in his wife's beauty fed her breast with poison—it made her vain of her fair face, and led her to seek for admiration from the crowd, when she should have sought it from her lord alone. Confident in his own worth, he became regardless of the temptations with which he had surrounded his young and thoughtless wife.

Jac. What sophistry is this! But your child—your helpless child, how did that lead its mother to dishonour?

The. [*Sinks on her knees.*] Oh! my child!

Jac. When my brave commander fell, who was there to protect his orphan?—Its mother far away.

The. Who? who?—the child?

Jac. That legacy was bequeathed to a poor soldier, who brought the child to his native country. He found—as many a war-worn man has found before and since—his kindred dead, and he himself forgotten.

The. And now! where is he now?

Jac. [*Not heeding her.*] One day he placed his little charge in safety beneath a tree that grew beside a good man's door. Concealing himself, he awaited the result of his stratagem; it succeeded—the child was adopted by the honest farmer, who called it—

The. Speak on, do not pause!

Jac. Who called it—Rose de Mai.

The. What?

Jac. Rose de Mai, whom you would have held up to infamy—is your own child!

The. [*With emotion.*] Bring her to me—let me satisfy the mother's longing.

[*She staggers towards the door; Jacques stays her.*]

Jac. What would you do? for years I have known this story; but could I suffer the daughter of a brave man to share the wages of her mother's shame?

The. Take all, but give me back my child!

Jac. I had saved her from such dependence; but, deceived by one I trusted, she is again as poor as when her dying father bequeathed her to my care; since all which you possess was the gift of D'Orvigny.

The. No, I have abundance earned by honest industry. When I left D'Orvigny's roof, I took nothing that he had given me. I have toiled hard—lived frugally—in the hope that some day my child would be restored to me.

Jac. And dare you speak of the past?—dare you to prove your claim to her?—confess the errors which separated you?—No! no!

The. [*Drops her head.*] No! no!

Enter OFFICER OF THE SYNDIC, D.F.

Offi. (R.) Madam, a rumour has reached the Grand Syndic, that last night you were robbed by a confidential servant.—In obedience to his orders, I am here to know the truth.

The. [*Aside.*] Indeed! How to rescue her from her present peril—[*Pauses.*]—Ah! yes, that will save her!

[*Runs to the door, and rings a large bell.*]

Enter Workpeople, STEPHAN, and GEORGETTE, D.F.

JACQUES goes to L.D., and brings in ROSE.

The. (c.) Friends, this morning you were present, when, from a most unworthy feeling, I accused that poor girl of theft.

All. (R.) Yes, Madam.

Lej. (R.) Do you persevere in that accusation?

The. (C.) No!

All. What?

The. I alone am guilty of deception — I thought to make her seem unworthy in the eyes of all—but more so in those of the man I loved, and whose affection I found she had gained—and merited.

Geor. (R.) Who could have suspected her of this?

The. (C.) Few are what they seem—to-morrow, I quit this place for ever, and in some other land seek to repair the injury I have done to Rose de Mai.

Rose. [*Who has appeared bewildered.*] No, no!—you shall not do yourself this wrong.

The. [*Aside to Rose.*] For mercy's sake do not gainsay me?—let me proceed?

Rose. (L.C.) No, Madam!—there is some terrible mystery here—what I have done was without a thought of evil—to suffer this would be a crime indeed!

The. You must be silent, or I shall die before you. Rose, obey my wish—Oh! nature will speak:—I am—I am—your mother!

Rose. My mother!

[*Faints in Theresa's arms.—Rose recovering, Stephan goes to her.*]

The. [*To Stephan.*] Stephan, she loves you.

[*Giving the hand of Rose to him.*]

Ste. How truly has she proved it.

The. Jacques, may Heaven reward you! but your best recompense is an approving conscience.

Jac. Yes, Madam, I have ever striven to follow the path of rectitude—it must lead to content, if not to happiness.

Enter HECTOR COCO, D.F.

Hec. Father Jacques! Father Jacques!—Oh, here you are!—I've done it, Georgette!—I've distinguished myself!—Father Jacques! Dubois is taken, and with him your three thousand livres.

Geor. [*To Hector.*] And did you seize the desperate robber?

Hec. No, I didn't do that—the soldiers did that—but I picked his pocket:

Jac. And what has become of the old rogue?

Hec. I left him in the hands of the villagers, who were

about to duck him in the mill-pond.—Here are your notes, Father Jacques!

Jac. Never was money more welcome!—[*Giving book to Rose.*]—You can now pay your debts, and still leave enough for two trusting hearts to make a good start with.—And so they have soused old Dubois—serve him right; he has found by this time that cheating never prospers.—We all have read a lesson out of the same book; from it may we learn, that in love, duty, generosity,—‘Honesty is the best policy!’

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

GEORGETTE. COCO. THERESA. JACQUES. ROSE. STEPHAN.

R.]

[L.

THE END.

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R. Cruikshank, Del.

Miss Clint, Sc.

The Bride of Lamtermoor.

Lucy. Ravenswood, forgive—forgive me.

Act III. Scene 2.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR:

A DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

(FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT,)

BY JOHN WILLIAM CALCRAFT.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

by Miss CLINT, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

G. H. DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.

R E M A R K S.

The Bride of Lammermoor.

THE 'Bride of Lammermoor' is a romance conceived and written with the spell and power of the magician—with the grandeur and pathos of the poet! It tells a tale of broken vows and forced marriage; and fulfils an awful prediction with tragic truth. Of all the author's histories of ill-starred love, this, perhaps, is the most affecting. Its stern brevity has a wonderful charm. Its startling incidents—hurried on with such rapidity and force—leave no time for reflection: we follow the poet with beating heart and breathless expectation, and arrive at the fatal catastrophe utterly broken in spirit and subdued! Twenty years have well nigh elapsed since we read this marvellous production—twenty years of further experience of this world's utter worthlessness, of the mockery of friendship, and the fallacy of love. Such a lesson might reasonably be expected to have produced its wonted effects: to have deadened our sympathies,—to have shut out from our heart all romantic feelings; and to have made us, like Democritus, laugh, instead of weep, at human folly and woe. But, thanks to the good Spirit that keeps the heart green though the head be gray! the mighty magician has not lost his power over us. His awful voice and thrilling tones, whether attuned to prophecy or passion,—to the denunciation of remorseless tyranny, or to the last convulsive sobs of a bleeding and broken heart,—are to our feelings as potent as ever. If it had been otherwise, we should have been paying the sad penalty of old age somewhat before our time.

Of a story so well known, it would be useless to enter into any lengthened detail. The family feuds of two ancient houses,—the rise of the one upon the ruins of the other,—the pride and insolence of successful villainy; and the fierce hatred and desire of vengeance that aggravate and arm the oppressed against the oppressor, are among its principal characteristics. The author has exhibited a titled official, grasping, inexorable, and cruel, in his eager pursuit of riches and honours, but cowardly and irresolute under the malignant influence of an imperious woman; and a she-wolf of a mother sacrificing her daughter on the altar of pride and Mammon. To these fearful family portraits he has added a lover, who, renouncing the dear ties by which injured honour bound him to seek vengeance, has clasped hands in friendship with the despoiler of his house and the slayer of his father! Why was the urgent advice of friends, the plain arguments of

reason, and the dire porcents of superstition, disregarded? The very dead had arisen from their graves to warn him against this fatal union. But no! he had signed the marriage contract—he had broken the gold! How beautifully has the author drawn the fair bride!—how exquisitely tender and touching is this lovely creation! The long and unaccountable silence of her absent lover to a most delicate and important inquiry,—her letters to him intercepted,—the force and fury of that foul fiend her mother: all—all combined against her, are too much for her fast-fading fragile form, her burning heart, and wandering brain! With vacant gaze and trembling hand she repudiates the old contract and subscribes the new;—but when, to the surprise and dismay of the guilty wedding-party, her lover, haggard, pale, and distracted, rushes into the grand hall where the dread ceremony has just been performed,—when she beholds his phrenzied looks, hears his honourable explanation, and listens to his passionate vows of unalterable affection: *then* she reveals by whose fatal command she had been unhappily swayed. From her lover she receives back the contract and the broken gold, and unconsciously raises her hand to disengage the ribbon by which *her* piece of gold had been suspended round her neck—these once sacred pledges are silently returned to the Master of Ravenswood; but *that* gold was the last link that bound her to life—and it is broken! In vain does the haughty and ambitious mother endeavour to rally the sinking spirits of her victim through this trying scene. And now he is about to leave her for ever! Breaking from this maternal monster—this thrice-damned hell-kite!—she bids him tarry but a few moments, and then all will be over. She is now beyond the power of fear, and speaks out in her terrible despair. Little, however, has she to say but to confess her fault and implore his forgiveness: then drops the penitent into her lover's arms, and dies! Can he outlive his loss?—he falls upon her brother's sword!


The unhappy rival—for unhappy we must call him—is not wholly unamiable. He has in single combat with the Master received back his forfeited life: in return for which he seems resolved that no one shall kill his benefactor but himself! though in the sequel this odd gratification is denied him. Hayston of Bucklaw is little else but a plain good-humoured young sportsman, to whom a night-cowl of sparkling Burgundy is worth all the considering-caps in the world. Captain Craigengelt—a cowardly swash-buckler, a compound of Pistol and Bobadil—is the matrimonial agent of Bucklaw; and the vain-glorious, tame-cheating, vulgar swaggerer, makes capital sport. Like Bobadil, he hooks on for what he can get to swallow: he will endure a sound drubbing for a dinner; and his boots and doublet are quite after the greasy and worn-out fashion of that renowned braggadocio's. He will gallop to the very gates of Jericho, and the judgment-seat of Prester-

John, for his patron the 'King of Trumps,'—swears that his Majesty shall pique, repique, and capot the Master; and point, quint, quatorze, and win the lady! But the great comic character of this romance is Caleb Balderstone, the steward and factotum of the Master of Ravenswood. His zeal for the bygone honour and hospitalities of the ancient house in the service of which he has grown gray, leads him into all sorts of shifts, tricks, and contrivances. He has a lie ever ready to ingeniously conceal the leanness of the larder; and calls on sundry imaginary retainers—John, Thomas, Saunders, Davie!—to open the hall-gate and attend on the visitors that arrive in such inconvenient numbers at Wolf's Crag! His superficial gravity and gammon are most amusing, and his bow-wow *blathering* and sly humour of the raciest order. Without a pigeon in the pantry or a penny in his purse, both are, according to his version, plethoric and overflowing! Even the elements conspire to help him out of his hungry difficulties: and a convenient clap of thunder suddenly comes to spoil one of the best dinners that was ever dressed! His circumstantial, solemn, and fictitious detail, how the plaguy soot fell down the chimney upon his fabulous bill of fare, that might have fed—ay, and plentifully—four persons of quality, 'forbye the apples and pears!' is given with great gusto, and is highly mirth-moving. The author evidently delighted in this character, and spared no pains in the colouring to make it effective.

To Mr. John William Calcraft the public are indebted for this excellent dramatic adaptation of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. It is executed with considerable tact and taste. Nothing that could render it effective on the stage has been omitted, whether it be high tragic interest or sportive comic humour. Mr. Calcraft played the Master with great spirit; and Mr. Murray (the respected manager of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh,) and the celebrated Mr. Mackay (Sir Walter Scott's favourite Bailie Nichol Jarvie) in Craigengelt and Caleb—the braggart and the bouncer—were comic incarnations of two very different kinds of humour. Our old favourite Mrs. Henry Siddons (the Juliet of our early days, and an actress of singular genius, beauty, and modesty,) made Lucy Ashton deeply interesting: her's was a thrilling and fine impersonation of a fond and broken heart.

If an Edinburgh audience were tremblingly alive to this story of domestic sorrow, those who witnessed its performance at the Marylebone Theatre paid it equal homage. The Master of Ravenswood in the person of Mr. Davenport (a young actor who bids fair to become an ornament to his profession) was highly impassioned and impressive: his bearing was graceful and chivalric, his delivery of the dialogue elegant and correct. Of Mrs. Mowatt in Lucy, we can only speak in terms of high and well-deserved commendation. Her tender

simplicity and fervent feeling in the early scenes—her mute and resigned despair when led forth to make her fearful and final sacrifice, were beautifully depicted: her fixed eye, quivering lip, and colourless cheek, contrasted with an almost supernatural strength and dignity, spoke the truth and intensity of her conception, and the power of her genius. Altogether, this drama was admirably got up and acted.

 D——G.

The Costume and Cast of Characters,

As represented at the Theatre Royal, Marylebone.

*Sir William Ashton, Lord Keeper, (Mr. TINDELL).—*Embroidered suit of the time of Queen Anne.

*Colonel Ashton, Son of Sir William, (Mr. WHEATLEIGH).—*Richly-embroidered military uniform of that period.

*Henry, aged fourteen, Son of Sir William.—*Fancy dress.

*Edgar, Master of Ravenswood, (Mr. DAVENPORT).—*First dress: Black mourning dress of the time of Queen Anne—high boots and spurs—large mourning cloak. *Second dress:* Riding cloak—slouched hat and feathers.

*Hayston of Bucklaw (Mr. H. F. CRAVEN).—*First dress: Plain country Squire of 1700. *Second dress:* Richly-embroidered full-dress suit.

*Captain Craigengelt (Mr. J. JOHNSTONE).—*First dress: Old dull red coat, with yellow facings—scarlet breeches—heavy military boots and spurs—leather belt and hanger—large frill—long flowered waistcoat—cocked hat. *Second dress:* Gaudily-embroidered military dress.

*Caleb Balderstone (Mr. J. H. RAY).—*First dress: Red breeches—tartan waistcoat—dark-blue worsted stockings—red night-cap: all very much worn, mended, and patched. *Second dress:* Heavy old-fashioned livery coat and waistcoat, much worn.

*Randolph, a Clergyman, (Mr. MORRISON).—*Clergyman's gown and bands.

*Lockhart (Mr. MORRIS).—*Plain dark dress.

*Norman, a Forester, (Mr. MORELAND).—*Green hunting-dress and carbine.

*Gentlemen (Messrs. NORRIS, SMITHERS, and BOWEN).—*The costume of the period.

*Lady Ashton (Mrs. J. JOHNSTONE).—*First dress: Travelling dress. *Second dress:* Full evening costume of 1700.

*Lucy Ashton (Mrs. MOWATT).—*First dress: Plain silk or satin, with plaid scarf. *Second dress:* Elegant bridal dress.

*Mysie (Miss COOKE).—*Plain thread-bare cotton gown—apron—white morning-cap, with black silk band—old shoes.

*Dame Lightbody (Miss F. HAMILTON).—*Dress similar to Mysie's, but of superior quality.

*Marion (Miss LESLIE).—*Coloured gown—tartan neckerchief—white apron—smart cap.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Library in Ravenswood Castle.*

Enter Sir WILLIAM ASHTON, LOCKHART following, R.

Sir W. My orders, sir, were positive ; and, if the young Master of Ravenswood dared oppose, force should have compelled obedience.

Lock. It was impossible, my lord, to execute your orders, surrounded as we were by all the kinsmen of the family : the Master drew his sword, and threatened the clergyman with personal violence unless he proceeded with the ceremony.

Sir W. Did the rest second this resolution ?

Lock. All, my lord : an hundred weapons were displayed in an instant, and young Edgar, exclaiming he knew well from whom this blow proceeded, uttered the most contemptuous expressions against you, and the authority you are invested with. We were compelled to leave the chapel, happy to escape with our lives.

Sir W. I can scarcely commend your prudence, sir. The consequences may be more important than you are aware of. Leave me. [*Exit Lockhart, R.*] Young Ravenswood is now completely in my grasp, and he shall either bend or break. This boy—this hare-brained fool—has wrecked his vessel before she has cleared the harbour. But I would not touch his life, even though it should be in my power. Yet, if he live till a change of times, what follows ? Restitution : perhaps revenge.

Enter LUCY ASHTON, L.

Lucy. My father here ! I fear I have disturbed you, sir ; I did not know you were in the library.

Sir W. My sweet Lucy, your presence is always welcome.

Lucy. Nay, nay dear father, 'tis your kindness induces you to say so. But, since I have intruded upon you, I have a request to make, if you are not occupied in matters of importance.

Sir W. Name it, Lucy.

Lucy. You know, my dear sir, I have long wished to conduct you to the residence of old Alice. 'Tis scarcely five minutes' walk from the castle, and the day is fine;—will you now gratify me?

Sir W. I confess you have raised my curiosity. We will go immediately. [*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*The Mermaid's Well. Cut and Back Woods.*

Enter EDGAR RAVENSWOOD in a shooting-dress, with a gun in his hand, L. U. E.

Rav. For the last time, ere fortune drives me from my native land, I come to seek the spoiler of my house. Nature recoils from shedding blood; yet, as I wander through these lofty woods, which once were mine, in every breeze I hear a voice, which echoes back the feelings of my heart. The demon of revenge has planted scorpions here; and from the grave my father's spirit cries for retribution. [*A shriek without, R. U. E.*] Ha! [*Looking off, R. U. E.*] what do I behold? a savage bull pursues the object of my hate, who struggles to support a fainting female. One instant, and inevitable death awaits them. Can I look on, and leave them to this cruel fate, yet have the power to save? Away! away! A moment's hesitation would disgrace the name of man.

[*Rushes out, R. U. E. A shot is fired without, and RAVENSWOOD returns, bearing LUCY senseless in his arms. He places her on a bank near the well, and kneels beside her—she recovers slowly.*

Lucy. [*Looking wildly around.*] My father! my father!

Rav. Sir William is perfectly safe, madam. He is gone for further assistance, and will be here instantly.

Lucy. Oh! sir, are you certain he is safe? The savage animal was close by us. Do not stop me; I must go and seek my father. [*She is fainting, Ravenswood supports her.*

Rav. Do not make yourself uneasy on his account. Fate has singularly preserved him. I must now leave you,

madam, and under the protection of those to whom it is possible you may this day have been a guardian angel.

[*Going, L.*

Lucy. Yet stay till my father, the Lord Keeper, comes : only permit him to offer his thanks, and to inquire your name.

Rav. It is unnecessary to mention my name. Your father—I would rather say, Sir William Ashton—will learn it soon enough for all the pleasure it is likely to afford him.

Lucy. You mistake him. He will be grateful, for my sake and for his own. You do not know my father, or you are deceiving me with a story of his safety, when he has fallen a victim to the fury of that animal.

Rav. On the word of a gentleman, madam, I tell you the truth. Your father is in perfect safety.

Lucy. [*Taking his arm.*] Oh ! if you be a gentleman ; if you be a man, assist me to find my father. You shall not leave me, you shall go with me. He is dying perhaps, while we are talking here.

Enter Sir WILLIAM ASHTON, NORMAN, and two Foresters, R. Norman and Foresters go up, L.

Sir W. [*As he enters.*] My child ! my child !

Lucy. My dear, dear father ! [*Runs and embraces him.*

Sir W. My dear, dear Lucy, are you safe ? Are you well ?

Lucy. I am quite well, sir, and still more that I see you so. But this gentleman, what must he think of me ?

Sir W. [*Crossing to Edgar.*] This gentleman will, I trust, not regret the trouble we have given him, when I assure him of the Lord Keeper's eternal gratitude for the greatest service which one man ever rendered to another. For the life of my child, for my own life, which he has saved by his bravery and presence of mind, he will, I am sure, permit us to request—

Rav. Request nothing of me, my lord ; I am the Master of Ravenswood ! [*Exit, L.*

Sir W. The Master of Ravenswood ! Hasten after him ! Stop him ! Beg him to speak to me for a single moment.

[*Exeunt Norman and two Foresters, L.*
My life preserved by the very man I have been warned against—whom I regarded as my bitterest enemy ! My daughter's, too !

Re-enter NORMAN, L.

Sir W. Well, sir?

Nor. He just said, he wadna' come back, my lord.

Sir W. He said something more, sir, and I insist on knowing what it was.

Nor. Why then, my lord, he said—but it wad be nae pleasure to your lordship to hear it—and I dare say the Master meant nae ill.

Sir W. That's none of your concern, sir: I desire to hear the very words.

Nor. Well then, my lord, he said, tell Sir William Ashton that the neist time he and I foregather, he will not be half sae blythe of our meeting as of our parting.

Sir W. Very well, sir. I believe he alludes to a wager we have on our hawks. It's a matter of no consequence. Retire—[*Norman retires up, crossing with the other two Foresters to R. S. E.*—and attend us to the castle. How shall I act? The man who saved my life rejects my thanks, and shuns me as his mortal enemy! I have the power to serve him; and honour, gratitude, demand I should exert it. It shall be so. Lucy, my love, we must not suffer our preserver thus to leave us.

Lucy. Oh! my dear father. Heaven seems to interpose this accident to end our ancient feuds; and since he, to whom we are so deeply indebted, regards us with hereditary hatred, let us rise superior to the dictates of mistaken pride, seek him in his own dwelling, brave his resentment, root out long-cherished enmity, nor leave him, till, by perseverance, we have won his friendship, and changed suspicion and mistrust for lasting confidence.

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Village Inn, called the Tod's Den—a Lamp on the Table.*

BUCKLAW and CRAIGENGELT discovered, seated back to back, their legs stretched on stools.

Buck. What the foul fiend can have detained the Master so long! He must have miscarried in his enterprise. Why did you dissuade me from going with him?

Craig. One man is enough to right his own wrong. We venture our lives for him in coming thus far on such an errand.

Buck. You are but a craven, after all, Craigengelt; and that's what many folk have thought of you before now.

Craig. But what no one has dared to tell me—[*Lays his hand on his sword*]*—and, but that I hold a hasty man no better than a fool, I would—*

Buck. Would you? and why don't you, then?

Craig. Because there's a deeper stake than the lives of twenty hare-brained gowks like you.

Buck. But what do you mean to do with this poor fellow, Ravenswood? He has no money left, any more than I.

Craig. Content yourself, Bucklaw! I know my business. He has parts and address, as well as courage and talents, and will present himself abroad, like a young fellow of head as well as heart, who knows something more than the speed of a horse and the flight of a hawk.

Buck. And yet isn't wise enough to escape the tricks of a kidnapper, Craigie! [*Craigengelt assumes an air of indignation, and puts his hand on his sword-hilt.*] But don't be angry; you know you won't fight, so just leave your hilt alone, and tell me how you drew him into your confidence.

Craig. Simply, by flattering his love of vengeance. He is now gone to expostulate, as he says, and perhaps thinks, with Sir William Ashton. I say, if they meet, ten to one but the Master kills him. Scotland will be too hot to hold him, France will gain him, and we shall all set sail in the French brig *L'Espoir*, which is hovering for us off Eyemouth. [*Both rise and come forward.*]

Buck. Content, say I; and if carrying the Master with us will ensure us a better reception, I hope he will shoot the Lord Keeper before he returns. I doubt our own merits will get us but slender preferment. But stay, he comes; I hear a horse's feet.

Craig. [*Crossing to R.*] Are you sure there is only one? I fear there is a chase. I think I hear three or four galloping together. I am sure I hear more than one.

[*Crosses to L.*]

Buck. [*Slaps Craigengelt on the shoulder, who starts over to L. corner.*] Pooh, pooh, man! it's only the wench of the house clattering to the well in her pattens. Why, you're more easily scared than a wild goose.

Craig. Eh? what! [*Affecting to draw his sword.*]

Buck. Leave it alone, Craigie! You won't, you know. [*Craigengelt crosses sulkily to L.*] But here comes Ravenswood alone, and looking as gloomy as a night in November!

Enter RAVENSWOOD, R. He goes to the table and sits.

Craig. Well, what has happened? What have you done?

Rav. Nothing.

Craig. Nothing! and left us determined to call the old villain to account for all the injuries you, we, and the whole country have received! Have you seen him?

Rav. I have.

Buck. Seen him! and come away without settling scores which have been so long due? I should not have expected that at your hand, Master?

Rav. No matter what you expected, sir. It is not to you I shall be disposed to account for my conduct. [*Rises and comes down, R.*]

Craig. Patience, Bucklaw. The Master has been interrupted by some accident—[*Swaggering up to Ravenswood*—]but he will excuse the anxiety of friends.

Rav. Friends! Captain Craigengelt—[*Craigengelt retreats to L.*]—I think our friendship amounts to this; that I agreed to leave Scotland with you as soon as I had visited the mansion of my fathers, and had an interview with its present possessor.

Buck. Very true, Master; and, as we thought you had a mind to do something to put your neck in jeopardy, we agreed to tarry for you, though ours might run some risk in consequence. As to Craigie, it does not much signify: he had gallows written on his brow, in the hour of his birth. [*Craigengelt puts his hand on his sword.*] Nonsense, Craigie, you won't fight, you know; but I should not like to discredit my parentage by coming to such an end, and in another man's cause, too.

Rav. Gentlemen, if I have occasioned you any inconvenience, I am heartily sorry; but, respecting my own affairs, I shall judge for myself, and am determined not to leave the country this season.

Buck. Not leave the country! [*Goes up angrily, c.*]

Craig. [*Bombastically.*] Not leave the country! after all the trouble and expense I have incurred?

Rav. Sir, I repeat, for the trouble you have had on my account, I thank you; the expense you have been put to admits of a more solid compensation. Take my purse, and pay yourself according to your own conscience.

[*Throws his purse on the table; Craigengelt is going to take it.*]

Buck. [*Coming down between them behind the table,*

which he strikes with his sword, c.] Your fingers, Craigie, seem to itch for that same piece of green net-work; but I make my vow to heaven, that, if they offer to close upon it, I'll chop them off with my whinger. Since the Master has changed his mind, I suppose we need stay here no longer; but, in the first place, I beg leave to tell him—

Craig. Tell him anything you will, but allow me first to state the difficulty of an introduction at Versailles, without the countenance of those who have established useful connexions.

Buck. Besides forfeiting the friendship of at least one man of spirit and honour.

Rav. Gentlemen, permit me once more to assure you, that you have been pleased to attach to our temporary connexion more importance than I ever meant it should have. When I repair to foreign courts, I shall not need the introduction of an intriguing adventurer, nor is it necessary for me to set value on the friendship of a hot-headed bully. *[Exit, R.*

Craig. Morblieu! my recruit is lost!

Buck. Ay, Craigie, the salmon is off with hook and all. But I'll after him; for I've had rather more of his insolence than I can well digest. *[Going.*

Craig. You had better let me go with you.

Buck. No, no, Craigie; keep you the cheek of the chimney-nook till I come back. You know you are not a fighting man; and remember the old proverb—'It's good sleeping in a hale skin.' *[Exit rapidly, while speaking, R.*

[Craigengelt goes to R. after him, recollects the purse, which remains on the table, turns, takes it, puts it in his pocket, and walks off, R.

SCENE IV.—*A Glen in the neighbourhood of Wolf's Crag. The Tower, L. U. E.*

RAVENSWOOD discovered crossing from R. to L. slowly, his arms folded, and apparently in deep meditation. Enter BUCKLAW hastily, and out of breath, L.

Buck. Halt, sir! As soon as I can speak, I'll tell you my purpose. I am no political agent—no Captain Craigengelt: I am Frank Hayston, of Bucklaw; and no man ever injures me by word, deed, sign, or look, but he must render me an account of it.

Rav. This is all very well, sir; but I have no quarrel with you, and desire to have none. *[Crosses to R.*

Buck. Come, come, fine airs and wise saws shall not carry it off thus. You termed me bully, and you shall retract the word before we part.

Rav. Scarcely, unless you show me better reasons for believing myself mistaken than you are now producing.

Buck. Draw, then. I always thought and said you were a pretty man, and should be sorry to report you otherwise.

Rav. You shall have no reason, sir. Defend yourself. [*They fight; Bucklaw is disarmed and thrown upon one knee.*] Take your life, and mend it, if you can.

Buck. It would be but a cobbled piece of work, I fear. But I thank you, Master, for my life. There's my hand. I bear you no ill will.

Rav. [*Taking his hand, after a pause.*] Bucklaw, you are a generous fellow, and I am convinced I have done you wrong.

Buck. Are you indeed? That's more than I expected; for men say you are not too ready to retract your opinions or your language.

Rav. Not when I have well considered them.

Buck. Then you are little wiser than I am. I always give my friend satisfaction first, and explanation afterwards.

Rav. How is it, Bucklaw, you are so intimate with Craigengelt, so much your inferior in birth and spirit?

Buck. In plain terms, because I am a fool, who have gambled away my land, and been silly enough to put my thumb under his belt. I dare say, by this time, he has told a dozen pretty stories of me to the government, the end of which will be, that I shall be made shorter by the head; and this is what I have got by wine, women, dice, cocks, dogs, and horses.

Rav. True, Bucklaw. You have indeed nourished in your bosom the snakes that are stinging you.

Buck. Well, well. I must petition for a lodging, the remainder of the night, at Wolf's Crag. I fear discovery, should I return to the inn, and—

Rav. The shelter of my roof you are welcome to. There sits the only male domestic that remains to the house of Ravenswood; and 'tis well he does remain, or we had little hope to find light or fire. [*Goes up to the gate, and knocks loudly several times.*] The old man must be departed, or fallen into a fit, for the noise I have made would have awakened the seven sleepers. [*Knocks again.*]

The light disappears from the window, and Caleb, with a lamp in his hand, cautiously opens a small casement over the gate, and puts out his head.

Caleb. What's your wull?

Rav. Caleb!

Caleb. Master, is't you?

Rav. Yes, Caleb, 'tis I; open the door quickly.

Caleb. But is it you in very blood and body? for I would sooner face fifty devils than my maister's ghaist, or even his wraith; wherefore, aroint ye, if ye were ten times my master, unless ye come in bodily shape, lith and limb.

Rav. It is I, Caleb, in bodily shape and alive; save that I was half dead with cold.

Caleb. Aweel, aweel, a moment's patience, while I unbar the gate. But are ye in truth men o' mould that demand entrance at sic a time o' night? [Goes in.]

Buck. If I were near you, you old blockhead, I'd give you sufficient proof of my bodily condition.

Rav. Open the gate, Caleb.

CALEB slowly and cautiously opens the gate, and comes out with the lamp in his hand.

Caleb. [Advancing, L.] Is it you, my dear master? Is it yoursel' indeed! And a strange gentleman with a—[Calling]—Mysie, Mysie, woman! Stir for dear life, and get the fire mended; tak' the auld three-legged stool, or ony thing that's readiest, that will mak' a lowe. I doubt we are but puirly provided, no expecting you these some months; natheless—

Rav. Natheless, Caleb, we must be accommodated the best way you can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than expected?

Caleb. Sorry, my lord! I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi' a' honest men, as your noble ancestors were three hundred years ago. Sorry to see the Lord o' Ravenswood at ane o' his ain castles. [To Mysie, within.] Mysie, kill the brood hen without thinking twice on't; let them care that come ahint. [Crossing to Bucklaw.] No that it's our best dwelling, but just a place o' strength for the Lord o' Ravenswood to flee until—that is, not to flee, but to retreat until—in perilous times; but, for its antiquity, maist folk think the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal.

Rav. And you seem determined we shall have time to make it, Caleb!

Buck. Oh, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend; let's see the inside, that's all.

Caleb. Oh, yes, sir—ay, sir—unquestionably, sir—my lord, and ony o' his honourable companions. Here, John! Thomas! Saunders! William!

Rav. I think, Caleb, you had better trust to yourself, or I see little chance of our being attended to at all.

Caleb. Whisht, sir! For heaven's sake! If ye dinna regard your ain credit, think o' mine! We'll hae hard enough wark to make a decent night on't, wi' all the lies I can tell.

Rav. Silence, Caleb, and show us the way.

Caleb. Weel, weel; it is no for the like o' me to dispute your honour's bidding; but the lamp is no fit—for the credit o' the family, the siller candlesticks!

Rav. Silence, Caleb, and proceed!

[*Exeunt into the tower, L. U. E.*]

SCENE V.—*The Hall in Wolf's Crag.*

Enter CALEB, showing in RAVENSWOOD and BUCKLAW. He places the lamp on the table, and exit, R.

Rav. Comfort, Bucklaw, I cannot provide for you, for I have it not for myself. Shelter and safety, I think I can promise.

Buck. Excellent things, Master; and with a mouthful of food and wine, all I can require for the remainder of the night.

Rav. I fear your repast will be a poor one. [*They retire up, c. A noise heard without, R., between Caleb and Mysie.*]

Enter CALEB and MYSIE, R.

Caleb. Just make the best on't—make the best on't, woman. It's easy to put a fair face on ony thing.

Mysie. But the auld brood-hen? She'll be as tough as bow-strings and bend-leather.

Caleb. Say ye made a mistak'—say ye made a mistak', Mysie! Tak' it a' on' yoursel'; never let the credit o' the house suffer.

Mysie. But the brood-hen? an' she sitting some gate aneath the dais in the ither chaumer; and I am feared to gang in the dark, for the bogle; and there's no anither light in the house, save that blessed lamp whilk stands upon the table.

Caleb. Weel, weel, Mysie, bide ye a wee, and I'll try to get the lamp wiled awa frae them. [*Exit Mysie, R.*

[*Ravenswood comes forward, R. and Bucklaw, L.*

Rav. Well, Caleb, my old friend, is there any chance of supper?

Caleb. Chance of supper, your lordship! How suld there be any doubt o' that, and we in your lordship's house! Chance o' supper, indeed! But ye'll no be for butcher meat. There's walth o' fat poultry either for spit or brander. [*Calling.*] The fat capon, Mysie!

Buck. Nay, nay, my good friend, if you have anything cold, or a morsel of bread.

Caleb. [*Crossing to Bucklaw.*] The best o' bannocks! and for cauld meat, a' that we hae is cauld eneugh.

Rav. Come, Caleb, I must cut this matter short. This is the young Laird of Bucklaw—he is under hiding, and therefore, you know——

Caleb. Oh, then he canna say muckle again our house-keeping, for I believe his ain pinches may match ours; no that we are pinched, thank God! but nae doubt, waur aff than we hae been, or suld be; and for eating—[*Aside.*] What signifies a lie;—there's juse the hinder end of the mutton hain that has been but three times on the table, and the nearer the bane the sweeter—as your honours weel ken—and there's the heel o' the ewe-milk kebbuck, wi' a bit o' nice butter, and—and—and that's a' that's to trust to.

Buck. Never fear, my old friend, we'll do justice to it. Get it ready. But, in the meantime, give me a drink of your ale.

Caleb. Ale! I wadna just now presume to recommend our ale—the maut was ill made, and there was awfu' thunner last week; but siccan water as the tower well has ye'll seldom see, and that I'll engage for.

Buck. [*Turning aside.*] D—n your water!

Caleb. It's a perfect cordial.

Buck. You may take it yourself, then; but fetch me some wine.

Caleb. [*Aside.*] I was jalousing this chiel was nae water drinker. Wine! Eneugh o' wine—it was but twa days syne, waes me for the cause! There never was lack o' wine at Wolf's Crag.

Rav. Fetch us some, then, if you have any left, instead of talking about it: but first light Mr. Bucklaw and myself to the apartment he is to occupy—the secret chamber.

Caleb. The secret chamber! [*Crossing to c.*

Buck. Nay, 'tis now too near day-break to think of rest; but I shall play the devil with Mr. Caleb's mutton ham.

Caleb. [*Aside.*] Will ye? Then ye are a cleverer fellow than I tak' ye for, my man. [*Crossing to R. and taking the lamp.*] Weel, weel, your honour will excuse all deficiencies o' furniture and bedding, for wha wad hae thought o' the secret chaumer being needed? It has never been used syne the time o' the Gowrie Conspiracy, and I durst never let ony o' the women folk ken the entrance to it, or your honours will allow it wadna hae been a secret chaumer lang. [*Exeunt Ravenswood, Bucklaw and Caleb, R.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Hall in Wolf's Crag, a small Stool.*
Thunder.

Enter CALEB, R.

Caleb. Praise be blessed, the Master is nae epicure, and little will serve him; but, as for Bucklaw, gude save us, but he'd eat a horse ahint the saddle: he has clean made an end o' the mutton ham, and, in a' my contrivances, I canna haud it out abune the day.

[*A loud knocking at the gate; the storm continues.*

Sir W. [*Without, L.*] Holloa!

Caleb. Eh, wha hae we got here now? [*Looks out of the window.*] Mercy on us! a gentleman and a leddy. What sall I do? I darena let them in. [*Knocking continued.*

Enter RAVENSWOOD, R.

Rav. What is the matter, Caleb?

Caleb. Matter, my lord! Here's stranger folk at the gate; but an they beat it down, they'll no get in to see how ill we are provided.

Rav. Open the gate instantly, and admit them.

[*Turns up, R.*

Caleb. He's daft—he's clean daft—to think o' admit-

ting lords and leddies, and nae sae muckle as a saut her-
ring in a' the house. Natheless, he maun be obeyed.

[*Exit, L.*

Re-enter CALEB, L., *showing in* Sir WILLIAM ASHTON
and LUCY: *Sir William in a large scarlet cloak and*
slouched hat; Lucy in a riding dress and mask.

Sir W. The sudden storm has separated us from our
attendants at the hunt, and we beg for shelter till it is
over.

Caleb. (c.) Your honours are right welcome to Wolf's
Crag. But I crave pardon, for that a' the rest o' the
people are gone out to see the hunt.

Rav. [*Coming forward, R.*] Silence, Balderstone!
Your folly is unseasonable!

[*Sir William and Lucy retire a little up, L.*

Caleb. [*Aside.*] He's daft—clean daft—red wud and awa'
wi't. But deil hae Caleb Balderstone, if the credit o' the fa-
mily shall suffer, though he were as mad as the seven wise
masters. Wi' your honour's permission, I'll serve up some
slight refection for the young leddy, and a glass o' tokay,
or a little hot whisky toddy.

Rav. Truce to this ill-timed foolery, and interrupt us
no more with your absurdities.

Caleb. [*Crossing to R.*] Your honour's pleasure is to be
obeyed abune a' things; natheless, for the sack and tokay,
which it is not your noble guests' pleasure to accept—

Rav. Leave the room, Caleb.

Caleb. Assuredly, your honour.

[*Exit, R.*

[*Sir William, c., Lucy, L., and Ravenswood, R.,*
come forward.

Sir W. This, then, is the ancient castle of Wolf's
Crag. It was, as I have heard, one of the earliest posses-
sions of the noble family of Ravenswood.

Rav. Their earliest, and probably their latest, posses-
sion. I am the heir of that unfortunate house; and now,
methinks, it is time I should know who they are who have
so highly honoured my poor habitation? [*Sir William*
uncovers his face and takes off his hat; Ravenswood looks
steadily at him. A short pause.] I perceive Sir William
Ashton is unwilling to announce himself in the castle of
Wolf's Crag.

Sir W. I had hoped it was unnecessary, and am obliged
to you, sir, for breaking the ice at once. Lucy, my love,

lay aside your veil, and let us express our gratitude to the Master, openly and without disguise.

Lucy. [*Hesitatingly.*] If he will condescend to accept our acknowledgments. [*Crosses to him.*]

Rav. Miss Ashton will, I hope, believe me sincere, when I declare my happiness at being able to afford her the shelter of this roof. [*Salutes her respectfully. A noise as of the trampling of horses without.*]

Sir W. Ravenswood, there is no time for explanation like the present. At any price I must purchase your friendship. I would not ostentatiously declare how I have already served you, but had it not been for me, you would now have been a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, for your share in the riot at the funeral of your father. That my influence crushed the proceedings against you, let these papers be my evidence.

[*Ravenswood takes the packet, reads, and appears much agitated.*]

Rav. Is it possible? Can I have been so much deceived? [*After an effort, takes Sir William by the hand.*] My Lord Keeper, again and again I solicit your pardon, for the injustice of which I have been guilty. I thought you my bitterest enemy, when I was receiving at your hand the benefit of protection to my person and vindication to my character.

Sir W. Now, then, we understand each other; and from this moment be all our former enmity forgotten.

[*Ravenswood and Sir William retire up, and join Lucy.*]

Enter CALEB from the gate, L.

Caleb. I hae got rid o' Bucklaw, and a' the hunting folk; and now to contrive for dinner. Your honours, nae doubt, are weary o' waiting for refreshment, but it will no be lang. [*Caleb beckons to Ravenswood, who comes down to him, L.*] Tak' them up to the tap o' the tower, to admire the view. Do, for heaven's sake, sir, while I spread the table.

Rav. True, Caleb; we must not let our guests remain without refreshment; and here, take my purse; I believe that will prove your best ally.

[*Caleb is on the point of taking the purse, when he catches sight of Sir William, who has advanced, L.*]

Caleb. Purse! purse, indeed! What suld I do wi' your lordship's purse? A' is providing in the kitchen: but tak' awa' the guests for a few minutes.

Rav. I believe, Sir William, we had better leave Caleb to prepare the poor repast he has to offer. The view from the tower is much admired, and, as the storm has passed away, if Miss Ashton is not fatigued—[*Crosses to R.*

Lucy. Not in the least.

Sir W. We attend you willingly.

[*Exeunt, R. D. F., Ravenswood leading Lucy.*

Caleb. Heaven be praised! I hae got rid o' them. I wad like to hae ta'en his honour's purse: why couldna' he hae slippit it gently into my hand—but afore the strange folk, it wasna for the credit o' the family. But how to provide—what sall I contrive? This is the sairest push for the honour o' the house we hae had yet. Natheless, something must be—[*At this moment a violent clap of thunder is heard. Caleb stands aghast, but recovers himself instantly, with a strong expression of joy in his countenance.*] Eh! Gude save us! The thunner! The thunner comes to hand like the bowl o' a pint stoup. [*Calling.*] Here, Mysie! Mysie, woman!

Enter MYSIE, in hurry and alarm, R.

what are ye sitting greeting in the chimney-nuik for? Come here—or stay—stay where ye are, and skirl as loud as ye can. [*Mysie screams, as desired.*] It's a' ye'r guid for; I say, ye auld deevil, skirl—skirl—louder—louder, woman; gar the gentles hear ye at the tap o' the tower, I've heard ye as far aff as the Bass for a less matter—[*Mysie screams again and again*—and stay—down wi' that crockery.

[*Caleb goes off at the side, throws down the crockery, and returns, R.*

Mysie. Mercy save us! The auld man's gaen wud! He has dang down a' the bits o' pigs—the only things we had to haud a soup milk—

Caleb. Haud your tongue, ye auld deevil—a's provided now—dinner, and a' thing—the thunner's done it a' in the clap o' a hand.

Mysie. Puir man! He's muckle astray! I wish he may ever come hame to himsel' again.

Caleb. Here, ye auld doited deevil—swear the thunner came down the chimney and spoiled the best dinner ye ever dressed. Beef—bacon—kid—lark—leveret—wild

fowl—venison, and what not—lay it on thick, and never mind expenses. Get awa' and skirl. [*Pushes Mysie out, R., who renews her screaming as she goes off.*] Wull a wins! wull a wins! sic a misfortune to befa' the house o' Ravenswood, and I live to see it.

Re-enter RAVENSWOOD, Sir WILLIAM ASHTON, and LUCY, hurriedly, R. D. F.

Rav. What is the matter, Caleb? Has any part of the castle fallen?

Caleb. Castle fa'en? Na! but the sute's fa'en, and the thunner's come right down the kitchen lum, and the things are a' lying here awa' there awa', like the Laird o' Hotch-potch's lands! and wi' brave guests o' honour and quality to entertain!

Rav. Keep your intolerable nonsense to yourself, you old fool.

Caleb. [*Apart to Ravenswood.*] Haud your tongue, for heaven's sake, sir! If it's my pleasure to hazard my saul in telling lies for the honour o' the family, it's nae business o' yours—and if ye let me gang on quietly, I'll be moderate in my banquet; but if ye contradict me, de'il hae me, but I'll dress ye a dinner fit for a duke. [*Ravenswood retires. Caleb, crossing to Sir William.*] Nae muckle provision—might hae served four persons o' quality: first course—capons in white broth—roast kid—bacon wi' reverence; second course—roasted leveret—butter crabs—a veal florentine; third course—black cock—(it's black enough now wi' the sute)—plumdamas—a tart—a flam—and some nonsense comfits and sweet things, and that's a'—that's just a' was o't—forbye the apples and pears. [*They all laugh.*] The de'il's in the gentles. The loss o' the best dinner that cook ever put fingers to, makes them as merry as if it was the best jest in a' George Buchanan! If there was as little in your honours' weams as in Caleb Balderstone's, less cackling wad serve ye on sic a gravaminous subject. [*Aside.*] A description o' a dinner that wad hae made a fu' man hungry, and them to stand there laughing at it.

Sir W. [*Crossing to Caleb.*] Mr. Butler, we are heartily sorry for the misfortune that has befallen your dinner; but as your master is going with me to Ravenswood Castle—

Caleb. Ga'in' to Ravenswood Castle! [*Goes up, and comes down, R.*

Sir W. Do me the favour to accept this for the trouble we have given you. [*Gives him money.*] Ravenswood, as the day is now fine, we had better set out immediately. [*Caleb retires up.*]

Rav. I'll attend your lordship. I have a few words to say to Caleb, and then——

Sir W. We'll wait for you at the gate. My people, I see, have arrived, and have brought our horses.

[*Exeunt Sir William, leading Lucy, L. ; Ravenswood crosses to L., gazing after her. Caleb advances to him, and gently touches his elbow.*]

Caleb. Ga'in' to Ravenswood Castle? The mercy o' heaven forbid!

Rav. And why Caleb?

Caleb. Oh, sir! Oh, Mr. Edgar! that is, my lord! I am your servant, and it ill becomes me to speak; but I'm an auld servant, and your ain conscience tells you it isna' for your father's son to be neighbouring wi' the like o' him. It isna' for the credit o' the family: an ye were ance to come to terms and get back your ain, I wadna say nay, for the young leddy is a winsome sweet creature.

Rav. Now, Caleb, you go farther than I do; you are for marrying me into a family you will not even allow me to visit, and you look as pale as death besides,

Caleb. Aweel! I wad ye wad let the strangers ride to Ravenswood alone; but since it canna be—there, there's three gowd pieces; and ye'll want siller up bye, yonder.

Rav. You forget, Caleb, I have gold of my own. Keep them to yourself; and, once more, good day to you.

Caleb. [*Holding him.*] And you will go, then? And you will go, for all I have said to you? Aweel! a wilful man maun hae his way. He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar. But pity o' your life, sir, if ye be fowling or shooting in the park, beware o' drinking at the Mermaid's Well. Remember the prediction o' your house!

When the last Lord of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride;
In the halls of his father his blood shall flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermoe!

[*Exit Ravenswood, L.*]

He's gaen! He's doun the path, arrow-flight, after her: The head's as clean ta'en aff the Ravenswood family this day, as I wad chap the head aff a sybo. Close to her bridal-rein—close to her bridal-rein. And yet, without this lass, would not our ruin have been altogether fulfilled!

SCENE II.—*The Mermaiden's Well, as in Act I.*

Enter HENRY ASHTON and LUCY, R. U. E.

Lucy. Nay, Henry, why are you so impatient? You will lose but a few minutes' sport by waiting till the Master joins us.

Henry. But I tell you, Lucy, I am to go to the ring-walk with Norman, and I shall be too late. I would not stay away for a gold jacobus; but here comes Ravenswood, so you must take his arm back to the castle.

[Exit, running, L.

Enter RAVENSWOOD, R. U. E., and comes down R. of Lucy.

Lucy. My madcap brother has left me alone. Nothing has charms for him beyond a minute.

Rav. Miss Ashton, do you not admire the wild beauty of this spot?

Lucy. I have always been fond of wandering here; and the more so, because it is, as I have heard, a spot connected with the legendary lore I love so well.

Rav. It has been thought a place fatal to our family, and I have some reason to term it so. It was here I first saw Miss Ashton, and here I must take my leave of her for ever!

Lucy. Take leave of us! What can have happened to hurry you away? My father is powerful: wait till you see what his gratitude will do for you.

Rav. It is not to your father, Miss Ashton, but to my own exertions that I ought to owe success in the career on which I am about to enter. [*Lucy turns away to conceal her emotion; Ravenswood takes her by the hand.*] Forgive my rudeness—I am too rough, too intractable, to deal with any being so soft and gentle as you are. Forget that so stern a vision has crossed your path of life, and let me pursue mine, sure that I can meet no worse misfortune after the moment that divides me from your side.

Lucy. [*Struggling to conceal her emotion.*] Yet stay to take leave of my father. Surely the delay of a few hours—I was unprepared for the surprise, and——

Rav. Lucy, your trembling hand, your rising tears, excite a hope 'tis madness to indulge, and worse than madness to resign! Hear me—forgive me! and, in one word, decide my fate. One word from you for ever blends our destiny, or sends me through the world the victim of a

rash and hopeless passion. Speak, I implore you! there's life or death upon your answer.

[*Kneeling, and taking her hand.*]

Lucy. Rise, I entreat—your violence terrifies and grieves me. Ravenswood, you are the preserver of my life: you have a claim upon my gratitude, my affection, which my heart will never refuse to ratify.

Rav. [*Rising, and embracing her.*] Transporting sound! Here, then, receive my vow of sole and undivided love—for ever I am yours; and may that Power which witnesses, approve the solemn compact! But now 'tis fit I should inform Sir William. Ravenswood must not seem to dwell under his roof, to solicit, clandestinely, the affections of his daughter.

Lucy. You would not speak to my father yet? Oh, do not, do not! I am sure he loves you—I am sure he will consent; but my mother—alas! I fear my mother—

Rav. Your mother, my Lucy! What could she object to the alliance?

Lucy. I did not say object; but she is jealous of her rights, and may claim a mother's title to be consulted.

Rav. Be it so. We will wait her arrival.

Lucy. But were it not better to wait a few weeks? Were my mother to see you—to know you—I am sure she would approve; but you are personally unacquainted; and the ancient feud between the families—

Rav. Lucy, I have sacrificed for your love, projects of vengeance long nursed, and sworn to with ceremonies little better than heathen. On the evening which succeeded my poor father's funeral, I cut a lock from my hair, and, as it consumed in the flames, I swore that my rage and revenge should pursue his enemies, till they shrivelled before me like that scorched-up symbol of annihilation!

Lucy. And why do you now recall sentiments so terrible? Bind me by what vows you please. If vows are unnecessary to secure constancy, they may yet prevent suspicion.

Rav. Lucy, forgive me. I will not, by the slightest breath of doubt, imply suspicion, which my breast can never know. [*Breaks a piece of gold, and presents her half.*] Let this be the mutual emblem of our love. I place it next my heart; and never shall it quit that place till you demand it. [*Placing it within his bosom.*]

Lucy. And never shall this leave my bosom until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to resign it to you; and, while

I wear it, never shall that heart acknowledge any other love than yours. [*Placing in her bosom the piece Ravenswood has handed to her, she throws herself into his arms. As they are about to seat themselves near the well, a raven falls from a tree at their feet, pierced by an arrow.*]

Rav. A raven! an evil omen.

Enter HENRY ASHTON, hastily, with a cross-bow, LOCKHART, and several Domestics, L.

Henry. 'Twas I that shot him—I knew 'twould startle you.

Rav. Indeed, Master Henry: do you not know that all the ravens are under the protection of the Lords of Ravenswood; and to shoot one in their presence is an evil omen?

Henry. That's what Norman told me. I can't help it now. Why, Lucy, what have you and the Master to say to each other, that you loiter so long? All the servants are seeking you. My mother has suddenly arrived, and my brother; and all's in a bustle and uproar.

Lucy. My mother arrived so unexpectedly?

Lock. Yes, madam; my lady and the colonel. Sir William is alarmed at your long absence; and has sent us to search for you.

Lucy. Good Lockhart, I am glad you have found us. We will follow you with all speed to the castle.

[*Exeunt Lockhart and the Domestics, L.*]

Rav. Now, Lucy, I fear your trials will begin.

Lucy. Ravenswood, once more hear me repeat my resolution. Though I will never wed man without the consent of my parents, neither force nor persuasion shall dispose of my hand till you renounce the right I have freely given you to call it yours alone. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Ravenswood Castle.*

Enter Lady ASHTON, followed by Sir WILLIAM.

Sir W. Nay, my dear Eleanor, listen to reason for a moment. Why is it that, on your return from so long an absence, you assail me with reproaches, counteract all my plans, and rudely dismiss from my house a guest whom I had invited? Surely a connexion which would end for ever the family feuds—

Lady A. Never—though the loss of rank and power

were certain—never shall these feuds be ended by such a marriage. You are aware I have already received and accepted the most flattering proposals from Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw: I expect him every hour. He has the first estate and influence in the country; and against this match what reasonable objection can you urge?

Sir W. None, but her own repugnance. If Lucy freely consent to receive the addresses of Bucklaw, my wishes will accord with yours. But if her heart remain with Ravenswood, her hand shall not be forced upon another.

Lady A. She already repents of the engagement into which she has been trepanned. I have a mother's authority to annul it, and fear not to obtain her ready compliance.

Enter a Servant, L.

Serv. Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw is arrived, my lady.

Lady A. I rejoice to hear it, and will wait on him immediately. [*Exit Servant, L.*] And now, Sir William, let us prepare Lucy for the interview. She is acquainted with this proposal; and when she finds it warmly sanctioned by her parents, she will, I trust, at once abandon every thought disgraceful to her birth, and yield her happiness to our disposal. [*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the Castle.—Four Chairs, &c., R. and L.*

A Servant shows in BUCKLAW and CRAIGENGELT, L., and exit, R.

Craig. May I be double distanced, if ever I saw a man in my life have less the air of a bridegroom! Cut me out of feather, if you don't look as if you were condemned to be hanged!

Buck. Why, Craigie, I never spoke ten words to a woman of rank in my life. The chance is, I shall make but a bungling business of this.

Craig. Why, you were bold enough the day you met her at the hunt.

Buck. Ay, ay, because she had a mask on, and I was at home there—I was in my element. If she would talk about hunting, I should get on; but the chance is, I shall scarcely stammer through half a sentence in the regular way.

Craig. (L.) Never fear! Muster up your courage,—speak boldly, and the prize is won.

Enter Lady ASHTON and LUCY, R. Lucy is extremely pale, and appears to pay little attention to the passing scene, as if almost unconscious of the conversation.

Lady A. My dear Bucklaw, you are thrice welcome to Ravenswood Castle. Captain Craigengelt, your servant. [*Bucklaw and Craigengelt bow.*] Lucy is acquainted with the purpose of your visit, and ready to hear you on a subject equally interesting to us all; but, as she is very young, and has lately been trepanned into an engagement of which she is now heartily ashamed, you will, I know, excuse her wish that I should be present at the interview.

Buck. That's the very thing, madam—I should have desired it on my own account; for I have been so little accustomed to gallantry, I fear I shall make some cursed mistake. Craigie, we can dispense with your company. [*Craigengelt bows obsequiously, and exit, R. Bucklaw hands chairs to the ladies—seats himself, L., at a distance from them; and, after several efforts, addresses Lucy.*] You see, Miss Ashton, I am come to—to explain—that is, just to say—your mother her ladyship—I say—sensible of your charms and accomplishments—I mean, I am sensible—very sensible—but, somehow, not being accustomed to talk to young ladies—I fear I don't make myself understood.

Lady A. Lucy, my love, you hear what Bucklaw is saying?

Lucy. Yes, madam—no, madam—I beg pardon—I did not hear.

Lady A. You needn't blush, my love; and still less need you look so alarmed.

Buck. I believe I am a fool, Miss Ashton. I have tried to speak to you as people tell me young ladies like to be talked to; and I don't think you comprehend what I have been saying.—[*Aside.*] And no wonder, for curse me if I understand it myself.—But, however, once for all, if you can take a plain young fellow for your husband, I will place you at the head of the first establishment in the three Lothians: you shall have the best lodging in the Canongate of Edinburgh, go where you please, do what you please, see what you please—and that's fair. Since I have mustered up courage to make a plain proposal, I would fain hear Miss Ashton, from her own lips, give me a plain answer.

Lady A. My dear Bucklaw, let me spare Lucy's bashfulness. She has consented to be guided by her father

and me in this matter. Lucy, my love, speak for yourself: is it not as I say?

Lucy. I have promised to obey you, madam; but upon one condition.

Lady A. She means that she has written to Ravenswood, and expects an answer: the restitution of the engagement into which he had the art to involve her.

Buck. Perfectly right! quite fair!—

‘It is best to be off with the old love,
Before you be on with the new.’

But I thought you might have had an answer six times told before now. I have a great mind to go and fetch one myself, if Miss Ashton will honour me with the commission.

Lady A. By no means. My son, Colonel Ashton, is equally anxious; and do you think we could permit either, when both are so dear to us, to go to a desperate man on a desperate errand? In fact, we are all of opinion that, as no answer has been returned, silence must in this, as in other cases, be supposed to give consent; and a contract abandoned, when a party waives insisting upon it.

Lucy. [*Rising.*] Madam, I entreat you to urge me no further. I feel conscious heaven and earth have set themselves against my union with Ravenswood; but, till this unhappy engagement be restored, I should commit a heavy sin in doing what you require. Let me be once assured that he wishes to set me free, and then dispose of me as you please. I care not how—when the jewels are gone, what signifies the casket?

Lady A. But, my love, if he remains obstinately silent?

Lucy. He will not be silent. Unknown to you, I have sent him a double of my former letter by a certain hand.

Lady A. You have not—you could not—you durst not! [*Suddenly checking her anger.*] My dearest Lucy, how could you think of such a thing?

Buck. No matter! I respect Miss Ashton for her sentiments; and I only wish I had been her messenger myself.

Lady A. [*Ironically.*] And, pray, how long are we to wait for the return of your Pacolet—your fairy messenger?

Lucy. I have numbered weeks, days, hours, and minutes: within a week I shall have an answer, unless he be dead. Till that time, sir, let me be thus far beholden to you, that you will beg my mother to forbear me on this subject.

Buck. [*Crossing to c.*] I will make it my particular entreaty to Lady Ashton, madam. Miss Lucy must not be hurried, my lady—messengers may be delayed. I have

known a day's journey broke by the casting of a fore-shoe. To be sure, by the time she mentions, I ought to be at Caverton Edge, to see the match between the Laird of Kittlegirth's black mare and Johnson's, the meal-monger, four-year-old colt; but Craigie can bring me word how the match goes—so that's all settled. In the meantime, I shall not distress Miss Ashton myself; and I hope you and Sir William will leave her equally at liberty to make up her mind.

Lucy. Sir, you are generous.

Buck. As for that, madam, I only pretend to be a plain, good-humoured young fellow, as I said before, who would willingly make you happy, if you will permit him, and show him how to do so.

Lady A. My daughter, Bucklaw, does full justice to the sincerity of your attachment. And now we had better confer with Sir William on the subject: he expects us in the library.

Buck. I attend him, madam. [*Crossing to R.*] Miss Lucy, I take my leave. By my honour, I respect your sentiments; and, though the prosecution of this affair be rendered dearer to me than before, yet, as I am a gentleman, I would renounce it for ever, were it so urged as to give you a moment's pain. [*Exit, R.*]

Lady A. [*Crossing to R.*] Lucy, you have asked and obtained your own time;—the honour of the family is now compromised. When eight days shall have elapsed, we conclude you will end this suspense, and be ready, with a cheerful heart, to sign and seal. [*Exit, R.*]

Lucy. To sign and seal! To do and die! [*Clasps her hands in agony, and sinks into a chair. After a pause.*] It is decreed that every living creature, even those who owe me most kindness, are to shun me, and leave me to encounter the difficulties by which I am beset. It is just I should be thus. Alone and uncounselled I involved myself in these perils. Alone and uncounselled I must extricate myself, or die. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The Wolf's Crag.*

Enter CALEB with a letter, followed by a Messenger, L.

Caleb. Gude save us! Wha wad hae thought o' sic an event? The Marquis o' Athol, and a' his attendants, coming to Wolf's Crag!

Mess. It is as I tell you, Mr. Balderstone. His lord-

ship will be here within an hour. The Master has appointed to meet him, and they have business of the last importance to settle.

Caleb. And the Master coming too. He hasna been at name for mony a lang day, mair's the pity; and right joyfu' will auld Caleb be to see his honour back again. [*Aside.*] Wha wad hae thocht o' sic an event! I'm a' in a botheration; natheless, for the credit o' the house, I maun receive them as befitting. But how sall I get rid o' the stranger? He mauna see our shifts. Friend, I conclude ye wad hae nae objection till refresh after your journey, and, praise be blessed, ye are come into a land o' plenty.

Mess. I thank ye, Mr. Caleb, I am rather thirsty with hard riding, and——

Caleb. Then I wadna recommend ale or brandy, but just a glass o' cauld water after a lang ride—it's mair wholesome to the stomach. Natheless, ye sall hae what ye like, and, while I prepare your repast, I'se tell ye what ye do—gang your ways up to the tap o' the tower, and skirl to me when ye see the cavalcade approaching, I'll awa and get a' the lads in their new liveries. This way, this way—and mind ye dinna break your neck, for the steps are a leetle out o' repair. Confound the lazy sclater loons o' masons, they were to hae been here a week syne. [*Gets him off at a door in R., supposed to lead up to the top of the castle. As soon as he is out, Caleb locks the door and puts the key in his pocket.*] Eh, my mon, I hae disposed o' you—an ye bellow till ye burst, ye'll nae get out, till I hae contrived something to save the honour o' the family. [*Calling.*] Mysie—Mysie, woman!

Enter MYSIE, R.

Mysie. What's the matter now?

Caleb. Eneugh's the matter. Here's the Master and his noble kinsman, the Marquis o' Athol, expectit in an hour, wi' a tribe o' flunkies as lang as Kirka'dy, and de'il a morsel to eat, or a drap to drink, nor sae muckle as a plack or a bawbee to buy a bannock wi'! What sall we do—how sall we contrive? Eh, gude save us, woman, we had e'en better set fire to the auld tower at ance, and burn the remnants o' furniture a' thegither. It's mair for our credit than to let them ken we are in poverty.

Mysie. Mercy on us, Caleb, dinna stand there shaking your legs, but gang your ways down to the village, and try

whether ye canna get onything from the folk, in the way o' borrowing.

Caleb. Eh! There's Eppie Sma'trash maybe will trust us for ale; she has lived a' her life under the family—and maybe wi' a sup brandy—I canna say for wine, for she is but a lone woman, and gets it by a runlet at a time. But I'll work a wee drap out o' her by fair means or foul.

Mysie. There's a braw christening going on at Gibbie Girder's, the cooper, and I warrant store o' provision; and ye ken, Caleb, auld Dame Lightbody and ye war always inclined till each other.

Caleb. Eh, woman! but ye are a braw lassie and hae saved me from sair dismay. I didna think ye had sae muckle rumlegumption. The de'il's in the peddling tub-coopering carles; it's a shame to see the like o' them gusting their gabs at sic a rate. If some o' that gnde cheer doesn't find its way to Wolf's Crag this night, my name is not Caleb Balderstone. Gang your ways, Mysie, we'll mak' shift—we'll mak' shift—keep your heart abune, for the noble house o' Ravenswood shall haud its credit as lang as Caleb is to the fore—though he suld beg, borrow, steal, and lie, to the end of the chapter.

[*Exeunt Mysie, R. ; Caleb, L.*

SCENE VI.—*The inside of Girder's Cottage. A large kitchen fireplace with two spits, turned by a Boy. On one spit a quarter of mutton, on the other a goose and a brace of wild ducks. In another part of the room, a table spread for dinner. Three stools. A door, L. S. E.*

Dame LIGHTBODY, L. and MARION, R. discovered.

Dame. I tell ye, Marion, I heard the story from auld Ailsie Gourlay, and nae ane can doubt the truth on't. The Master o' Ravenswood saw the ghaist o' Alice Gray sitting by the well, as he was riding alang through the forest. He thocht it was the auld woman hersel', but, on going to her cottage, found she was just dead.

Mar. I dinna doubt the fact at a', mither. But what are we to think o' it all?

Dame. Nae gude, child, I'll warrant. But now, as I passed through the village, there was a braw young mon o' horseback, asking the way to Wolf's Crag, and I heard him say, my Lord the Marquis o' Athol was coming alang wi' the Master, and that Ravenswood wad get his lands

again frae Sir William Ashton : and ne'er trust me, but we shall witness some bonny wark afore lang.

Mar. But if a' this news is true, mither, we shall be uader the Ravenswood family again—I wish Girder hadna been sae uncivil to auld Caleb Balderstone, the last time he called. He might hae spoken a gude word, in case—*[A knock at the door, L. S. E.]* Eh, wha hae we here ?

Caleb. *[Without, L.]* How's a' wi' ye neebours? how's a' wi' ye ?

Dame. Eh, mercy ! but it's the auld mon himsel'. Open the door, Marion, and we'll get it a' out o' him. *[Marion opens the door and lets in Caleb.]* Ay, sirs ! Mr. Balderstone, and is it you ? a sight o' you is gude for sair een. Sit ye doun, sit ye doun—the gudeman will be blythe to see ye—ye never saw him sae cadgy in your life ; but we are to christen our bit wean the night, as ye will hae heard, and, doubtless, ye will stay and see the ordinance. We hae killed a wether, and ane o' our lads has been out wi' his gun at the moss—ye aye used to like wild-fowl.

Caleb. Na, na, gudewife—I just keekit in to wish ye joy, and I wad hae been blythe to hae spoken wi' the gudeman, but—*[Going.]*

Dame. The ne'er a fit ye gang ; wha kens what ill it may bring to the bairn, if ye overlook it in that gate ?

Caleb. But I'm in a precious hurry—*[The women bring down chairs, force Caleb to sit, and seat themselves on each side of him.]*—And, as for eating, lack-a-day, we are just killed up yonder wi' eating frae morning till night. It's shamefu' epicurism ; but that's what we hae gotten frae the English poke-puddings.

Dame. *[Bringing down a dish of white and black puddings.]* Hout ! never mind the English poke-puddings, but try our puddings, Mr. Balderstone. There's black puddings and white hass, try whilk ye like best.

Caleb. Baith gude—baith excellent!—canna be better ; but the very smell is eneugh for me, that hae dined so lately. But I wadna affront your housewifeship, gudewife—and, wi' your permission—*[Taking them all, and putting them into his pocket]*—I'se e'en put them in my napkin, and eat them to my supper at e'en, for I'm weary o' Mysia's pastry and nonsense. Ye ken, Marion, landward dainties aye pleased me best ; aye, and laudward lasses, too. *[Leering at Marion.]* Ne'er a bit, but she looks far better than when Girder married her, and then she was

the bonniest lass in a' our parochine. But gawsie cow, goodly calf.

Mar. But what news at the castle, Mr. Balderstone?

Caleb. News! the bravest news ye ever heard. There's my lord coming hame, wi' the Marquis o' Athol, and he's to get the lands o' Ravenswood again, and so I just wanted to round in the gudeman's lug, that I heard them say up bye yonder, Peter Puncheon, the cooper to the queen's stores, at the Timmer Burse, at Leith, is dead—sae I thocht a word frae my lord might hae served Gilbert; but since he's frae hame——

Mar. Oh, but ye maun bide his hame coming. He's awa to fetch precious Mr. Bidethebent, the minister.

Caleb. Aye, he's a precious mon, Bidethebent. He has a gude delivery. Eh! he's a perfect monitor o' a mon.

Mar. I aye telled Gilbert ye meant weel to him, but he taks the tout at every bit lippening word.

Dame. Ay, ay, he's master and mair at hame, I can tell ye, Mr. Balderstone.

Caleb. Ay, and does he guide the gear, too?

Dame. Ilka penny o't: but he'll dress her as dick as a daisy, as ye see—she has little reason to complain: where there's ane better aff, there's ten waur.

Caleb. Aweel, gudewife, that wasna the way ye guided your gudeman; but ilka land has its ain lauch.

Mar. And so my lord is coming hame? Troth, and a braw gentleman he is, wi' a face and a hand, and a seat on his horse, that might hae become the king's son: d'ye ken that he aye used to glow'r up at my window, Mr. Caleb, when he rode through the town; sae I hae a right to know what like he is, as weel as onybody.

Caleb. I ken that brawly, for I have heard his lordship say, the cooper's wife had the blackest ee in the barony. And I answered, 'Weel may that be, my lord, for it was her mither's afore her, as I know to my cost;' eh, Marion? [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! Ah, those were merry days.

Dame. Hout, awa! ye auld carle, to speak sae daffing to young folk.

Caleb. Eh, gude save us! Dinna ye hear the bairn greet? [*Dame and Marion both get up in great alarm.*]

Dame. Eh, Marion! Fie, woman! Rin, rin, I say—I'se warrant it's that dreary weed come ower it again.

[*The two women run out, n.*]

Caleb. [*Looking round.*] Now is the time, and could be

my fast if either Girder or Bidethebent taste that broche o' wild-fowl this evening. [*Takes a pinch of snuff, and calls the Boy.*] Here, my mon, here is twa pennies—carry that ower to Mrs. Sma'trash, and bid her fill my mull wi' sneeshing. She'll gie ye a gingerbread snap for your pains, and I'll turn the broche for ye in the meantime. [*Exit Boy, L. S. E. Caleb watches the door, then deliberately puts on his hat, takes both spits from the fire, and runs out with them at door, L. S. E.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Ravenswood Castle. Two Chairs.*

LUCY ASHTON *discovered, L.*

Lucy. At length the dreaded hour is arrived, and this day must decide my fate. Still, still, no answer to my letters. Where is the hope, the last and lingering hope to which I clung for safety, like a drowning wretch? 'Tis vanished! and despair alone remains. Ravenswood! Ravenswood! have I deserved that you should thus desert me; thus leave me unsupported to sustain this deadly persecution, opposed to which my reason wavers, and my poor heart is breaking. Where can I turn for pity or for rescue? Father! mother! Those names should mean protection, tenderness, and love, yet speak of cruelty and unrelenting rigour! One friend alone remains. In the dark grave, all human sufferings are closed, and gladly will I welcome death, rather than break the faith I pledged to Ravenswood.

Enter Lady ASHTON, R.

Lady A. Lucy, my love, why do you keep us waiting? The family is assembled, and the business must proceed immediately. Come, I'll conduct you to the hall.

Lucy, after endeavouring to speak, bursts into tears, and throws herself at her mother's feet.

Lucy. Oh, my mother! Save—spare me!—but for a day—but for an hour!

Lady A. Lucy, what means this? Rise, I command, you, and restrain your agitation.

Lucy. Oh, my mother! do not spurn me from you, but for one moment hear me. Urge me not, I conjure you, to fulfil this hated contract—my death will be the consequence. By the memory of that tender love with which you reared my infancy and childhood—by the deep sense of filial duty and obedience which, till this fatal moment, my life has proved—I entreat, I implore you, save me from misery and distraction—and save yourself, my mother, from that remorse which your own heart must one day feel, for having brought this woe upon your wretched child!

Lady A. Shame on such weakness, Lucy! Where is your pride? your duty to your parents and your family? All, all absorbed in one disgraceful passion!

Lucy. My vow! my vow!

Lady A. His silence has absolved you from it, and proves he wishes to forget his own. Have we not heard, too, that he is on the point of marriage with another? If these arguments have no weight, think that your parents' word is pledged—their honour implicated—think that, when freely left to fix the time, you named this day. You cannot, shall not now retract—you have no right to bring disgrace upon us all—and wherefore? To feed a hope which never can be realized—to pine in secret o'er a love, which heaven and earth alike refuse to sanction. Come; we have too long delayed.

Lucy. Man has no mercy! To heaven, then, I make my last appeal. Grant that I may retain my senses in this fearful trial. Already my weak brain begins to waver. One struggle more, and all will be concluded. My lot is cast—and now, madam, I obey you. [Exeunt, R.

SCENE II.—*The Grand Hall in Ravenswood Castle.*

Folding doors in c.—the only entrance to the apartment.

A table and two chairs, L. S. E.; one chair, R.

Sir WILLIAM ASHTON, Colonel ASHTON, HENRY, BUCKLAW, RANDOLPH, a Clergyman, and all the Domestic discovered.

Enter Lady ASHTON, leading in LUCY, C. D. F. All the Gentlemen bow.

Sir W. Now, then, to the business of the day. The parties are all assembled. Are the writings prepared?

Rand. Everything is ready, my lord.

Sir W. Then let us proceed at once. Nothing now is wanting but the formal signature of all concerned. The marriage ceremony must then be completed.

[*Goes to the table to sign.*]

Rand. (R.) [*Approaching Lucy.*] Yet, ere the solemn contract be performed, permit me to express my fervent hope, that the union between these honourable persons may prove a source of long and lasting happiness. Be not cast down, Miss Lucy, but meet a scene of joy with cheerful looks. Doubt not, obedience to your parents' wishes will heal your wounded mind, and crown your future days with many blessings. [*During this, the Gentlemen have all signed the contract; Sir William, first; Bucklaw, second; and Colonel Ashton, third.*]

Sir W. Now, Lucy, we wait your signature alone.

Lucy. I obey you, sir. [*She rises;—seeing her weakness, Lady Ashton offers to support her to the table, which she rejects.*]

Lady A. Rouse yourself, Lucy! [*To the Company.*] My daughter's health has long been delicate, and she gives way too much. [*Lucy crosses slowly to the table, Sir William gives her a pen, and she, after several efforts, signs her name. At this moment a violent noise is heard without.*]

Servant. [*Without, c. d. f.*] You pass not here, sir!

Rav. [*Without.*] Villains, stand back! He dies who opposes my entrance.

Lucy. [*Drops the pen, rises from her chair, and exclaims*]—It is he! It is he! He is come! he is come!

[*She falls into her Mother's arms.*]

Enter RAVENSWOOD, bursting open the folding doors, and coming forward, c. ; his dress is much disordered, and partly enveloped in a large riding cloak, his hat slouched, his face haggard and pale. They all start with astonishment. Lucy raises herself, and stands gazing on him, as if petrified. A pause.

Lady A. (R.) [*Recovering herself.*] I demand to know the cause of this rude and unauthorised intrusion!

Col. A. (L. c.) That is a question which I have the best right to ask, and I request the Master of Ravenswood to follow me, where he can answer at his leisure.

Buck. (L.) No man shall usurp my previous right in demanding an explanation from the Master.

Col. A. I will relinquish to no one my right of calling to account the man who has offered this unparalleled affront to my family.

Rav. (c.) Be patient, gentlemen. If you are as weary of your lives as I am, I will find time and place to pledge mine against one or both; but, at present, I have no leisure for the disputes of triflers.

Col. A. and Buck. [*Drawing.*] Triflers!

Sir W. [*Stepping between them.*] My son, I command you—Bucklaw, I entreat you—keep the peace, in the name of the queen, and of the law.

Rand. (r. c.) In the name of the law of heaven, I implore—I beseech—I command you to forbear violence towards each other.

Col. A. Do you take me for a dog, sir, or something more brutally stupid, to endure this insult in my father's house? Let me go, Bucklaw! He shall account to me, or by heaven I will stab him where he stands.

Buck. You shall not touch him here. He once gave me my life, and were he the devil come to fly away with the whole house and generation, he shall have nothing but fair play.

Rav. Let him who really seeks danger take the fitting time when it is to be found. My mission here will be shortly accomplished. [*Turning to Lucy, and producing her letter.*] Is that, madam, your hand?

Lucy. [*In a faltering voice.*] Yes.

Rav. [*Producing the contract.*] And is this also your hand? [*Lucy makes an effort to answer; Sir William, finding she is unable, speaks.*]

Sir W. If you design to found any legal claim on that engagement, sir, do not expect to receive an answer here.

Rav. Sir William Ashton, I pray you, and all who hear me, that you will not mistake my purpose. If this young lady, of her own free will, desires the restoration of this contract, as her letter would seem to imply, there is not a withered leaf, which this autumn wind strews upon the heath, that is more valueless in my eyes. But I must and will hear the truth from her own mouth: without this satisfaction I will not leave the spot. Murder me by numbers, you possibly may; but I am an armed man—I am a desperate man—and I will not die without ample vengeance. This is my resolution, take it as you may. I will hear her determination from her own mouth, alone, and without witnesses. [*Taking out two pistols. All draw as he pre-*

sents them.] Now choose whether you will have this hall floated with blood, or grant me the decisive interview with my affianced bride, which the laws of God and the country alike entitle me to demand.

Rand. In the name of heaven, receive an overture from the meanest of its servants. What this gentleman demands, though urged with over violence, hath in it something of reason. Let him hear from Miss Lucy's own lips, that she hath acceded to the will of her parents, and repents of her covenant with him. Let him have the interview on which he insisteth. It can but be a passing pang to the maiden, and then he will depart in peace unto his own dwelling, and cumber us no more.

Lady A. Never! Never shall this man speak in private with my daughter—the affianced bride of another. Pass from the room who will, I remain here. I fear neither his violence nor his weapons, though some who bear my name appear more moved by them.

Rand. Nay, madam, let me entreat you, add not fuel to firebrands. The Master of Ravenswood cannot, I am sure, object to your presence, the young lady's state of health being considered, and your maternal duty. I myself will also tarry. Perhaps my gray hairs may turn away wrath.

Rav. You are welcome to remain, sir, and Lady Ashton also, if she thinks proper; but let all others depart.

Col. A. [*Crossing to Ravenswood.*] Ravenswood, you shall account for this ere long. [*Exit, c. d. f.*]

Rav. Whenever you please, sir.

Buck. [*Crossing to Ravenswood.*] But I have a prior demand on your leisure—a claim of some standing.

Rav. Arrange it as you will. Leave me but this day in peace, and I shall have no dearer employment on earth to-morrow than to give you all the satisfaction you may desire. [*Exit Bucklaw, c. d. f.*]

Sir W. [*Going.*] Master of Ravenswood, I think I have not deserved that you should make this scandal and outrage in my family. If you will lay down your weapons, and follow me into my study—

Rav. To-morrow, sir—to-morrow. To-morrow I will hear you at length. This day hath its own sacred and indispensable business. [*Exit Sir William and all the Attendants, c. d. f.*]

Lady Ashton goes to Lucy, brings her forcibly down to the front, near c., leaves her, and passes behind to l. Ravenswood puts up his pistols, fastens the door, and re-

turns—takes off his hat, and gazes on Lucy with a mingled expression of sorrow and indignation.

Rav. (L. c.) Do you know me, Miss Ashton? I am still Edgar Ravenswood—I am still that Edgar Ravenswood, who, for your affection, renounced the dear ties by which injured honour bound him to seek vengeance—I am that Ravenswood, who for your sake forgave, nay, clasped hands in friendship, with the oppressor and pillager of his house—the traducer and murderer of his father!

Lady A. (L.) My daughter, sir, has no occasion to dispute the identity of your person. The venom of your present language is sufficient to remind her that she speaks with the mortal enemy of her family.

Rav. I pray you to be patient, madam; my answer must come from her own lips. Once more, Miss Ashton, I am that Ravenswood to whom you granted the solemn engagement which you here desire to retract and cancel.

Lucy. It was my mother; I——

Lady A. She speaks truly: it was I who advised, persuaded, and commanded her to set aside an unhappy and precipitate engagement.

Rav. [*To Lucy.*] And is this all? Are you willing to barter sworn faith, the exercise of free will and mutual affection, to such unnatural and hard-hearted tyranny? Hear again what I have sacrificed for you, ere you sanction what has been done in your name. The honour of an ancient family—the urgent advice of my best friends have been used in vain to sway my resolution—neither the arguments of reason, nor the portents of superstition, have shaken my faith. The very dead have arisen to warn me, and their warnings have been despised. Are you prepared to pierce my heart, for its fidelity, with the very weapons which my rash confidence entrusted to your grasp?

Lady A. Master of Ravenswood, you have asked what questions you thought fit; you see the total incapacity of my daughter to answer you. But I will reply for her, and in a manner which you cannot dispute. You desire to know whether Lucy Ashton, of her own free will, wishes to annul the engagement into which she has been trepanned! You have her letter, under her own hand, demanding the surrender of it; and, as yet more full evidence of her purpose, here is the contract, which she has this morning subscribed, in presence of this reverend gentleman, with Mr. Hayston, of Bucklaw. [*Retires up, and comes down R. of Lucy.*]

Rav. [*Having gazed upon the deeds in mute astonishment.*] And it was without fraud or compulsion that she subscribed this parchment?

Rand. I vouch it upon my sacred character.

Rav. This is indeed an undeniable piece of evidence, and it would be equally useless and dishonourable to waste another word in remonstrance or reproach. [*Lady Ashton comes forward.*] There, madam—[*Giving to Lucy the paper and piece of gold*—these are the testimonies of your first engagement;—you may be more faithful to that which you have just formed. I will now trouble you to return the corresponding tokens of my ill-placed confidence—I ought rather to say of my egregious folly!

[*Lucy gazes on him unconsciously, raises her hands, and endeavours to disengage the riband, by which the piece of gold is suspended round her neck. Lady Ashton assists her—she gives the gold and a paper to Ravenswood.*

Lucy. It was the last link which bound me to life, and it is broken!

Rav. [*Much affected.*] And she could wear it thus—could wear it in her very bosom—could wear it next her heart—even when—But complaint avails not. [*Tears the contract.*] I will no longer be an intruder here. Your evil wishes, and your worse offices, Lady Ashton, I will only return, by hoping these will be your last machinations against the honour and happiness of your daughter. [*Turning to Lucy.*] And to you, madam, I have nothing further to say, except a prayer to heaven that you may not become a world's wonder for this act of wilful and deliberate perjury. [*Going.*

Lucy. [*Who has been endeavouring to rally her spirits for a last effort, breaks from her mother, and grasps him by the arm.*] Stay! Oh, stay! *Rav*—*Ravenswood*—my heart is breaking, and I cannot tell you: but do not leave me thus—a few moments, and all will be over.

Lady A. [*Alarmed at her violence, and advancing towards her one or two paces.*] *Lucy*, my dearest *Lucy*!

Lucy. Touch me not, mother—'tis now too late—I am beyond all fear. *Ravenswood*, you know not what I have endured—all united against me—your long silence—my letters intercepted—no friend to aid—no succour—no resource. They have broken my heart; but never, never could they change my love. [*Falling in his arms.*] *Ravenswood*, forgive—forgive me. [*Dies.*

Rav. Almighty Heaven! The hand of death is on her pallid cheek—she dies to prove her faith; and I—no, no; 'tis thou, accursed fiend in human form—thou hast disgraced the name of mother—thou, thou hast destroyed thy child! Speak! speak to me, Lucy! one word to save me from the hell that rages in this bosom!

[Ravenswood gazes on the body of Lucy in all the frenzy of despair. Lady Ashton, who has appeared struck with the utmost horror, faints—Randolph supports her to a chair, R. The doors are violently burst open, and Sir William, Colonel Ashton, Bucklaw, and all the Domestics rush in, with swords drawn. Sir William comes down, L.; the rest, R.]

Sir W. My daughter, dead!

Buck. There stands the murderer! Rush on him! Tear him from her! Revenge! revenge! *[All prepare to rush on Ravenswood, who is on the ground, holding the body of Lucy in his arms. He rises and turns to them.]*

Rav. Behold your victim! Pause not, but plunge your weapons here, home to my heart; each hand that strikes, I welcome as a friend—but mortal force shall never tear her from me. Inhuman monsters, you have killed her! and now she's mine for ever! *[They are all rushing on him; Colonel Ashton interferes.]*

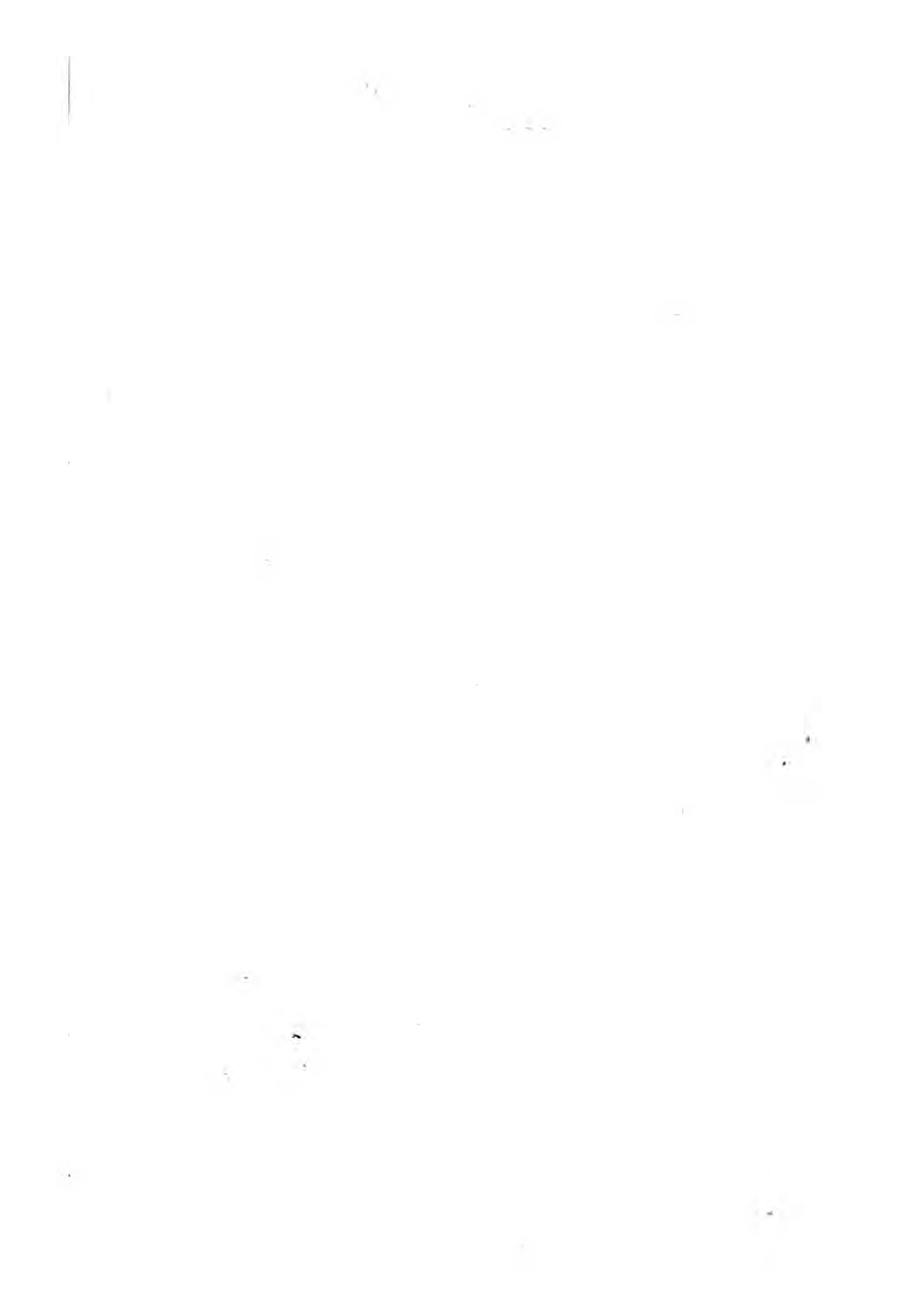
Col. A. Hold! I command ye all. To me, to me alone, his blood is due. By my hand he falls, or here completes the ruin of my family. Ravenswood, arise, and singly meet me; rise, murderer! coward, rise! *[Ravenswood starts up, draws, and engages Colonel Ashton. At the first pass, Ravenswood runs upon his sword.]*

Rav. Thus I provoke my fate. *[Falls, c.]* 'Tis past! the prediction is fulfilled; the blood of Ravenswood flows in the hall of his ancestors! Accursed race, contemplate and enjoy your savage triumph—we are beyond your malice. Lucy, I come;—in life they severed us, but in death we are united. *[Dies.]*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

R.	DOMESTICS.		DOMESTICS.	L.
	LADY ASHTON.	LUCY.	COL. ASHTON.	
	RANDOLPH.	RAVENSWOOD.	BUCKLAW.	
	SIR WILLIAM.		HENRY.	

THE END.





R. Cruikshank, Del.

E. V. Campbell, Sc.

The Devil and Doctor Faustus.

Faustus. Speak, beloved vision, speak !

Act III. Scene 5.

THE DEVIL AND DOCTOR FAUSTUS:

A DRAMA,

In Three Acts.

BY LEMAN REDE,

*Author of The Loves of the Angels, Jack in the Water, Life's a Lottery, An
Affair of Honour, His First Champagne, The Irish Negro, The
Frolics of the Fairies, Hero and Leander, Our
Village, Sixteen-String Jack,
Queen's Bench, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By MR. CAMPBELL, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre,
by MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

G. H. DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND THAMES STREET.



R E M A R K S.

The Devil and Doctor Faustus.

CREDULITY and stupid wonder are the offspring of ignorance. To believe anything and everything, and then to marvel at the belief, is the peculiar characteristic of the multitude! They look with suspicion on that which they comprehend not: the merest moonshine becomes, under such circumstances, a mare's nest and a mystery to the many; and as mankind, in their mercy! are not too prone to impute good motives, the very worst interpretation is generally given to actions, the meaning of which, to such intelligences, is not as plain as the sun at noonday! Few individuals have suffered more unmerited obloquy in this respect than the renowned Doctor Faustus, with whom the devil has been so constantly associated as to be put at the head of the infernal firm of Faustus and Company! The churchman and the chemist, whom he outran in their professional race, belied and bullied him; and because the rare novelty of the printing-press suggested itself to his solitary, studious, and ever-active mind, it was bruited abroad that the Prince of Darkness gave him the hint—hence those who assisted him in distributing this newly-discovered light to the world were denominated 'Devils!' and the inky hue of their faces and hands gave true colour to the sage conclusion. Faustus had lived long enough to find out the bitter truth that life is more a 'cheat' than a 'jest',—that hope, fame, and honour, are false,—that the lofty brow, the sparkling eye, the flowing hair, the full manly form, are but fast-fleeting deceptions; and that a withered, miserable old age, and a despised, unconsecrated grave, are the sad realities that succeed his vain dream. As if slightly to mitigate his hard condition, he has still one—and *only one*—friend: a humble and long-attached domestic—but no conjurer!—Schaeffer, who will not quit his master. He had shared in his youthful revels, and will now, at any cost, stay to soften the sorrows of his old age.

Faustus would change this hopeless prospect. He would destroy the memory of the past, be young again, and possess boundless wealth! He calls upon his reputed friend, the gentleman in sables, who accordingly appears to him *in pontificalibus*—with horns, hoof, and tail!—but being requested to assume a human shape, he politely complies. The first favour—that of forgetfulness—the Devil has not the power to grant; neither can he annihilate time and space: still, for a consideration, he can do something for him. That consideration is *his soul*! The dread bond is signed by Faustus with a highly-burnished brass pen with feathers of flame, and dipped in his own blood! The attesting witness is a rattling peal of thunder.

From the first of April, 1849, (the date of the fiendish contract) to the first of April, 1854, Faustus is a free man. He is young again, the red blood revels in his veins, and his heart beats high! No wonder that Schaeffer is in a double amaze, for he himself awakes somebody else!

Borne along in a fiery and flying chariot, master and man arrive in London. After a six months' residence in the great metropolis, Schaeffer finds pleasure but a weary business after all. With a five-and-twenty-year-old pair of legs, his heart still bears the weight of its four centuries! And Faustus: memory haunts him at every step, and damps every joy. Again the Devil appears to him. He would know the fate of Bertha, his heart's first idol and his falsehood's victim. The tale is soon told: a degraded life, a parish funeral, and a pauper's grave! Let him but gaze upon her ere guilt had written misery on her once fair brow,—let him speak to her, and in words of repentance implore her forgiveness! This, to the Devil, is very disgusting! It looks like relapsing into goodness! His Satanic Majesty, however, complies, and grants to Faustus an attendant fiend to watch him and do his bidding.

Mark Meadows, a ruined spendthrift, is thrust out from one of those gambling pandemoniums with which London abounds; and Faustus would rescue him from further violence. He listens to the melancholy story of the good-for-naught, who had beguared his family and destroyed himself; and, by the indulgence of the attendant fiend, is permitted to snatch a momentary joy. The wretched father has returned to his miserable hovel, but a benefactor is at hand to give food to his famishing wife and children, in the person of Schaeffer. The Devil holds power over Faustus to prevent him from doing good—not so is it with his unshackled domestic: Schaeffer has a soul unsold—would he could say as much for his poor master!

Mentz, the once happy home of his childhood, after a long lapse of four centuries, again receives Faustus. He gazes on the cottage of Bertha; and sees emerge from it her whom he so tenderly loved and so cruelly betrayed! He listens while she recounts her sad and too-prophetic dream to the peasant girls who strew flowers in her path. This to Faustus is thrilling, maddening; but to the facetious fiend capital fun! Faustus, trembling, bids her good-morrow: she starts, gazes at him intently, is ready to faint; some terrible recollection would seem to have come suddenly over her—but no: it was but a chimera, and 'tis past. Still, there are *some* faces that can never, never be forgotten; and the face of Faustus is *one* of them. A storm threatening, he is invited to enter her humble dwelling;—and now mark the mocking complaisance of the foul fiend: he will, out of pure good nature and philanthropy! permit Faustus to marry the fair Bertha, provided he (the foul fiend) be the officiating priest at the wedding!

Schaeffer, again in London, is recognized and cordially welcomed by his old acquaintance Mark Meadows. The heart of the honest fellow overflows with gratitude at the sight of his former benefactor. From the day that Schaeffer snatched him from want he had become a reformed man. He was no longer too idle and too proud to work; and see the result: a neat, well-furnished little cottage,—a frugal yet plentiful board,—a thriving family,—a body healthful; and a conscience self-approving and gay! He and his household are out for a day's holiday—the family joy becomes infectious; and Schaeffer, who had been terribly in the dumps, now brightens up at the sight of so much happiness, to which he had been no mean contributor. At this moment the receipt of a letter from India puts the holiday-folks in a fluster of expectation. What news can it contain?—good or bad? We shall see anon.

Alas, for faithful, warm-hearted Schaeffer! The dreadful doom of Faustus is at hand—the Devil is a pitiless creditor. True to his time (punctuality in business is a jewel!) he comes to claim the fulfilment of his bond. Faustus is a bill at maturity!—no three days' grace!

He is due, and must be taken up! Just five minutes has he yet to spare to compose and make himself comfortable! during which interval his sable creditor casts his fire-and-brimstone eye over his black book. Isaac Screw, the bill-broker, falls due at two o'clock precisely,—Lord Shuffle, the noble gambler, at ten minutes past three! Then Lady Lydia Loveall—oh, the Devil has renewed her Ladyship for another year! His old friend the fiend enters, as a sort of bailiff's follower, to capture him. Alas, there's no retreating! Faustus quietly submits, bidding the world a doleful 'Good Night!'

But the letter from India—what news does it contain? Short and sweet, pithy and pleasant. The young soldier who had been betrothed to Fanny (one of the sisters whose fortune Mark had dissipated in his drunken days) has risen in his profession, and obtained a competence. Mars himself follows hard upon the heels of this happy intelligence.—Hey for the wedding!

The dread vision of Faustus (for it is a vision!) is now ended. In an agony of mind he had called upon the Lost One to aid and assist him; but the soul of man is beyond the power of the Destroyer! He had also, in his despair, invoked the pure spirit of the gentle Bertha; and it comes, in all its benignity and brightness, to console and comfort him! The moral needs no comment: it is intensely sublime and exquisitely beautiful.

Mr. Leman Rede has thrown much sharp and biting satire into the character of the Devil, who is both jesuitical and jocular in a high degree. It is an old saying that the Devil can quote Scripture: he can also speak truth—for he does not desire to appear more amiable than he really is, which is not always the case with his disciples. The terse, piquant style of Mrs. Keeley gave the author's true idea of this truth-speaking imp of darkness. The performance was altogether a smart epigram, and took amazingly with the audience. We have seen many ladies, old and young, on and off the stage, play the Devil, but never a lady play it so agreeably as Mrs. Keeley.

 D.—G.

The Cast of Characters and Costume,

Doctor Faustus (MR. LACY).—*First dress* (in Scene I.): Loose gown—white wig. *Second dress*: Brown shirt, trimmed with black velvet—brown tights—black velvet shoes. *Third dress*: Braided coat—pantaloons—Hessian boots.

Schaeffer, his Servant, (MR. ATWOOD).—*First dress*: Shirt—gray tights—shoes. *Second dress*: A modern tiger.

The Devil (MRS. KEELEY).—*First dress*: Horns, hoof, and tail, according to the popular notion. *Second dress*: Short gray tunic—silk tights of the same colour—Mephistophelis red leather cap—black velvet shoes. *Third dress*: Female German Peasant's costume. *Fourth dress*: Transparent white dress and veil.

Fiend (MR. MAYNARD).—Tight red dress—large red cloak.

Mark Meadows (MR. H. HALL).—Shabby modern dress.

Hackney Coachman (MR. SAUNDERS).—Coat with capes—hat—whip.

Lieutenant.—Naval costume.

Henry VIII.—Costume of Henry VIII.

Father of Faustus.—German Peasant's dress.

Young Faustus.—Ibid.

Time.—As it is represented, with hour-glass, wings, &c.

Fiends and Imps.—Black dresses, &c.

Mary Meadows (MRS. SAVILLE).—Ragged modern dress.

Fanny (MISS SCOTT).—Ibid.

Jannette (MISS E. TERRY).—German Peasant's dress.

Bridget (MRS. MELVILLE).—Old German Peasant's dress.

Mother of Faustus (MRS. PEARCE).—Ibid.

Queen Victoria (MISS MOSSALL).—Full robes.

Liberty (MRS. WILLSHIRE).—As it is represented.

Sally (MRS. NAYLOR), *Martha* (MISS LEE), *Mary*.—Very shabby bonnets, &c.—baskets.

Peasants.—German dresses.

Spirits.—White dresses.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

The Conductors of this work print no plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

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 DEVIL AND DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Old Chamber in the Town of Mentz.*
A.D. 1466.

Enter SCHAEFFER and BRIDGET, L.

Sch. Venture in, gentle Mrs. Bridget;—on the honour of a steward, and some time student of Wittenberg, there is nothing to fear.

Brid. Art sure?—There be those who aver that woman never enter'd this house, who went out as she came in.

Sch. I warrant ye. What danger should there be?

Brid. Danger! This is the dwelling of Faustus, the learned Faustus—thou'rt his attendant: I may be bewitched!

Sch. Do I look bewitching?

Brid. Nay; but thy master——

Sch. Is no more bewitching than myself.—Alack! how the world belies us learned men!

Brid. Truly, it may be: the world says Faustus is a conjurer.

Sch. There, there! I said so; and I warrant ye they say of me that——

Brid. That thou art no conjurer—everybody allows that. I have known thee but a short time, but I would wager there is no harm in thee; but, prithee, tell me of thy master—what are his studies?

Sch. Various: at Tongalstadt he studied theology, till the churchmen grew jealous and belied him; then he studied chemistry——

Brid. Chemistry! but is he—is he a good Catholic?

Sch. Umph! he has as many scruples as any man I know;—then he invented printing——

Brid. In which, they do say, he was aided by the Prince of Darkness.

Sch. The Prince of Darkness would never aid in the universal diffusion of light.

Brid. But was he not ultimately expelled—thrust forth from college?

Sch. Why, truly, Faustus was one of those whom Alma Mater—that benign mother—weaned before his time; but Genius was his dry-nurse, and brought him up by hand.

Brid. I have a marvellous desire to behold this wondrous Doctor.

Sch. Behold him?—impossible! He remains closetted months at a time; I am summoned but by sounds that indicate his wishes, and the words that pass between us are so marvellously few, that were it not for a prattle now and then with one of thy sex, I should e'en forget my mother tongue.

Brid. Then thou hast no male visitors?

Sch. No; the burghers—nay, the populace of Mentz—will not hold speech with me, because I serve Faustus; if I venture forth, missiles assail me, because I serve Faustus; and I do much fear, Mrs. Bridget, that some of these days I shall be offered up a human sacrifice, and all because I serve Faustus.

Brid. Marry, then, and much to blame thou—why not leave him?

Sch. Leave him! Mrs. Bridget, when Faustus was a student at Wittenburg, I was a homeless fatherless boy—friendless—foodless—Faustus relieved and fostered me; I was ignorant—Faustus educated me; he rose in fame and fortune—still he favoured me; and, albeit I, too, have my misgivings, the domestic who has grown gray in his service will not desert him now that the world's ban is on him.

Brid. Heartily spoken, Master Schaeffer, and I love ye for't—but I must hurry homeward: ye'll find the capons, and all ye desired, in the basket; so, fare-ye-well, and when I bring next week's refection, we'll renew our gossiping. [Exit, L.

Sch. Farewell, sweet Mrs. Bridget! I begin to think that women are like wine, the better for a little age;—what a comely creature's Mrs. Bridget—would she were mine, to cheer me in my solitude when I hear those strange noises from the studio. [Music.] Eh! 'tis his signal; I'll prepare his repast, and take it to that awful chamber!—I conceal my thoughts, my fears, from others, but I can't hide them from myself: if the world's wrongs have made Faustus a sorcerer, I am but a lost Schaeffer. I

suppose when a gentleman makes a compact with [*Coughs*] servants and fixtures are included: if he has sold himself, then am I a d——d domestic. Ah! what a fine, rattling, guileless fellow I was, five-and-thirty years since, at Strasbourg; and now——oh! it won't bear thinking of—

[*Music.*] That summons again; I come, great Faustus!

[*Music.—Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Studio of Faustus: Astronomical instruments, specimens of lizards, crocodiles, skeletons, and a Death's head, on the table beside the Doctor, who is discovered gazing intently in a mirror.—The Wings flatted in with panels on each side; the real flat having folding-doors.*

FAUSTUS, an old and silver-haired man.

Faus. Time! sure avenger of the joys of youth, thou hast wreaked thy malice on me. Ah! in my faded eye and hollow cheek, in winter-withered locks, I read thy victory. And this once was Faustus!—'Tis all a cheat: life, hope, fame, honour, all are false. Look there—where are the tresses that a mother's hands have smoothed above my brow?—where the forehead that a father's lips have kissed in tearful joy?—where the full form, and all the sinewy strength, that made my manhood glorious?—where is he who breathed the love-vow, saw, and sought, and won?—where is——Faustus? Withered to what I gaze on. [*Throws away the mirror.*] Alas! for all we joy in sixty years, and study's furrowing hand, have changed the boy, the lover, and the wonder-worker, to a poor, bowed, decrepid, wretched thing, crawling to a despised unconsecrated grave. Shall it be so? and have I wrought in vain? No! human hate frees me from human laws, and I will dare the worst.

[*Music.*]

[*Faustus touches a spring at his table; the panel opens R. and SCHAEFFER enters, the panel closes again instantly.*]

Sch. The repast is——

Faus. I heed it not. Come hither; I have a secret to unfold to thee—a few hours bind us all, or part us ever.

Sch. Part us! Dear master, do not talk of parting—if I have offended by my fears, I will not henceforth—I will do aught, endure aught——

Faus. And dare aught? [*Rises and comes forward, L.C.*]

Sch. Aught that is lawful.

Faus. Lawful! [*Laughs scornfully.*] Is't lawful to enrich thy fellow man with store of wisdom all untaught before?

Faustus did it. Is it lawful to gather from the healthful herbs of earth that which shall banish sickness? Faustus did it. Is it lawful, by one invention, so to multiply the sacred word, that every toiling peasant, from Suabia to the world's remotest verge, may read and feel life's holy history? Speak—is it lawful? If it be, why Faustus did it. And what is my reward?—the learned envy, and the rich despise me; the heedless mass, all knowledgeless, are taught to curse my name: and this is all man's gratitude accords for a great boon given. [Crosses.

Sch. Master, may I speak? [Faustus assents] I feel thy wrongs. When by thy wisdom printing rose, I thought perchance—my brains are somewhat muddy—I saw how great a gift you offered man; and I repelled those who wronged thee by imputing hellish acts.

Faus. They do not wrong me now: driven from earth, I see but one refuge left, and that I clutch at.

Sch. Dear master, these are the old fits that seized on ye in Strasbourg, when ye were the wildest amid the wild youths there; those sad, sad days, were the cause of all this mischief.

Faus. I was not born infallible. My early years were shamed by vice and revel. Man mocked the evil, little recked the good. I loved, and was despised; then flung away my life amid a varied round of beauties, seeking in many what I lost in one;—years passed, and I receded from vulgar sin, and gave myself to study—see the fruit: I aid man, and he spurns me; teach, and he decries me—but this is idle—here is gold! To-night a mighty change shall come in me—Schaeffer, we meet no more.

Sch. We must not part; have I not shared in all your youthful revels; and, though I say it humbly, my dear master, I have partaken the sorrows of your age—be it good or evil, Schaeffer will share it with you.

Faus. Bethink you what you do.

Sch. Faustus, I have spoken! [Firmly.

Faus. Right nobly answered;—away awhile, my friend—my servant now no more.

Sch. But—

Faus. Hence, I say!

[The panel flies open, and Schaeffer flies through it.

Faus. All is prepared; 'tis but to touch the spring, and all the mystic works within that chamber awake to my bidding. [Music.] Fallen greatness! mighty in thy fall; ruler! though banished from the realms of rule; power all

men malign, yet most men serve: avenger! torturer! tempter! fiend! appear——

[The flats fall with a terrific crash; from the side-pieces fiends thrust their bodies and arms forth, holding flaming brands; a cloud of smoke clears away at the back, and the Devil is discovered sitting in a fiery car, and caressing two enormous serpents. His satanic majesty appears according to the familiar notion, with horns, hoof, and tail; he is worked by a parallel on to the stage.]

Dev. Did you wish to speak to me?

Faus. Thou the doomed one!—it cannot be—that shape!

Dev. 'Tis the same thy mother pictured to thee when she spoke of me: when woman planteth horns she calls me up; and for the goatish hoof, 'tis but a fiend-familiar image conjured up with the other.

Faus. And thou art powerful!

Dev. Try me!

Faus. Bid thy fiends vanish.

[The Devil makes a sign—fiends disappear at the instant.]

Dev. Behold!

Faus. Thou didst not bid them!

Dev. Not in words, for we commune by thoughts—I read thine own.

Faus. Give them utterance.

Dev. Thou deem'st the squalid bestial thing before thee too mean an instrument to work thy wishes; is it not so?

Faus. I grant ye;—I would behold thee in a human guise, that so I might not through wonder, wander.

[Music:—During the last two or three lines, the Devil sinks through a trap; his prototype enters at back, or as the stage will allow, momentarily.]

Faus. Who art thou?

Dev. The same.

Faus. How! art thou changed?

Dev. In garb alone; my nature is unchangeable. What is the boon you seek?

Faus. Destroy to me the memory of the past!

Dev. I can bid thee know, Faustus—I cannot teach thee to forget. Come, test my power by that within its grasp; I would fain prove to you how vast my rule! I'll not entrap you into any compact until you see you have your money's worth. Oh! you'll find me quite correct!

Faus. I would see——

[Pausing.]

Dev. Your childhood's home!—that was your thought.

Faus. It was!

[*Music.*—*Scene (flat) changes, and discovers set-piece, cottage and fields, stile, &c.; the father of Faustus, a peasant, tending plants; his mother spinning; Faustus, a boy about ten years of age, reading.*]

Faus. It is my childhood's home, and thou my mother!—is it not reality?

Dev. Ha, ha, ha!

Faus. Hush thee, fiend! [*Clock strikes seven; boy rises.*] Ha! the old clock of Slausken, well I mind; it calls him to his studies: see, the boy goes forth to school—now presses his mother's lips—his father blesses him—oh! home—oh! mother, mother!

[*The action takes place as Faustus describes; he bursts into an agony of tears, and the scene closes.*]

Dev. You seem partial to pictures!

Faus. Have they vanished?

Dev. They never were—'twas but a vision! I can show you myriads such!

Faus. Give me but that, and make it a reality.

Dev. I deal not in realities like those. But come, cast off all coldness; come, pray take a chair, and now, like men of the world, we'll talk this business over.

Faus. What business?

Dev. Pooh! don't be silly—we've communed before: you thought to me, instead of talking—'tis the same thing. You are tired of the world's ways—I can amend them, as far as you are concerned; you grieve o'er fading strength—I can restore your vigour: in fact, you've a soul to sell, and I am willing to bid for it.

Faus. I am no longer willing.

Dev. Not this moment, but you will be, the first new toy you sigh for; better strike the bargain at once! 'twill be all the same in the long run. I know your terms, but wish you to express them, that I may check your asking for impossibilities—speak!

Faus. That you should yield me boundless wealth!—Why do you smile?

Dev. Because all you gentlemen who sell reversions ask that first, though 'tis the smallest boon I've power to grant.

Faus. I would have you ever at my elbow!

Dev. I have been half your life.

Faus. Renew my youth, and grant me all things that I desire!

Dev. Certainly; 'tis but reason, provided you don't de-

sire to do any good, nor insult me by attempting any virtuous action.

Faus. Then yca annihilate both time and space when I command?

Dev. [*Gloomily.*] Annihilation is beyond my power.

Faus. Ah!

Dev. Were it not, would I be what I am?

Faus. Can you accelerate time?

Dev. Oh! I don't stand nice for a century or two!

Faus. I have spent my youth in great inventions: the press is mine! and must I pass away whilst that is in its infancy? I would trace its progress, mark the time and place, the when and where that power shall reign triumphant.

[*A misty scene:—hand-press shewn; Henry the Eighth holding the shackles that are about it; it sinks, and shows a steam-press, Liberty trampling on the shackles, and pointing to the machine; Time appears, (L.) with 1849 on his scythe, and points to the bust or figure of Queen Victoria; between her and Liberty works a circular scroll, on which the names of Chaucer, Bacon, Spencer, Shakspeare, Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Newton, Gibbon, Hume, Byron, Walter Scott, Coleridge, &c. &c., successively appear.*

Dev. I do inform thy thoughts, and grant thee to know what they were, and what they have achieved; it flashes in thee, and thy mental power feels all its freshness now.

Faus. And all these wondrous spirits—

Dev. Have passed away, and now are nothing.

Faus. Not so; they've left behind them time-enduring records! ay, and mine the hand that wrought the means by which mankind possessed them. [*Vision closes.*

Dev. You know my power: I'll bear you where you please.

Faus. To London; and the time I choose is that—

Dev. 1849, nearly four centuries; however, I won't haggle with you. And now as to that little affair—

Faus. What affair?

Dev. Your soul, you know; how many years do you ask for?

Faus. A century!

Dev. I could not do it, bless you, I shall have a thousand reversions in that time.

Faus. Say fifty years!

Dev. We don't do business at such long dates.

Faus. Twenty!

Dev. Too much ; say five—and if, as I expect, you'll gain me proselytes, I don't mind renewing it at the end of the time.

Faus. I close, conditionally——

Dev. Oh !

Faus. I have a servant, Schaeffer ; [*Devil expresses contempt*]—I would have youth renewed in him as well, yet he incur no penalty.

Dev. Why, we don't do that sort of thing ; but to oblige a friend——he'll remain in your service ? [*Faust assents.*] then I need not include him——'twill be all the same thing.

Faus. Prepare the bond !

Dev. We keep them ready drawn——'tis but to sign—— [*Faustus goes towards the table.*] Use my pen !

[*Offers him a burnished pen, with flame feathers.*

Faus. The ink ?

Dev. We generally sign in blood ! Lovers use that as an emblem of their constancy, and ours is a bond of endless union.

[*Music.—Faustus's left sleeve falls to the shoulder, leaving his arm bare ; Devil crouches below his left arm, with a chalice ; Faustus punctures his arm ; blood flows ; he dips the lighted pen, and signs.—Thunder.*

Dev. I'll sign a counterpart ! [*Signs—Thunder.—Exchanging bonds.*] That makes you all right.

Faus. 'Tis past—the deed's irrevocable.

[*Faustus sinks into a chair—his change begins to work.*]

Dev. Ay, some people are very nervous about bonds—let me see : the 1st of April, 1849—just so—[*Takes out his watch*]—five-and-twenty past one, London time ; then at five-and-twenty past one on the 1st of April, 1854, I'll wait upon you. Time flies ; I must fulfil my contract.

[*Music.—A screen which stood at the side sinks, and a couch is seen with Schaeffer in it asleep.*]

Dev. Faustus and thou [*With great contempt*] awake again to youth !

[*Faustus springs up, appearing in the bloom of manhood.*

Faus. Ha ! this is power ! Through my veins once more the red blood revels ; my step grows sprightly, and my heart beats high ! Fiend, I confess thy power !

[*Music.—Faustus exults ; Schaeffer awakes in amaze.*

Faus. Who art thou ?

Sch. That's exactly what I want to know : all I remem-

ber is, I fell asleep Johann Schaeffer, and I wake somebody else!

Dev. [*Who has retired*] Ha, ha, ha!

Sch. W—what's that?

Faus. 'Tis the voice of a friend!

Sch. Is it?—it's the most unfriendly voice I ever heard.

Faus. Appear! [*Devil advances.*] Let us hence; my spirit longs to look upon the world; to feel, through books, what mighty ones have felt; to see how knowledge with her giant bark has burst into the unploughed sea of science.

Dev. Pshaw! There are better, happier things for thee—London shall offer all that may delight the sense and lull the soul: beauty, wine, and the yet more intoxicating joys of play!

Faus. Bring me to them.

[*Music.—Scene opens and discovers a dancing group; men at play, lovers twining round their mistresses; wine poured forth by beautiful girls, &c. &c.—Fiends, with torches in one hand and goblets in the other, burst forth through the sides.*]

CHORUS.

Go, all the joys of the world are before thee;
Men shall obey thee, and woman adore thee;
Wine shall entrance all thy senses in pleasure;—
Give loose to the dance, and tread lightly the measure!
On, prythee, on—on, prythee, on
Onward go—onward to joy!

Devils' Chaunts—[Masked.]

Love lightly; leave quickly; wrong all, nor atone;—
Faustus, the joys of the world are thine own!

'A car rises; Faustus, Devil, and Schaeffer taken up; the revels at the back become more general; the Chorus is at its height; and crimson flames illumine the scene.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Temple Bar.*

Enter SALLY, MARTHA, and MARY, R. and L.

CHORUS.

Time is winging—the bells a-ringing,
Merrily, merrily go, ding! dong!
Birds are singing,—so, girls, be bringing,
Cheerily all, your flowers along.

Sal. That lazy lie-a-bed girl in Child's Place isn't up yet;—what's the use of my bringing the water-cresses at half-after-six, when she never turns out till seven?

Mar. That's what I say—'Bring the milk early,' say they: I take my pull at the cow and the pump an hour before my time, and all for no 'versal good.

Mary. My case is worse.—Folks that love flowers love early hours; but who do I see at six in the morning? only some chaps as has been keeping it up at Evan's, of the Coal-hole, making his own nose gay, and never thinking of mine.

Sal. I wonders that them as is gentlemen don't sometimes think of us poor girls; and, after a night spent in frolic, drop a little sixpence for the poor water-cress girl, who has been dabbling in the sedgey stream whilst they were enjoying themselves.

Mary. Tis want of thought, dear, not want of heart. I've seen something of life when my poor Ned was soldiering in foreign parts; and this I will say—there's more real charity and good-naturedness between this here Bar and Whitechapel Church, than you'll find in the same distance all over the world.

Enter SCHAEFFER, L., moodily.

Mary. Please to buy a nosegay, sir.

Sch. No; I hate flowers—they fade.

Sal. Take a bunch of cresses, sir?

Sch. No; I don't live on greens, like a jack-ass.

Mar. Any milk?

Sch. Thank you—I'm weaned! [*Cresses to R.*

Mary. Come along, girls—he ain't no good: he looks as if he had lost something yesterday, and sat up all night looking for it.—Buy my primroses! [*Calling.*

Sal. Buy my water-cressés!

[*Calling.*

Mar. M-e-e-w! milk!

[*Calling.*

CHORUS [*Repeated.*]

Time is winging—the bells a-ringing,
Merrily, merrily go, ding! dong!
Birds are singing,—so, girls, be bringing,
Cheerily all, your flowers along.

[*Exeunt Girls, R. and L.*

Sch. Getting drunk is pleasant enough—getting sober's the devil. Oh, Schaeffer! Schaeffer! what a life have you led the six months you have been in this metropolis! Pleasure's a fatiguing business when you follow it up regularly. That terrible little devil (begging his worship's pardon) has, as the English bard says, 'kept the word of promise to the ear, and broke it to our hope.' Renew my youth, indeed!—these are my twenty-five-year-old legs, decidedly; my face, too, is nearly as lovely as it was in 1420—but I've no youth here—I'm walking about with a four-hundred-year-old heart!—My poor dear master, Faustus, is as wretched as myself. Memory recalls the past, and fear precludes joy in the present.—He is—ahem—and has had no fun for it, nor I neither. Oh! for the happy hour, when, with all the pride of a printer, I issued the first copy of 'Durandi Rationale Divinorum Officiorum!' Then, then, I had youth—youth all over me! I thought life a long holiday, and here I am, four centuries old!—a reprint of a black-letter copy—with a master that's [*Coughs.*] and a spirit that's broken—feeling that if, as Gay says, 'Life's a jest,' it's a very miserable one.

SONG.

AIR—*When a Man's a little bit poorly.*

Laugh, quaff, life's a whirligig,
Fun and frolicking, jest and joy;
So I thought in my early gig,
Centuries past, when I were a boy!
Age creeps over with wasting hand,
Time flies on,—youth has gone
E'er half life's early years are spanned,
Head grows gray, and cheeks grow wan.
Laugh, quaff, &c.

Love gives the heart a stir about—
Rapture wiles,—woman smiles—
All things left to follow her about:
Hope and fear the heart beguiles.

Win and wear her as best you may,
 Time runs on, beauty gone,—
 She that charmed out-lived her day;
 Her head gets gray, and her cheeks get wan
 Laugh, quaff, &c.

Babes come (dear and pretty ones !)
 Squall and bawl, stun you all;
 Only hear the baby's ditty once,
 How he'll chirrup and bellow and bawl !
 Doctors come, and bring their bills,
 Debt runs high and cash gets low :
 On through all these stormy ills,
 Still will life's rich current flow.
 Laugh, quaff, &c.

Dunn'd, stunn'd, scolded, chid about ;
 Noisy wife plagues your life ;—
 Hither, thither, sent and bid about,
 Days are past in toil and strife.
 After many a weary year
 Of toil and broil and plagues have past,
 With sicken'd hope—and coming fear,
 Death walks in and nails you fast.
 Laugh, quaff, &c.

[Exit, R.]

SCENE II. — *A splendid apartment—a bureau—table,
 with breakfast things, and a chair.*

FAUSTUS discovered.

Faus. Another day I stride towards my doom with giant steps ! Life is a weary toil ;—what joy have I ? Denied the right to aid my fellow-man—the hellish compact quite o'er-bears my spirit, and, like him I serve,—I feel my fall—
 Rather than this, would that the worst were come !—
 [*Front of the bureau descends, leaving a chair, on which is seated the Devil.*]—You here !

Dev. Yes ; you wished for the worst, and I come, of course.

Faus. Fiend !—I am miserable !

Dev. How so ?—you've wealth—

Faus. Dross !

Dev. Youth—

Faus. In thew and sinew—not in mind.

Dev. [*Making tea.*] I've kept my compact ; and if you will be miserable, it's no fault of mine. Do you take milk and sugar ?

Faus. I ask for joys.

Dev. Two lumps ?

Faus. You mock me.

Dev. Not I. You wished to come to London—here you

are ; desired to live in 1849—it's done ; to behold what printing had effected—well, you've seen 'Chambers's Journal,' and 'Davidson's Music for the Million!' I don't know what more you would have.

Faus. He who would live must love !

Dev. Why don't you ?

Faus. I gaze on beauty, and then turn heart-stricken away—where I love I would not destroy.

Dev. You were not always so particular.

Faus. My reproaches are here—I need not thine ; Ah ! early errors weigh upon the soul.

Dev. Don't—it's not the fashion to speak of any thing that's mortgaged.

Faus. Bertha, my heart's first idol ! would I knew thy fate !

Dev. I can inform you.

Faus. Speak !

Dev. Oh, yes !—sit down. I'll begin at the beginning : She was young and beautiful,—her heart all tenderness,—her nature guileless ; you saw, woo'd, won her—she loved, and, loving, believed you ; you vowed, and, vowing, betrayed her. I've had my eye upon you ever since.

Faus. Fiend ! I know my guilt.—Tell me her fate.

Dev. Oh ! certainly.—Women, like higher spirits, fall to rise no more. The shadow fell upon her—You, her wronger, stood between her and the light for ever : She was thrust from home,—the mother forgot her babe,—the father his offspring,—she had to choose 'twixt death and sin.

Faus. And died ?—

Dev. No ; betrayed by your sex, shunn'd by her own, she waded deeper in the slough of sin ;—she lived degraded, died deserted—a parish funeral, a pauper grave—

Faus. Oh ! give me to behold her once again !

Dev. Hearsed, or how !

Faus. [*Starts up.*] Fiend ! let me gaze upon her as she was e'er sin had written guilt upon her brow,—E'er my falsehood and the world's temptation had broken down the barrier that screens vice from virtue, and withered the sacred blush of shame. [*Crosses to R.*]

Dev. This won't do—it's violating our contract : you're deviating into goodness—it's very disgusting !

Faus. Grant my wish, and I will be your slave.

Dev. [*Rising.*] You are—here's the agreement.

[*Showing bond.*]

Faus. Reduce the time four-fifths,—give Bertha back to earth,—let me live to implore her pardon, and I will brave my doom.

Dev. That's speaking reasonably. Let me see, then— I settle with you on the first of next April. *Entre nous*— digging up ladies four centuries after date is rather out of my way; but I favour you. I'll be off at once; but you're so apt to relapse, I must place you under the surveillance of a friend of mine.

Faus. Whom?

Dev. Oh, one of us! save to you, he'll be invisible.— Appear!

Fiend rushes on through flat, R.

Wait on this gentleman.—Oh! don't be alarmed; he'll do for you. I've weary leagues to wend to raise your rustic beauty. You know your duty—do it!—now leave the rest to me. Take him hence. [*Exit Faustus with fiend, R.*]

SONG.—*Devil.*

On through the air I'll wing my viewless flight,
Wild, wild, as the wandering wind;
Light, light, as the billowy spray,
I wanton in air,—leave the bleak world behind.
And through the blue ether away;

The eagle toils after my shadow in vain,
And the sea-bird screams out as I skim o'er the plain.
Away! away! 'tis glorious to stray
Through the regions of space, like a tameless thing,
With a dauntless spirit and tireless wing. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street in London.—A house, with practicable door in flat.—Music.*

Enter FAUSTUS and Fiend, R.

Faus. Come, my invisible guide, whither shall we go?

Fiend. For fun or t'other?

Faus. I have forgot the taste of joy!—I would see human want and human woe.

Fiend. There's a union workhouse hereabouts, an hospital, and a prison;—we might wile away an hour or two pleasantly enough there.

Faus. No; let me see wealthy vice: famine is sacred—its woes are to be revealed alone to those whose hearts and hands are open to relieve it.

Fiend. None of that! the gentleman won't stand it.

[*Door in flat bursts open, and a noise is heard within the house.*]

Crowd. [*Behind.*] Smash him! out with him!

Faus. What is that? twenty upon one—come to his aid.

Fiend. I can't, and you shan't. Those who sell rever-
sions must never attempt to do good,—it's utterly against
our rules.

Faus. Fiend! now, I feel my thrall.

[*Music.—The noise is repeated in the house, and
Mark Meadows is thrust from it:—he falls on the
Stage.*

Faus. Let me—let me raise him.

Fiend. Why, it's not the right thing, but to oblige you.
[*Faustus raises Mark.*

Mark. Who art thou that meddle with me?

Faus. A friend.

Mark. I've forgotton the name—a friend! ha, ha, ha!
many and many a weary day and sleepless night have flown
since I and friendship were foregathered. Stand off, you're
human! man is a wolf to man.

Faus. Not always! I pity, would relieve you.

[*Takes out a purse of gold.*

Fiend. You mustn't—you know our rules.

Faus. Damn'd fiend! let me at least hear the story of
his woes?

Fiend. Decidedly; stories of woe are in our line.

Faus. These faded garments, and thy haggard brow,
bespeak thee——

Mark. A gambler! a ruined gambler!—in that word all
misery is comprised. [*Fiend crosses behind, R.*

Faus. And you, perhaps, have been happy?

Mark. I was honest—happiness and that are seldom
sundered.

Faus. How did you fall?

Fiend. Don't talk of falling—it's awkward to both of us!
[*Aside—and goes up.*

Mark. Fall!—bless you, I had friends, dear friends: they
took me to races—at last to hells——

Faus. Hells?

Fiend. Don't! it's really unpleasant—you shouldn't!

Faus. And became a ruined man?

Mark. Ruined?—Ay, mind—heart—soul! Don't look
so: don't! I can bear the world's ban, but a kind man's
pity—Oh! three years since, who so happy as Mark
Meadows, the Yorkshire farmer? Feyther left me wealthy
—I'd a mother, a widowed mother—I'd sisters:—I were
their guardian, bless ye, their guardian!

Faus. I guess all——

Mark. Ay, you may:—I squandered my patrimony, then

I borrowed their's. Sisters were to be married—two of them to worldlings, who, when they were beggars, scorned them—t'other, poor Fanny! my own young playmate, was betrothed to a lad, a worthy lad, who gaed to India, to fight his way to fame and fortune—I beggared all on 'em! My mother—my poor kind-hearted mother!—lies in parish poor-ground!

Faus. Your sisters—what was their fate?

Mark. Don't, don't! What do women do when brothers rob, and want assails? I know not where they are—no! nor what they are—save that angel Fanny.

Faus. And where is she?

Mark. Succouring the wife and babes that I have beggared! But the earnings of a milliner's girl be scanty enow for a man, two grown women, and three bairns—even those have failed; all now are foodless!

Faus. I'll fly with you and aid them—I have gold—

Fiend. No, you hav'n't!—As much gold as you please to squander on vice, but not a sovereign to do good!

Faus. Now, now, I feel my doom!

Mark. And you can make false promises, and mock my misery! Well, I hoped no better. Five portions were squandered there; and to-night I went, all squalid as I am, to beg a crown to buy my children bread: they struck me; and a foodless man is weak—they thrust me out—I met you—heard a tone that sounded kindly—I did not ask, nor need you have denied. Man!—'tis the worst word I know—[*Crosses to R.*]—You have wealth; keep it—attire; gad in it—pleasures; enjoy them—you've all these things, but you've no heart! [Exit, R.]

Faus. Human misery cannot equal this—to gaze on woe, and offer no relief—to see the tear of agony steal down the manly cheek, a gushing fountain from a rocky soil, purer from the very sterility of its source—I'll offer him— [Crosses to R.]

Fiend. Oh, no!

Faus. [*Rooted to the ground.*] My feet grown to the earth! Oh! wretch, wretch!

Fiend. Not at all!—You know your early love is to come to earth anon—meanwhile we'll go and do some mischief.

Faus. Let me relieve that famished woman—those breadless babes!

Fiend. Couldn't do it, unless you'll run away with the wife, or dishonour the sister?

Faus. Fiend!

Fiend. At your service—come on!

[*Fiend takes Faustus off, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*A wretched house—a table and one chair.*

—MARY MEADOWS, FANNY, and three Children discovered.

Child. Will father be home soon?

Mary. I trust so.

Child. Will he bring bread? We're very hungry, mother, very!

Fan. Gaming, accursed vice! thou hast wrought this misery—oh, Mark!

Mary. Don't reproach him! I have watched by him in the lonely night—seen the deep agony that paled his brow—felt that remorse was dealing with his reason! Now we all suffer—be it so: I am Mark Meadows's wife; I can bear all, but never will reproach him!

[*Footsteps heard without.*]

Child. That's father's footstep!

Enter MARK, D. F.

Oh, Father!

Mark. Don't, don't!—call me destroyer! call me aught
[*Falls into a chair.*]

Child. Dear father—

Mark. Don't ask for food, or my heart will burst—I have none!

Child. [*Quietly*] Never mind, 'we'll do without to-night!

[*Mark flings himself on his knees.*]

Mary. Bless you, Mark!—pray! 'Tis months since I saw you thus!

Mark. Pray! do ye think I'm here to pray? No: to curse the hearts that have refused them bread! These two—my cherubs!—and that little worldless thing, whose not speaking speaks for her;—yes, if a curse—

Fan. and Mary. No; hope is life's heaven! HE is where he was!
[*Pointing upwards.—Music.*]

Enter SCHAEFFER, joyously, with a basket of provisions, D. F.

Sch. Master's shackled, but I am not; here, you little hungry devils—beg your pardon, but the word's rather familiar to me!

Mark. Who are you? [Crosses to Schaeffer.]

Sch. No matter: there's meat, there's bread, there's wine! Munch away, my little dears!

Mark. Thanks, thanks!—you have a soul!

Sch. I have, by good luck; would my poor dear master could say as much.

Mary. You did not breathe the curse—oh! blessings be on you that you did not breathe it. Said I not, 'He is where he was!'

Child. Oh, mother, mother!

[*Music.*—*Mark falls on his knees—his wife and sister beside him—the children grouped.*]

Enter FAUSTUS, hurriedly, at the door, followed by Fiend.

Fiend. You mustn't!

Faus. 'Tis given me to gaze on joy, though not to cause it—see there!

Mark. Food to my famished children! Thanks, thanks to Heaven!

[*At that word, the scene flashes fire—the Fiend falls through trap, c.—Faustus, Mark, Mary, Fanny, Schaeffer, and Children, group.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Landscape, &c., near Mentz.—Cottage, with practicable door and window, l.—Music.*

Enter Fiend, r.

Fiend. My mission is fulfilled! Faustus is near Mentz, once more to seek Bertha, his early love, who perished, broken-hearted, four hundred years since! The master-spirit has flown before us to assume her form, and a dev'lish pretty girl he'll prove. The churchmen called Faustus an unbeliever—I have found boundless credulity the basis of his nature. [*Music.*]

Enter FAUSTUS, r.: he gazes on the Cottage intently.

Faus. 'Tis there—the cot of Bertha—even as I knew it in my youth. This is miraculous!

Fiend. Not at all: the gentleman could rebuild Babylon if you made it worth his while.

Faus. And she who tenanted that humble dwelling is——

Fiend. What she once was—that was the boon you asked.

[*Air heard faintly without, L.U.E.*

Faus. Some peasants are approaching—let us avoid them.

[*Faustus and Fiend retire to R.U.E.*

Enter JANNETTE and Peasant Girls, L.U.E., with flowers.

SOLO and CHORUS.

Solo. The foliage of nature with blossoms are laden—

 Come forth to the valley of dear Gouternay;

 Trip light to the measure, fond youth and bright maiden,

 Sunlight is bright'ning the morn into day.

Cho. Oh, the merry Maying-time, Maying-time, Maying-time!

 Ah, the merry Maying-time, la, la, la, la!

Solo. Rouse, sluggish maidens! come, trip to our numbers—

 Come forth to the valley of dear Gouternay.

 Bertha, dear Bertha! arouse from thy slumbers;

 Dew-drops are glist'ning on leaf and on spray.

Cho. 'Tis the merry Maying-time, &c.

Ber. [*From within.*] 'Tis the merry Maying-time.'

All. Dear, dear Bertha! merry morn to you!

Enter BERTHA from the Cottage, L.

Ber. And to all of you! What! going forth to shoot in the valley?—Merry be your gambols, though I cannot join them.

All. [*Disconsolately.*] Oh!

Ber. I have a task to finish.

Jan. Oh, we will help you—we'll work for you, if you'll say you'll come!

Ber. Not now—not now, Jannette: for I have had a dream that warns me not to quit my mother's cot this day.

All. A dream! Oh, do tell it!

Ber. Then listen, girls: I dream'd 'twas sweet May morning, for I went to bed thinking of to-day's revels—that day broke, and you all came to me as you did but now—

All. Well? well?

Ber. That I declined, and sat me down to spin in the shade,—that e'er many minutes had passed a youth approached me, spoke of love, and promised joys. Oh, Jannette, how my heart beat then!—time seemed to fly on angels' wings. He wooed and won me—the wedding-day arrived—

Jan. Oh, how nice!

Ber. The bells rang out,—my friends flocked around me,—my poor father's brow beamed with delight,—my

mother looked as mothers only look on their child's wedding-day— [Pauses.]

Jan. Go on, dear Bertha! pray go on!

Ber. Then, ah! then—

All. Well?

Ber. Came something dark and terrible: sorrow, shame, and death—all ills that can befall a woman;—'twas terrible! Delirious with despair, I screamed and 'woke.

[Weeps upon the bosom of Jannette.]

Faus. Fiend! this is terrible!

Fiend. Not at all—I like it!

Ber. Then go, girls—go and be merry; don't mind me.

Jan. We can't be merry, and leave you moping here.

Ber. I shall not mope: those who do their duty seldom mope;—there, you see, I smile again. I will sit down to my wheel, and work for my poor dear widowed mother;—there, troll your roundelay and away.

SOLO and CHORUS [Repeated].

The foliage of nature with blossoms are laden—

Come forth to the valley of dear Gouternay;

Trip light to the measure, fond youth and bright maiden,

Sunlight is bright'ning the morn into day.

Oh, the merry Maying-time, &c.

[At the end of the first verse the Girls go round and kiss Bertha, then exeunt, r.—The Chorus gradually dies away.—Meanwhile Bertha gets her wheel, and sits at the Cottage-door.]

Faus. Depart!

Fiend. What for?—you're used to me, and to her I am invisible.—[Faustus appears angry.]—Umph! you're very particular; however, anything to oblige a customer!

[Exit, r.]

Faus. I did not deem that aught could thrill me thus. Take heart, Faustus! you have not shuddered at evil, shall you pause now when you dream of none? Morrow, sweet maiden!

[Bertha rises, starts, gazes on him, and is nearly fainting.]

Faus. What alarms you thus?

Ber. Oh, nothing, sir! 'twas very silly—I can't help laughing at my foolish fear; but, but your face recalled something terrible.

Faus. Am I, then, terrible?

Ber. Oh, no! 'twas only a girlish folly; but there are faces, which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Faus. I have cause to feel that : your countenance carries me back o'er many a bygone scene—years, long years, have passed—

Ber. Not many years, I fancy, live in your memory.— Oh, I see it all now : you have seen a picture of an ancestress of mine—it is in the Town-hall of Ingoldstadt.

Faus. Her name ?

Ber. Bertha ! and so is mine ;—she died in the arms of a Sister of Charity.

Faus. [*Aside.*] Thank Heaven ! thank Heaven !

Ber. Her's was a sad story ! but she died penitent ; and the good Sisters employed John of Bruges to paint her portrait, and there it hangs, as a warning to those who have erred that there is ever mercy for the penitent.

Faus. Thou'rt like—ay, very like her. Your cot is humble, would you not seek a nobler home ?

Ber. I am content.

Faus. You have a mother : I would succour her,—raise you to wealth, could I but gain your love.

Ber. Gratitude might teach me that.

Faus. But what should teach you gratitude ?

Ber. Gratitude isn't taught—'tis the memory of the heart.

Faus. [*Suddenly.*] Lead me to your mother. In a few months I quit this land for ever, for a far-off country. I'll bring you boundless wealth—make you my wife.

[*The Scene becomes gradually dark.—Crash.*]

Enter Fiend, R.

Fiend. No, you don't—matrimony's against our rules.

Ber. This gloom portends a storm : please you to take the shelter of our hut—an humble dwelling, but a kindly welcome.

[*Bertha goes into the Cottage.*]

Faus. I follow you.

Fiend. No followers allowed ! we can't go on in this way : talking of virtue, and marriage, and that sort of thing, wo'nt do.

Faus. Fiend ! thy ruler may have power upon me—thou hast none.

Fiend. [*Pointing his finger in the direction of the Cottage.*] Why don't you go into the cottage ?

Faus. Shackled to earth ! Once more I yield.

Fiend. [*Dropping his hand.*] Now, to show you what an obliging imp I am, and how I have your welfare at heart, you shall go where you will—on one condition : you may

fly to Bertha, image of your early love,—may marry her, but I must be the priest.

Faus. Fiend, no more! Thy ruler would not taunt me thus.

Fiend. Would he not?—look there.

[*The window of the Cottage falls: the Devil is seen—a mantle enveloping his form.—The Scene becomes suddenly light.*]

Dev. Love lightly, leave quickly, wrong all, nor atone:
Faustus, these joys of the world are thine own!

[*Music.—The Scene closes in.*]

SCENE II.—A Street in London.

Enter SCHAEFFER, R.

Sch. Faustus has gone, no one knows whither, and left me in this peopled wilderness a solitary mortal—no one to guide, no one to speak to me. What am I to do by myself? nothing. I'm too little to go alone—I sigh for old scenes. [*Takes snuff.*] Oh, Strasbourg! Strasbourg! Talk of the joys of England, why, I'd exchange all the luxuries of London to go back to my dear native city of Mentz;—any humble fare would do, a crust of bread and cheese—only let me live upon the Rhine! [*Goes up, c.*]

Enter MARK MEADOWS and FANNY, L.

Mark. Come along, Fanny, lass—what's t' use of having a day's holiday if you don't enjoy it? [*Crosses to R.*]

Sch. Enjoy! I've clean forgot that word. [*Musingly.*]

Mark. Where can Mary be loitering now, I wonder?— [*Looking back, he sees Schaeffer.*]—Eh! be that thou?

Sch. I really can't say.

Mark. Why, don't thee know me, lad?

Sch. Know you! I scarce know myself.

Mark. Why, thee come to me when I wur in trouble. Pshaw! thee must know I.

Sch. I may have known you; but, perhaps, it's a long while ago, and now I have forgotten you.

Mark. But I hav'nt forgotten you; and damme if—

Fan. Dear Mark! you said, after that blessed night, you never would be guilty of an oath again.

Mark. Never mind, lass; that beant an oath—that's never meant for one—it's like you woman-kind taking up a child, and saying, 'Ah, you little rascal!' when you mean 'little angel!' all the time. Besides, I've read in books that when a man's heart's full, an oath's apt to float o' top

of it; the overrunnings of gratitude cannot count for sin—
[Fanny goes up.] Well, but, lad; how be'est?—gi'st thy hand!—thee lookest dull like—what, hast thou fallen into poverty and trouble? Come along, lad! come along wi' us—come to the home you made happy, and see the bairns you saved from famine!

Fan. Our dear, dear preserver!

Sch. Oh, dear! I do remember: a kind word from a woman's lips comes like sunshine to the heart—you are that poor fellow that used to *[Imitates throwing dice]* Eh!

Mark. Don't speak of it, don't! *[Turns away.]*

Fan. Don't pursue that theme; it awakens saddening recollections to all!

Sch. I won't—*[Fanny smiles in thankfulness.]* Oh, that smile!—It's upwards of four hundred years since I was smiled upon; but, mum.—*[Aside—goes to Mark.]*—But how comes this, you seem so happy now?

Mark. Happy! didst ever see a lark at morn,—a child at play,—a mother and her firstling at her breast?—Happy! d—*[Fanny, who has come down, r., checks him.]* I know, from the hour that you snatched I and mine from want, I began to think, and ask myself a few questions—I had been too proud to work—I bean't now—I'm up early, down late—work hard—but when I come home at night, gang to a little comfortable cottage, and see my two youngest in the sweet sleep of innocence, with my eldest girl upon my knee, sit wi' my wife on one side, and my sister on t'other! Oh, talk of kings—naught earth ever bore's happier nor I!

Sch. I comprehend—Eh? *[Getting more cheerful every moment.]* What! got employment, eh?

Mark. Yes; I'm on t'railroads;—mixes with the first class, second class, and all sorts of classes—gotten holiday to-day—ganging out wi' my wife and bairns to Greenwich, for pleasure like—I say, that's better than roaring at taverns, whilst poor she-creatures are wanting at home.

Fan. I begin to be alarmed about Mary!

Mark. Then stop here—take care of her, lad—I'll run on. Hey! why, Mary—*[Crosses to L.]*—what's the matter wi' thee, lass?

Enter MARY MEADOWS, running, L. nearly exhausted.

What's the matter?—has any body—

Mary. No, dear Mark, no! but—

Mark. Where's the bairn?

Mary. Safe, safe—oh, Fanny dear! do not be flurried;

—just as Mrs. Salter was ready to come with us, Richard came in, and said there was a letter, Mark, for you, at the General Post-Office; it had been sent to where we lived years since—'twas a letter from India!

Fan. India!

Mark. From India! Huzza! Tol de rol lol! Where's the letter?—give it to me!

Mary. They refuse to give it up to any one but you.

Mark. Come along—which is t' way to the Post Office? Fanny, lass, thee lover's alive—I know it—I swear it—take care of lasses. D—— Greenwich! we'll all go home! Come, Fanny, tak' her man—Mary, he saved us all—not give t' letter—but I'll speak to the Postmaster General. [Exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—*Chamber in London.*

Enter FAUSTUS and SCHAEFFER, L.

Faus. Weep not, my friend—my doom's at hand! I'll meet it as becomes an erring man.

Sch. But I must weep—can't help weeping—if I live fifty years I'll do nothing but bellow—you're going away with that pleasant little gentleman; and from the hour you met him, to the present moment, neither you nor I have had a moment's enjoyment.

Faus. Let that fact teach mankind that guilty compacts bring no peace nor joy.

Sch. Save in relieving the distress of Mark Meadows, I've not had one pleasant feeling.

Faus. Be truth thy guide; doing good thy religion—live on; and when men malign my name, tell them at least, that I grieved o'er early errors, and, to the last, loved my fellow man far better than myself. Away, good Schaeffer, I would not have you witness my farewell! [Goes up.

Sch. His farewell!—He takes it as coolly as if he was an actor about to quit the stage! So he is: the stage of life—going to a new engagement—O!!

[Returns—kisses Faustus's hand—bursts into tears, and exit, R.

Faus. A few more moments, and I am less than nothing!

Enter the Devil, L.

Dev. Just so! You see I'm pretty punctual: nothing is so pleasant in business as punctuality—I would not have kept you waiting for the world!

Faus. I am prepared.

Dev. You're a man after my own heart; no blustering—the bill's due, and you know it must be paid—some are amusing enough to offer resistance.

Faus. Think you Faustus would seek to oppose physical force to demoniac power?

Dev. [*Looking at his watch.*] Twenty minutes past one; ay, you've five minutes good—just sit down, and make yourself comfortable, whilst I cast my eye over my book of cases;—Isaac Screw, the bill-broker—he's due at two o'clock; Lord Shuffle, the gambler—ten minutes past three; Lady Lydia Loveall, she's due—no, postponed a year, in consequence of gaining proselytes. As they say on the turf, I've a very good book!—[*Recurring to watch.*] What is it by you?

Faus. [*Looking at his watch.*] The hour! [*Firmly.*

The Fiend enters, R.S.E., cloaked.

Dev. I would even now renew your little bill, if you would find me fresh disciples—[*Faustus turns from him.*] Well, if you won't take a friendly offer, fare ye well!—Hereafter we are close companions—[*Markedly.*] Faustus, we meet again once more—where and how you little dream of! [*Exit, L.*

Fiend. Sorry to hurry you, but I've several captures to make!

Faus. Farewell! oh, world! hard-judging and unkind! I am what harshness made me. 'Tis thine, oh fiend! to wither and to blight! I brave the worst!—Man, and the world, good night!

[*Music.—Faustus crouches—Fiend spreads mantle, and the scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—A Chamber.

Enter FANNY and MARY MEADOWS, L.

Fan. How the moments do linger!

Mary. Calm yourself, Fanny! Mark has flown thither, and you know he will not lose a moment: fear not that your lover's truth.

Fan. Time changes hearts and faces; I am older, have seen much sorrow, since he quitted England.

Mary. The love that flies with fading beauty, Fanny, is not worth regretting!

Enter CHILD, D.

Child. Oh! mother, mother! I've been looking out of

the window, and there's father, tearing up the street, without his hat!

Mark. [*Without.*] Fanny! Mary! I've gotten it—I've gotten it!

MARK rushes in, exhausted, L.

Child. Father, where's your hat?

Mark. D—— the hat!

Mary. Don't, dear Mark, don't!

Mark. I must d—— a little, now I'm so happy!

Fan. The letter, dear brother, the letter!

Mark. [*Opening it.*] Confound the seal—'twon't open—there—[*Reads.*] *Dear Mark,—Enclosed is a letter for my dear Fanny—*Take it, lass!

[*Giving her an enclosed note.*

Mary. Read on, read on.

Mark. D—— look to Fanny, can't 'ee. You women are always so curious. [*Mrs. M. goes to Fanny.—Reads.*] *Ere this reaches you I shall be in England.—Huzza!—Changed in form, but not in mind or heart.—I'll swear thee beant, thee wast always a noble lad.—I have attained a competence; and with my Fanny shall be the happiest of mortals.—Dost hear, girl? dost hear? why didn't thee read thee own letter?*

Fan. I can't, Mark, I can't.

[*A loud knock.—Child runs out, L.*

Mark. Don't be agitated—there, there, don't hide thee face in thee handkerchief, don't! and what's thee crying at?—can't ye all be cool?

Coach. [*Without.*] I'll step up and ask.—My little 'un,

Enter Hackney Coachman, L.

Be this here Mr. Meadows's room?

Mark. Yes; why?

Coach. Don't be too fast; I've a gentleman in my coach as I've been driving about all day.

Fan. and Mary. Let us run down

Coach. Stop! whoa!

Mark. What for?

Coach. He won't see no one till he knows if you be the chap as used to live at Kensal Green.

Mark. I am! and——

Lieu. [*Without.*] I can bear this suspense no longer.

Lieutenant runs on, L.

Lieu. Fanny, my own dear Fanny!

[*Crosses, and embraces her.*

Coach. Ha, ha, ha! a bit of the tender! blow my old shoes if I did not think it. [Exit, L.]

Mary. Welcome! ten thousand welcomes!

Mark. Thee wilt talk, wilt thee? how art lad? how's thee been? when did'st come? how did'st find me?

Lieu. I must take time to answer, Mark; at present my heart's too full. Suffice it, I have been fortunate, and possess enough to make you all happy.

Mark. Bless ye, I want naught,—I've go'ten a place on t'rail—he don't mind me, eh; away wi' ye—what ye wants to say, wants no hearers.

Lieu. Come, my love! Fanny, come!

[Lieutenant and Fanny exit, R.]

Hackney Coachman returns, L.

Mark. What; ain't you gone?

Coach. Not without my fare, I should think not.

Mark. What is it?

Coach. Vy, there was going to Kensal Green, and dodging up and down.

Mark. Never mind—there's a sovereign, and there's some loose silver to get a glass wi'.

Coach. Long life to your honour, and long life to you, marm, and a merry wedding to the lady, and——[*Mark, impatient.*] beg pardon, when it comes off—mine's a roomy coach, opens into a barouche; them there Hansom's cabs has been my ruin—I'm a civil chap—stands near the Helephant—my number is one-seven-six-three.

Mark. We'll have half-a-dozen coaches, and you shall provide 'em all, so, be off wi' ye!

Coach. I'm off—good day, marm; good day—you'll remember the number. [*Mark, pushing him off.*]

Coach. [*Bawls from the entrance.*] One-seven-six-three.

Mary. Mark, dear Mark! what has checked your joy? Tell me, tell me, Mark?

Mark. I was thinking, Mary, o' the past days—if poor old mother were alive, what would she feel now?

Mary. Such regrets are unavailing—the truest way to prove our love for the dead, is by doing our duty to the living.

Mark. That's true, lass! dry thy tears—all be happy—I'll write to Salter and Johnson, and all friends in town and country—letter only a penny now, you know. They'll be married in a day or two,—Fan's happy, thee'rt happy, I'm happy. I've a great mind, old lass, that thee and I

should be married all over again for company's sake.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The Studio of Faustus, as in Act I.*

Faus. [*Waking.*] What vision has enthralled my soul? where am I? leagued with the damned, or is't a dream? Sure ne'er was dream so real. I've tasted death in all its sickening horrors. Death! nay, the yawning gulph beyond it!—am I, am I Faustus?

Sch. Who I am I have not the slightest notion. Oh, Master!—the one I used to have, I mean (that can't be you)—why, when we last parted—

Faus. Tell me of that—and when and where we parted—Oh, reason is dethroned, and madness rules me.

Sch. I'm sure it does me—I was a smart young fellow of five-and-twenty, not ten minutes ago.

Faus. Hast thou been wandering with fiends?—Made I not a hellish compact?

Sch. I'll swear you did. [*Music.—Exit Schaeffer, R.*]

CHORUS. [*Piano.*]

Awake thee, awake thee, peace be around!
Dear ones, and lost ones, are guarding thy rest.

Faus. What sounds are these? and, speak, what means this vision? [*Bertha descends on the flat.*]

Speak, beloved vision, speak!

Ber. Faustus, be happy—'wildered in mind, you called on fallen greatness—be wise, and learn—fiends have no power upon the soul of man.

Faus. Thou bear'st the form of her I loved and wronged. Say, art thou not human?

Ber. Do not seek to know—'twas given me to revisit earth, bearing the form of him thou didst invoke—the tempter; but, in my spirit, I'm thy long lost Bertha!

Faus. Joy gushes to my heart anew, and revels there—spirit of my sainted love, say thou hast pardoned me!

Ber. To forgive is woman's one angelic attribute, born in her soul and cradled in her breast. Love man, serve Heaven, and be happy: Faustus, thy grateful country shall record thy praise in after time.

Spirits of goodnes fold their pinions round thee!
Rest to the soul of Faustus!

[*Celestial fire.—The spirits spread their wings.—Peasants, &c. &c., and others in German costume, fill up the scene on each wing.—Faustus falls on his knees in the centre? his head erect, his hands held towards Heaven, and the curtain falls.*]

1888

100



R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

Sixteen-String Jack.

Brum. The fellow's a conjurer as well as a robber, there!

Act II. Scene 4.

SIXTEEN-STRING JACK :

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

BY LEMAN REDE,

*Author of The Loves of the Angels, Jack in the Water, Life's a Lottery, An
Affair of Honour, His First Champagne, The Irish Negro, The
Frolics of the Fairies, Hero and Leander, Our
Village, The Queen's Bench, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

G. H. DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.

REMARKS.

Sixteen String Jack.

SIXTEEN STRING JACK is said to have earned his *sobriquet* from having sixteen strings to the knees of his breeches; and, probably, from boasting as many to his bow. Certain it is that his genius had a wide range, embracing all degrees of roguery, from petty larceny, to "Your money or your life!" on the highway. Mr. Leman Rede—contrary to modern custom—has *not* given a false glitter to his hero, by making him the deserted offspring of some titled seducer, thrown unpitied on the wide world, in order to make him the object of slip-slop sympathy.—He has placed him in prosperous circumstances, as the adopted son of Mr. Colville, a kind-hearted, but eccentric old bachelor, whom he twice robs, and finally runs away from. True it is, that in the establishment of his patron, he meets with a congenial spirit in the person of Kit Clayton the footman; who tells him of the revels of London, and the rollicking delights of the "Dog and Duck," and "Bagnigge Wells;" putting him in mind of all sorts of amusing wickedness, at the time (after the fashion of other wise teachers!) he is gravely admonishing him to steer clear of temptation! Mr. Clayton is a rare genius in the art of picturesque persuasion. His dialect is rich in the thief's vocabulary; and perfectly irresistible when illustrating his argument, which invariably points to the expedience of pocketting what does not belong to him! If Jack is the hero, Kit is the orator of the gang; and the "Cock and Magpie," their chief place of rendezvous, is the theatre of his eloquence. Kit's "*Werry good!*" the three expressive syllables with which he precludes his most sententious replies, always ensures respectful attention; even though it prove the prologue to some queer sarcasm on the person or prowess of the gentleman addressed. Long Jerry bluntly intimates that Kit is too fat for the profession—Kit's "*Werry good!*" seems to imply acquiescence: but then it is followed up by the remark, that Jerry is just the sort of person to clean the great gun in St. James's park with; that in time of danger he might retreat down a pump, or hide behind a lamp-post! and that to perpetrate a respectable robbery, "*a Presence*" is absolutely indispensable! This, though a quietus for Long Jerry, cockers and spirits up Peter Meek, who *will* have it, that "*a manner*" is everything. "*Werry good!*" rejoins Kit, patronisingly; and he proceeds to pay a left-handed compliment to Peter's proficiency in the "*fancy line,*" the "*light part of the business;*" such as filching an

old lady's reticule, or getting up small talk with the nursery maid while he takes a wax impression of the street-door key! But when he comes to analyze Peter's small courage, he passes, with a "*Werry good!*" a severe censure on his snatching at a gentleman's watch, and bringing away nothing but the seals; abstracting another's snuff-box only, "ven he knowed he'd a ticker as vell;" and contenting himself with robbing a purblind sexagenarian, when he might have stripped him into the bargain! Kit's lecture upon "*humanity*" is characteristic and amusing:—He politely demands of a gentleman his purse—that gentleman is unhappily opaque to the rule of right and the fitness of things—Kit knocks him down!—the gentleman continues obstinately insensible to what is "good for him," and refuses to deliver—Kit forthwith fires his "*persuader*," wounds, and rifles him!—Is he to abandon his victim to a lingering death? "*Humanity*" forbid! He philanthropically puts him out of his pain! Or, when his troop break into a house, and appropriate to themselves the owner's money and plate, are they, after their labours, to make a Barmecide meal, and slink away without paying a visit to the cellar and larder? No! "*humanity*" commands the gratuitous recruiting of exhausted nature! and the Yorkshire ham, cold turkey, and pigeon-pie, are put in instant requisition! Nor, in their confusion and flurry, is the cellar forgotten! Shall we then marvel, with such a mentor, at the early seduction, rapid progress, and professional celebrity of Sixteen String Jack?

At the fashionable assemblies that Jack had honoured with his presence, he met a young lady, "beautiful as Hebe!" to whom he affectionately proposed a sly trip to Gretna Green! But an ample fortune and a respectable character being a *sine qua non* with the fair one, she civilly dismissed him. Having lost much time and money in the fruitless attempt, he resolves to reimburse himself, by assuming the style and title of the Honourable Fitzallan Cleveland, and introduces himself into the house of Mr. Manby her father, who, though his daughter is tacitly engaged to Frederick Danvers the nephew of Mr. Colville, (Jack's ill-requited patron); is not displeased to have an "Honourable" for his son-in-law! Attended by Kit Clayton, in his congenial disguise of a footman, the Honourable Fitzallan Cleveland, heir to vast estates in Demerara and St. Domingo! visits Mr. Manby, by whom he is received with due ceremony and respect. He is, however, instantly recognised by the Abigail Mary Ferrers, the once beloved, and innocent companion of his happier days. What can be his present business? All the horrid tales of his guilty life rush upon her memory.

Kit, having plentifully regaled himself in the pantry under the Ciceroneship of Theophilus, Mr. Manby's poetry-mad butler, casts round the premises an enquiring eye; and, to his unspeakable delight, beholds a plate-chest of goodly dimensions! But he is puzzled to find out where the old gentleman keeps his cash-box; a perplexity that he communicates to his chief, in a conversation to which Mary, in ambush, is a terrified listener. After the departure of Kit, she boldly

confronts the disguised highwayman! Abashed and heart-stricken at her pathetic remonstrances, he promises to spare her this last pang, and forego his contemplated plunder!

But the gang are not to be so easily persuaded. Kit opens the window to Long Jerry; and their companions enter by some other inlet. Theophilus and the cook are bound back to back; and the rest of the household are about to be placed in similar jeopardy, when Jack, accompanied by Mary, enters; his command to the gang to desist is treated with derision—"Rifle, boys!" and "Down with him!" are their insolent replies, followed by a general rush to prostrate and disarm him. But his well-directed pistol ball cools the courage of Long Jerry, and finally intimidates his fellows.

Two years having passed away, behold Miss Manby the happy wife of Frederick Danvers; Mary Ferrers metamorphosed into the buxom Widow Marigold; and Sixteen String Jack into the gaming Count Chanterais, the boon companion of aristocratical fops, parvenu fools of fashion, and titled blacklegs and swindlers! In the latter there is nothing remarkable,—the better on the turf, and the polite gambler have all the sneaking rascality and roguish finesse of the pickpocket and highwayman, without his pluck and courage! Hedging, cogging, shuffling, and cutting, are only more genteel names for larceny, petty and grand! Jack—(we beg pardon!)—the Count! makes a bet with three of his new associates, Beau Brummell, Major Hanger, (Mr. Rede has made amusingly prominent the laughable peculiarities of these renowned eccentrics of their day,) and Tom Bullock,—that they are all three robbed on a certain night; a thing deemed impossible by the valiant triumvirate, not only on the score of personal intrepidity, but wise precaution—the Major always hiding his bank notes in his boots; while Beau Brummell's cash finds a safe repository in the left breast pocket of his closely buttoned-up riding coat. But vain is their brag! Forth they sally to Hounslow Heath, (the sometime Royal Exchange of moonlight freebooters!) where plundered they are, and that right pleasantly!

The shot fired by Jack at Long Jerry, instead of killing, has inspired him with a longing desire for vengeance. He betrays his leader into the hands of justice; and Jack, seated in his condemned cell in Newgate, receives the condolence of philosopher Kit (who has escaped conviction) on the unpleasant prospect of a speedy journey to Tyburn! From this extremity he is temporally saved by his devoted Mary; who, having been admitted into his cell, persuades him to assume her outward dress; which, after much hesitation, he does, and thus eludes the lax vigilance of the drunken turnkey! He visits his old companions at the celebrated "Dog and Duck," joins in the merry dance, and in the full swing of his jollity, is, as ill-luck would have it, retaken.

Through that once ominous street (*Oxford!*) along which so many depredators in the olden time have travelled to the fatal tree! Jack, seated in a cart, is slowly wending his melancholy way.—Suddenly the

cry of "*Reprieve!*" is heard, and thus an exceedingly droll, characteristic, and not un instructive farce is spared the anomaly of terminating in a tragedy!

There is a funny little scapegrace, Bobby Buckhorse, (a duodecimo descendant of the famous Bruizer of that euphonious name!) the waiter at the "Cock and Magpie," who is ambitious of turning highwayman, and is duly inducted (after paying his fees!) by Long Jerry into the art and mystery of that respectable calling! This character was played by Ross very humorously. Mr. G. Wild was an excellent Kit Clayton; his "*Werry good!*" was oily and original. In the bold highwayman Mr. Rede's dashing exterior, and assumption of the man of mode, and the sharking French Count, were highly entertaining.



D.—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of centre*; D.F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R.D.F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R.D. *Right Door*; L.D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance*; C.D. *Centre Door*.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre.

<i>Mr. Colville (a retired Barrister)</i>	{	<i>Mr. Baker.</i>
		<i>Mr. Conway.</i>
<i>Frederick Danvers (his Nephew and Ward)</i>	}	<i>Mr. Green.</i>
<i>Mr. Manby</i>		<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
<i>Theophilus (his Servant)</i>		<i>Mr. Brookes.</i>
<i>John Rann, alias Sixteen String Jack, The Honourable Fitzallan Cleveland, and Count Chauterais</i>	}	<i>Mr. Leman Rede</i>
		<i>Mr. Fitzjames.</i>
<i>Kit Clayton (formerly Footman and Gardener to Mr. Colville, now one of Jack's Gang)</i>	}	<i>Mr. G. Wild.</i>
<i>Long Jerry</i>	} (Part of the Gang)	<i>Mr. Searle.</i>
<i>Peter Meek</i>		<i>Mr. Rogers.</i>
<i>Dick Draggie</i>		<i>Mr. Turnour.</i>
<i>Timothy</i>		<i>Mr. J. Burn.</i>
<i>Bobby Buckhorse (Waiter at the "Cock and Magpie"</i>	}	<i>Mr. Ross.</i>
<i>Major Hanger</i>	}	<i>Mr. Fitzjames.</i>
		<i>Mr. Baker.</i>
<i>Beau Brummell</i>		<i>Mr. Halford.</i>
<i>Tom Bullock</i>		<i>Mr. Wallace.</i>
<i>Waiter</i>		<i>Master J. Hill.</i>
<i>Sheriff</i>		<i>Mr. Cook.</i>
<i>Officer</i>		<i>Mr. Sherrington.</i>
<i>Miss Constance Manby</i>		<i>Miss Fitzjames.</i>
<i>Mary Ferrers (her Attendant, afterwards Mrs. Marigold)</i>	}	<i>Miss Lebatt.</i>
<i>Adelgitha</i>		<i>Miss Hamilton.</i>
<i>Nelly</i>	}	<i>Miss Bartlett.</i>
		<i>Miss Arden.</i>
<i>Cook</i>		<i>Mrs. Hill.</i>

Countrymen, Mob, Soldiers, Gang, &c.

Costume.

MR. COLVILLE.—Full suit of old-fashioned black—black silk stockings, shoes, and buckles—ditto, knee-buckles—cane, hat, powdered wig, and ruffles.

FREDERICK DANVERS.—Blue lappelled coat—white ditto waistcoat—black smallclothes, white silk stockings—shoes and buckles—powdered bag wig (costume of '92.)

MR. MANBY.—Old-fashioned suit of plum colour—white silk stockings—shoes and buckles—ruffles—brown Georgewig—hat & cane.

THEOPOLIS, servant to Colville.—Gray old-fashioned suit—white lamb's-wool stockings—shoes and buckles—bib—ruffles—grey hair.

JOHN RANN, alias Sixteen String Jack, &c.—*First dress*: Red frock coat profusely decorated with gold lace—white smallclothes and waistcoat—black stock—conical hat, with broad velvet band and silver buckle—white silk stockings—top boots, and sixteen different coloured ribbons on each knee.

FITZALLAN CLEVELAND.—*Second dress*: Full court suit—embroidered waistcoat—white silk stockings—shoes and buckles—ruffles—sword—hat—diamond snuff box, &c.

COUNT CHARTERAI.—*Third dress*: Green surtout coat, trimmed with silver frogs—white waistcoat—white smallclothes—high military boots—black stock, and ruffles—sword and belt—French powdered wig of the day.

KIT CLAYTON.—*First dress*: Full suit of white livery, silver lace—white silk stockings—shoes and buckles—bag wig, hat, and long silver-headed cane—very large bouquet in coat. *Second dress*: Drab old-fashioned suit—black stock—high boots—brown wig—old-fashioned hat.

LONG JERRY.—Brown *ibid*—conical hat—belt and pistols.

PETER MEEK.—Maroon *ibid*.

DICK DRAGGLE.—Dark blue suit, with brass buttons—black George wig—shoes, buckles, striped stockings, and hat.

TIMOTHY.—Dark green *ibid*.

BOBBY BUCKHORSE.—Leather jacket—red or chintz flowered waistcoat—blue plush smalls—white stockings—shoes and buckles—coloured silk neckerchief—red wig.

MAJOR HANGER.—Full major's uniform (red and gold) of the reign of George III., '92—military boots—powdered wig—hat—lace ruffles, &c.

BEAU BRUMMELL.—Gray dress lappelled coat—white waistcoat—white kerseymere smallclothes—top boots, conical hat, bag wig, &c.

TOM BULLOCK.—Plum-coloured full dress court suit—black bag wig—shoes and buckles, &c.

WAITER.—Blue jacket, with bell buttons—white waistcoat—drab smalls—white stockings—shoes and buckles.

SHERIFF.—Old-fashioned black suit—shoes and buckles.

OFFICER.—*Ibid*. light brown.

COUNTRYMEN.—Smockfrocks, leather smalls, shoes & buckles.

MOB.—Old fashioned drab suits—*ibid*.

SOLDIERS.—Red infantry uniforms of the reign of George III.

MISS MANBY.—White satin short-sleeved tucked-up gown and petticoat of that period, '92—long ringlet hair, with pearls in head-dress—white satin shoes and buckles—clocked stockings.

MARY FERRERS.—*First dress*: White flowered tucked-up gown—mob cap—white neckerchief—blue silk apron—white stockings, blue clocks—black satin shoes & buckles. *Second dress*: Pink gown—*ibid*.

ADELGITHA.—Chintz gown—red petticoat—*ibid*.

NEILLY.—Printed cotton—white petticoat—*ibid*.

COOK.—Green flowered cotton gown—white apron and petticoat—blue stockings—mob cap—white neckerchief—black shoes & buckles.

SIXTEEN STRING JACK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Mr. Colville's House.*

MR. COLVILLE (R.) and FREDERICK DANVERS (L.) *discovered seated.*

Col. There are the accounts of my stewardship; Fortune has lavished her gifts upon you. Remember, they are your's to use, but not abuse.

Fred. Did I think the assumption of my rights would rob me of your friendship and advice, my dear guardian, I would fain remain a minor.

Col. My friendship whilst you merit it, is yours; but for advice—pah! what are the axioms of gray hairs against the impulses of young blood?

Fred. Have I been so reckless a scholar as to have slighted your counsel?

Col. No, Frederick, you were a docile child; but now the path of manhood lies before you, you are entering the gulf that may—but, psha! I prate to a boy in love.

Fred. Who loves one worthy of his love.

Col. Constance Manby is young, handsome, rich, the spoiled child of a not over wise man, who has made himself a fool, his child a coquette.

Fred. Ah! sir, you mistake the uxuberance of youthful spirits for coquetry: is it not natural, that one so loved, so flattered, one surrounded by admirers——

Col. Ah! boy, boy; you feel a passion, and you call it love; but she has no heart, the health of her mind has passed away, and she can no longer tame down her nature to the sameness of an honest affection.

Fred. My dear guardian, I can bear this from you, for I know you speak to me as a father.

Col. No, no, I speak not as a father; I am a lone, wretched, wealthy man—men call me miser;—I am lonely, and they stile me churlish, miserable, and they name me a misanthrope; silent, and they deem me heartless. Go,

Frederick, and take my warning with you,—probe the heart to which you'd link your own; for should you err, and place your happiness on one wedded to the gauds of life, one who seeks the world's smile when she should live on your's, believe you frame yourself on earth a torture not to be surpassed hereafter.

Fred. Dear guardian, you hold beauty as a toy; had you ever know what it was to love——

Col. You see me a bowed and care-worn man, tried by suffering, and cold from custom; but this blood once was warm, this heart once susceptible, sir. You will smile—for young men sneer when old ones talk of love—you'll deem it dotage, but *I have loved*,—I loved a creature that the world thought lovely, and that I thought pure. I was thirty, thriving, and on the road to fortune, and deemed an eligible suitor; she was my first, last, only passion. [*After a pause.*] No matter—she jilted me; and when I thought her all my own, fled with another. For awhile she laughed at the pale student, and revelled with her gaudy husband.—You want the sequel. He proved an adventurer, deserted her, broke her heart; she died, and left a child, destitute and friendless.

Fred. That child—what was its fate?

Col. Why, the churlish man, the cold-blooded lawyer, took the lonely boy to his heart.

Fred. And he died?

Col. No, he lives—at least, I hope he lives.

Fred. Where then is he?

Col. I know not; I wished to rear him to my profession, but the wild spirit of his father was within him; he was a reckless child, with no law but his passions; to gratify them, he broke through all restraint—he robbed me.

Fred. Robbed you! rob his benefactor! He was indeed a villain.

Col. No, Frederick, no! perhaps I was harsh with him—a melancholy recluse was an unfit companion for a hair-brained boy. I—I pardoned him.

Fred. Pardoned! 'Twas most noble.

Col. Restored him to my confidence and favour. [*Frederick looks astonished.*] You wonder. Ah! Frederick, you don't know how hard it is to hate a child, one, almost as your own, whose little wants in infancy you had tended, whom you talked to in your folly and your fondness, whose tiny steps you have watch'd with a parental tenderness.—When you're a father, Frederick—[*Frederick looks confused*

—that is—I felt as a father to him and forgave him,—he came to me, was welcomed warmly. Again he robbed me!

Fred. He was indeed unworthy of your love—a wretch, devoid of gratitude and shame. And what is he now?

Col. Don't ask me, I tremble to ask myself—a wanderer—a robber!

Fred. Great heaven!

Col. I have no trace, no clue; in vain have I sought him, vainly advertized forgiveness—his proud spirit scorns my kindness. I shall never hear of him—never, but as a victim of the laws he breaks. I ever kept him from your sight: 'twere needless now to seek him;—let us leave this subject, it wears me sadly. Go, Frederick, to Manby's—excuse my coming, and—boy, you know my story, profit by it—probe Constance Manby's heart; if she loves you with a pure love, she is a gem indeed,—but beware, take not a witching smile for a true test of love. [*Crossing to L.*] Come, I'll see you to your horse—come, Frederick, come.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the "Cock and Magpie."*—
Bells heard ringing.

Enter NELLY, L.

Nel. Drat the bells! they keep a-going, and I keep a-coming all day long.—I wish our gentlemen would remember how easy it is to pull down the wire, and how hard it is to get up the stairs. [*Calling off, R.*] Here, you Bobby, Bobby Buckhorse, I say!

Enter BOBBY BUCKHORSE, R.

Bob. I'm here, my daffy-down-dilly!

Nel. Don't down-dilly me! but take some daffy to the back parlour.

Bob. Back parlour's served: I saw three brandy's cold, one egg-hot, and a quartern with three outs, go in.

Nel. Who took it?

Bob. Master. Oh, Nelly, I've been hearing of such discourses.

Nel. Where?

Bob. [*Pointing off, R.*] There.

Nel. Oh! from the gentlemen of the road?

Bob. Ain't they prime 'uns? It warms one's heart to hear 'em,—I longs to goin, and be a Nero myself!

Nel. You, indeed! you couldn't take a purse.

Bob. Couldn't I neither! I should like to catch you trying me at it—I'm tired of this here life.

Nel. Well, and what makes you tired of it?

Bob. Why, I don't think being a potboy's respectable. I waste my energies on pewter, losses the flower of my youth amid pipes and pots. I wants to take to the road—to go a-knocking down, not to stay here chalking up.

Nel. You'll take the road soon enough, for master swears he'll kick you into it if you loiter in this way.

Bob. He kick! What's my name, Mrs. Nelly?

Nel. Why, Buckhorse.

Bob. Just so; my father was a bruiser, and if master was to dare to raise his calfskin to my velveteens, I'd give him——

Nel. What?

Bob. A floor in his own house, free, gratis, for nothing.

Nel. Do the gentlemen go out to-night?

Bob. Why, they can't say, seeing as how they don't know.—The captain's not come.

Nel. Oh, isn't he a duck of a fellow?

Bob. He's the very flower of the flock; it must be quite a pleasure to be robbed by sich a gentleman. My wigs! what a hair he has with him!

Nel. Has Long Jerry come yet?

Bob. There's him, Kit Clayton, Peter Meek, Dick Draggle, and the rest of the Nero's.

Nel. They're all served?

Bob. Yes, Long Jerry's half way down a pot of purl; Kit's finishing a bowl of punch—

Nel. [*Scornfully.*] And that Peter?—

Bob. He's a sipping at a glass of sherry negus; he ain't an out-and-outer like t'others.

Voices. [*Without.*] Ah! that he would—go it, Jerry!

Bob. We'd better go it, too. Nelly, toddle to the bar, and be continually drawing drops of short, [*Exit Nelly, L.*] while I notches my chalk, and makes ready to score in a proper and becoming manner. [*Exit, R.*

SCENE III.—Another Room at the "Cock and Magpie."

KIT CLAYTON (R.), LONG JERRY (C.), DICK DRAGGLE (L.), PETER MEEK (L.), TIMOTHY (L.), and two others of the Gang (R), discovered, smoking and drinking.

Jer. You talk—put the best booty in the world in the way, and whilst you had a spread and a swill before you, the traveller might go harmless.

Omnes. That he might.

Jer. A man that hopes to cut a respectable figure as a robber, ought to be above the weaknesses of the world, and care nothing for victuals.

Omnes. So he ought.

Jer. You're too fat for the profession I tell ye.

Kit. Werry good. I'm avair you are a more becoming figure—you're a sort of chap one would use to clean the great gun in the park with, and in a time of danger can hide yourself down a pump, or behind a lamp-post, vich is no doubt an advantage—but for a respectable robbery, ever vvhile you live, give me a man with a presence.

Meek. A presence ! Why, a presence may do something when there's a manner, you understand, a manner.

Kit. Peter, don't patter ; you're werry good in the fancy line—in the light part of our busines,—such as robbing a kinchen of it's coral, filching an old lady's redicule, or getting up small talk vvhith a nursery maid, vvhile you takes a vva impression of the key. But you von't do for the heavy line—that is, vvhere the pops are at vvorck.

Meek. A man may dislike firing, and all that, without any impeachment of his courage.

Kit. Werry good, so he may—besides, had you stood fire well, we should ne'er a knowed as you was the best runner in the gang.

Meek. Mr. Christopher Clayton, I beg leave to say—

Jer. Psha ! it's true ; you know at the name of a gun your heart's in your mouth.

Kit. Just so ; I said his heart warn't in the right place.

Meek. I believe I have brought as much money, gentlemen, as any other gentleman hare ?

Kit. Werry good, so you has ; but it's the vva of doing it. Do you think a gentleman like this here would snatch at a vvatc and only bring away the seals, as you did on Vensday last ? or take a fellow's snuff-box, vvhien you know'd he'd a ticker as vell ?

Meek. Didn't I rob the old gentleman at Banstead ?

Kit. Vvhy, you did ; to be sure, he's seventy year old, and nearly blind.

Meek. Well, I robbed him, didn't I ?

Kit. But did you strip him ? No ! you haven't half learned your profession.

Meek. The captain desires us to be humane.

Kit. Werry good,—but that admits of a werry philosophical question. What is humanity ?

Jer. Right; now take a case: I ask a gentleman for his purse, he can't see what's proper, and refuses; I knock him down, he isn't sensible to what's for his good; I fire, wound, rifle him—am I going away to leave him in his misery?—no! I put him out on it. Now, that's humanity.

Kit. Werry good,—or we cracks a crib, takes the owner's money and plate, and tie him and his household back to back, and makes all safe.—Are ve going away without a wisit to the larder to recruit exhausted nature?—no! we owe a duty to ourselves—that's humanity.

Jer. Talking of humanity, who did you rob last night?

Kit. Vy, ve had a pretty tolerable business evening, and things came off as follow.

SONG.—KIT CLAYTON.

AIR, "Tomarroo!"

A cloudy night, and pretty hard it blow'd,
The dashy, splasy, leary little stringer,
Mounted his roan, and took the road—

Phililoo!

My Lord Cashall's on the tramp to-night,
Down with the lads, make my lord alight—
Ran dan row de dow, on we go!

Chorus. Ran dan, &c.

"You horrid wretch," said my lord to Rann—
The dashy, splashy, leary little stringer—
"How dare you rob a gentleman?"

Phililoo!

Says Jack, says he, with his knowing phiz,
"I ain't wery pertic'lar who it is!"
Ran dan row de dow, on we go!

Chorus. Ran dan, &c.

Ve collard the blunt, started off for town,
With the dashy, splashy, leary little stringer,
Horses knock'd up, men knock'd down—

Phililoo!

A lady's carriage we next espied,
I collard the blunt, Jack jumped inside.
Ran dan row de dow, on we go!

Chorus. Ran dan, &c.

Jack took off his hat, with a jaunty air—
The dashy, splashy, leary little stringer—
And he kiss'd the lips of the lady fair—

Phililoo!

She sigh'd a sigh, and her looks said plain,
I don't care much if I'm—robb'd again!
Ran dan row de dow, on we go!

Chorus. Ran dan, &c.

Omnes. The captain! [They range, R.]

Enter SIXTEEN STRING JACK, L. S. E.

Jack. I fear, gentlemen, that I have exceeded the hour; but really, the company at the club's dinner was so entertaining—

Jer. And profitable, captain?

Jack. Of that hereafter. I have left them now, warm with wine, and nobly intent on robbing one another. Here is the list, their routes home are known to ye.

Jer. Charming! We'll wait on all of them on their return.

Jack. You will find very pretty light work up to two o'clock, and then you will be wanted elsewhere. I have a scheme on hand, gentlemen. Adieu! success attend your endeavours till we meet again! [*The Gang are retiring, L.*] Christopher, I have work for you.

Kit. Oh! Gentlemen, as the captain says, Adoo! till we meets again. [*Shaking hands with Jerry.*] And jolly good luck! [*Exeunt the Gang, L. S. E.*] And now, my heart of gold, what's the go?—something uncommon slap?

Jack. You shall hear, Kit. At the fashionable assemblies, I lately met a creature, beautiful as Hebe.

Kit. Them cursed women! Captain, you have but one fault, but that I must say's a wopper—they precious women will be your ruin at last.

Jack. (R.) No, no, Kit; women are like trouts, we tickle 'em only to catch 'em.

Kit. (L.) And a werry pretty catch arter all. Well, what of this beauty, number one hundred and thirty-three?

Jack. She's an heiress, and I thought it possible she might have been sentimental enough for a trip to Gretna; but found, that though she was fond of flirtation, she was too wary to be caught that way. Her father, too, hinted at family connexions.

Kit. How disgusting!

Jack. In short, there was no marrying without proving my respectability.

Kit. Which at the present writing warn't quite—

Jack. Convenient—true. Well, the lady's rich, and won't be mine: I have lost some hundreds, and a vast deal of time in the attempt, for which I must have compensation.

Kit. Of course!—You're not going to give away your valuable time and energies for nothing, as old Mr. Colville—

Jack. Hush! don't breathe that name,—with it comes back the thought of what I was, the sense of what I am.

Kit. Oh! you've much to answer for. You know it was you as seduced me.

Jack. I?

Kit. Yes, when I cut away from London, because master differed in opinion with me as to what was in the till. I came down to the country, worked hard for my living, and got a situation as footman and gardener in Mr. Col— in the old gentleman's service; wasn't I virtuous then?— Then I passed my innocent hours amid marigolds, bachelor's buttons, asparagus, and spring onions. Ah! them vos happy days!

Jack. Why, you sentimental rascal, were you not the first in my very boyhood to tell me of the revels of London life; to paint the delights of the "Dog and Duck" and pleasures of "Bagnigge Wells?"

Kit. Werry good. I did so, to warn your young mind agin 'em.

Jack. And so awakened in my young mind a longing for them.

Kit. Vell, I only knows as that's the vay all teachers do; they puts you down to all manner of vickedness, and then says, "Keep clear of that, young fellow, will you?" Warn't I sarved so in London? I vos varned against drinking when I never had drank, and other little etceteras when I vos as innocent as a babby unborn, 'till at last I *vas* gay, and I *did* drink, and left the paths of rectitude and took to quarts of rectified.

Jack. Cris, your advice first made me a——

Kit. A gentleman of liberal ideas. Vell, you've seen life, haven't you?

Jack. I have. I came to town, and deemed myself a criminal; I found most men robbers, wanting but the name; the tradesman robbed in his way, the dicer lured in his; and I stood amidst the mass, only the bolder robber. I have but now left at a fashionable board a nest of smiling gamesters, fellows who, whilst they pass the maddening bowl to their victim, play coldly on lemonade themselves.

Kit. The nasty creturs !

Jack. I'm grown callous too ; gold is the general worship, and gold I must and will have. You, Cris, are the only man I can trust ; for though you take from others what your wishes call for, you still have some heart left.

Kit. Bless you, I'm all heart, like a summer cabbage.

Jack. In my assumed character, I visit Manby's house ; you must accompany me.

Kit. Now don't. If I have a failing, it is my cursed modesty ;—I could no more swell about, and do as you do, than I could fly ; and whether I could fly or not, I ask any reasonable creature to answer.

Jack. You go as my attendant, my footman.

Kit. I breathes again ; for shoulder-knot elegance I back myself against St. James's Square, and ain't partick'lar if you throw the palace into the bargain. [*Crosses to R.*]

Jack. [*Cautiously.*] By going to the butler's room, you will learn the depository of the plate.

Kit. Beautiful !

Jack. And you may gain guidance to the cash-box.—Long Jerry has his instructions ; at a given hour you admit him and our pals at the window from the garden ; bind and gag the family—you know the rest.

Kit. I do,—elegant gold watches, interesting plate, beautiful half guineas, a bottle or two of the oldest in the cellar, and good morning to your nightcap. There never vos anything half so pretty, since the crack for vich Dick vas topped at Tyburn.

Jack. Your livery is above. You must go as my avant courier, and announce me. Cris, prove your generalship this night, and we are made.

Kit. Captain, I'll stick by you. I don't know how it is, I'm holder, and I think a trifle downier than you ; bu' somehow, I never can go it as you do ; but the side o' you, captain—

Jack. Your spirit is rebuked, as it is said Marc Antony's was by Cæsar.

Kit. Marc Antony and Cæsar—was they in our line ?

Jack. Somewhat ; one lost all the world for a woman—

Kit. That's exactly like you, captain.—And 'tother chap ?

Jack. Twice refused a crown.

Kit. That's not like me. Many bad things has been said of Kit Clayton, but I defies the malice of my enemies to say that I ever refused a crown, or half-a-crown either.

[*Exeunt, Jack L., Kit, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Mr. Manby's House.*

Enter MR. MANBY and THEOPHILUS, R.

Man. Bustle, bustle!—Theoffy, you move so slow.

Theo. “Wisely and slowly; they stumble who run fast.”

Man. Confound your quotations! I expect the Honourable Mr. Fitzallan Cleveland in a few hours, and wish him to find everything in apple-pie order.

Theo. The apple-pie orders remain between young mistress and the cook; in my department all's correct.

Man. Now, mind how you behave to Mr. Cleveland's attendant; do all you can to entertain him.

Theo. If he's any taste for poetry, “I'll wake his soul with tender strokes of art.”

Man. Have done with your cursed poetry!

Theo. Cursed poetry! “Hail, blessed poetry, celestial maid!”

Man. Theoffy! Theoffy!—my half mad foreman was the ruin of you, by infusing his fustian into your thick head. If, instead of poetry, he had taught you arithmetic, and you had studied numbers——

Theo. Studied 'em! Why, “I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.”

Man. Again! Now, mark me: don't annoy Mr. Cleveland's servant with your tomfoolery.

Theo. Tomfoolery! No wonder poor Homer went a-begging. I submit, sir—“I'll bridle in my muse,” as Addison says.

Man. Never mind Addison, he's gone.

Theo. Aye, poor fellow! he's no Spectator now; I never sharpen my knives but I think of him and Steel.

Man. Do sharpen your wit and pace, and find my daughter; she's loitering away her time with Frederick, I warrant.

Theo. They're in the alcove, as Colman says, “Snug in an English garden's shadiest spot.”

Man. Umph! Frederick wouldn't be a bad match it's true; but then to have an Honourable for a son-in-law—Honourable's a thing none of us have ever been!

Theo. Here comes my young mistress “Brushing the dew drop from the spangled thorn.” [Exit, c.

Enter MISS CONSTANCE MANBY and FREDERICK, C.

Con. (c.) Oh! pa, Frederick has been giving me a lesson in botany, and it is so delightful!

Man. (R.) In my early days, girls occupied their time with good housewifery, and left science to scientific men.

Con. Nay, but pa, it is so pleasant to know the names of all the plants.

Man. Your mother, miss, knew of no plants but cabbage plants. Zounds! Frederick, could you put nothing but this jargon into the girl's head?

Fre. (L.) Indeed, sir, I would fain have spoken upon other topics.

Con. Yes, pa, he wanted to make love to me again; but I told him that you expected——

Man. Hold your tongue, you baggage! [*Crossing to c.*] Time enough to talk of love, Frederick, when a few years more have rolled over your heads, hey?

Con. Indeed, pa, I see no good in that; a good many have rolled over yours, and I'm sure it looks none the better for it.

Man. My hair has grown gray, Constance, whilst I laboured to procure diamonds to adorn your's.

Con. Dear father, if I have made you angry, I shall never forgive myself.

Man. No, no, I'm not angry. There, I leave you with Frederick, whilst I make arrangements for our visitor.—Remember what I said. [*To Frederick.*] Excuse me.

[*Exit through the garden, c.*]

Fred. One moment, Constance: the arrival of this stranger alarms me.

Con. Oh! don't be alarmed—I assure you there's nothing alarming at all about him; on the contrary, he's a very charming person.

Fred. Charming!

Con. Yes, charming,—he dresses well, looks well, talks well, and is my devoted admirer.

Fred. The devil take his devotion!

Con. He's fashionable, and so papa courts him—sensible, so he courts me.

Fred. How can you trifle thus? In one word, does he not come to propose for you?

Con. Very likely.

Fred. Then I must blow his brains out!

Con. Then he'll be buried and you exalted. Why, what an unreasonable thing you are! would you have me lose one lover by a bullet, another by the law, and sing willow ever after?

Fred. There is little fear of that; you have a host of admirers, and smile alike on all.

Con. Do I so, Frederick?

Fred. My dear Constance, I cannot believe that the attractions of this—what's his title?—can make you forget our days, when I came to you at eve——

Con. In Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street,—and we wandered through Moorfields, past Bedlam and Finsbury, even up to Hackney.

Fred. What matters the locality? happiness is a cosmopolite.

Con. Is it? Did you ever hear of a sentimental attachment in Bucklersbury, or a maiden dying for love in Butcher-Hall-lane?

Fred. Say but, Constance, that your father's wishes find no echo in your heart.

Con. Why, my father's wishes are one thing, his daughter's inclination another.

Fred. Then you will not——

Con. How do I know what I'll do? I don't know how fascinating the wretch may be when he comes to make love in real earnest. Bye by, Freddy; go and re-study botany. If there be a marriage you shall give me away. Don't look so very doleful, for the least prevailing creature in the world is a doleful lover. Bye by, Freddy!

[Exeunt, Frederick c., Constance, R.—A bell heard ringing loudly without.]

Re-enter MANBY, c.

Man. Gad! here is some one however.—No equipage—it can't be the honourable, however. *[Looking off, c.]* So, so, a servant—zounds! what a haudsome livery!—I warrant his master's as rich as a nabob.

Re-enter THEOPHILUS, c., showing in KIT CLAYTON, disguised as a Footman.

Theo. This person comes from——

Kit. (c.) Werry good. I've the honour of expressing my master's ya—ya—a—respectable respects, and to say, he'll be here as soon as he arrives.

Man. (R.) And how is my valued young friend?

Kit. He's as well as can be expected.

Man. Well as can be expected! *[Aside.]* Oh! the fellow means to be complimentary about his master's love for Constance. *[Aloud.]* What, sighing, eh? can't sleep at nights?

Kit. Wery seldom does.

Man. His motto's "All for love?"

Kit. [*Bowing—aside.*] And a little for the bottle.

Man. We are all anxiously awaiting him; his presence will make quite a stir in this dull village.

Kit. Why, he generally creates a sensation go where he may.

Man. No doubt his company is courted, he is much sought after?

Kit. A good deal.

Man. I trust he'll arrive before dark. Does he come by the private road?

Kit. No, he prefers the hi'way.

Man. Well, perhaps he is right; and if he is used to it—

Kit. Oh, yes! we're both used to it: I travelled that road myself.

Man. Theophilus, make this person comfortable. [*To Kit.*] A guinea, to drink mine and your master's health. [*Crossing to L.*] Confound the fellow! he's as stiff as if his master was the Prince of Morocco.

[*Exit, L.—Kit puts his hat, cane, and gloves into Theophilus's hands, and leans familiarly on his shoulder.*]

Kit. Young man!—

Theo. Young man! He! he!

Kit. Take me away, and make me comfortable.

Theo. Are you for the pantry, or the cellar?

Kit. Ve don't cellar—ve pantry sometimes, but not just now. That old chap, with the pepper and salt nob—he's the master?—What a rummy old guy!

Theo. Old guy!

Kit. He's got the rowdy, hey?

Theo. Rowdy! [*Aside.*] What's rowdy, I wonder?

Kit. Aye, the—

[*Takes out his purse to deposit Manby's guinea—Theophilus stares at it.*]

Theo. Aye, aye, I understand you now.—Master's rich as Croesus; but, as the poet says, "What is gold compared to love?" Have you any poetic aspirations?

Kit. No, no, my perspirations are—[*Aside.*] Vot is the ol covey driving at?

Theo. Haven't you a taste for poetry?

Kit. Oh! poetry! I see. There's that little poem about bevening's adventures.

Theo. Evening's adventures! Oh! Young's "Night Thoughts."

Kit. Just so,—beginning—[*Sings.*]

"The sky was all darky, and gloomy the night,
When daring Tom King at the "Pigeons" did light.

Theo. I don't remember the lines; they must be in the last edition.

Kit. Just so—it vos his werry last edition.

[*A bell rings loudly without.*]

Theo. Here comes the company: I'll show you to my room presently.

Kit. Aye, and we'll have a snug bottle together.

Theo. And something better than a bottle;—we'll enjoy, as the poet says, "The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

[*Exit, R.*]

Kit. How werry amusing that old chap'll be, when he's tied back to back with the cook. Werry pretty hangings! Not as I care for such such things, but it would make a sweet sac and petticoat for Hadelgitha. [*Looking about the things.*] Werry good. Yes, this haul will answer. I see the hend of a scarlet petticoat, turned up with a pair of natty ankles. Oh, Hadelgitha! I wish that chap had considered who he was making a coat for; I am so laced up that I dursn't give way to my werry tender emotions. Kit Clayton, Kit Clayton, you are in a splendid do and no mistake!

[*Exit, R.*]

Enter SIXTEEN STRING JACK, in full dress, and MANBY, c., followed by Two Attendants.

Jack. My dear Mr. Manby, you do me infinite honour; my rascal has preceded me, of course. I come to take advantage of your hospitality, to throw myself into the arms of friendship, and to fling myself at the feet of beauty.

Man. Mr. Cleveland, I am delighted to see you.

Jack. And how is the lovely Constance?—tell me, for I am in excruciating tortures 'till I know.

Man. What, you are come, I suppose, with all credentials prepared to rob me of her?

Jack. Exactly! To-morrow, when you peruse my old dad's letters, and see the plan of the estates here, and in Demerara, and Nova Scotia, and San Domingo, and Rio, and I really can't tell you where, you'll open your venerable arms, and say, "Embrace me, my son-in-law!"

Man. No doubt, no doubt! [*Aside.*] Zounds! I believe

he has estates in the four quarters of the globe, and other places beside ! *[He rings a bell violently, R.]*

Enter MARY FERRERS, R.

Man. Where the devil is Constance ?

Mary. She'll be with you instantly, Mr. Manby.—
[Aside.] So, that's the new lover, I suppose.

Jack. *[Aside.]* That voice ! It is she—I'm finished !
[Puts his handkerchief to his face.]

Man. Are you unwell, my dear sir ?

Jack. A cursed pain that spreads over the jaw—it's d—d bad !

Man. On which side is it ?

Jack. O—o—on that side.

[Puts his hand to the L. side, Mary having crossed.]

Man. Here comes my daughter.

Re-enter CONSTANCE, R.

Jack. Dear madam, allow one who has sighed away his life in your absence, to seal a vow of devotion on your fair hand.

[Mary crosses to R., endeavouring to catch a glimpse of Jack's features.]

Con. I rejoice to see Mr. Cleveland well.

Man. Mr. Cleveland is *not* well, my dear, he has a pain—bless me ! has it got to the other side ?

Jack. Yes, it's a cursad sort of flying pain—now it's on that side—and now on this—and it keeps running all about me ! *[Hiding his face from Mary.]* But, no matter, all pain is banished in this fair presence.

Con. Perhaps the cold air on the road has contributed to your indisposition ?

Jack. No, no, I never suffer any inconvenience on the road.

Con. It is an affection of the head that you are subject to ?

Jack. Yes, yes, 'tis an old affection.

Man. We're early, hum-drum folks, Mr. Cleveland ; you'll excuse us, our old ways—early supper, and long chats afterwards. I warrant, a drop of mulled claret will rid you of your tooth-ache. *[Crosses to R.]*

Jack. It's gone, positively vanished—fled beneath the sunny influence of those sweet smiles. Permit me.

[Hands Constance off, R., Manby preceding.]

Mary. I'm strangely puzzled by that face. I should

like to catch one good glance. La! what a silly girl I am! *He's* far away, Heaven knows where, and *this* is a rich gentleman, a noble gentleman, and—he's very like though for all that,—the same glance of the eye, and the figure—all is—Well, there are such very great likenesses in this world that—I will get into the room and see him, and if possible—it can't be he—and yet it may, and—I will, I will see him! [Exit, R.]

SCENE V.—*A Landscape.—Dusk.*

Enter LONG JERRY, PETER MEEK, DICK DRAGGLE, and the Gang, R.

Jer. Well, my lads, it's getting near our time. How have you sped?

Meek. For my part very fairly. I waited upon an elderly lady with a black foot boy, and I, with Tim's assistance, succeeded in lightening them both.

Jer. What was the haul?

Meek. An Indian-worked purse, eight guineas, the old lady's rings, and the boy's gold band and buckles.

Tim. And the old lady's smelling bottle—and very pretty scent it is. [Drinks.]

Meek. And her muff.

Jer. Keep that yourself—it will just suit you in the cold nights. [To Draggle.] And you—

Drag. I capsized two half-drunken farmers. They fought like devils;—but I and Haggerty closed with 'em, flung one into a ditch, and pitched t'other after him, for the sake of company.

Jer. Right—make everybody comfortable, that's the captain's motto. So far the night's turned out well; now comes the grand spec; we go to crack a ken; Kit's in, so's the captain. Steady's the word; I go first, you all follow. I have my instructions: this is no common go; if we can we'll strip the house with all civility imaginable—but in case of obstinacy, charge your pieces and keep your powder dry.

Omnes. Aye, aye! [They examine their pistols.]

Jer. Gentlemen of the road!—Remember, your first duty is to steal everything you can lay your hands upon; and your next, to carry off all that's portable, and leave them you can't carry away; to do your work quiet for decency's sake, and be silent for your own; never throw away a chance of a chap swearing to your patter; douse all glims

but your own, for the less they see of you the less they'll know of you,—and remember, gentlemen, the less they know of you the better.

Omnes. Certainly!

Jer. Come on, then! A sweet ride of a dozen miles, just to cool one's head, then for the crack; and then back to London before the bit's are stirring, to revel over our booty. Come, boys, come! [*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Apartment in Manby's House—a window, C. F.*

Enter MARY FERRERS, agitated, R.

Mary. 'Tis he! Why, why is he here?—All the horrid tales I have heard rush upon my memory—his purpose is plunder. Oh, heavens! he that was once so kind, so good, whom I have listened to beside the old ruin, 'till I thought in that heart wickedness could not enter. But no! I found otherwise. What shall I do?—alarm Mr. Manby? What then becomes of him? No, I dare not do it, I'll—Some one comes—[*Looking off, R.*—his servant. I should know that face too. [*Retires, R.*

Enter KIT CLAYTON, R.

Kit. Of all the rummy chaps I ever did see, that dot-and-carry-one-of-old-poetry is the queerest; he's as green as a babby, and as deep as a wooden spoon. My precious eyes! arn't there a plate chest! [*Dancing and singing rapturously.*] Tol lol de rol, &c.

Enter SIXTEEN STRING JACK, R.—Kit checks himself.

Jack. Hush! I've slipped away. Have you reconnoitered here?

Kit. There's not a hole or corner in the premises into which I have not poked my observing nose. Oh! the plate!

Jack. Good?

Kit. Luscious! it warmed my heart to touch the wine coolers.

Jack. And the cash?

Kit. That's the predicament—can't learn where it is no how. But put a brace of pops to the nob of old Tyewig and his darter, and they'll soon split.

Jack. No! no violence; I feel already some qualms at robbing him whilst enjoying his hospitality—and yet, why

should I? It is not me that he welcomes, he worships wealth and rank, and would spurn a beggar from his door. Pity to him were misplaced.

Kit. In course it is. Pity's always misplaced when it stands in the way of the rowdy.

Jack. Caution will be needful; there is one in the house to whom we are known.

Kit. No!

Jack. You remember Mary Ferrers?

[*Mary appears listening, L. S. E.*

Kit. Them cursed women again! What of her?

Jack. She is here.

Kit. Then we're as good as turned off.

Jack. Not so. She has not recognised me yet; if I can but escape her, the family will retire, and all will go well. Be on your guard, she might remember you.

Kit. No—I think not; I never went a philandering arter her as you did. If you'd been said by me—I told you long ago, when she talk'd of virtue and innocence and marriage, that she was arter no good.

Jack. Poor girl! I sought her ruin, and now, perhaps, mine is in her power. Away, Criss—be on the watch to meet me here when the family retire. Be silent as the grave.

Kit. As if I was walking to my own burrying. [*Exit, R.*

Jack. By what cursed chance is Mary here?—why does she cross me at this moment? She had passed away with all my innocent early dreams, and I was armed with all the recklessness of my trade, and now I turn boy once more.

[*Going, R.—Mary comes from L. S. E.*

Mary. Stop! I know you and your purpose.

Jack. Know me?

Mary. Yes; would I had never known you—I had then been spared much misery; but the worst is, to see you here a midnight thief.

Jack. Mary!

Mary. Yes! that Mary that you once swore you loved; that Mary, whom you sought to ruin,—but I preferred a life of industry to one of guilt! I am a servant, servant to Miss Manby, and know my duty.—You and your companion must be gone, and instantly.

Jack. Impossible!

Mary. I have but one way then! [*Attempts to go off, R.—Jack intercepts her.*] Let me pass!

Jack. And would you betray me?

Mary. I would prevent robbery and murder.

Jack. Mary, Mary, this robbery shall not be attempted—I swear it!

Mary. [*Bitterly.*] I ought to believe your oaths.

Jack. I know you have little cause to believe them—I was false, but have expiated that falsehood by much misery. Be you but silent, I'll send notice to my gang. Mary—dear Mary! you once loved me; would you bring him you loved to a public scaffold?

Mary. No—no, if I dared trust you.

Jack. I will even now give orders to my companion: he shall prevent the approach of my fellows. Mary, by the memory of happy, innocent days——

Mary. There are no other *happy* days.

Jack. I feel there are not. My life is in your power—hear me warn Clayton—I will then retire to my chamber, and to-morrow, leave this house for ever.

Mary. Do so—but I must remain up. [*Going, L.*

Jack. Mary!

Mary. My duty will not let me rest till morning.

[*Exit, L.*

Jack. Oh! what a load of degradation guilt brings with it.—I, who thought myself brave and proud, beg like a pale boy for life—No! not for life; but I couldn't face Miss Constance Manby as a paltry, detected thief. [*Calling off.*] Kit—Kit!

Re-enter KIT CLAYTON, R.

Kit. What are you a doing on? I'll swear I saw a petticoat.

Jack. Clayton, I have other views—this robbery must not take place.

Kit. Not?

Jack. Certainly not—Miss Manby is young and innocent, and—Hereafter I will explain more: do you fly, and warn Jerry, and the rest of the gang, to return to our old haunts. We remain here.

Kit. Well, but the plate—

Jack. You have heard my orders—your duty is to obey them.

Kit. Werry good.

Jack. Lose not a moment. What an accursed night is this!

[*Exit, L.*

Kit. I could burst out a crying if I warn't ashamed of it—~~it~~, it's a regular imposition, sticking one up in these

clothes, and making me degrade myself as a menial, and no crack arter all! I wouldn't have believed it on him! Vell, all men has their sorrows, and I've mine. I'll go and tell Long Jerry; it'll go near to break his heart, but I'll tell him. Out of the windy 'll be most convenient.

[*He opens the casement, c., and LONG JERRY is seen sitting on a balcony.*]

Jer. The family's gone to downy nap this half hour.—Why don't the captain give the signal?

Kit. Come in, Jerry; let me unbosom myself to some one, for I'm a chap as has his griefs, I can tell you.

[*Jerry comes forward.*]

Jer. What's in the wind now?

Kit. I'll tell you in a minute.—Captain won't crack the crib.

Jer. A—what?

Kit. Jerry, Jerry, them accursed women is at the bottom of all. He talks about this slip of a girl—this Miss Manby—says she's young and innocent—

Jer. Ugh! I thought he knew better.

Kit. Isn't it a lamentable thing to see a great man so weak?

Jer. Kit, it musn't be; if he's no regard for his character, we have. Go down and let all the crew in at the door, bind and gag the servants, and leave me here.

Kit. But what'll the captain say?

Jer. When all's done, he'll share the spoil, and be easy enough.

Kit. Well, I think with you. One's not come out for nothing, so here goes!

[*Exit, L.—Jerry lights his lantern, and blows out the candle—dark.—Music, piano.*]

Jer. Now for the tools. [*Taking them from his pocket.*] My barking iron's all right. I'll throw a little light upon the subject. [*Turning the shade of the lantern.*] The jemmy's all right. What can be the matter with the captain? If I thought he'd got any returns of the old complaint, and wanted to come the honest again, I'd—but no, he's above anything so low as that. [*A noise heard without, L.*] I hear them, they're at work. [*Looking off, L.*] Quick, lads—steady! [*Exit, R.*]

Theophilus. [*Without, L.*] Murder!—What are you going to do?

Dick Draggie. [*Without, L.*] Stash your patter, and come along!

Enter KIT CLAYTON, DICK DRAGGLE, PETER MEEK, and Gang, L., dragging in THEOPHILUS and the Cook, bound back to back.

Kit. Where's the key of the plate chest? Confess, old Poetry, vill you?

Theo. The gentleman's gentleman's a thief!—comes, as the poet says, "To rifle, rob, and plunder!"—I see gallows written in your face. If you're not hanged, I will be for you!

Kit. Werry good. Then, when the time comes, don't be out of the vay!

[Screams and cries of "Thieves! thieves!" heard without, R.]

Enter LONG JERRY and another part of the gang, R., dragging in MANBY, CONSTANCE, and FREDERICK, who is fighting with one of them, followed by Servants with candles.

Man. (R.) Forbear, Frederick, forbear! resistance is in vain. Spare our lives, gentlemen, and take what you please.

Kit. That's sensible and civil.—You're an old chap as knows vot's vvhich; ve'll be as tender to you as if you vos a hinfant. *[Loudly.]* Where's the key of the cash box?

Jer. Bind and gag him! *[To Constance.]* Might I trouble you, miss, for those earrings?

Enter SIXTEEN STRING JACK, C., and MARY, L.

Mary. Is this your promise?

Jack. By heavens! I knew not of this outrage.—Unbind them!

[They unbind Theophilus and the Cook, who go off, L.]

Kit. There, go along with you, you old fool! *[Exit, L.]*

Jack. Hence, and leave your booty!

[The Gang murmur.]

Fred. There are at least two of us armed. Let us rush upon the villains!

Jack. Be at your peace, sir. *[To the Gang.]* Am I not heard?—Away!

Jer. Why, we always have obeyed you,—but now, with such a booty in our grasp, why really, captain——

Man. }
Con. & } Their captain!
Fred. }

Jack. Yes, I am their captain, but will exert my power only to protect you. [*To Constance.*] Madam, I sought the distinguished honour of your hand; though I sigh to relinquish such charms, yet I rejoice that I resign you to a worthier lover. Mr. Manby, for your hospitality, I remain your debtor; I cannot be your son-in-law, I am [*Bowing*] your grateful servant. [*To the Gang.*] Now, the game's up—away, boys—to the road!—your captain accompanies you!

Jer. No! if you choose to be chicken-hearted, we know our duty—the word's "Rifle, boys!" Down with him!

[The Gang are about to rush upon Jack, when he draws a pistol, fires, and wounds Jerry, who falls into the arms of one of the Gang.]

Jack. Mary, I have kept my promise!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room at an Inn.*

Enter a WAITER, L., showing in MR. COLVILLE, CONSTANCE, and FREDERICK. — Frederick whispers the Waiter, who exits, L.

Col. Well, I trust you are satisfied now, Constance, when the churlish old hunks has actually suffered you to drag him here to see this former paragon of waiting maids.

Con. You're a dear, good nunky—though, two years since, I didn't think quite so well of you, nor you of me, I fancy.

Col. What, Fred has told you so, hey? Bah! a young fellow is sure to tell his wife all his friends have said of her. Suffering and wrong made me think ill of all women; but you have lured me back to the world,—and when I sit by your hearth, Fred serenely happy, and you engaged in the sweet duties of a mother, I no longer wish to be alone. But come, this won't do—there, away with you, and let us see this marvellous maid that has in two years taken an old fool for a husband, and persuaded him to leave her a widow in six months.

Con. If the difference of station did not make it impossible, you have become so very domestic, so very fond of

children, and entertain so great an opinion of matrimony, that I should fear Mrs. Marigold's eyes.

Col. Away with you, hussey! [*Constance runs off, L.*] She sees the sunlight on the stream, but does not dream how darkly the waters run beneath it. And now, Frederick, 'ere Constance returns, tell me what tidings you have gathered.

Fred. All I can learn of your adopted son is, that he now mingles in fashionable society, and passes for a French count.

Col. Then at least he has abandoned his plan of forceful plunder—he is no longer a highwayman?

Fred. I—do not know. [*Flings himself into a chair.*]

Col. [*Heaving a deep sigh, and turning away.*] I see,—swindler by day, a robber at night.

Re-enter WAITER, with a salver, &c., L.

Wai. Here is the spiced wine, sir, as our house is famous for, and very spicy wine it is!

Fred. No impertinence, sir!

Wai. No, sir.

Fred. Leave the room, sir!

Wai. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, L.*]

Fred. Come, dear uncle, you are chilled, this will revive you.

Col. You are always thoughtful, Fred. I'll shake off this weakness. [*Looking off.*] Here, my dear Fred, is your noble hearted wife, and may *your* boy prove a treasure to you. [*Drinks.*]

Re-enter CONSTANCE, L., with MRS. MARIGOLD (MARY FERRERS), L.

Con. Uncle, Mrs. Marigold.

Col. [*Rising, and bowing.*] Allow me, my dear madam, to drink your health. [*Looking up, and starting.*] Mary Ferrers!

Mary. Mr. Colville, this is an unexpected pleasure.

Col. [*Motioning Constance and Frederick away.*] Mary, this meeting is a strange one; I know all; you loved that reckless boy—nay, he loved you (if such hearts can love.) Tell me, have you seen him since he fled my house?

Mary. Once, once only.

Col. Where—when?

Mary. Do not ask me, it is a tale of—[*Checking herself.*] Your nephew knows all.

Col. [*Lightly.*] Come, Fred, leave the ladies together; you and I will take a stroll in the grounds. Frederick, you know more than you have told.

[*Exeunt Colville and Frederick, R.*]

Con. Well Mary, I find you a widow, and the owner of one of the most famous hostelries on the Oxford-road. I thought, even in my girlish days, when we sat up at nights, and you told me your love story. how Mr. John Rann had won your young heart,—and you'd never wed, not you!—Oh, Mary! Mary!

Mary. I did not wed for love.

Con. How horrid!

Mary. I was but a domestic; a worthy old man wanted a young nurse; he was kind, very kind, and teased me to be his, and—and—and I really hadn't the heart to refuse him.

Con. And now——

Mary. He has been eighteen months in his grave.— [*Tenderly.*] I did my duty by him; he left me all he possessed. But come, I must keep up my character—they call me the merry hostess.

Con. I must run and dress, dear. Oh! Mary, you're a sad sample of the sex; wealth and a marigold came, and the flower of a first love withered.—For shame! for shame!

[*Runs off, L.*]

Mary. First love! no, in woman's heart that flower blooms for ever! I have renounced, but I cannot forget him!

SONG.—MARY.—(*Introduced.*)

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Handsome Room at Mrs. Marigold's—
tables and chairs R. and L.*

BEAU BRUMMELL (R.) and TOM BULLOCK (L.) discovered seated at the tables.

Bul. We did the thing snugly enough last night.

Bru. Confine it to the singular—you did, perhaps.

Bul. Why, you rose a large winner?

Bru. A few paltry thousands, nothing more.

Major Hanger. [*Without, L.*] Tell the post boy he's a loitering rascal, and fling a guinea at his head!

Enter MAJOR HANGER, L.

Only a tête-à-tête, hey? How are you, Bullock, hearty? that's your sort!—and you, Brummy?

Bru. Brum-mell—ell, that's my name.

Maj. Well, and Brum's half of it; and I know, give you an inch, you'll take an ell.

Bru. What brings you so early?

Maj. To meet Count Chanterais. I'd have been here before, but I've been dining with Dick Vernon.

Bru. It's but nine—have you left the table so early?

Maj. Yes; but we sat down yesterday.

Bru. Ha!

Re-enter the WAITER, L.

Wai. Count Chanterais, gentlemen.

Maj. In with him! [*Exit Waiter, L.*] Well, though the Count is a Frenchman, he drinks and pays like a true John Bull.

Enter SIXTEEN STRING JACK, disguised as COUNT CHANTERAI, L.

Jack. I beg ten thousand pardons, mon Major; I hope you are pretty well, I tank you. Monsieur Brummell, sir, I sall come long times before, but I have accidents on the road.

Maj. & Bul. } What, been stopped, I suppose.

Jack. Stopped! non, non, not stop, he run away.

Bul. What, run away?

Jack. De horse. I go to what you call de livery man.

Bul. No, no, to the livery stableman.

Jack. Oui. And I say to de livery stablemans, "I want une cheval." He show him to me; I see it beauty horse. "I vill give you de price," I say, "but I must have de trial."

Bul. Of course.

Jack. Now, what you shall tinks?—I mount him, beautiful pace—I reach the Heath of—of Onslow, to where the mauvais sujet is chained up very much.

Maj. Oh, the gibbet.

Jack. De gibbet—dat is him.—De moment dis beauty cheval see him gibbet, his ears go back, he makes de snort, his tail is very much surprise, he ran away and never shall stop.

Maj. Were you thrown?

Jack. No, sare, de horse keep on his run, and I keep on his back, till we come (all out of my way) to de "Trois Pigeon."

Maj. The "Three Pigeons," the haunt of highwaymen.

Jack. He's very good highwaymans for me. What is very extraordinaire, the innkeepers shall know the horse perfectly well, [They all laugh, save Brummell.]

Bru. [Coming forward.] Ah! I once bought a horse—mind, I bought him under very odd circumstances. I said to the fellow, "What are the animal's peculiarities?" A horse on sale never has any faults. "Why," said he—(the man, not the horse)—

Jack. Ah! de horse no speak.

Bru. "He never will pass the 'Black Boy' at Chelmsford."

Jack. C'est bien drole.

Bru. "Well," said I, "I never go amid the calves in Essex." The bargain was struck, and a better horse I never had.

Maj. What of that? What cock-and-bull story is this?

Bru. Neither cock, nor bull, but a horse, Major Hanger.

Jack. Vell, sare of de horse.

Bru. One day—it was some victory, or a man had been hanged, or something of that sort, and the vulgarians were all about the streets—I didn't know what to do with myself: a thought struck me, and, said I, Now freckle me if I don't go to the "Black Boy" at Chelmsford.

Maj. Well, get on.

Bru. I rode into the inn—a fellow in straw stockings came out—

Jack. Straw stockings! [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha!

Bru. And, said he, "Hollo, old boy! I'm glad to see you back again!" "You straw ruffian!" I replied, "what do you mean by back again? I never was here before." "No," said Straw again, "but the horse was."

Jack. Aha! 'twas his old stable.

Bru. It was; and he had been purloined from there by a notorious scoundrel of the name of Rann.

Maj. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! the highwayman. I wonder his horse didn't poke its head into a carriage window, or stop the mail.

Jack. Well, I hear dreadful tales of de robber, mais I never shall be rob in my life. Dis very honest country.

[Crosses to c.]

Bru. Oh, very!—eh, Major?

Maj. Very!

Jack. In France, I confess, I travel, de voleur stop de vay, I say to them, I am Count Chanterais, a soldier, and

never will submit. Dey see my eye, dey viel dere caps, I throw my bridle on my horse, fold my arms, and valk him gently on.

Bru. I don't know how they do it in France, but I'll bet that you'll be robbed before you leave England.

Jack. Never! I will die first!

Bru. Then you will die first, and be robbed afterwards.

Jack. I bet you five hundred pound I'm no robbed to-night.

Bru. [*Hesitating.*] Why——

Maj. I'll take it for fun.

Jack. Done, done. [*Jack and Bullock retire up.*]

Maj. Though I agree with the Count, for I never was robbed, and I've been out in the darkest nights on the dreariest roads, in the hope of meeting the rascals.

Bru. In the hopes?—Aye, hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Jack. [*Coming forward with Tom Bullock, c.*] Very good, Monsieur Oxen—capitals.—Mon cher Hanger, I sall bet you three to one as regards myself—I sall bet dat you are all three robbed this very night.

Maj. Done, twenty times over!

Bul. Done!

Bru. Done! Mind, having your pocket picked don't go for anything?

Maj. No, certainly. For my part, Count, I always carry my notes in my boots—my boots. In a hustle, one of a gang might pick one's pocket. I mean, regularly robbed on the highway.

Jack. Oui, oui, mon Major. [*Major and Tom retire up.*]

Bru. I should like to see the man that is bold enough to rob Major Hanger of his boots. It's my opinion, Count, that you are reckoning without your host. For my part, I am not the man to rush promiscuously into a mêlée, but I always drive a fast horse, and carry my notes in my left breast pocket.

Jack. [*Closely observing Brummell's rings.*] Certainement—you sall all be regularly rob on de highway.

[*The Waiter brings on wine, and exits, L.—Bullock lays out cards, dice, &c., on the table.*]

Bul. Come, the game's made, as they say at the tables; and now for a pleasant hour.

Jack. [*Going, L.*] For some few minntes,—but I have business, I must leave you.

Maj. Nay!—Come, we'll crack a bottle of claret a-piece

over the bet. [*They all go the table, c.*] I know *I* shall win.

Jack. I think I shall win.

Maj. Then the road will be lucky so both of us.

Bru. As the peculators say.

Maj. So, Count, as *we* are to win, here's "Good luck to the road!" [*They all fill.*]

Jack. Capitals, Monsieur Hanger; I drink him wid all my heart. We drink it wid de hips?

Maj. Oh! by all means, with all the honours. Good luck to the road!

Bul. Good luck to the road!

Jack. Good luck to de road!

Bru. Good luck to the road!

Omnes. Hip! hip! hip!—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—*A Front Room at the Inn of the "Three Jolly Pigeons."*

Enter KIT CLAYTON, L., followed by ADELGITHA.

Kit. Hadelgitha, it arn't no use axing for impossibilities, 'cause vy,—what's impossible, can't be.

Ade. Don't tell me, Christopher! the gang can do very well without you to-night: I want a little recreation; you must take me to the "Dog and Duck" tavern; there's a ball to-night, look here. [*Gives a card.*]

Kit. [*Reading.*] "*Hadmit a lady and gentleman to a select fancy dress ball*"—wery select I fancy it is—"No person hadmitted without shoes or stockings, and, N.B."—now, that means summat, or summat else.

Ade. Noty been he, booby!

Kit. Wery good! [*Reading.*] "*Noty been he, booby—Fighting is allowed.*" Well, that vill make it comfortable.

Ade. So, I'm not to go!

Kit. Hadelgitha, business must be minded—"industry must prosper" was what I writ.

Ade. You write! you ignorant, unlicked cub!

Kit. Hignorant I vas, unlicked vas not. I undertakes to say, whilst I was at that there charity school in St. Giles's, no gentleman, or gentleman's son in disguise, got teached less, or licked more. Hadelgitha, you've seen them little cherubs stuck up about town, with sky-blue coats, worsted stockings, and leather fie-for-shames,—I vas the moral of one of them.

Ade. Never let me hear you name the filthy charity schools again!

Kit. Filthy! Come, I know I scrubbed the floor clean enough.

Ade. That I should bemean myself to—to have anything to say to a charity boy!—I, who had a boarding-school education!

Kit. Wery capital things them boarding-schools, 'specially if the grubbery's good. Hadelgitha, you know I loved you for your helegance and hedication; you loved me for a little indescribable something in my manners. I must meet the captain: it'll be a hearly job; ve'll post back to town, and you shall go to the "Dog and Duck," or else, vich is better, to the "Cock and Magpie" to-morrow night.

Ade. [*Embracing him.*] Oh, Christopher!

Kit. Oh! Hadelgitha! I haven't been so happy since I vas at the char—[*She checks him.*] Vell, since I was at school vere I did nothing, and t'other boys helped me.

DUET.—ADELGITHA and KIT.

Ade. Crissy odsbuds, I'll on with my duds,
And over the water we'll flare;

Kit. Coaches and prads, lasses and lads,
And fidler's will be there.

Ade. There beauty blushes bright,

Kit. The punch is hot and strong,

Both. { And there we'll whisk it, frisk it, whisk it,
Skip it, and trip it along!

Ade. There's Charley Rattan, and natty Jack Rann,
And giant-like Giles M'Ghee;
There's Sidle so slim, and flare-away Tim,
And all of them doat on me.

Kit. Hadelgitha—platonically, Christopher!

Ade. But Charley, and Jack, and Tim,
In vain may exert their wit,
For still I'll dance it, prance it, dance it,
Flaring away with Kit!

Kit. There's frolicking Kate, and rollicking Bet,
And slammerkin Sall so tall,
And leary-eyed Poll and blue-eyed Moll—
Blow me, I love them all!
Christopher—platonically, Hadelgitha!



- Kit.* But Winny, nor Jenny, nor Sue,
Shall wean this heart from thee—
So thus I'll trip it, lip it, trip it,
Trip it with Hadelgitha!
- Kit.* The morning may dawn, as sure as you're born,
Ade. Will find us dancing alone.
- Kit.* I'll get a hack, be off in a crack,
Ade. An elegant Darby and Joan!
How'll the vulgarians stare
As they see you sportingly?
- Both.* { For none can splash it, dash it, splash it,
Crissy } like you and I!
Addy }

SCENE IV.—*Hounslow Heath, by Moonlight.*

Enter LONG JERRY and BOBBY BUCKHORSE, L. U. E.

Jer. You long to be a highwayman?

Bob. I do.

Jer. It's a laudable ambition. What money have you about you?

Bob. Last quarter's wagers—two guineas and a half, what customer's gave me—one pound three—and priggings from the till, seven pounds twelve.

Jer. In all—

Bob. Eleven pounds, seven shillings, and sixpence.

Jer. Hand it over.

Bob. Eh?

Jer. Hand it over, I say! [*Bobby reluctantly complies.*]
That's your first lesson in the business.

Bob. I wanted to practise, not to be practised upon.

Jer. Don't snivel; wipe your nose, and listen:—I take you as my apprentice; I consider this as the premium that has been paid with you.

Bob. Yes.

Jer. There's a guinea for you, for luck.

Bob. Thank you—you're very good.

Jer. I am; I'll be as tender to you as if you was my own child.

Bob. Will you?

Jer. I will, I tell you: you'll rise in the profession, and in time be as high as myself.

Bob. I'm afraid I never shall.

Jer. I've a spec to-night: Sixteen String Jack and his

pals are likely to be here; we must watch their proceedings, and then——

Bob. What, rob them of their plunder?

Jer. No; inform against them. Your evidence would be taken; they might doubt mine.

Bob. I'd rather rob than peach.

Jer. Bah! Rann shot me, at old Manby's crack—the wound rankles yet. I'd like to see the stringer strung—and he shall be, if I have luck. Back—back! I hear them; stick by me, I'll make a man of you; hesitate, I'll shoot you like a dog.

[*Exeunt, cautiously, R.*]

Enter KIT CLAYTON, DICK DRAGGLE, and PETER MEEK, at the back, C.

Kit. Peter, Peter, you've been out of one of the nummiest goes that the eyes of a well-intentioned gentleman could be clapped upon.

Dra. It was beautiful!

Meek. Just tell what it was, and how it was.

Kit. The captain gave us the office that Tom Bullock was going the side-road to town, Tom Bullock, the downiest cove, the leary one that never goes to sleep.

Meek. Never goes to sleep?

Kit. He sold his beds, they weren't no use to him, he's so regularly wide awake.

Dra. We took the office, and dropped upon him.

Kit. All in a gentlemanly way. "Shell out, old fellow, will you!" says I. He attempted to resist, and then——

Dra. [*Showing pistols.*] I came in with my persuader.

Kit. He tried to patter us out of it—If we only let him pass, on his honour, he'd give us the same amount the next day, and no questions axed. "Vy, you unconscious babby," says I, "do you see anything green here?" Whereon, I took out my knife, and cut——

Meek. His throat?

Kit. No; a stake from the hedge. Vell, ve seated him in a dry ditch, fastened the bent stake over his legs as he couldn't rise. [*Showing a flask.*] I gave him a sup of mother's milk, and cut away. Tom Bullock, the downy one—
[*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! [*They all laugh.*]

Enter SIXTEEN STRING JACK, on horseback, R. U. E.

Jack. Is the work done?

Kit. In a workman-like manner. Sich a swag!

Jack. Then come away, lads, there is more at hand: to

their respective homes there are but two roads. Mark me, lads—no violence; this is a freak as well as a hustle. Dick, plant yourself up the lane, and keep watch. [*Dick retires, c. F.*] I go on one enterprise, and alone.

Kit. Alone?

Jack. Yes—some one I would meet privately.

Kit. Them cursed women will be your ruin at last!

Jack. There is no woman in the case.—Is your's ready?

Kit. Hadelgitha is. But, captain, honour's honour, and, in course, one's lady is one's lady, and—you haven't got no design agin Hadelgitha?

Jack. No, Kit, I want her to aid—she has only to do what I tell her.

Kit. Yes, but mind ye, it depends a good deal on what you tell her to do.

Jack. I tell her to adore you, Kit, and assist in a scheme that will put at least two hundred into your cly.

Kit. Say no more; I never heard such a sensible speech since I left off attending the public meetings. [*Exit, L. S. E.*]

Jack. 'Tis a glorious frolic. I have lost five hundred pounds to-night, and they have it upon them, with, doubtless, thousands besides. Can I venture among them again? By heaven, I will! My disguise is impenetrable, or Mary must have recognised me in my frequent visits to the "Crown." By what strange fatality does she ever cross me!—bringing back fond dreams and maddening memory. My kind, kind father, who adopted me in my feeble infancy—whom I robbed in my lusty boyhood—Oh! damnation! if I think, I am a wretch indeed. No, here's a short life and a merry one! I hear footsteps,—as the fellow says in the play, "This is the night, that either makes me or undoes me quite." [*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Enter MAJOR HANGER, R. 4th E.

Maj. I'm sorry I knocked down those three carters; they were not thieves. Well, mistakes will happen. That cursed impudent waiter, saying he knew I'd lose. I'm glad I flung him out of the window. I wonder what they'll charge for him in the bill? [*The Gang are seen watching.*] What d—d nonsense people talk! I've been on the heath this half hour; no one meddles with me—perhaps my sceptre frightens 'em a little. [*Brandishing an enormous cudgel.*] It's all twaddle, no outrages are ever committed in a place like this. [*A shrill scream heard without.*] Ah! the cry of a woman!—Hurrah! I'm in a row at last!

[*Runs towards L.*]

Enter ADELGITHA, L., and rushes into his arms.

Ade. Save me! save me!

Maj. I will!

Ade. Ha! again in their power!—No, no! you are not one of the villain!

Maj. No, I'm d—d if I am!

Ade. Yes, he bore a bludgeon like your's—oh! oh!

[Faints in his arms, at the same time knocking the bludgeon from his hand.]

Maj. Poor creature! she fains. *[Lifting her up.]* I'll bear her hence—No, if I meet a body of ruffians whilst she hangs upon my arm, what can I do? Best tarry till she recovers. *[Peter crawls forth and steals the bludgeon.]* She's very pretty! I'm a queer lot myself, and have much to answer, but it never was said of George Hanger that he insulted the lovely, or oppressed the weak. She revives!

Ade. *[Starting from him.]* Ha! my brain whirls! *[He soothes her.]* You are my guardian angel, sent to save me.

[She puts his hands back—Draggle and Peter approach behind him, and put a noose over his hands.]

Maj. Confusion! Ha! you little cockatrice!

Ade. *[Laughing.]* Ha, ha, ha! old gentleman, you are caught at last! *[Runs off, L.]*

Maj. *[Struggling.]* Scoundrels!—Death!

Re-enter KIT CLAYTON, L. S. E.

Kit. No, ve are not in the undertaking line; it's no use resisting, 'cause ve has the persuaders. Von't you take a seat?

Maj. No! I don't want to sit down.

Kit. Show the Major to a seat. *[They force him to a stunted tree, L., and bind him.]* These here little disagreeables vill occur, Major. *[Taking his watch.]* A tom-pion, I presume. *[Taking his purse and snuffbox.]* Wery pretty loose change! Vill you take a pinch of snuff?

Maj. Villain! we shall meet again.

Kit. I shall be werry happy, I'm sure, any evening you are at leisure.

Maj. Your confounded impudence makes me laugh!—Release me, and keep your booty.

Kit. Ve don't do that sort of thing; besides, ve arn't quite done vith you. Might I trouble you to take off your boots?

Maj. My boots!

Kit. Peter, wait on the gentleman; help him off with his boots. [*They attempt to remove his boots—he resists, kicking Meek down.*] Dick, out with your persuader! [*Draggie puts a pistol to his head, and he submits—Kit, examining the boots.*] These here must make it werry disagreeable valking, Major. Allow me to offer you a drop of mother's milk. [*Aside.*] I've hocussed it a little, and it'll send him off to sleep. You'd better have a drop; it's a raw night, and you might catch cold.

[*Kit endervours to make him drink.*]

Maj. [*Struggling.*] D—n!—

Kit. Vell, if you von't you must. Dick, steady the Major's nob, while I give him a sup of mother's milk. [*They hold the Major, and Kit pours the contents into his mouth.*] Major, I wishes you a werry pleasant evening!—Adoo!

[*Bows, and exits, L.—Draggie and Meek bow and exeunt, L. U. E.*]

Maj. The villains have poisoned me, I suppose!—No, I'll swear it was cognac. I'd have given five hundred pounds that this hadn't happened. Um! I was up all last night drinking and feasting of the best the country affords, at Dick Vernon's; to-night, on Hounslow Heath, dosed with a highwayman's eau de vie. [*Getting sleepy.*] I robbed!—I, who have licked hundreds, all except Tom Bullock in our Newmarket row! I'll—'pon my life it's laughable—it's—here's good luck to the road!—I've lost to the Count—five—

[*Falls asleep.*]

Beau Brummell. [*Without.*] Holloa!

Enter BEAU BRUMMELL, with a horse and gig, R. U. E.

This is an infernal predicament! We're all wrong! That rascal Sandford, if he gets the lamps I sent him back for, will never find me. I shall catch my death of cold—they make the nights so damp now!

Re-enter SIXTEEN STRING JACK, on horseback, R. U. E., followed by PETER.

Jack. [*Presenting a pistol.*] Your money, or your life!

Bru. Eh—oh! you are one of those purloining fellows. Take away the pistol, I'm not partial to bullets; there's my purse.

Re-enter DICK DRAGGLE, L., who seizes the horse's head, get away from my horse's head.

Jack. Your watch!

Bru. My watch?

[*Gives it.*]

Jack. Your notes!

Bru. Notes?

Jack. They are in your left-hand breast-pocket.

Bru. [*Aside.*] The fellow's a conjuror, as well as a robber.
[*Giving the notes.*] There!

Jack. Shall I trouble you for your diamond ring?—
[*Brummell hesitates.*] I must have it!

Bru. [*Aside.*] A gem, lost for ever! [*Giving it.*] There!

Jack. Another on the same hand.

Bru. That ring was the gift of a lady, and come what may, freckle me if I part with it!

Jack. Enough, sir, a lady's gift is the property of a man's heart, and should be respected. [*Bows.*]

Bru. Sir, the lady and I are alike indebted to you.

Jack. [*Offering snuff.*] Will you take a pinch?

Bru. Thank you—don't snuff.

Jack. Some change, lest you should be inconvenienced at the turnpikes.

Bru. Thank you!

Jack. You will be polite enough to remain where you are for about a quarter of an hour?

Bru. You forget—I have no watch.

Jack. You can guess the time; make it a long quarter of an hour.

Bru. But these incipient ruffians——

Jack. You are perfectly safe with them. Allow me to assure Mr. Brummell of my profound respect—good night!

[*Bows, and exits, R. U. E.*]

Bru. The most gentlemanly vagabond I ever met in my life! That rascally groom of mine—this is all through him; the scoundrel ought to be buried alive! This is a most delightful situation! [*Meek attempts to sit on the shaft of the gig.*] I tell you what it is,—if your master, or captain, whatever you please to term him, takes liberties with my property, I will suffer no common fellow to approach me! [*Whips him off.*] What's that? rain! We shall have a storm;—I'm not only to be robbed, but drowned! [*Heavy rain—Brummell buttons up, and calls out.*] Holloa! holloa!

Maj. [*Awaking.*] Holloa! Ugh! I'm cold as a stone, and wet as a water-spout! Holloa again, I say!

Bru. My friend, do you know where you are?

Maj. Yes, tied up to a cursed stump of a tree!

Bru. What, George, is that you? I see it all; you've been robbed as well as I. Well, lamentations are bootless.

Maj. My lamentations are. [*Brummell releases him.*]

Bru. This is the demdest adventure—Freckle me if we shan't be the town talk! What are you paddling about in your stocking-feet for?

Maj. Because I've lost my boots. I am looking for my bludgeon.

Enter a SERVANT with a lantern, R. U. E., followed by three Countrymen.

Ser. Here's a lantern, sir.

Bru. And there's a whip, sir! Consider yourself absolutely and categorically discharged.

First C. Have the gentlemen been robbed?

Bru. Rather, rather robbed, eh, Major?

Maj. Come, Brummy, give me a cast to town; drive like the very devil!—at least, let us be the first to tell the story!

[*They get into the gig—Meek steals Brummell's shawl and puts it on, also a horsecloth from the gig.*]

Bru. After all, freckle me, if I can help laughing!

Maj. No, nor I—you stuck on the heath!—

Bru. You tied to a tree! [*They laugh, and the Countrymen join.*] I'll teach you to laugh, you scoundrels! [*Cuts at them.*] Now! [*They drive off, R., as the Act Drop falls.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of the "Cock and Magpie"—lights are seen in the window, and sounds are heard of carousal.—Night.*

Enter LONG JERRY and an OFFICER, cautiously, R. U. E.

Jer. It's all right. When that little squeaking varmint Bobby Buckhorse talked of honour, and cut and run, I expected he'd given the office. [*Loud laughing heard.*]

Jer. They seem in high glee.

Offi. Shall we force the door at once?

Jer. No; all the secret ways are secured, so let's wait awhile. Sixteen String Jack is your man; for the others,

poor varmint, I've no spite against them; but I can't rest in my bed 'till I see that fellow swing.

Kit Clayton. [*Within.*] Peter, my pipkin, pop your nob out of windy, and see what sort of night it is.

Jer. Hush!

[They get beneath the eaves of the house—Peter opens the casement, and puts his hand out to ascertain whether it rains.]

Meek. It's another of these precious fine nights, when a gentleman can do nothing at all. However, captain's done a month's work already.

Jer. [*To the Officer.*] Do you hear that? [*Peter starts, looks towards the speaker, and suddenly disappears.*] Delay no longer! There is a passage from the next house, by which I can gain an entrance; call in your force and demand admittance. [*The lights at the Inn are extinguished.*]

Offi. [*Knocking loudly at the door.*] Holloa! open, I say!—holloa!

[He beckons on Constables, and stations them at each point of egress.]

Kit Clayton. [*Opening, and appearing at the window with a nightcap on.*] Is there anybody there?

Offi. Yes, open your doors.

Kit. What, at this time o' night? This is a vell conducted establishment, and ve don't do it,—besides, there arn't nobody up.

Offi. I charge you, in the king's name—

Kit. Oh! the king's name!—how is his majesty?

Offi. I'll have no evasion!

Kit. No ewasion! ve don't keep it.

Offi. We have a warrant against one Rann, for felouy.

Kit. Felony! vot does that mean?

Offi. Psha! force the door!

Kit. Vell, it's the most ungentlemanly—*[Constables enter with a log of wood, which they are about to employ as a battering ram.]* Oh! if that's what you mean, I'd better come down at once! *[He disappears.]*

Women. [*Within.*] Oh, Jack! dear Jack!

Offi. Station yourselves at the door, and seize the first that appears!

[The Constables stand at the door—Sixteen String Jack rushes out, throws down the Officers, and endeavours to escape, but is overpowered and secured—Draggle, Bobby, Meek, the Gang, and Women, rush out—Kit appears in a nightgown and cap, with

*a warming-pan for a weapon.—A general fight.—
Jerry appears at the window—he is shot by Drag-
gle, and falls, as the Scene closes on the Tableau.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter MR. COLVILLE and CONSTANCE, R., a Servant, L.

Ser. Mrs. Marigold desires to speak with you, sir.

Col. Admit her. *[Exit Servant, L.]*

Con. Nunkey, nunkey, you sad man, didn't I tell you you would make a conquest there?

Col. Psha! this levity is ill-timed. *[Looking off.]* Oh! here is Mrs. Marigold.

Enter MARY FERRERS, L.

Mary. Oh! Mr. Danvers—oh, sir! I come on a dreary errand.

Con. What has befallen you?

Mary. Mine is no selfish grief—at least, I hope it is not. *He is taken!*

Con. Who—who?

Col. The boy of my adoption, child of my heart, cradled there for years. The hour has come—I knew it would—I knew—

Con. Calm yourself, dear sir.

Col. Calm myself! You are a young mother, and know a joy man cannot know; but *we* have hearts, and in them dwell a yearning tenderness to all things young and helpless. Send Frederick to me. Forgive me, Constance, if I spoke too harshly.

Con. Forgive you! Bless you, rather. *[Exit, R.]*

Mary. *[Aside.]* I shed no tears; but if to render up my life for his would save him, I'd do it, I feel I could.

Enter FREDERICK, R.

Fred. Dear uncle, rouse ye; the hour has indeed arrived, but his fate may yet be averted.

Mary. Oh! may it?—may it?—do you think it may?

Fred. Doubtless!

Col. *[Despondingly.]* How, boy, how?

Fred. You have long enjoyed supremacy at the bar, are known to all the magnates of the land, was a chosen officer of him whose prerogative is mercy.

Col. Sir, I was a servant of the law; by it I gained fame and fortune. Men looked to me to aid the ends of justice—nothing can make me thwart them.

Mary. No?

Col. [*Firmly.*] No!

Mary. Man—hollow, heartless man! you prate of loving all things young and helpless—is he not helpless who is in this thrall?—ironed and caged!—You will not blur your fame to save that loved one's life!—Your paltry vanity against his blood! What is your fame? One act of mercy, were it to a worm, is worth more fame than ever man acquired! This is rudeness, I know it is, but by heaven it is truth! You reared him, you renounce him; he wronged me, but I will not forsake him! [*She rushes off, L.*]

Fred. Forgive her, she loved that man.

Col. I do forgive her; I love all that loved that boy.—Come, Frederick, I am roused, something must be done; I'll do all that even a father *should*, not perhaps all that a father would. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Cell in Newgate.*

SIXTEEN STRING JACK *seated at a table*, KIT CLAYTON *on a low stool, smoking a short pipe.*

Kit. That notrocious willain Jerry, to go and peach.

Jack. 'Tis the worm's nature to crawl; nestle with a serpent, and be sure he stings you.

Kit. Exactly; vot do you expect from a pig but a grunt. I never had no opinion of them long 'uns; they makes tall men as they builds high houses, they rnns 'em up cheap, and don't put much stuff in 'em.

Jack. Let us forget him. Kit Clayton, you have followed my fortunes, through good or ill you were still the same.

Kit. Vell, vot o' that? I loved you—that is to say, if one man can love another—and now, captain, ven I, vagabond as I am, stands acquitted, and you on the contrary quite the reverse, curse me if I wouldn't be hanged instead on you!—not as I'm at all partial to that there style of rope-dancing.

Jack. Kit, you have a buoyant spirit, cherish it; hours will pass away, and I shall be nothing; you will forget me—do not speak—not *quite* forget me, for in our moods of mirth fond thoughts will come. Now, mark me, Kit,—there is no bread but that of industry, all else is poisoned.

Kit. Well, pison me if I don't think so.

Jack. Hunger alone excuses theft; but he who robs to pamper his vices is a wretch.

Enter a JAILOR, intoxicated, at the door, R. S. E.

Jai. [To *Kit.*] Come, you lucky jail-bird, turn out!

Kit. Hadn't I leave?

Jai. Yes, for a few minutes, and you've been here an hour.

Jack. An hour is but a few minutes, very few minutes, when a man's to die.

Jai. I can't help it, he must go.

Jack. Another moment. [Giving him money.] For your pains.

Jai. Why, of course, a gentleman is a gentleman, and should be obliged. Only another moment though, mind ye
[Exit at the door, R. S. E.]

Jack. Kit, I have but four and twenty hours between me and eternity. When I am gone, go to my more than father; tell him I died as an erring man should die, submitting to the laws he had defied, and looking humbly to that Power he had offended.

Kit. My heart will burst while I am doing on it!

Jack. Seek Mary Ferrers—

Kit. Them cursed women!—you're not thinking of them now?

Jack. I am thinking of her, type of that sex, whose errors are as the specs upon the sun, whose virtues as the effulgence of his beams!

Kit. Vell, then, Hadelgitha's not a type at all events.

Jack. The kerchief, I shall wear at the fatal tree, was worked by her hands; bear it to her, tell her her name was last upon my lips, and that, next to imploring Heaven's forgiveness, I prayed for her's.

Jailor. [Without.] Are gou coming, old chap?

Jack. Go, Kit. [Shaking hands.] That and farewell.

[He goes up.]

Kit. [Shedding tears.] Good bye! Vot a hass I am; it's a werry bad bye. I shan't never have no other pal—I'll leave the gang—I'll—I'll—[With desperate resolution.] I'll actually turn honest! Captain—[Jack waves him away.] Jack—pal—[Jack continues to wave him off.] I von't say a vord—only one more shake o' the hand—you von't refuse Kit, poor Kit Clayton—you von't refuse him!

[Jack comes forward, and takes his hand—Kit rushes out at the door, R. S. E.]

Jack. [Going up, and sitting.] Now to await death!

Re-enter JAILOR at the door.

Jai. A lady brings an order for admission to you.

Jack. A lady!

Jai. I 'spect so; [*Aside*] she gave me a guinea. [*Aloud.*] Orders from the home office. [*Calling.*] Come in, ma'am.

Enter MARY FERRERS, veiled, at the door, R. S. E.—Exit Jailor at the door.—Mary pauses a moment, then rushes to Jack.

Jack. Mary, how got you admission?

Mary. Amid the frequenters of my tavern are the rich and powerful, they aided me. Oh! did I ever think to see thee thus!

Jack. 'Tis my mead, I earned it, Mary—earned it by desperate crime. But one remembrance sits light upon my heart; these hands were never stained by human blood.—Mary, I loved you; you deemed it lawless passion, 'twas not so; but to wed you was to resign all claim upon Mr. Colville; I feared poverty more than I loved virtue.

Mary. Did you, did you indeed love me?

Jack. You have cause to doubt me; yet, by heaven—

Mary. Nay, do not swear; heaven knows without an oath. I loved you as woman only loves; now, if your heart be true, prove it.

Jack. How?

Mary. Do not remonstrate, we must act: the Jailor is steeped in drink; assume my outward garments, Jack, and fly.

Jack. And leave you hear in thralldom—never!

Mary. What can they do to *me*? The judge may chide, imprison me—they can't hang me, you know, Jack. A month—a year or two pent up in jail,—and never caged bird will sing more blithe than I, for I shall know my mate is on the wing, soaring at liberty.

Jack. Mary, my heart revolts at this.

Mary. No, your vanity; dearer than virtue to too many hearts. Your gang will say it was unmanly—let them; what is there that man can do to shield a woman, that woman may not do to succour him?

Jack. Mary, life is dear; 'tis hard to die so young; and now, with you beside me, I feel my doom is dreadful.

Mary. In, to yon cell; [*Giving a small box and veil*] there are the means. I will remove this habit; in, as you love your life—[*He pauses*] or hope my love. [*Exit Jack*

L.—*Mary, sobbing, begins to undo her habit.*] If I save him—oh! if I do but save him! Let the law do its spite upon me—let it, my heart acquits me—if I err, pardon, pardon! [*She falls on her knees, c., as the Scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Cell in Newgate.*

Enter JAILOR, R.

Jai. [*Calling.*] Colin! Colin!

Enter COLIN, R.

Now, Colin, I install you my deputy; there's something very queer in the air that affects my head.

Col. Ees, and your feet too.

Jai. There's no one to let out but a snivelling woman, who's come to bid good bye to Jack Rann. Treat her with respect, Colin; she's a highly respectable woman, and gave me a guinea.

Col. Mayhap she may gi' I one.

Jai. Possible, but not probable. On second thoughts, I'll let her out myself. Fetch in my easy chair.

[*Colin goes off, L., and returns.*]

Col. Shall I bring it here?

Jai. Shall I *bring* it here! Do you think it will come by itself? [*Passionately.*] Go fetch it!

Col. Well, I be going.

[*Exits, L., and returns with a chair.*]

Jai. Umph! she might stand another yellow boy; besides, duty's duty; [*Sitting*] and a man that neglects his duty isn't fit to live. There's something very bad in the air, I don't know what it is. [*Falling asleep.*] Let her out myself—duty's duty—my duty—

[*Sleeps.*]

Col. Oh! you drunken old brute! I wish you were asleep in earnest, and I had your place.

Enter SIXTEEN STRING JACK, in Mary's habit and veil, L.

[*Seeing Jack, and shaking the Jailor.*] Here, I say, here's the lady.

Jai. All's right—it's all right.

Col. Shall I let her out?

Jai. Duty's duty—it's all right. [*Jack sobs violently.*]

Col. Poor thing! I can't bear to see her cry. [*Aside.*] And she might gi' I something. [*Holds out his hand, and Jack gives him a crown.*] She be a highly respectable woman. [*Going to L., and calling.*] Here, John!

Enter JOHN, L.

Wheel Mr. Moody to the door, to be ready to turn the key. [*John wheels the Jailor off, L.*] This way, madam, this way; I feel for you, indeed I do. [*Aside.*] It is a crown, however.

[*Tosses up the crown, and exits, L.—Jack lifts up the veil, laughs, and exits after Colin.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room at the “Dog and Duck.”*

DRAGGLE, BOBBY BUCKHORSE, MEEK, ADELGITHA, AMELIA, SOPHIA, and others, discovered seated, drinking, &c.

Drag. He's booked for the woody. Vell, it happens to us all in turn.

Bob. Does it? Dear me! I don't think so much of this kind of life as I did.

Sop. Such a dear duck of a fellow as he was! it's very terrible to think of. [*Weeps.*]

All. [*Weeping.*] So it is!

Ade. 'Tis indeed; it really drives one to—[*Drinks*] whether one will or no.

Bob. So it does. [*Drinks.*]

Meek. This is not like a common loss; but Jack was an elegant professor; it was the way in which he did things that made him so delightful.

Enter KIT CLAYTON, D. F.—They all rise, and come forward, placing a chair c. for Kit, who sits.

Ladies. Oh! Kit, you've seen him?

Kit. I has: he begs to be tenderly remembered to all on you, ladies in perticklar. [*The Ladies weep.*] He says, he's been ruined by you.

Ladies. What!

Kit. But it's a werry pleasant way of being ruined for all that.

Sop. I shall never forget him.

Ame. Nor I; he gave me this watch.

Kit. Ah! he was always throwing his time away.

Sop. And me this snuff-box.

Kit. What did you want with it? You were up to snuff before that.

Ade. He was such a nice fellow, but not always sensible of the attractions of the really lovely.

Kit. Hadelgitha!

Ade. Nor did he comprehend the beauties of the mind; but he was brave and generous.

Kit. Generous! rayther; he always let his heart keep the key of his cash-box. Vell, it's all over, I resigns vine——

Ade. What?

Kit. I resigns women.

Ade. Christopher!

Kit. Women, women; Hadelgitha, I was in the plural tenses as you says. His loss has broken my heart; I heard it snapping as I came across the court-yard.

Meek. What's the use of all this here snivelling? He was a good one, had his run, and now the game's up. We'd have saved him if we could;—well, we couldn't, there's no help for it. He'll die game, and that's enough; let's do as he would do, let's be jolly, boys!

Sop. Well, I don't know but Peter's right after all.

Ame. A dance might chace our cares.

Ade. What say you? will you dance, Christopher, my scrumtious pet?

Kit. Vell, I'll *jine*; but I does it vith a broken heart.

A GENERAL DANCE.

[Towards the close, SIXTEEN STRING JACK enters through the window, in Mary's habit, and capers amongst them—they exhibit surprise at first—he unveils—they place a chair c., and he sits.]

Omn. Jack!

Meek. Who aided you in your escape?

Jack. A woman.

Kit. Them cursed women—no! I'll never say a word agin women again. Oh! Rann my riever, Jack my joker, my natty little stringer! my heart's a mending as was broke afore—there's no solder like joy arter all.

Jack. But you were merry, my friends, 'mid my misfortunes. *[They look abashed.]* No matter, when I felt the breath of liberty, my first thought was of my old pals.

Kit. I was dancing in grief and sorrow.

Jack. Now, lads and lasses, for a dance.

[They are about to take their situations for a dance, when Soldiers appear at the window and door, pointing their muskets.]

Kit. The swaddies—the game's up!

[Kit falls into the arms of Adelgitha, and Meek into Draggie's arms, as the Scene closes.—Tableau.]

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber.*

Enter MAJOR HANGER, TOM BULLOCK, and BEAU BRUMMELL, L.

Maj. D—n it all! the indignity of being stripped to a tree, and obliged to come to town in my stocking-feet!

Bul. & Brum. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Maj. Yes, it's droll, isn't it? d—n droll!—But that's better than a dry ditch, eh, Bullock?

Maj. & Bru. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Bul. Or staying in a soaking shower on the heath, waiting a long quarter of an hour, eh, Brummy?

Maj. & Bul. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Maj. The rascal is too impudent to escape with impunity.

Bru. [*Showing a ring.*] He didn't take that ring.

Maj. Hang the ring! it's a love token, I suppose.

Bru. Rather!

Bul. What, were you ever in love, Brummy?

Bru. I confess the weakness; one of the women creatures nearly caught me, but I detected her at table.

Bul. Oh! a gamestress!

Bru. No, her delinquency occurred at the dinner-table.

Maj. Zounds! what could the woman do to shock you at a dinner-table?

Bru. Sir, the wretch incontinently ate cabbage.

Maj. Cabbage! why not?—Did you never eat vegetables?

Bru. No—stay—yes; I once ate part of a pea.

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Ser. Mr. Frederick Danvers.

Maj. Danvers! [*To Brummell.*] Do you know him?

Bru. No—don't like the name—some low fellow that would send his plate up twice for soup.

Maj. [*To the Servant.*] Trot him in. [*Exit Servant, L.*]

Enter FREDERICK DANVERS, L.

Bru. [*Looking at him.*] Eh! *he* may be borne.

Fred. I come to plead for a criminal; one whose guilt is undoubted, who robbed you, and was betrayed by a confederate.

Bru. I see; you've come to plead for that facetious gentleman, who, in the plenitude of his pleasantry, pulls off Major's boots, and put's Bullock's into ditches. What

say you, gentlemen? shall we petition for this vagabond of nature?

Bul. No! confound that dry ditch!

Bru. Major?

Maj. Why—nay—confound it, though he took my boots, I needn't wish to see him die in his shoes;—though he tied me to a tree, I'll save him from one.

[*Shakes hands with Brummell.*]

Fred. Nobly spoken, sir!

Bru. Major, you have a very soft heart, but a cursed hard hand!

Bul. Well, do as you please; I can't forget that dry ditch.

Bru. But I have already given my word to intercede for him.

Bul. Need a gentleman keep his word to a highwayman?

Bru. Could a gentleman break his word to any man? [*To Frederick.*] Sir, all you came to ask is, I trust, fulfilled.

Fred. Through what means?

Bru. We don't mention means. [*Leaning on the Major's arm.*] Take me out and show me the result. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VII.—*Oxford Street.*

SIXTEEN STRING JACK (*in a Cart*), MARY FERRERS, KIT CLAYTON, ADELGITHA, DICK DRAGGLE, PETER MEEK, MR. COLVILLE, CONSTANCE, COLIN, *Sheriff, Soldiers, and Mob—discovered.*

Mary. Dear Jack, there still is hope; those good, kind gentlemen, they will aid you.

Jack. No, Mary, I feel that I have but a few minutes to live. Fear not, I will die like a man!

Sheriff. On, to Tyburn!

Officer. [*Without.*] Hold! hold! [*A general move.*]

Enter an OFFICER, with a reprieve, R. U. E., followed by MAJOR HANGER, TOM BULLOCK, BEAU BRUMMELL, and FREDERICK DANVERS.

Officer. Reprieve for John Rann!

[*Loud shouts.—Jack descends from the cart, and they all advance.*]

Mary. Dear Jack, free once more; now, then, I have nothing left to hope, or ask.

Jack. Dear Mary, henceforth I will endeavour to de-

serve such devotion, and be content with the proceeds of industry, even though it be but a crust.

Kit. I would turn honest, if I thought Hadelgitha would be satisfied with a crust.

Ade. I can, Christopher.

Kit. Werry good! [*Jack kneels to Colville.*]

Col. Nay, kneel not to me; [*Pointing to Brummell*] your thanks are due there.

Bru. Not at all; he wouldn't take that ring.

Kit. [*Apart.*] I say, Hadelgitha, what a chance for a shake among the swells.

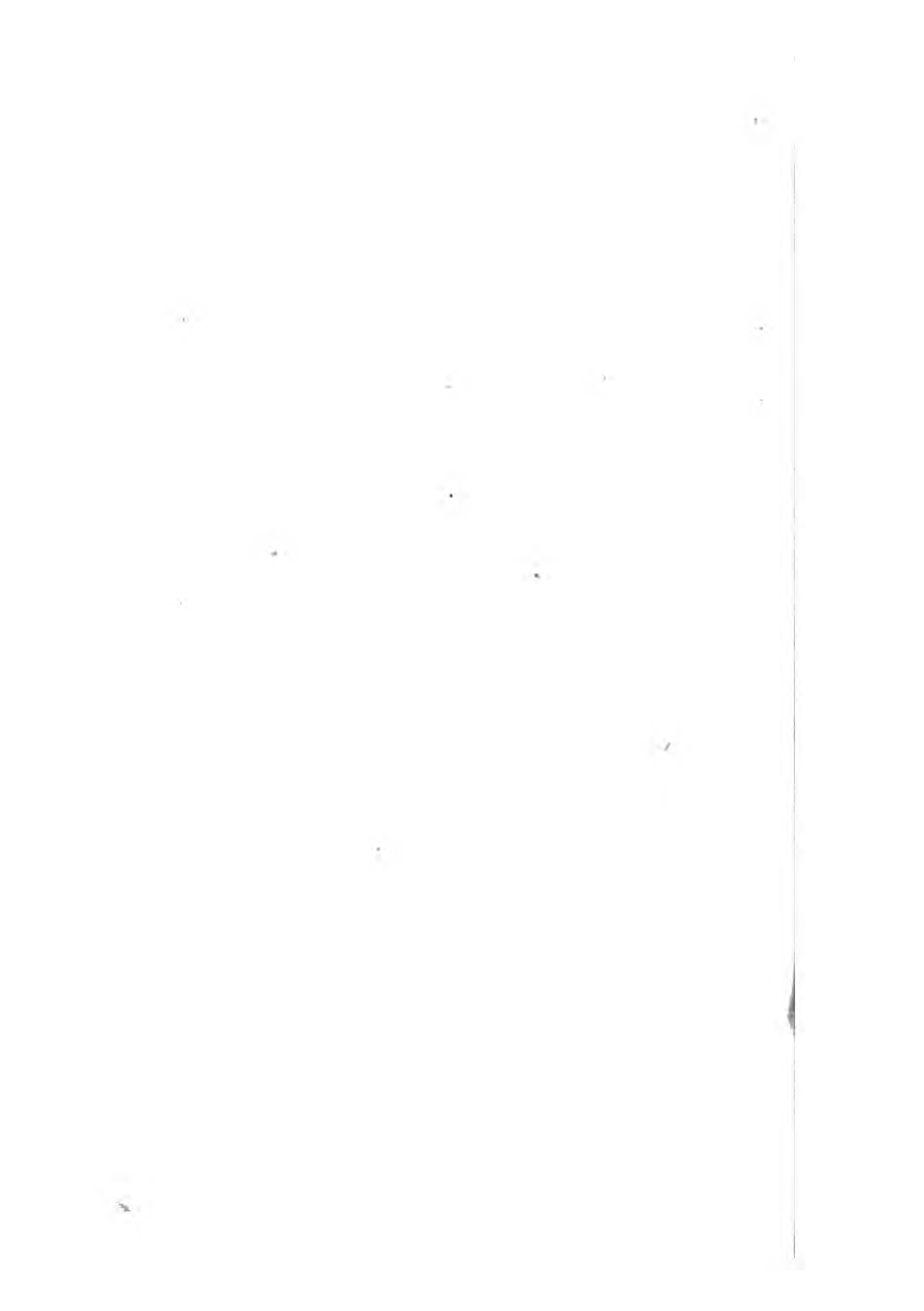
Ade. Christopher, for shame!

Jack. Dear Mary, you know not the joy this reconciliation gives me! coupled with the hopes that all future delinquents will learn to profit by the erring example of SIXTEEN STRING JACK!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

<i>Soldiers.</i>	COLIN. SHERIFF. OFFICER.	<i>Mob.</i>
MEEK.		DRAGGLE.
SOPHIA.		AMELIA.
	JACK. MARY. COLVILLE.	
BULLOCK.		FREDERICK.
BRUMMELL.		CONSTANCE.
HANGER.		KIT and ADELGITHA.
R.]		[L.

THE END.



Duncombe's Edition,

THE WHITE SLAVE ;

OR,

THE FLAG OF FREEDOM !

A DRAMA,

IN

Two Acts.

By EDWARD STIRLING, Esq.

*Author of Clarence Clevedon, Mother's Bequest, Lost Diamonds
Idiot of the Mill, Industry and Indolence, Nice Young Ladies,
Rag Picker of Paris, Anchor of Hope, Buffalo Girls, Kissing
goes by favour, Battle of Life, Lilly Dawson, On the Tiles,
Hand of Cards Raby Rattler, Captain Charlotte, Norah
Creina, Aline, Lestelle, Popping in and out, Margaret
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**THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION,
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To which is added,

**A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, .
SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES, AND
DIRECTIONS.**

**AS PERFORMED AT THE
LONDON THEATRES.**

**EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. Findlay, from a Drawing, taken expressly in the Theatre**

LONDON :

**PUBLISHED BY DUNCOMBE AND CO.
17, HOLBORN BARS.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Monsieur Jacques Rebeliere, a Slave Owner and Planter</i>	Mr. Henderson
<i>Julius Donatien, the White Slave,—a Creole</i>	Mr Johnson
<i>Palerme, a Creole Slave of Rebeliere</i>	Mr. Dudley
<i>Mathieu, an Overseer</i>	Mr. Lawes
<i>Michel Moreau, a Planter</i>	Mr. Williams
<i>Jack Whirligig, a Pedlar, from Cow Cross</i>	Mr. Forman
<i>Bill Bull'seye, a Sailor</i>	Mr. Bradshaw
<i>Aminidab Holdfast, a Quaker</i>	Mr. Howard
<i>Soldiers, Sailors, Male and Female Slaves, &c.</i>	
<i>Elinore de Tourville, the Creole</i>	Miss Vincent
<i>Madame Herbert, her Companion</i>	Mrs. Lee
<i>Jenny, a Negro Slave</i>	Miss Farrell

First produced at the Royal Victoria Theatre, August 10,
1849.

Time in Representation—1 hour 35 minutes.

COSTUME.

Rebeliere—Light green square cut coat trimmed with gold, scarlet pantaloons, Hessian boots bound with gold, and gold tassels, high white felt hat with a scarlet ribbon, ringlets, ear rings, &c.

Donatien—White shoes, pale brown socks, white full trowsers trimmed with red down the sides in pattern, white shirt gaged with red round the collar, &c. and handsome striped cachmere shawl, white chip hat, earrings and slightly coloured face

Palerme—Dark brown legs and arms, white body and trunks

Bull'seye—Sailor's dress

Jack Whirligig—Short flash coat and waistcoat. knee breeches and leggings, white hat

Holdfast—Quaker's dress

Elinore—Figured net pelisse, hat and feather, and Indian scarf

Madame Herbert—Neat French dress of the time, high French cap, grey twill cotton over white

Jenny—Brown face, legs, and arms, striped Indian skirt, scarf, head dress, &c.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Dwelling of Monsieur Rebelliere—partially of cane and wood. The room is nearly open at back, looking on Plantation of coffee, spices, and glowing tropical plants. A verandah, or awning, is suspended over the opening, which opens to a flower garden. Handsome furniture scattered about.*

Creole Slaves, Male and Female, discovered at work in the Plantation to the music of the "Buffalo Girls." The music changes, and PALERME, a Slave, is seen anxiously watching from the flower garden.

Pal. Shall I—dare I enter? Yes—why fear? The lash and I are too well acquainted to dread its fellowship. At all hazards I will venture. (*Enters House.*) This accursed dwelling, raised on the mangled limbs and broken hearts of my poor countrymen! Oh, how their bitter scalding tears have been shed to furnish these luxuries! To think of our wrongs will unman me! But I am safe—no one saw me.

Whirligig. (*Popping his head in.*) Yes, I did! Want to buy a cradle? I've some beauties in my cart—or a dancing doll—or a whistle? (*Blows one. Enters door with pack.*) Now's your time, my merry masters—things going for nothing—dreadful sacrifices!

1st. Slave. For nothing, Massa Whirligig?

Whirl. Or next door but one to it. You see this Buy it, and I'll make you a present of a dollar.

1st. Slave. Will you? How much is it?

Whirl. Two dollars—but you shall have it for one.

1st. Slave. (*Buys hat.*) Now give me the dollar.

Whirl. Haven't you got it, fool? I said two, and I took one—that's making you a present, isn't it? (*Laughs*) Sold again, and got the money! Who's the next—he in time. (*Rings bell. Male and Female Slaves enter. He*

moun s a chat.) Now's your time, my dusky beauties—here's bargains just arrived from England. Ribbons, cradles, and tinder-boxes! Here's a little article that will just suit you, my love. (*Offers cradle to a Girl. They all laugh. He sells things*) Sold again, and got the money! Now's your time—don't be backward in coming forward—pay to-day, and trust to-morrow. Think of my travelling from Great Britain to oblige you slaves with dealing with me. There's honour for you, you ugly devils! (*Shewing spoons.*) There's a lot for you! Is there any one fond of broth or tea? What would it be without a spoon? You can't eat your broth with a fork! Rattles like silver, and much better. A dollar—going—going to the gentleman with one eye—gone! (*Knocks Slave on the head—he falls.*) Here's a beauty for you! A riding belt. Make me a bid. Will any jackass—I mean, any gentleman, who rides a jackass—make an offer? If you haven't money, pay half now, and double when I come again. Here it is—both sides alike—three buckles and straps. It will make a man upright as a lamp post. Nobody buy? Going for nothing—

1st Slave. I'll have it.

Whirl. Will you? I'll trouble you for two dollars—you can owe me the rest. (*Slave steals away.*) Mother, give me a turn. Buy a lock. May your locks never turn. Here's a key. Remember, one good turn deserves another, as the key said to the lock. Going—gone— (*Strikes another Slave's hat over his eyes—all laugh, and exit—he descends.*)

Slaves. No, no—no buy—no dollars.

Whirl. No dollars! I'll shut up shop, then. Things are all going to the devil. Markets flat—goods selling for prime cost. I wish I'd stuck to the Old World now. The New is of little use to me. I did better with the thimbles and peas at the races. "Now, my noble sportsman, bet upon the pea—it is here, for a hundred to five. No, it's there!" Lost again, and pocket the tin. Ha, ha! That was the trade, until the Peelers knocked it up, and knocked me down. Last Darby Day, finding a gold watch on the Course that the old gentleman at Bow Street said was never lost, obliged me to bid my native land good night to travel a bit, so I chose this place—*Boney's Hayres*—and a nice spot it is—full of slaves, and slave-drivers. Miss Elinore, the mistress of this Plantation is the only decent Christian among the lot—and the little bit of polished ebony, Jenny, her maid. A man must love something, so I try to love her.

JENNY enters, R. H.

Jenny. Ah, Massa Whirligig, how you do?

Whirl. Devilish bad! (*Kisses her.*) That's prime!

Jenny. Oh, you mustn't. It am not proper.

Whirl. Maybe. But don't you like it?

Jenny. Issa—it am so berry nice! (*Kisses her again.*)
Palerme, Massa Rebeliere tell you io keep the blinds down. Why for you keep 'em up? You'll get a whip again.

Pal. Curse on his whip, and the hand that uses it!

Whirl. Charming man that Monsieur Rebeliere—very. How I should like to have him in Old England! Id soon change his constitution. Is he still courting your mistress?

Jenny. Issa. They marry in six weeks.

Whirl. Sorry to hear it. He's a bad bargain, at any price. Lord, how I should like to knock him down!

Pal. White women seldom bestow a thought on the qualities of the men they marry. Interest—money is the only thing they worship. They leave heart and feeling to the poor despised slave.

Whirl. Your lady is a lady—I must say, a perfect specimen of a lady, with a character firm and decided.

Jenny. Issa. Missee decide to change her mind hundred times a day.

Pal. And her guardian, our taskmaster—this French dog—what is he? I will tell you. A cowardly rascal—fawning and gentle to Madame Elinore as a cat with paws of velvet, but always ready to use his talons at the least resistance. And to us, his slaves, what is he? a cruel, tyrannical master, ever ready with hard words and the lash. Our sufferings give him pleasure, and his heart rejoices and gloats over our writhing torments. May my hate—my burning, bitter hate, wither and strike the villain's heart!

Whirl. A very comfortable wish, that!

Jenny. I know Missee hates him wid all ner heart, but him berry jealous.

Pal. As a tiger. He'd shut her up—cage her, if he saw but the shadow of a man.

Whirl. She has never seen me. If I was to show her my little dodge, the thimble rig, that would soon do the business. She'd be Mrs. Whirligig in a jiffy!

Pal. Hush! she is here. (*Music.*) Elinore enters, followed by Rebeliere and Madame Herbert.

Eli. Why did you call me so early? The days are quite

long enough in this dull, wretched place—miles from the stirring bustle of the town. I do not know what to do with myself, or time. Each day the same faces, the same occupation, the same words, the same ceremonies. Oh, how I detest it! Why I have only been up five minutes, and I wish it were night again.

Reb. You are complimentary to Miss Herbert and myself.

Eli. I can't help it. I want change. I am weary of this life.

Whirl. (*Aside.*) Now's my time! She'll bite at my goods, just to pass away the time. (*Advancing.*) Buy—buy! All the new fashions going under prime cost. Awful sacrifice!

Reb. Here's a little amusement, my love. The newest fashions for your choice.

Eli. (*Eagerly.*) Let me see. What have you?

Whirl. Every thing—from a child's whistle to a frying-pan. (*To Rebeliere.*) Will you buy a nightcap, Monsieur?

Miss H. From France?

Whirl. No, ma'am. All right down English.

Reb. (*Throwing himself on sofa.*) Bring my newspaper.

Jeuny. Issa, Massa. (*Gives it. Palerme advances, bowing.*)

Reb. So you are here, are you, dog? What were you doing at daybreak in the Tamarind Walk, eh?

Pal. I, master?

Reb. You, scoundrel! I saw you steal along the valley from my window.

Pal. I was merely breathing the fresh morning air, sir.

Reb. That's a lie! (*To Jenny.*) Call Michel.

Jenny. Issa, massa. (*Runs out.*)

Reb. You were showing two scoundrel slaves like yourself the way to escape to gain the woods unperceived. Don't attempt to deny it. They have been arrested, and I know all. What do you say to this, rascal?

Pal. That it is true. I did seek to point out the road to freedom for those poor oppressed creatures. The one was separated from a wife he loved—the other had an aged dying mother. Their hearts yearned for home, and I tried to assist them.

Reb. Rebel! Was this your duty to me?

Pal. It was my duty to a higher power than your's—humanity!

Reb. Indeed! You shall pay dearly for your humanity.

MICHEL, an Overseer, enters.

Eli. And the punishment—

Reb. Tie this fellow up, and give him twenty stripes

Pal. Merciful master!

Reb. He murmurs! Give him fifty.

Pal. Good, liberal master! I thank you—

Whirl. For nothing, I should say!

Eli. I beseech you, pardon him. Be merciful—

Pal. He be merciful? Ha, ha! You must teach him the way, lady.

Reb. Away with him! His insolence will encrease with my forbearance. (*Palerme is taken off by Michel.*)

Eli. Oh, sir, pardon—pardon—

Whirl. Do, there's a jolly old cock, and I'll make you a present of a mouse trap.

Reb. Leave my house, vagabond, or I'll give you the whip!

Whirl. Give me, a Briton, the lash? Damme, I should like to see you do it. (*Squares.*) Come on—

Reb. (*Calls*) Remé! Jacques! Louis! turn this fellow from the Plantations, and never dare set foot within them again.

Whirl. (*Snaps his fingers.*) That for you—that for your whip—that for your custom! Touch me, and you'll have the English bull dogs about your ears. Ill-treat the poor devils Providence has placed beneath you, but keep your fingers from us Britons, or you'll insult that flag under whose protecting folds the rich, the poor, the white man, and the slave, find equal shelter and support! (*Taking up his pack.*) Good day, ladies. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Monsieur. Bah! (*Exit at back.*)

Reb. Insulted! (*Calls.*) Stop that man—(*Elinore interposes.*)

Eli. Let him go quietly. You know these Islanders are free in their speech.

Reb. If I had but the rascal in France—

Eli. You are going to Port Royal for a week, are you not?

Reb. Yes—to-morrow morning.

Eli. Take me with you.

Reb. Impossible. (*Aside.*) I dare not expose her to the gallantries of our young colonists.

Miss H. (*At window.*) They are tying poor Palerme up to be flogged. Entreat with me for his pardon.

Eli. To oblige me let him be set at liberty. It is so dreadful to torture him.

Reb. I am sorry to see you both entertain such foolish ideas of punishment and slavery.

Eli. My feelings and ideas, probably, may be weak and foolish—inclining towards humanity. You, at all events, can never be accused of sharing my weakness. The heart of Monsieur Rebeliere is too well schooled in tyranny and cruelty to bestow a thought on a suffering fellow creature.

(Distant murmurs.) MATHIEU enters hastily.

Mat. Sir, the slaves are all rising in rebellion in the cane fields, threatening our lives and property. The farm was nearly becoming a prey to the flames—it broke out in three places at once.

Reb. Why is this—what is the cause?

Mat. Your severity, they all say.

Reb. The scoundrels! Dare they say this?

Eli. And they speak the truth, sir.

Mat. We owe the preservation of the whole plantation to a young man, named Julius Donatien, who was passing at the time. He rushed among the flames, led on the planters, and worked till all was safe.

Eli. Brave young man! Do you know him?

Mat. Yes, Miss—he is an Epavé—a Creole, who has no master.

Reb. Not exactly so, Mathieu. An Epavé is one who is not entitled to freedom, but merely allowed through toleration to go at large.

Eli. I hope you will reward him for his courage.

Mat. He would not take a single dollar. He has a house and lands of his own on the Island.

Reb. Doubtless the hiding-place of all the runaway and rebellious slaves in the colony.

Eli. The conduct of this stranger bears no such inference.

Reb. He did no more than his duty. *(To Mat.)* You may go and tell the slaves, if I hear any more grumbling, I'll call in the soldiers, and shoot a dozen or two.

Mat. *(Aside.)* I wish they'd shoot you first! *(Exit.)*

Eli. A word, sir, if you please. Hitherto I have blindly obeyed you in word and deed. Perhaps as your ward it was fit I should do so. In one year from this I am of age, and you say by my father's will it is arranged that I am to become your wife. If so, I insist upon what I have so often wished for—my liberty.

Reb. Liberty? You have it now.

Eli. Then, sir, I shall go to-morrow to the Baths of

Soubaine. If I like the spot, I shall stay a week, or as long as you are absent at Port Royal.

Reb. It's a day's journey, through bad roads, and almost a desert country.

Eli. I care not for obstacles. I want change. You say I am at liberty, and go I will.

Reb. As you please. You know my love for you.

Eli. (*Aside.*) Love for my wealth! (*Tumult without.*) You tremble—you fear, sir—shame—shame!

Reb. Fear? No, no—but the slaves have risen, and I—

Loud shouts. (Without.) Palerme—Palerme!

Eli. You hear sir—(*Music. Palerme bursts in—he has a pistol in his hand, his clothes torn, and his flesh bleeding. Parties of Slaves, in revolt, seen in the distance.*)

Pal. Monster, meet your doom! (*Levels pistol at Rebeliere—Elinore throwing herself between them.*)

Eli. Spare him—spare his life!

Pal. Away—away! Did he spare me? Your dastard overseer mangles not again his fellow man. (*Shews blood*) My knife has found a passage to his coward heart—this shall reach yours—

Eli. No, no—for my sake stain not your hands in his blood. Leave him to repentance.

Pal. You are spared. Thank her for your life, if its worth so much. Stir but a step, or raise your voice to prevent my escape, and you die! Ha, ha, ha! Who is master now, you or I? (*He levels pistol—Elinore still protects Rebeliere. Music. Picture. Scene closes in.*)

SCENE II.—A Palm Wood, with a set Tree attached to Wing.

Bullseye. (*Without.*) Land lubbers, ahoy! Nobody within hall? Ahoy! (*He enters, L. H. in a light sailor's dress.*) It's no manner of use paying away your jawing tackle in these outlandish latitudes. Not a human creature does you meet but monkeys and grinning racoons. This comes of parting with the ship's company to navigate a bit out of the regular road. I've lost my course—steered the wrong way. The grass grows as stiff here as my pigtail, and twice as long. Landlubbers, ahoy! I'm brought to an anchor. If any of these *Boney's Airy* slave chaps fall under my lee, I'll make 'em convoy me safe

into port. What cheer, Billy, my hearty—(*Takes tobacco.*) I've parted company with that swab, the shaking Quaker. He's been paying away at the rum bottle till his dead lights dance like a monkey in top boots. (*Calling.*) Ship ahoy!

Pal (*Without.*) Quick—if we reach the wood, we are safe!

Bulls. A convoy of the natives bearing down! My eyes, if they take a fancy to overhaul my locker, and carry off the dollars—(*Cocks pistol.*)—we'll have a fight for it. Avast, Bill! What use is it coming to action with a whole fleet? Top your boom, and stand out to sea. Running don't suit a sailor, though. That tree—damme, I'll stow myself among the leaves, like a blue-faced monkey, then I can look down on the enemy. Up she goes! (*He climbs tree, and peeps through leaves.*) I'm at roost now.

PALERME and a Party of Runaway Slaves enter, armed.

Pal. We may now pause without fear of further pursuit. comrades and we shall live for revenge.

Bulls. (*Aside.*) A nice thing to live for, you whitey brown devils!

Pal. The tyrant will not easily forget the lesson taught him to-day. Plantation burned—crops destroyed, and the life of one of his brutal agents sacrificed to our just revenge. Ha, ha! how the coward trembled beneath my eye! I almost curse my humanity in suffering a woman's weakness to turn me from my object. He should have died by my hand!

Bulls. (*Aside.*) There's a swab.

Pal. We must hasten to the hut of Donatien. He will help us by word and deed. The colony will be raised, and the troops sent after us to shoot us down like wild animals. For what? Because we dared strike a blow for liberty—dared to revenge ourselves on a cowardly oppressor. You will not desert me in the hour of peril, will you, comrades?

Omnes. No, no, no—

Bulls. (*Aside.*) They ought to be damned if they did!

Pal. Remember, you have all suffered bitterly. How many have been torn from home—kindred—those we love, to drag out a miserable, cheerless existence, to die as slaves?

Bulls. (*Aside.*) Not over pleasant that, master!

Pal. But we cast off the galling yoke, and live again free as the air we breathe—to live and walk erect among our fellow men—their equals—their brothers.

Bulls. (Aside.) I wonder what sort of chaps their sisters are!

Pal. The shades of night are falling Let us cautiously on to Donatien's—h will guide our counsels. Wisdom dwells in his words. On—on: If we are pursued, better far to die than yield. (*Music. They all exeunt. Bull's eye descends.*)

Bulls. Rayther a niceish lot, that, for a tea party! They're full of mischief! I wish I hadn't steered so far away from the Harbour. That Quaker lubber will be swallowed by an ourang outang! My allowance for this liberty day will be short grog and a round dozen!

Holdfast. (Without.) Yea, I will uplift my voice in this wilderness! More drink! Hic! (*Sings.*) 'A fox said to a goose one day!' Abomination!

Bulls. Ship ahoy! This way! (*Waves hat.*) Bear down to leeward! (*Whirligig enters carrying Holdfast, covered with mud and his clothes torn, on his back. He throws him on the ground.*)

Whirl. There's a bad lot!

Hold. Yea, I will drink another glass! Chapter First. (*Sings.*) "Let us all be jolly!" Hip, hip, hurrah!

Whirl. Silence! I'll make you swallow a tinder-box!

Bulls. (Loughing.) He looks like a grampus floundering in a ditch! Where did you find the swab?

Whirl. Stuck up to his neck in a swamp, singing out for more drink. When I pulled him out he wanted to fight me for a dollar, and dance a hornpipe on his head!

Hold. Avaunt, evil one! I will raise my arm to smite—hic—bring another bottle! Chapter Tenth! (*Sings*) "B'ow, ye gentle gales!"

Whirl. What is he?

Bulls. A Shaking Quaker. He took a cruise with me this morning in these woods I lost him, and then lost myself—can't steer back to the—

Hold. Devil! Yea, he is there, digging for potatoes with his tail cocked up!

Whirl. I'm going towards the town with my goods. If you like, I'll put you right.

Bulls. You're a trump, mate.

Whirl. No, I'm a card and a good one, when you know how to play me. Do you want anything in this way? There's tooth brushes—sell you one cheap. Clean your teeth, polish your buttons, or black your shoes. (*Bull's eye shakes his head.*) No—not suit, eh? Will this do? Womens' nightcaps! There's a beauty! Keep your head

warm when you mount up aloft, and keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

Bulls. A sailor in a nightcap ! Why you'd as soon see a duck in silk stockings !

Whirl. Buy a cradle,——

Bulls. An't got no children, mate

Whirl. A bed—a bodkiu—a bolster, or a ring-tailed monkey. Buy ! buy the monkey for your wife !

Hold. I'll buy ! Lend me the money ! (*Sings.*) "How doth the little busy bee, drink another quart !"

Whirl. Can't we make a deal of it—buy or sell anything, sailor ? Going at half price !

Bulls. Not I. I only buys haccy and grog !

Whirl. Buy an umbrella ?

Bulls. A sailor with an umberella ! My precious eyes ! You might as well expect to see an elephant in a cocked hat !

Whirl. Do you understand rigging the thimbles

Bulls. I understand rigging a vessel—know every rope from stem to stern.

Whirl. (*Aside.*) I'll teach him a bit of thimble rig. Sit down, old tar. This will take the dust out of your eyes.

Bulls. Aye, aye. (*They sit.*) Ulloa, Quaker ! Oh, he's foundered ! (*Holdfast snores.*)

Whirl. He's asleep—don't disturb him. Now I'll bet you a dollar that you can't tell me which thimble the pea's under, (*Produces thimbles and pea.*) Will you bet a dollar ? Keep your weather eye up, and you'll win two.

Bulls. Five, if you like !

Whirl. Done ! Now keep your eye on me—on the pea, on the thimbles. Now it moves—now it passes here, there, and everywhere—to the right, to the left—round about, up the sides, down the middle—under, over—sport down, cover down, always win, and never lose ! Which do you lay upon ? (*Plays with thimbles*)

Bulls. That ! (*Points to thimble.*) I'll swear it's that !

Whirl. It's t'other ! You've lost—I've won ! Try again. Never say die ! Better luck next time, my noble sportsman ! Make your game !

Bulls. I'll bet all I've got ! (*Pulls out money.*) It's under that one !

Whirl. Wrong again ? Guess right, and you must win. Sold again, and got the money !

Bulls. (*Pulls off jacket and waistcoat.*) I'll play you for these !

Whirl. To oblige you, I will. Which do you bet upon ? (*Plays.*) Name your thimble—this, that, or t'other ?

Bulls. This—it's this!

Whit. No, it's *that!* In for it again! (*Rises.*) Sorry to clean *you* out. The next time you play, choose the right, my noble sportsman. Sport down, cover down—always win, and never lose. Ha, ha—how jolly green

[*Exit.*

Bulls. I'm turned keel upwards, and left foundering without a shot in my locker. This is all along of you, you sea pig! (*Kicks Holdfast*) Get up!

Hold. Yea, I will dance and sing. (*Rising.*) Where am I?

Bulls. Anchored, fore and aft. You've been paying away at the rum bottle till you're half seas over. Bear a hand—let's sail back to the town.

Hold. Where is thy outer garments, friend?

Bulls. Gone to look after the peas. Shiver my topsail, that a sailor should suffer a land shark to do him! It's past thinking on. Square your yards! (*Louis and a Party of Runaway Slaves enter unseen. Louis motions them to secure Holdfast and Bull's eye. They spring upon them.*) Sheer off, you ugly lubbers! Fair play, and I'll fight a dozen of you! (*Struggles.*)

Hold. Yea, I will do battle with the Philistines—yea—(*They bind Holdfast, then sling him to a pole by the legs and body, carrying him out, calling out—*) Avoid thee, thou evil one! Help, Master Sailor!

Bulls. You ain't going to slew me up like a wet shirt to dry. Treat me like a man of war's man, and I'll bear you company—touch me, and you'll see what sort of stuff I'm made of. Gunpowder's nothing to it. (*A Slave approaches—he knocks him down.*) That's one for your nob, beauty spot! Lord, if I had my cutlass, I'd make you dance on nothing. (*Kicks another.*) Heave ahead, my hearty! How the devil grins! (*They urge him forward.*) Aye, aye—easy she goes! After you, sir's, manners. (*Kicks another. Music. Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*A Cane Hut, formed of Canes and Palm leaves, very rudely constructed. Stairs, L. H. An opening, C leading to the Forest. Furniture. A table, stools, and bench, all very primitive in their construction. Skins of animals, tropical plants scattered over the scene. At intervals a storm heard.*

DONATIEN discovered at opening, C. looking on the storm.

Don. How grandly the lightning glances and darts among those giants of the wood! (*Lightning.*) Again! The elements are in unison with the stormy passions of my soul. Love unsubdued—unconquerable love rages triumphantly within. Yes, I love her, with all the fervour of a first, a last passion—the proud Creole beauty, who would despise and scorn me, though I could place the riches of the earth at her feet! In France all ranks and stations are open to talent and courage—but here, in this Colony, no merit can efface the drop of black blood mingled in my veins! Never can I be in the eyes of our taskmasters anything but a slave. She whom I love—worship—is to become the wife of Rebeliere—she is to bear his name, the sound of which is horror to our race! I will fly—far, far from this place, to live on hopelessly. To see her, listen to her voice, I dare not! Dark thoughts would rise, and tempt me to violence and crime! (*Music. Storm increases.*)

PALERME rushes in, C.

Pal. Shelter! Give me shelter, and a morsel of bread!

Don. Why are you so far from your master's plantation—at such an hour, too!

Pal. I have no master. I am free. He may yet live to feel my wrath!

Don. He is powerful. What can you do to him?

Pal. Stab him! Not with the sword—no, no—that would be too merciful. His ward—his promised wife, passes with her attendants through this palm wood. I have bold hearts with me.

Don. Well?

Pal. Her journey might be stopped. She is a prize worth the winning.

Don. What has she done that you should injure her?

Pal. Is she not one of that name and race who despise our brethren? In wounding her peace we injure our oppressor. He loves her—if such a callous villain can love ought except himself. To tear her from his grasp would more than repay all that he has made me suffer. What a glorious destiny for the proud Creole lady—to become the mistress of her outcast rebel slave!

Don. She—Elinore—yours—your victim! By heavens if you dare to sully her fair name with such vile language

in my hearing, I'll tear out your villain tongue, and cast it to the dogs to prey on! (*Seizes his throat.*) Rascal, learn to respect virtue—honour and bow to it, if you possess it not! (*Throws him off.*)

Pal. Hear me—

Don. Not a breath! Begone, or my knife shall avenge her! Begone—or I give you up to justice. (*Storm.*)

Pal. (*Aside.*) Will he betsay my flight? I dare not tell him that my comrades hide in the ravine. (*Aloud*) You would not betray my flight?

Don. I am no informer. Leave my hut—begone!

Pal. I will. (*Aside.*) Now to my hiding-place, and wait for the prize that will bring my happiness. Farewell, brother! [*Exit.*]

Don. Injure her! The idol of my hopes—her that I scarcely dare even think of—become the captive of such a man! [*Cries of distress heard, and a carriage breaking.*] What noise is that? (*Runs to opening*) Persons moving in the ravine—travellers in danger? (*Calls.*) Light some torches quickly, and follow me! (*Rushes out.* *Palmerme steals on, creeping on his knees, through the leaves. Music.*)

Pal. Ha, ha, ha! I saw the carriage overturn near the torrent! It contains her, Madame Elinore. He is rushing to save her! Let him! I stir not. Compassion for our implacable foes! 'Tis madness! My eye rests on the stripes of their whip, and all my compassion is to give insult for insult, torture for torture—to become as cruel as themselves. Donatien is too virtuous, has too much of the European in his blood to act with us. Well, be it so. I must act alone. This fair Creole will make a brave wife for me—a companion worth having in the desert.

Don. (*Without.*) Quick! Bring them this way to the hut!

Pal. I must crouch and stoop, until I can spring, tiger-like, upon my prey! (*Music. Steals up stairs, L. H. Donatien re-enters with Elinore in his arms. Madame Herbert, Jenny, and Slaves following.*)

Don. A chair! (*Places her in one.*) She is lifeless! Alas, I am too late!

Mad. H. Not so. She is overcome with fatigue and emotion. See—her eyes open! A few moments repose will restore her.

Don. May it be so. Another step, and your carriage

would have been dashed over the precipice into the roaring cataract. The horses were alarmed by the storm.

Mad. H. Hush! she is recovering.

Eli. Save me—the lightning—our horses are mad—wildly they dash towards the rocks! Another moment we reach the dizzy height! Our lives are lost! Will no one stay them? Help! help! They drag us to destruction! Will none save us from a horrid fate?

Mad. H. We are saved, dearest! A brave man risked his life for ours.

Eli. Where—where are we?

Mad. H. Safe. And here is our deliverer. (*Pointing to Donatien.*)

Eli. You? You? Oh, with what gallant courage—when all shrank back dismayed—with more than man's strength you seized his maddened horses, checked their speed, and tore me from impending death! How can I thank you for such service? Words are too poor—too powerless!

Don. To have been of service to Miss Elinore is more than a sufficient reward. (*Aside.*) How lovely she is! I have not courage to gaze on her beautiful features! My limbs fail, my eyes become dazzled, my soul shrinks from weight of happiness! (*Moving away.*)

Eli. Let our attendants be looked to, Madame.

Mad. H. I will. Come, Jenny—

Jenny. Issa, Missee. Me attend to myself, for me berry hungry! (*They exit with Slaves.*)

Eli. Why do you stand so far from me?

Don. Respect teaches me my distance, Madame.

Eli. Respect? Oh, name not the cold, worldly phrase. Services such as you have rendered me deserve a warmer term. Have you nothing to ask, no favour at my hands, in return for what you have done?

Don. None. The favour Heaven grants me at this moment is more than I deserve—your presence, lady. (*Bowing.*)

Eli. (*Aside.*) How superior his appearance! Have you dwelt long here?

Don. Twelve months, lady.

Eli. Your life has not been passed in these wilds

Don. I was brought up in France. There the happiest days of my existence were passed.

Eli. Yet you left it—

Don. To search for a protector—relatives in this island. On my arrival, full of emotion and hope, nothing awaited

me but destitution--no hand was stretched forth to welcome, no tongue to call me friend. I stood friendless, poor, alone!

Eli. Why not return to France?

Don. Such were my intentions, but an influence more powerful than my wishes detains me here. I love hopelessly! I am ashamed of having detained you so long. You must need rest and refreshment.

Eli. You make me forget both!

Don. I--I--*(Aside)* What do I hear? *(Aloud.)* Your kindness encourages me to ask a favour.

Eli. Speak!

Don. Your journey is through a wild and dangerous country, peopled by men lawless and wild as the region they inhabit. Many slaves are scattered over the desert. Rendered desperate by oppression, they do not hesitate at the worst of crimes,

Pal. *(Who has been listening. Aside.)* Will he betray me? *(Disappears.)*

Don. All I ask is to be allowed to guard you until you are beyond their reach.

Eli. Willingly: and by so doing you will add to the obligation already conferred. Now, tell me, is there nothing I can do in return? Have you no favour to ask me? Believe me, I shall be too happy to gratify it.

Don. None, lady. Give me your kind wishes, and I am more than repaid. Your rude couch will be prepared within. Your attendants must rest here. To-morrow I shall be ready by daybreak to accompany you.

Eli. A thousand thanks! Good night! Send my companions to me, and once more receive the fervent gratitude of one whose life has been preserved by your courage

[Exit.

Don. I dream! Can she be mortal? Such youthful grace! The silvery accents of her tongue drop on my enraptured soul like balsam to a wounded man! My heart's enslaved beyond redemption, and the hopes of months have been realized! How have I longed and sought to speak to her vainly! She a rich heiress, guarded with jealous care--I, unknown and a beggar! Fortune has heard my prayers, and sent her to me to guard and protect!

[Exit.

PALERME descends and watches.

Pal. Leave me to do that! I will guard her. My comrades are all lying amidst the palm leaves. When sleep steals over the inmates of this hut, we will carry her off.

Once in my power, not all the boasted humanity of Donatien shall tear her from me. (*Exit through aperture, among leaves* Madame Herbert and Jenny enter.)

Mad. H. We must rise early to-morrow.

Jenny. Issa, Missee. Before de cock am crow.

[*Exeunt.*

Don. (*Entering.*) I will watch over her during the hours of the night. (*Places pistols on bench.*) Not that I fear danger. (*A noise without.*) Some one moving among the leaves! Who is it? (*Cautiously moves to opening.*) Whoever it may be, they dread detection, I must question their purpose. (*Exit. Jenny re enters, and lies on the bench, placing pistols on table. She covers herself with the skins.*)

Jenny. (*Yawning.*) I'm berry sleepy! (*Sighs*) What a fine man Massa Whirlungig am! His head so berry thlick and soft! Oh, ma poor heart! He am all stole away. (*Sleeps.*) Oh, my!

Whirl. (*Entering.*) All snug and quiet. Nobody at home? Master Donatien, one of the right sort, always finds *bed and board* for a traveller in his hotel. (*Laughs.*) I did the sailor brown. He'll remember the *peas*, and mind his *Q's* another time. Ha, ha! Capital go! All his money and clothes. That's the hammock I've swung in many a night. Donatien always gives it up to me. I wish he was a king, and I his prime minister! (*Sits on bench. Jenny starts up.*) Oh, spare um life!

Whirl. My black doll here?

Jenny. Whirlytops? Him tought you a ugly nightmare.

Whirl. What brings you here, my beauty?

Jenny. Missee and de horses going to the baths, carriage upset us, so here we am. But talk in the morning, Um want to go to sleep now.

Whirl. All right. Good night, and all's well. I'm going to turn in. Wake me when the cock crows, my lollipop! Pleasant dreams! (*Climbs up one of the poles to hammock.*) A nice gai—rather dark, though. (*Lies in hammock.*) Not over pleasant, this—always on the swing. Trade's bad—nothing can be done. I must try some new dodge, or become bankrupt. Oh, my country, England! Why can't I go back to my blessed mother! She wants her Whirligig! Blackee, good night. (*Yawns.*) Curse the feathers—they're as hard as hard dumplings. (*Music. He snores. Palerme cautiously creeps on, followed by Slaves.*)

Pal. If we meet with resistance, use your knives. Carry

the girl to the woods quickly. Pierre and Louis, watch there for Donatien. He will soon return. He favours the white race. (*Motions them back.*) He is here! (*They crouch unseen. Donatien re-enters.*)

Don. I saw no one. It must have been the wind moving the leaves. Excess of love creates excess of fear.

— *Pal.* Now, now—(*In a whisper—the Slaves rush on Donatien, covering his head with a cloth—he struggles violently.*) Do not harm him, but keep him safely! (*He is forced out. Approaches the bench which Jenny is on—her face is covered.*) She sleeps! (*Jenny snores.*)

Whirl. (*In his sleep.*) The thimble rig! Sport down!

— *Pal.* Will she smile upon me?

Whirl. (*Sings in his sleep.*) “Walker, the twopenny postman!”

— *Pal.* Let me steal one kiss from those rosy lips ere they curse me! (*Removes cover from Jenny’s head.*) The devil! Not Madame Elinore? Is she there?

Whirl. (*In his sleep.*) I want my mother! Damn the musquitoes!

— *Pal.* Who is that? (*Runs to hammock—pulls it down*)

Whirl. Murder! robbery!

— *Pal.* (*Standing over him with a knife.*) Another word, and you die! Fool! Quick—carry this fellow to the rocks! (*The Slaves place a pole through the hammock strings. Palerme exits up stairs.*)

Whirl. What are you going to do with me? Mercy! Pity my innocence! Jenny, spare your chum chum! (*Jenny starts up, screams, and runs to him.*)

Jenny. Spare um lubly Whirligig! (*Strikes Slaves.*)

Whirl. Huzza! Go it, Jenny! (*Struggles and falls from hammock. Fights with Slaves—runs out, followed by them. A scream heard within, and Elinore rushes in, followed by Palerme.*)

Eli. Why is this violence? How dare you intrude on my privacy, fellow?

— *Pal.* Dare! Proud beauty, I am now your master. I, the once despised slave, Palerme. Do you not know me?

Eli. What is your purpose with me?

— *Pal.* To make you my bride—my companion in the desert.

Eli. I, your companion? What madness is this? Seek not to terrify me by such folly. Remember the station you are placed in, and remember mine.

— *Pal.* I do—(*Laughs.*)—too well. Rebeliere shall lose his prize, and I will possess it. Nay, shrink not. Love and affection such as a brave man can give shall be yours.

Eli. Villain! Is this the return you make for my entreaties to spare you from your taskmasters? Is this your manly notions of freedom, to oppress a helpless woman? Begone, nor dare again address me!

Pal. These haughty airs will not save you, madam.

Eli. But my courage shall! I fear not your threats or menaces. The blood that flows in my veins teaches me to despise fear. Become yours—your bride? Dog! rather would I die a thousand deaths than submit to such bondage! Away, lest I implore that power which watches over innocence, to strike thee dead. Away! away!

Pal. A brave spirit, and fit mate for Palerme. Let this kiss seal our love.

Eli. Stand back, villain! Pollute me not! Your looks fill my soul with horror! Away! (*He advances.*) Give me my freedom, and gold shall be yours. I will procure your pardon. Be merciful, and let me pass unmolested on my way. Mercy! Why am I thus cast friendless, helpless, at this man's mercy? Where is the kind master of this hut?

Pal. Donatien? He is secured. His heart is too tender for my purpose. Yield willingly. No human power can aid you in these leafy solitudes.

Eli. Mercy! Take my wealth—life, but spare—

Pal. No, no—I have sworn you should be mine, and the oath—(*Rushes towards her—she breaks from him, and seizing pistols, levels them at him—he retreats. Picture*)

Eli. Now advance a step towards me, and I'll send your soul to answer for its crimes. Down, and beg mercy! Your knees, slave, to your mistress, or I'll shoot you as you stand! Down! (*Levels pistols. Palerme kneels gradually.*) Ha, ha, ha! This is as it should be. How well the humble suppliant knee becomes a brave man! Lower! Let your vile head bow to the dust. Lower! kiss the dust beneath my feet. Now if you offer to rise, or prevent my departure, you die. No words, slave! Obey in silence, and let my mercy teach you forbearance. (*Going.*) Down—down, I say—(*The Slaves re-appear at the opening—Palerme motions them—they advance silently.*)—and take your worthless life! (*The Slaves seize her—Palerme starts up.*)

Pal. I will—to triumph! Again you are mine!

Eli. Spare me—spare me!

Pal. I will, lovely one. Away with her to the rocks!

Eli. Help! help! (*Music. Donatien rushes in, scatters Slaves, and snatches Elinore to his arms. Picture.*)

Don. Stand off! Is this the way to show your gratitude for liberty, to injure suffering innocence? Oh, heartless villain, this is your work.

Pal. It is, and I glory in its execution. Why are you here to council me?

Don. I burst through the bonds your companions had bound me with, and flew back—thank Heaven in time to save her, my more than life! Desist from your wicked purpose. Leave me to restore her to reason.

Pal. Give up my prize to you? Never! I do not seek to injure you unless you force yourself upon me. Leave the girl to her fate.

Don. Her fate is mine. We will die together!

Bulls. (*At opening.*) Die? That be damned! Never, while Bill Bull's eye can lend a helping hand. What's the row?

Eli. Save us from these cruel men—

Bulls. To be sure I will, ma'am. I've just cut and run from some of the pirates. Sheer off, ye lubbers, and let the lady stand out to sea. Damme, if you don't, I'll fire a salute! (*Levels pistol.*)

Pal. Fool!

Bulls. No ugly names, my beauty, or I'll shiver your natchblock! Never say die, your honour. We're more than a match for these marines. Huzza! Jack's alive! Down with 'em! (*Strikes a Slave down—Palmerme rushes upon him—he fires.*) How do you like that, my hearty? There's a party of planters bearing down. You'll all be strung up for this.

Pal. Drag them away! Cut the madman down, and fire the hut! Quick—obey me, or we are lost! (*Slaves rush out for torches.*)

Eli. Mercy—

Don. Take my life, but spare her's—

Bulls. Spare both, and take mine—and a tough tit bit you'll find me. (*Red fire on all sides.*)

Pal. Away with them! Bind Donatien, and leave him to his fate. Now—now I triumph! (*Music. Seizes Elinore, who faints in his arms—Donatien is bound.—Bill Bull's eye rushes up stairs, seizing a long pole, and when the Slaves follow him he strikes them down—they fall over each other. Flames on all sides. Picture—on which Act Drop rapidly descends.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Rocky Defile, with Palm and Tamarind Trees scattered over the Scene. In the distance a ravine and waterfall, crossed by a bridge formed by a single tree thrown from rock to rock. Moonlight—the beams reflected on the sleepers. A fire of leaves under a clump of trees. ELINORE discovered sleeping. PALERME watching over her. The Rebel Slaves in various groups sleeping.*

Pal. Sleep on, proud beauty! Fatigue and sorrow have done their work. In spite of fear, sleep conquers, Her prayers almost caused my stubborn will to waver—but the shade of my murdered Naomie rose, bleeding and mutilated before me, and the hopes of mercy were for ever lost to her. I dare not go back—the whole colony would be raised to hunt and shoot us down. Still in death revenge would be mine. She shall die with me!

Whirl. (*Pops up his head behind bush.*) No go! Not yet! That fellow's on the watch!

Pal. (*Walking among Slaves.*) Poor drones, they forget their peril, and the bitter price this much prized freedom will cost them. Liberty will be dearly purchased.

Whirl. (*Aside.*) It'll be dear at any price, old boy, when they catch you! (*Music. Palerme disappears among the trees. Whirligig emerges from the bush.*)

Whirl. Pleasant treat, this! Kidnapping in the woods—made a prisoner by these rebel chaps. They'll roast the Quaker when they get hungry. Lord, perhaps they may keep me for stuffing! Where's my stick of black sealing-wax? I want to make an impression on her—borrow one of her dresses. Disguised as one of the soft sex, I may escape from this cursed wood, give the alarm, and rescue Madame Elinore. How soundly she sleeps, poor thing, in her sky parlour! Where's Jenny? That nice man, Palerme, is coming back. How I should like—(*Squares.*)—just one blow. That would be the dodge—I'd make him wish that his mother had never married his father. Jenny! Jenny, you devil, where are you tucked up? (*Steals among the rocks.*)

Pal. (*Returning.*) All is secure! I must rouse Elinore, and pursue our march. Further delay may be fatal. (*Goes to Elinore.*) Lady—lady, wake! rouse ye—(*Touches her.*)

Eli. (*Waking.*) The sky—the trees! Am I dreaming
or ill?

Pal. It is reality—no dream.

Eli. (Starts.) *Palerme!*

Pal. Aye, lady. (Bows.)

Eli. My brain is confu ed. Why am I here? Ha—I remember now too well. Your treachery—the burning but—my generous defender! Where is he?

Pal. In safety, but far from you. I sought not to harm him. Sleep stole over your tired senses, and we bore you many miles from him. Fear not.

Eli. I do fear the worst at your hands. Where are my attendants?

Pal. In the hands of my people. By daybreak they shall be restored to liberty.

Eli. And I?

Pal. Must on with me, till we are far beyond the reach of pursuers.

Eli. Ruffian, I will instantly depart.

Pal. You shall.

Eli. Alone?

Pal. With me!

Eli. Never, slave! Return to your senses. Am I not your mistress, *Elinore de Tourville*?

Pal. You were to have been the wife of *Monsieur Rebeliere*. Repeat that name—let me hear it again and again! It glads my heart. You would have been the wife of one who gloats and rejoices to inflict injuries on those beneath him—the wife of that man who has tortured me soul and body, and who would take my life without remorse or pity if I again fell into his hands.

Eli. Why should I suffer for his crimes? Release me, and never shall word or deed of mine betray you. Oh, let my sorrow touch your rugged heart—let my tears of anguish move you to compassion. What have I done? By the sacred name of the mother that bore you—if you ever loved and cherished a sister's affection, or possess one feeling in common with the human race, pity and restore me to my home—(Kneels.)

Pal. And his embrace. Never! Listen, girl, and learn why I hate. I once loved a young slave—how ardently words cannot pourtray. I was to marry her. We were blest—happy! But the evil day soon came upon us. Your guardian, the villain *Rebeliere* blighted by his name saw my *Naomie*. His brutal passions were aroused. In spite of my prayers, threats, or entreaties, she, my hope, my soul, was torn from me and given to her betrayer. Furious, mad, I sought his life, and when I asked for my beloved one, he laughed, and gave me to the

lash. She sank under his brutal treatment, and died—thank Heaven, released from his accursed power! Now can you wonder that I hate him, and all that he loves?

Eli. You have just cause to hate him, but I am guiltless of all injuries towards you. Leave me to punish Rebelliere.

Pal. No, no—I will punish him myself. You shall be mine. This soft white hand shall smoothe my burning brow—those coral lips—(*Trying to embrace her.*)

Eli. Wretch! Back! back, and learn to respect that which you have dared to trifle with—a woman's safeguard, her honour! (*Whirligig enters dressed in one of Jenny's dresses, with a handkerchief round his head.*)

Whirl. That's what I say, my love. Honour among thieves. (*Curtsies.*) Servant, sir. Hope you're well, sir. Same to you, Miss. (*In a woman's voice.*)

Eli. Ha! you will protect me?

Whirl. Blessed if I won't, my chicken. I've a mother's feeling. Got sixteen blessed babbies at home, and all gals.

Pal. Where did you come from?

Whirl. Cow Cross. No. 20 and a half—hem! Port Royal, I mean. I'm a lone widdy. Lost my fourth husband. A shark swallowed him all but his pigtail. He was a sailor, sir. I had that preserved, and have got it in pickle.

Pal. Why did you come here?

Whirl. For the pleasure of seeing you. (*Aside.*) The ugly rascal! Passed Master Donatien's hut all in a blaze. One of your runaway slaves told me who did it. I admire brave men so I thought I'd have a look at you, and a very nice man you are. (*To Elinore.*) All right! cheer up! Gammon!

Eli. Do not leave me—

Whirl. Devil a bit! I want a place as cook and house-keeper, to do for a single gentleman.

Pal. Do for them?

Whirl. Yes, to do them brown. (*Curtsies.*) Don't wink at me, you wicked creetur! You're so like my late lamented Pickles. Oh, don't!

Pal. Whatever your purpose may be in coming here, it will be defeated.

Whirl. Will it? (*To Elinore.*) It's me—Whirligig!

Eli. (*Starts.*) You?

Pal. What!

Whirl. (*Calls out.*) Oh, my tender place! Oh—it's the

tick *dollerous*. Did you ever have it, sir? A hot brick and a pitch plaster is good for it.

Pal. Leave us instantly.

Eli. Oh, no, no!

Whirl. Leave you, Mister? Is this your gallantry? I blush for your manners. Don't roll that left eye so—it's like a corkscrew—oh—oh!

Pal. (*Calls.*) Rise—rise! (*Slaves rise.*) Take this woman over the ravine. Prevent her tongue from babbling until we're away.

Whirl. Stop a woman's tongue! How do you do it? Get a patent for the invention, and it'll make a fortune. Stop my talking? Ha, ha! Hands off, young men—I never allow liberties. (*Aside to Elinore.*) All right—I'll look after you. Good day, sir. You've lost a good chance—I might have loved you, if you'd asked me. You might have been to me what Pickles was before he lost his pig-tail! (*Exit up rock, and over bridge to R. H. with two Slaves.*)

Pal. Prepare for your journey, lady. Nay, words are useless. Mine you must become. Do not compel me to use harshness towards you. Comrades, form a litter of leaves and branches. Our delicate prize cannot climb the rocks as we do. (*The Slaves prepare a litter of branches.*)

Eli. Lost—lost! (*Weeping.*) Wretched girl! For what am I reserved? Would that I had perished ere this hour had come! No hope—no rescue—

Pal. None. Every dog has his day. This is my day—mine, the pitiless master—so spare your cries and tears. (*Slaves bring litter forward.*) This will bear you tenderly. Come, lady—

Eli. Death—death! Give me death, rather! *Palerme seizes her hand. She struggles. Drum heard without.*

Whirl. (*Without.*) That way—down the ravine! Make haste—

Pal. Pursued! Save your lives, comrades. Quick—the bloodhounds will shoot you down!

Eli. Saved—saved—

Pal. Yes, for me—for me! (*Seizes her, and runs up the rocks. A party of Soldiers and Planters enter R. H. Short encounter.*)

Reb. (*Who has entered.*) The villain will escape us! Hold—do not fire. You will harm Elinore! (*Palerme goes to bridge with Elinore.*)

Pal. Dare to follow me, and I'll hurl her into the cataract! Dog—still I am your master.

Reb. (To *Palerme*.) Release her! Gold—pardon—life shall be yours!

Pal. I scorn them all. Hate for you—undying hate is all I feel. I have sworn to destroy her. (*Crosses bridge. Donatien appears, and receives Elinore in his arms, thrusting back Palerme on bridge.*)

Don. I have sworn to protect her! (*Shoots him—he falls, and clings to bridge.*)

Whirl. Huzza! there's one for his nob! (*Removes bridge—it falls, Palerme clinging to it.*) Aha! Give my compliments to your mother. (*Picture. Donatien embracing Elinore on the rock. Rebeliere, Soldiers, Planters, &c. in foreground. Scene closed in.*)

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Baths at Port Royal. Door and Window in F.*

HOLDFAST and *JENNY* enter R. H. *Jenny* trying to escape from him.

Jenny. You mustn't, Massa Quaker—no kissee me

Hold. I must. Yea my spirit cleaveth unto thee, damsel. Verily your voice is like unto sweet honey. Altho' thou art dark of countenance, come to me.

Jenny. No. Massa Whirlitops swear if um does. He make me his chum chum, marry me, and take me long way to England.

Hold. He is a heathen, and a lover of the flesh pots of Egypt. I am—

Jenny. Big fool!

Hold. Yea, lovely lily, thou art the honeysuckle of my desires. (*Takes her hand.*)

Jenny. I'm no money-sucker, massa. I'm Miss Elinore's own maid.

Hold. (*Sings*) "A glass is good, and a lass is good." Yea, I will exalt my voice! I would be bone of thy bone! (*Kisses her. She screams. Bull'seye looks in at window.*)

Bull. Avast heaving, mate, That's a royal salute you are firing. Two or three such broadsides, and you'll sink the craft. Easy she goes - easy!

Hold. We are interrupted. Yea, even so.

Jenny. I'll tell Missee um no like kisses from Quaker man. (*Exit D. F. Bull'seye enters.*)

Bulls. Preaching Parson Palmer to that ebony beauty, eh, Commodore! Belay, belay—

Hold. I was whispering words of comfort to the damsel. Yea!

Bulls. Devil doubts you--and a few for yourself. Have you so soon forgotten your escape from the enemy? If the sogers hadn't rescued you, my dear eyes, you'd have been a *natomy* by this time, and strung up for the crows to peck at.

Hold. Recall not the past. I am delivered of the evil one.

Bulls. Well, well, mate, never overhawl a petticoat 'gainst her will. I'm an old sailor, cradled on shipboard. I'm grown up rude, rough, and uncivil as the rude elements that rocked my slumbers, but within this tempest-beat hulk I've still left a sound heart of oak, and may that heart be shivered into splinters if ever I insult a woman! Bless 'em, they're the sailor's sheet anchor his joy ashore, and his hope at sea. They're the treasures that reward the toils of life, and the sweets that enable us to taste its sours without making wry faces.

Hold. Yea, I will uplift my voice for the ladies, bless 'em!

Bulls. Look at that Madame Elinore--there's a craft for you, fit for a Port Admiral to command. I only wishes as how she'd take a fancy to me, that's all, I'd fight yard arm and yard arm for her in a washing tub!

Hold. You are fond of war, son of the sea?

Bulls. Ain't it natural I should be? I was brought up to the business, I've seen and tasted battle, breeze, and wreck. All my old messmates are gone now up aloft. None below except them as went to Davy Jones. The noblest, heartiest seamen in the service. Lord, it used to cheer my heart to see 'em board! Damme, 'twas but the word, clear the decks, man the yards, lays her alongside, down with 'em! Danes, Swedes, and Turks, down with 'em! Make for the quarter deck! Huzza! now they give, my boys! British dogs for ever--down with their colours--they strike--they strike--give quarter, ye dogs, give quarter! Old England for ever, huzza! (*Throws up his hat, and capers--Holdfast does the same.*)

Hold. Yea, I will say huzza--huzza!

Bulls. Tuck yourself under my lee. You shall swim in grog! (*Takes his arm.*)

Hold. Yea, I will swim like unto a fish.

Bulls. You shall, old boy. We'll have a cruise together--

Hold. My heart yearns to the grog--yea!

Bulls. To be sure it does. (*Laughs. Sings "Rule Britannia."* Holdfast joins in, very loud, and out of tune They dance off. D. F. Madame Herbert enters.)

Mad. H. Arrived safe at last! I fancied we should never have reached Port Royal in safety. Neither should we, but for the gallant conduct of Julius Donatien. He set a brave example for European idlers. Such courage, united with so much delicacy of feeling! My poor mistress is deeply smitten—I can read it by the language of her eyes. Love a man of obscure origin—an *Épavé*—what will her guardian, Monsieur Rebeliere, say to it? Oh, I dread his terrible passion. (*Jenny runs on, D. F.*)

Jenny. Missee come back—Missee come back—(*Claps her hands.*) Golly—um so glad! (*Cries loud.*)

Mad. H. Silence, girl—

Jenny. Um tears choke um, and won't let um be quiet.

Enter ELINORE—Madame Herbert embraces her.

Mad. H. Bless you, love!

Jenny. Bless you, lub! Beg pardon, Missee, but my heart make me forget my dooty. [*Exit.*]

Eli. Is Monsieur Rebeliere arrived?

Mad. H. Yes. He is with the planters, regulating the punishment the runaway slaves are to receive.

Eli. Always punishment! Our escape ought to inculcate lessons of mercy. Where is our brave deliverer, Donatien?

Mad. H. Waiting without. He must not enter. Remember his condition—almost a slave.

Eli. Away with all distinctions. Do we not owe our lives to him? He it was that saved the plantation from destruction, and to him I am indebted for more than life—my honour!

Mad. H. Be calm, and reflect on the dangers you incur by encouraging Donatien further.

Eli. Did he think of danger when he stopp'd our horses mad career? Shall I, coward-like, shrink from meeting him? No—I love him, and am proud to acknowledge that love. Shall the man I love wait like a menial at my door? No, where I am he shall be—live as I live. Our fate and fortunes shall be one!

Mad. H. Think what will be said in this land of prejudice when it is known that you love one that these proud colonists esteem little above the lowest of your slaves, however noble his qualities. Then there is your guardian, Monsieur Rebeliere—

Eli. A twelvemonth this very day, and I shall be of age, at liberty!

Mad. H. And Donatien in captivity—perhaps his very life in danger.

Eli. And through me?

Mad. H. He has no title to liberty. What may not the jealousy and resentment of Rebeliere lead to?

Eli. True—true. I will see him for the last time.

Mad. H. And that last time may be his ruin!

Eli. No. I will see him here in your presence. You shall bring him to me. No obstacles—there are none—shall be none. Go, I entreat—my hope is in you.

Mad. H. It is for the last time, you remember.

[*Exit D. F.*

Eli. Part with him? Bid him adieu for ever? My heart has not the courage to pronounce the words. A new, a happy existence, has dawned upon me since I first beheld him. Part? Never! What are riches, name, birth, weighed in the scale with happiness? Nothing! I will tell him there is a country where the man of talent and merit must rise—a country where pride and egotism raise no barriers between us—a country where all are free! We will fly thither. (*Steps heard.*) Footsteps? 'Tis he! (*A pause.*) He hesitates, fears to enter. 'Tis my duty to bid him do so. (*Runs to door, opens it, and Rebeliere stands face to face with her.*)

Reb. My dearest Elinore, let me welcome you to Port Royal. Here we are beyond the reach of rebel slaves.

Eli. Thank—thanks, Monsieur. (*Aside.*) Heavens! I think I hear them! If he sees them—

Reb. I wish to deposit these papers in a place of security—then I shall be wholly at your service. [*Exit L. H.*

Eli. (*Runs to wing, R. H. Calls.*) Jenny! Jenny!

Jenny (*Runs on.*) Issa, Missee—

Eli. (*Writes in tablets—tears out leaf.*) Run with this to Madame Herbert, whom you will find near the Esplanade. (*Reads.*) “My guardian is here—come not.” (*Rebeliere re-enters before she can give it—the leaf falls.*)

Reb. I have not kept you waiting long, love. (*Leads her forward—she points aside to paper.*)

Jenny. (*Aside.*) What am she mean?

Reb. Pardon my eagerness for your society.

Eli. (*Aside.*) I tremble! (*Points.*)

Jenny. Um can't tell!

[*Exit.*

Enter MADAME HERBERT.

Mad. H. He is coming! (*Starts on seeing Rebeliere.*)

Reb. Who?

Mad. H. (*Aside.*) We are ruined

Reb. What is the matter, Madame ?

Mad. H. Nothing, sir, but —

Reb. You did not expect to see me. Pray who is it that is to be here in an instant ? Speak !

Mad. H. A person I—I ordered to bring some fruit—
(*Aside.*) If I could but warn him! (*Aloud.*) Perhaps you wou'd like some, sir ?

Ei I'll give orders. (*Going to door.*)

Reb. Stay ! (*To Madame H., who is going.*) And you also, Madame. I want nothing.

Mad. H. We are lost ! (*Enter Donatien. She motions him back.*) Retire !

Reb. (*Seeing Don.*) Who is that ? The person you expected, no doubt. Enter, sir. We are indebted to your bravery. It is right you should be rewarded. Here is gold—take it, and depart. (*Offers purse*)

Don. Gold is not my object, sir. Business of importance brings me to this house.

Eli (*Aside.*) What can he mean ?

Reb. Business of importance ! (*Aside*) 'Tis a trick to deceive me ! Your name ?

Don. Julius Donatien.

Reb. Curses on this fellow, he crosses me at every turn !

Don. If my time is ill chosen, I will call again.

Reb. No, speak as you are here. (*To Madame H. and Elinore.*) Retire a few minutes.

Eli. I tremble ! (*Exit R. with Madame H.*)

Reb. Now, sir. Are you certain your business is with me ?

Don. Of that you shall judge yourself. I am the holder of a bill for ten thousand livres, formerly accepted by Rebeliere, the Cooper, of Paris.

ELINORE re enters

Reb. What is that to me ? That Monsieur Rebeliere is dead.

Don. True. But his son lives, and is a rich planter. Do you know him ?

Reb. I am he. And you hold this bill ?

Don. I do. It is drawn in the name of M. Moreau, the rich merchant,—my kind patron, who took me to France. It was his gift to me there, together with this letter, to be delivered to you. (*Gives one*)

Reb. A demand for your freedom in his hand-writing.

Don. Yes. Monsieur Moreau, compelled to remain in France, thought he could not do better than address him—

self to you to obtain of the Governor, who is your friend, my patent of liberty, which will establish the rights I have acquired by setting foot on the soil of France.

Reb. I should happy to serve Monsieur Moreau, but he is wrong to suppose that I have merely to say to the Governor, "Do this thing" and it will be done—and still more wrong to fancy that I could pay ten thousand livres at a moment's notice.

Don. I am not anxious about the money. The bill may remain in your hands. I would be free in effect, as I am in right. All the favour I ask of you is to write at once to the Governor.

Reb. I will. (*Sees paper Elinore dropped.*) What this? (*Reads.*) "My guardian is returned—do not come." (*Aside.*) I was right, then—this is the fellow they expected! So, sir, by this paper I discover I am not the person you expected to meet here to day. This letter is all a pretext, or why not have presented it before now? It is dated a year back. Come, come—confess you came here to meet Miss Elinore, and by appointment, and I will pay the money and write for your pardon.

Don. I did not come to make a bargain, but to claim my right. That letter—

Reb. Is a forgery—and I thus destroy it! (*Tears it.*) Now where are your proofs?

Eli. (*Coming forward.*) Here (*Chord.*) I am a witness of his truth, and your treachery!

Reb. (*Aside.*) She was listening! This confirms my suspicions. Begone—leave the house!

Eli. Oh, in mercy's name, away!

Don. For your sake, lady, I obey. We shall meet again, robber!

Reb. We shall—then woe to you, *slave!*

Don. Slave! (*Raises his hand.*)

Eli. Heed him not, I beseech. I know you are free. Leave him to the enjoyment of his villainy.

Reb. You favour this man, Mademoiselle.

Eli. I do. Nay, more—I love him! Frowns will not awe me. I am proud of my love. The slave you scorn, I honour!

Don. Elinore!

Reb. (*Pointing to torn letter.*) This—this will meet his claims for ever! (*Laughs.*) Ha, ha! [*Exit L. H.*]

Eli. Leave me. I know his malicious nature. Harm will befall you. Go. Delay not a moment, if you love me!

Don. If I love you? It is too cold a word to express all my feelings. I adore you, fair girl! What are all the dangers of this world to me, knowing that I am beloved? Farewell! Fear not for me!

[Exit, kissing her, D. F.]

Eli. He must be saved from Rebeliere's cruelty at all hazards. The letter is destroyed. Money only can purchase his freedom. Until I am of age, a year hence, I am helpless, penniless. Every moment is of import. I am sure Rebeliere will immediately execute some scheme of villainy. My jewels would fetch a large sum, Yes—I will have them sold, and purchase Donatien's freedom, and so defeat the hatred of his oppressor and mine.

[Exit R H]

Re-enter REBELIERE and MICHEL.

Reb. Give notice to the authorities; and let a party of Soldiers arrest Donatien, a white slave, instantly. He is lurking about the town, and is accused of inciting the slaves to revolt. Let him not escape. Within the hour he shall be sold to the highest bidder in the market of Port Royal. I want a stout fellow or two, and will bid for him. Ha, ha! he is a stubborn rascal, and it will cost something for whips. [Exit Michel.] She loves him, and dares confess it to me, her protector. Am I to see this rich prize slip from my fingers? Thoughts that I have nourished for years to be thus disappointed through a girl's romantic whims? She little knows Rebeliere. Rather than lose her I would sacrifice life—for what is life without fortune? Her wealth is all to me. In life or death she shall be mine!

[Exit D. F.]

SCENE III.—Port Royal. *The whole Stage a Public Square. A House, with balcony. It is ascended by stairs from the Street. Under balcony, a window. Another folding window opens on balcony. A dungeon, with large grated window and door on the opposite side of the Stage—a wall joins it, and extends to the sea. Set Waters. A flag staff, from which floats the Union Jack, is placed before a house on wing—"The English Arms."*

Music. WHIRLIGIG lands from a boat that runs on; with BULL'S EYE. Whirligig still disguised as a Woman.

Bull's. There, mother—you're all taut now. If ever you want to come aboard the "Pelican," you hail me.

Whirl. I will, my dear. Good day! Bless your old haccy box! I'll smuggle a drop of the right sort for you.

Bulls. Aye, aye. All right, mother! (*Rows off.*)

Whirl. Give my love to the boatswain! Ha, ha, ha! here's a dodge! I find the petticoats suit me to a T. I shan't be in a hurry to change 'em again! I'm doing a tidy business with the sailors—selling off all my damaged stock at double the price they cost me. It's more profitable than the thimble rig, and twice as respectable. Mother Bung, the Bumboat Woman! What a name for a man! I must see Master Rebelaire, and get something for drowning that rebel chap, Palerme. It did astonish his nerves when I pulled the bridge down! Served him right, the vagabond! These are Rebeliere's rooms, I believe—next door to the British Consul's. Ah, that flag looks like home. The bit of bunting makes me think of my poor dear old mother!

ELINORE enters, D. F. under balcony.

Eli. How can I save him? Ah, my good woman—

Whirl. I ain't a good woman, ducky! I'm a precious bad 'un! Don't you know me, Miss Elinore? I won't deceive you—I'm Whirligig, the pedlar!

Eli. Brave fellow! Providence has surely sent you hither.

Whirl. No, it was Bull'seye, Miss. He rowed me ashore.

Eli. (*Produces jewel case.*) A life that I value more than my own is about to be sacrificed. You must save it.

Whirl. Won't I? Whose is it?

Eli. My brave deliverer, Donatien. I fear my guardian seeks his life or liberty—to sell him to slavery! If so, he must do it publicly in the open market place, here. Take these jewels—they will produce twenty thousand francs. You purchase him, and restore him to me.

Whirl. If I don't, I'm d—! Beg pardon, Miss—but I'll do it. They won't suspect a woman—a poor lone *widdy*.

Eli. May I trust you?

Whirl. Lady, with your life. Rather than touch a farthing of this money, or deceive you, I'd perish! No, no—an Englishman would be ashamed to stain that flag by cheating a fellow creature in distress. All right! I'll shew them the dodge!

Eli. My eternal gratitude will be yours! Give all to secure his liberty. [*Exit into house.*]

Whirl. I will—and if that ain't enough, they shall have all I've won by the thimble rig, peas and all! (*A March heard.* Hollo! they're bringing in a prisoner! Tis my man! (*Goes up Stage.*)

DONATIEN, guarded by Soldiers, headed by **MICHEL**, enters.

Mich. We must place him in this dungeon. I'll answer for his security here. (*Unlocks dungeon. Donatien is placed in. The Soldiers march off U. R. H. Elinore is seen watching from window.*) These keys must be given to Monsieur Rebeliere. You will be comfortable enough there, my master.

Eli. So near me! (*Michel ascends stairs with keys, and exits into Rebeliere's room.*)

Don. How I suffer! These cords eat into my flesh! Oh, if I were but free from them!

Eli. Poor victim! No one help you?

Whirl. I'm here! All snug, mum! I'm up to a thing or two. (*Rebeliere appears in balcony, followed by Michel, who comes down and exits.*)

Reb. So, he is in my power! The hound that she prefers to me! He shall be sold—then begin torments that shall end only in death. Slowly will they die, racked by despair! There is rapture in the very thought—balm that will refresh my soul e'en while my body sleeps. (*Re-enters room.*)

Eli. (*Entering from door.*) I must see him instantly!

Whirl. Hush! The keys are up there. I saw the overseer take them.

Eli. Then I will endeavour to obtain them. At all risks I will have those keys. Remain you here. (*Ascends stealthily.*)

Whirl. There's a trump for you! Nothing like us petticoats, after all!

Reb. I thought I heard footsteps. (*Rises, and enters balcony.*) Ha—'tis you, fair madam! (*Retires behind window.*)

Eli. (*Not seeing him.*) They are there. I dare not enter—my courage fails me. Agitation deprives me of all my strength! (*She enters room.*)

Whirl. (*Seeing Rebeliere watching.*) He here? The devil!

Reb. What can be her intentions?

Eli. A moment more, and all may be lost! (*Descends, followed by Rebeliere, unseen by her.*) Mine—mine! (*She approaches prison.*) He shall escape—

Reb. (*Seizing her, and taking keys.*) That depends on me, Madame. Give me those keys—

Whirl. All the fat's in the fire now!

Eli. Beware, sir, nor increase the chasm that is hourly widening between us,

Reb. My authority over you has not yet expired. Retire to your room. I command it.

Eli. Another year, sir, and I defy you! (*She exits into house.*)

Reb. The dog shall be sold without delay?

[*Exit U. E. R. H.*

Whirl. You may manage one woman, but you must be a clever chap to manage two. (*Runs to prison.*) All right! wake up—here's a friend at hand. Take this file—you'll soon be out. Always carry my working tools in my pocket!

Don. (*At grating.*) Shall I, then, be free?

Whirl. Rather! Lord, your arms are tied! I'll file for you! (*Files bars and sings*) "A chisel, a knife, and a file, and a dubsman"—cursed hatd, this is! There's one—another will do. You're not over fat—try a squeeze. That's it—try another. There, now you're out! I'll cut the ropes. Now, don't! Stop—Miss Elinore's there—

Don. One farewell, love—'tis I! (*Elinore rushes to his arms.*)

Eli. Restored to me! Oh, who did this?

Whirl. This delicate little toothpick. But don't stand hugging there. He'll be back directly. Oh, my nerves!

Don. Is it possible? Am I in my senses. Do I hold you in my arms?

Eli. Yes, yes. For my sake, be calm. Every issue is guarded. Soldiers with loaded arms watch.

Whirl. They're coming! All the planters, townspeople, and soldiers. We're dished!

Don. Here, then, let me die!

Eli. If you love me, attempt not your life. Submit—suffer yourself to be sold—aye, even sold! Do all this for one who loves, and swears to save you!

Don. As you please. My fate, life, and honour are all yours.

Whirl. Come back. Don't be afraid. I'll have you knocked down to me.

Eli. You will obey me?

Don. Blindly, love. (*Music. Kisses her hand—she retires. He is placed in dungeon. Whirligig puts the bars up.*)

Whirl. All my trouble for nothing! Better luck next time. (*Music. Soldiers enter and form. Planters, Slaves, Male and Female. Rebeliere, Michel, Judge of Sale, also enter, and form a semi-circle.*)

Judge. Bring forth your slave! (*Michel conducts Do-*

nation forth. Madame Herbert, Jenny, and Elinore in balcony.)

Judge. This, gentlemen, is Julius Donatien—an Epave—a slave. A most valuable lot. Who will bid?

Whirl. I will. What's the figure, Muster Salesman! I'm a poor lone widdy.

Reb. Walk, sir. I wish to see you walk. Do you hear, slave?

Don. True—I am one, because you, in defiance of justice and humanity, make me so—because I did not demand my liberty with a pistol in one hand, my letter in the other—because I trusted to your honesty. I thought you were a man—I found you were a monster!

Eli. Brave heart! You hear?

Whirl. Knock him down to me at any price!

Reb. Insolent scoundrel! Proceed with the sale. I'll hear no more. Two thousand francs for the rascal!

Whirl. Three thousand for the rascal!

Reb. Four—

Whirl. Five thousand, my rum 'un!

Reb. Are you mad, woman, to bid such a sum?

Whirl. Can't give too much for a good husband. I'm a lone widdy—Mrs. Bung!

Reb. Five thousand, five hundred—

Whirl. Six thousand! Go it, my darling! Six and a half—I'll make it seven!

Reb. Fool! Ten thousand—

Eli. (To Whirl) Bid—bid twice the sum.

Judge. Going at ten thousand—

Whirl. Not quite. Eleven—twelve! That'll do the trick, won't it, Mister? (To Reb. Mob shout.)

Reb. There is some mystery here. But this shall end it. Twenty thousand francs—

Whirl. Oh, murder! That's all I've got: Twenty thousand fifty—a bacca box—peas and thimbles. Let me have him, and I'll teach you the rig, my rum 'un!

Reb. Twenty-one thousand. He is mine!

Judge. Going—going at twenty-one thousand—(Elinore descends.)

Mad. H. Take this letter quickly. Read—read—

Eli. Merciful heaven! What is this? Forbear. There is yet one way to save him. Every slave who marries a free woman is free in right as if he were born so—such is our law, is it not?

Reb. Yes—yes, it is

Eli. Then I, Elinore de Tourville, a free woman, will

THE WHITE SLAVE.

marry Julius Donatien, the despised slave! (*The Mob shout.*)

Whirl. One shout more for luck, my boys! Hurrah!

Reb. You, my ward—marry him? (*Clock strikes 12.*)

Eli. I am no longer, sir, your ward. Your guardianship expires, not twelve months hence, but this very day. I am now of age, and absolute mistress of my person and my will, and here do I publicly proclaim myself the future wife of Julius Donatien.

Don. Wife?

Reb. Never!

Eli. 'Tis true. This certificate of my birth proves me of age to-day, and the right to choose a husband.

Reb. 'Tis false. I say you have another year.

Mad. H. No, no—and I can prove it. I was present at her birth, and had that paper from her dying mother, who wished her to reach the age of twenty-two before she became mistress of her fortune.

Reb. Believe not her words. She encourages revolt. Seize that miscreant, or your lives and property are endangered. Secure him! (*General movement.*)

Whirl. Run—run, lady. Throw yourself on the protection of our British flag! (*They run to pole with flag.*)

Eli. Touch us at your peril now England's flag of Freedom waves proudly over us! (*Whirligig lowers flag, and wraps them it*)

Reb. Separate them!

Whirl. Let them try, if they dare. Come on—"Britons never will be slaves!" (*Music. The "Pelican" war sloop sails on, with gun boats. Bull'seye, Marines, and Sailors land rapidly with Officers.*)

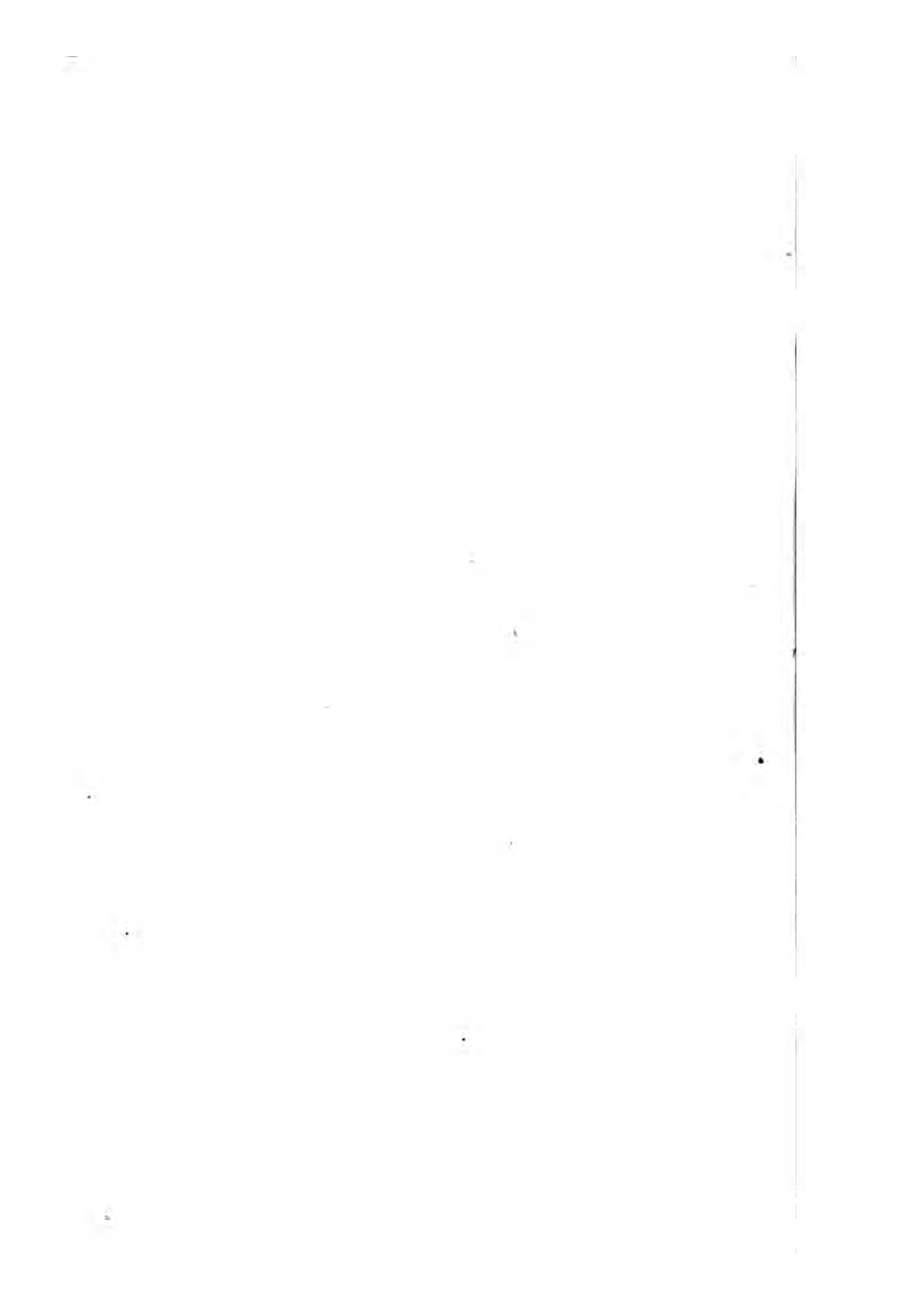
Reb. Foiled! My poinard still can reach him! *He rushes on Donatien—Bull'seye shoots him—he falls dead.*)

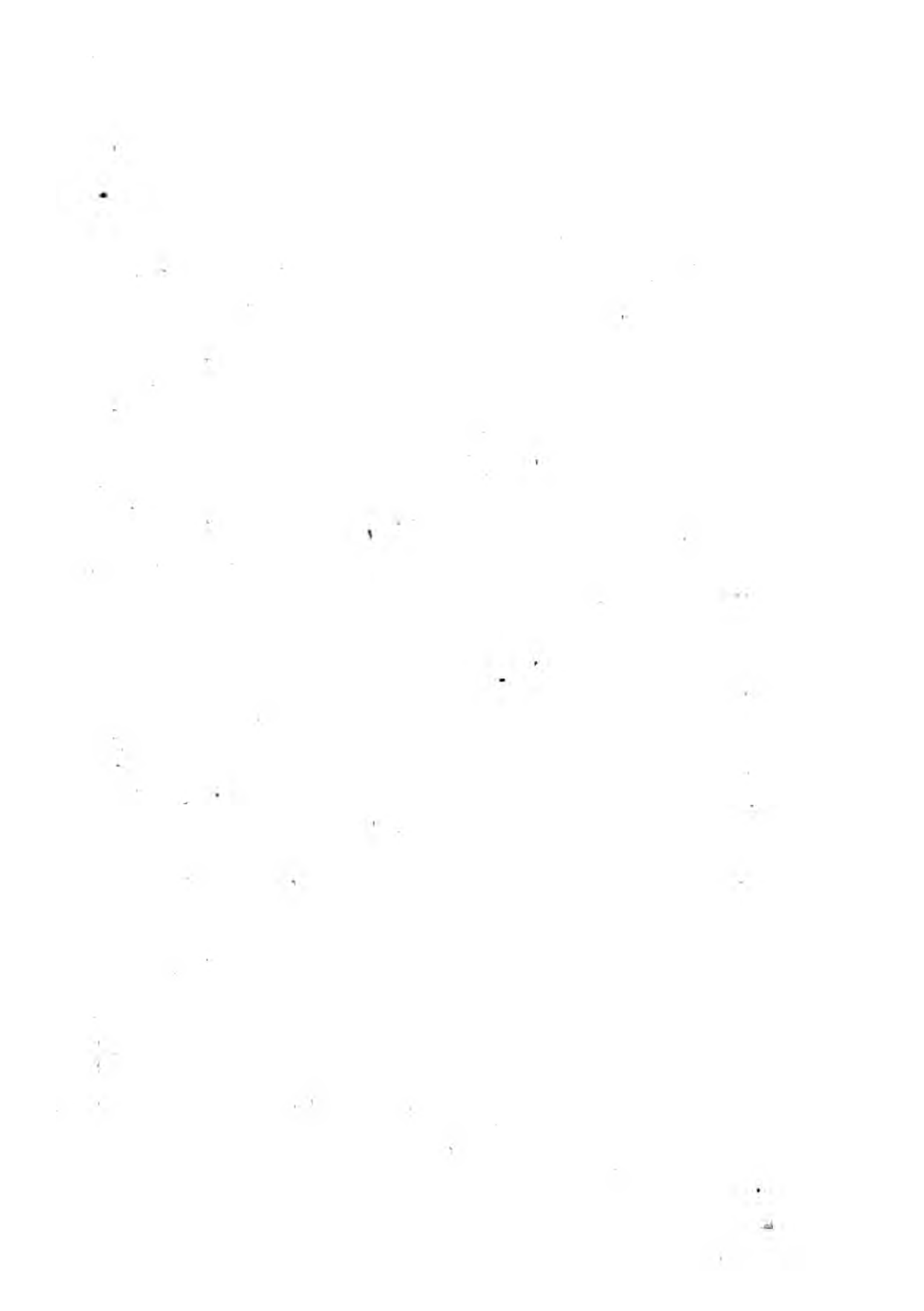
Whirl. Not yet. That's the settler!

Eli. Saved! saved! My husband saved by the Flag of Freedom! (*She embraces Donatien—the vessel salutes—Soldiers present as the flag is raised again by Bull'seye. Music. "Rule Britannia." Picture.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.









R. Cruikshank, Del.

White, Sc.

Ali Pacha.

Selim. Ali, I obey.—Come on!

Act II. Sc. 3.

ALI PACHA ;

OR,

THE SIGNET-RING :

A MELO-DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

By JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "BRUTUS," &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

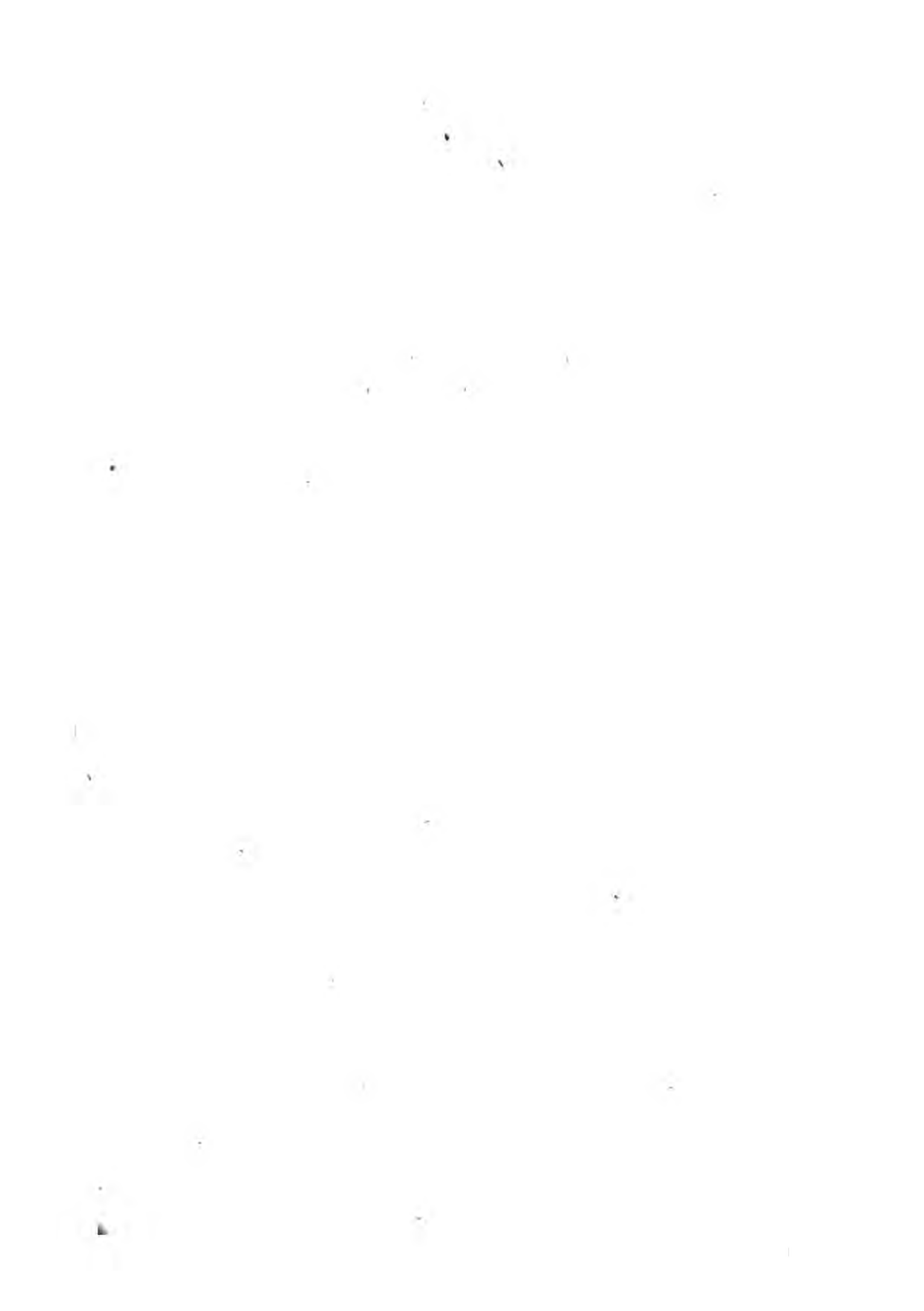
THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. WHITE, from a Drawing by Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.



REMARKS.

Ali Pacha.

THE dramatist acts wisely who avails himself of extraordinary characters and events, and transfers them to the stage. A turbaned Turk, or a bashaw with three, or more tails, are formidable enough in history; but when they march forth, surrounded by their ebony ministers, with bowstring and scymitar, we feel our heads instinctively shake, as if they sat with tremulous uncertainty on our shoulders. What is the firing of fifty citadels in *description*, to the veritable blowing-up of one garrison of paint, paper, and pasteboard? And a whole volley of musketry, discharged through the medium of an extraordinary gazette, is a mere flash in the pan, a popgun, to the superior emphasis of an actual pistol-shot by one of the *dramatis personæ*! *Seeing* is in fact *believing*—even the strange and incomprehensible exploits of Sinbad and Munchausen become less improbable by dramatic representation. We have beheld a horse and his rider dangling from a church-steeple, and hardly questioned its reality; and we have seen our old friend, Joe Grimaldi, swallow some dozen yards of polony, and despatch more mutton-pies in a minute, than the flying pieman would reckon a good week's consumption among his ordinary customers; and for the moment we have lauded his appetite, and treated the exhibition as nothing impossible.

Mr. Payne knew the effect of scenic illusion, and profited by his knowledge. To the *reading* public—which of *course* comprehends the nation at large,—the character of Ali Pacha was tolerably well known; but, it being necessary, as a preliminary step, to catch the old tiger, previous to exhibiting him like his brother Bajazet in a cage—and a most delicate monster he would have made!—the only way of surmounting the difficulty, was to show him up by deputy; and Mr. Farren concentrated all the wondrous powers of his art to produce a picture of age, cruelty, sensuality, and avarice, never surpassed. Mr. Payne was peculiarly fortunate in his subject; he had nothing more to say than was absolutely set down for him: for to have conceived a monster of greater ferocity than Ali Pacha, would have been to paint a devil that the infernal regions would hardly have been hot enough to hold. Some licence has been taken with regard to the manner of his death. He was treacherously murdered by an emissary from the sultan; but a *blowing-up* was more dramatic. It is immaterial by what means the world was delivered from such a barbarian.

This melodrama is eminently calculated for scenic display. The story is interesting, and it was more than usually well supported in the acting.

☞ D—G.

Costume.

ALIPACHA.—Crimson large gown, with full sleeves; blue long tunic, trimmed with fur, and gold embroidery; scarlet leather belt, embroidered with gold; green velvet cap, and green boots; white trowsers.

SELIM.—White long tunic, with very deep shawl border; white trowsers; very handsome crimson shawl, with deep border, gold fringe and embroidery; white turban, with rich ornaments.

ZENOCLES.—Crimson cap, with gold tassels; crimson fly jacket, with sleeves, richly ornamented with gold; white muslin tunic, with gold trimming and fringe; crimson leggings; yellow buskins.

HASSAN.—Black velvet fly, blue stripe vest and trowsers trimmed with gold; white turban, crimson shawl.

ISMAIL.—Brown long robe; yellow vest, and white trowsers and turban, embroidered with gold.

TALATHON.—Brown velvet long robe, trimmed with fox fur; rich flowered vest, embroidered all over; white trowsers, and turban.

MOUCTAR.—Black legs and arms, short white trowsers, leopard-skin fly, white vest, crimson sash, brass round the arms and legs, and brass fillet with the turban.

CITIZEN OF YANINA.—Brown long gown, and striped long vest, plain.

CITIZENS.—The same sort of dress.

SOLDIERS.—Turkish fly, and trowsers.

HELENA.—Rich green satin long robe, embroidered all over, silk turban, yellow muslin under-dress.

Cast of the Characters at the Theatre-Royal, COVENT-GARDEN.

<i>Ali Pacha</i>	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Selim</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Zenocles, (a Suliot Chief)</i>	Mr. T. P. Cooke.
<i>Hassan</i>	Mr. Farley.
<i>Ismail</i>	Mr. Mears.
<i>Talathon</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Mouctar, (an African)</i>	Mr. Horrebow
<i>Citizen of Yanina</i>	Mr. Parsloe.
<i>Helena</i>	Miss Love

Citizens, Soldiers, &c. &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may, in all cases, be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.



ALI PACHA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On the right of the audience the city of Yanina stretching out in perspective along the borders of a large lake. On the left a chain of rocks. In the centre of the lake an island, with a fortress upon it. Women and Children of Yanina, with a few Greek Soldiers, are seen, as the curtain rises, flying, L., from the city gate. ZENOCLES appears upon the rocks. He descends rapidly, R.*

Zeno. Whither do ye fly? What danger threatens you?

Sol. Ali! the execrable Ali!

Zeno. Ali!—

Sol. Informed of the advance of Ismail, with the Sultan's army, he hastened from yon citadel, to reduce Yanina to ashes, ere his foe could reach it. Look where from our palaces and temples the rising flames give the awful signal of pillage and murder.

[The City appears in flames.]

Zeno. And ye are Greeks, and suffer this? Shame! shame!

Sol. Surprised, unarmed, our bravest warriors are in the tyrant's power. Perhaps, e'en now, surrounded by his satellites, they fall, heartlessly butchered. Wrath of Heaven! vengeance!

[All extend their arms to Heaven, as in supplication.]

Zeno. Heaven hears your prayers. Ay, vengeance! vengeance!

[Music.]

Sol. Stranger, who art thou?

Zeno. Zenocles! son of the murdered Patriarch of Epirus,—saved, while an infant, by a faithful servant, from the massacre of my whole race by the tyrant, Ali. My mother, with my sister at her breast, was

plunged, by order of the merciless Pacha, into the waters of this very lake. I have sworn to avenge them. The hour approaches. Ismail mourns his father, the Vizier Ibrahim, a captive in the monster's hold. I but await his coming, to confide to him my plan for the destruction of our common foe.

Sol. His destruction! Has he not that fearful citadel in the lake to shelter him, when he quits the smoking ruins of Yanina?

Zeno. That citadel is commanded by Talathon, under Ali Pacha, who not long since refused to lend himself to the murder of the defenceless Suliots. By me the life of Talathon was once preserved, and could I but obtain access to him, I trust——

[*Ships from L. to c.*

Sol. Look! look, where the fleet of Ali, laden with the plunder of Yanina, returns to the citadel.

[*The Fleet of Ali appears in the middle of the lake, making all sail for the island.*

Zeno. Let us march to meet Ismail—to welcome our avenger.

Soldiers. Death to the race of Ali!

Zeno. Liberty and vengeance!

All. Liberty and vengeance!

[*Exeunt, R.—The Cannon of the Citadel salute, L.—scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*Music.—The Gardens of the Fortress, &c*

Enter MOUCTAR, L., followed by HASSAN, with a flask in his hand.

Hass. Well, but Mouctar, good Mouctar, don't look so black at me. No, I forgot; it's your nature, and you can't help it;—but hear my defence; hear my defence.

Mouc. No fooling! you have disobeyed orders, and shall be punished for it. Were you not expressly forbidden to hold any communication with the prisoner?

Hass. Well, I confess I am too tender-hearted; but I'm sure you must allow I am greatly improved. Before I entered into the service of the Pacha, I had the misfortune to be a good Mussulman; I kept the laws of the Koran, and held this glorious liquor to be an abomination: poor deluded wretch that I was! Mark the

effects of superior society. I defy any one to say I've the least spark of religion left in me, or am ever known sober four-and-twenty hours together.

Mouc. Be warned, then, and let me not find you again guilty of such behaviour, or Ali shall certainly be informed of it, and your life may answer for your disobedience. [*Distant music.*] Hark! he comes! our mighty master returns triumphant from Yanina. Remember, now!

[*MOUCTAR goes up the stage, and exit, L.*

Hass. [*Throwing away the flask.*] All the torments of Za'anai light on the blood-thirsty Pacha, and his ebony prime minister! Were it not for the love I bear to his grandson, Selim, and the beautiful Helena, I would soon show the fortress a clean pair of heels; but the hope of being useful to them induces me to make myself agreeable to Ali; and by jesting with him, and drinking wine (Allah pardon me!) with his men, I'm in such favour, that I'm permitted to run about like a favourite marmoset, and thereby render the loving young couple numberless little attentions. Ha! here comes the grasping old skin-flint, with more grist for his money-mill. Ugh! curse you! I wish you were dangling in your own horse-tails! [*Exit, R.—Music.*

Enter Slaves, L. U. E., bearing coffers, filled with treasures, and other valuable effects, found in the plunder of Yanina, Guards, and lastly ALI PACHA, SELIM, and MOUCTAR.

Ali. The flames of Yanina have lighted us bravely home. 'Tis thus that Ali gives up cities to his foe. Vain Ismail has promised to bear my head to the Sultan. Let his Tartars seek it o'er the cannon of my citadel. If the treasures I have already hoarded there have stirred up the ambition of the Divan, it may find in these new spoils a fresh excitement. Let them come all. Hatred might have given the enemy dangerous auxiliaries in the inhabitants of Yanina; but of them fitting care has been taken, and Ismail will only find widows and orphans, where he hopes for soldiers. [*To SELIM.*] Son of Veli Thebelen, why those downcast looks? Does Ali's grandson wear a woman's heart?

Se. Can I do aught but shudder, when I see thy wrath pulling the world's great curse upon your race? Where'er you step, that spot becomes a ruin!

Ali. 'Twas upon ruins that Alexander wrote his immortality.

Se. But thou, the rebel subject of the Sultan——

Ali. Weary of being his slave, am become his rival; but, no more of this. If you prize my regard, insult me not by a weakness unworthy of the blood of Ali.

Se. What you call weakness is my glory; to that I owe the love of——

Ali. Silence! [*Waves his hand to MOUCTAR, &c. who fall back; then, aside to SELIM.*] The sons of Ali should find no glory but in the field; yet, if thy heart must needs have stooped to love, could it not have chosen a worthier object than the sister of that stern Suliot, Zenocles, the most daring, the most inveterate of my foes?

Se. She knows not she is the sister of Zenocles. Oh! Heaven, avert from her all suspicion of her parentage! Knowing it, she would curse me for mine.

Ali. I curse myself for the coward pity which made me listen to the prayer which saved her. Little did I think, when, yielding to your mother's supplication, I suffered Helena to escape the destruction of her family, to be reared by her, a nameless orphan in this island,—little did I think the girl would live to rob the race of Ali of a hero.

Se. To love is the hero's privilege; and his first duty to protect the helpless.

Ali. [*Sternly.*] No more! leave me! Away, I say! Slaves, bear the treasures into the citadel. Mouctar, remain with me.

[*Music.*—ALI impatiently repeats his order to SELIM to retire. He obeys; Slaves, Guards, &c. exeunt, L., with treasure. HASSAN lingers behind.]

Hass. [*Aside.*] What can he want with Mouctar? Some new mischief towards. I'll listen.

[*Conceals himself, R.*]

Ali. [*After ascertaining he is alone with MOUCTAR.*] Mouctar, I believe none of my slaves rival thee in devotion to thy master.

Mouc. Knew I of one that did——

Ali. What would you do?

Mouc. Stab him!

Ali. 'Tis well. Mark me! Helena has won the love of Selim. She has destroyed the noble spirit which should burn in the bosom of my grandson. She must die!

Mouc. [*Drawing his sword.*] My lord I hasten——

Ali. Hold! not so. You know her mother's fate, in the centre of the lake? Go,—tell her it is my wish that she should leave the island ere Ismail attack it, and that I have secured her a temporary asylum in the convent of Sotira.

Mouc. I understand. I fly to execute your orders.

[*Exit, R.—Music.*]

Ali. [*Alone.*] Ay! let her perish;—let the daughter of the patriarch of Epirus, the sister of the hated Zenocles, sink in the silent waters, restoring Selim's heart to war, which with the race of Ali should have no rival. Go, join thy mother, girl. Now to place my newly-acquired treasures in the secret vaults, safe, safe, safe!

[*Exit, R.*]

Hass. [*Comes forward.*] "Safe, safe!" I wish to the prophet you were "safe, safe," in a secret vault, with a nicely carved stone turban atop of it.—Join her mother, indeed!—that she sha'n't, if I can help it; but there is no time to be lost. Let me seek Selim instantly.

[*Music.—Exit HASSAN hastily, L.*]

Re-enter MOUCTAR, R. U. E., leading HELENA.

Hel. But why, why this haste? May I not behold Selim ere I go? Where is he, Mouctar? Oh! give hope to my drooping heart! You have but lately parted from him. Oh! speak to me of Selim.

Mouc. Lady, Ismail advances with the foe; we must cross the lake immediately, or the opportunity will be lost. Why this agitation?

Hel. I cannot bear that lake. My infant slumbers have been broken by dreams of its storied victims. Often and often have I stolen from my bed, to shroud my chamber window, which looks out upon its waters, lest I should behold the spectre-boat, where the wife of the patriarch of Epirus is said nightly to re-appear with the poor babe, to whom she sang the lullaby which proved their requiem.

Mouc. [*Impatiently.*] There is no time for idle talk like this. Away! away!

[*Music.—MOUCTAR seizes her fiercely. She recoils.*]

Enter SELIM, L.

Se. Helena!

Hel. Selim!

[Rushes into his arms.]

Mouc. *[Aside.]* Confusion! *[Aloud.]* My lord, it was the pacha's order that I should guide that girl.

Se. Hence! Dare the carrion bird darken o'er paradise? Hence, wretch! I know thee thoroughly. Tell Ali, Selim answers for Helena.

Mouc. I only urged the orders of the pacha; but I leave you, my lord: with Ali you will reckon, for preventing the discharge of my duty—perhaps, too, for not remembering your own. *[Exit MOUCTAR, R.]*

Hel. Dearest Selim! whence these flashings of your angry eye? Whence the strange shuddering which shook you as you gazed on Mouctar?

Se. I shuddered at the danger you escaped.

Hel. Danger! What danger?

Se. You were well nigh lost to Selim, and irrevocably. Alone, with this remorseless monster, traversing the lake, whose fatal stream already has received—Oh, Helena! Let us fly this place of horror! Let us escape this atmosphere of death. Ha! what said I? Shall Selim fly?—when foes beset his family, desert his post like a coward?

Hel. Can you regret dangers which yield no glory? Forsake your own family, where you can only meet examples of perfidy, and let us seek together, through the cities of Greece, for some trace of mine,—mine, of whom I know nothing but the misfortune.

Se. Oh! if you prize Selim's love, ne'er seek to know your family. (L.) Come with me, lovely innocence!—Let me hide thee from the malice of Ali, then return, to fight his battles.

[Music.—He hurries her towards the wing.]

Enter HASSAN, L.

Hass. Whither haste you, my lord?

Se. To shield Helena from the fury of the pacha.

Hass. It needs not. Our prophet be praised! She has nothing more to fear from Ali. By her death he hoped to extinguish your love, and give your undivided soul to war. But war no longer demands victories. An ambassador is here from Ismail—he brings us peace.

Se. Peace!

Hel. Unlook'd-for happiness!

Se. Where is Ali now ?

Hass. Preparing for rejoicing, to celebrate the recent victory.

Se. His victory over Yanina ? The howling ghosts of a people massacred in cold blood should be his song of glory ; and shades, pointing to wounds, not given in battle, form his train of triumph. My soul sickens at the scene 'tis doomed to bear a part in. Return, dearest Helena, to the haram. Come, Hassan, with me to Ali. May our supplications that he sign the treaty prosper, and war vanish at the prayer of mercy !

[*Music.*—*Exeunt* HELENA, R., SELIM and HASSAN, L.

SCENE III.—*Rich terrace, and portico of the Castle of the Lake, with Haram and Gardens :—canopy on L.*

Enter ZENOCLES, disguised as a Turk, and TALATHON,
L. U. E.

Tal. Now, stranger, what would you with me ?

Zeno. Are we by ourselves ?

Tal. Whence this mystery ? Who art thou ?

Zeno. [*discovering himself.*] Zenocles.

Tal. Zenocles !

Zeno. Anguish has worn my features. Ten years of suffering work awful changes. Do you still doubt ?

Tal. The saviour of my life—

Zeno. Now comes to save your honour.

Tal. How chances this ? A Suliote chief the ambassador of Ismail !

Zeno. That character is a stratagem ; 'twas assumed but to open these gates, and enable me to converse with Talathon.

Tal. And what do you expect from Talathon ?

Zeno. Mark me ! You are not the only Greek who, spell-bound by the genius of Ali Thebelen, is become the accomplice of his crimes. But a new glory awaits you—the glory of effacing the stain which soils your name, by the destruction of your country's tyrant.

Tal. Shall the chief of Ali's warriors betray him in adversity ?

Zeno. Have you not already betrayed your country in adversity, by joining Ali ? Is it only towards Greece that her sons think perjury no crime ? Oh, men ! men ! Offspring of the soil which has sent arts and refinement through the earth ; which has filled history with its first

great examples; which has taught countries unborn, when it was greatest, to be free and great—oh! men of Greece, can ye alone crouch tamely to the barbarian, and invite the yoke, while distant nations madden at the story of your wrongs, and burn to vindicate your cause? Sons of heroes, start from your lethargy! Crush the insulters of the land of glory, show the expecting world that Greece is not extinct, and give some future Homer themes for a mightier Iliad.

Tal. Zenocles, your voice rouses me! I feel what I have lost, and am ready to redeem it. Speak on—What is your purpose?

Zeno. Ismail, trembling for the life of his father, now a captive in your charge, has made me the bearer of a treaty, which demands that Ibrahim be set free; and upon this condition grants that Ali with his family may depart on the seas of Epirus. But, should Ali accept the terms—

Tal. What then?

Zeno. May he not collect fresh armies to harass Greece anew, when his wasting strength shall have had time to recover? And shall we stand by, and see him bear to a strange clime the spoils of our country, and the life, which has derived its fame only from her miseries? No, I will await him with a chosen band, upon the shore. Here, in the sight of Epirus, shall the spoiler's blood bathe the soil he has made desolate! Our long-humbled land shall rise up once more a nation, and heaven-topped Olympus tremble with delight, as its echoes once more awaken to the shouts of liberty!

Tal. Zenocles, command me.—But stay—Should Ali reject the treaty, and decide to tempt, to the last, the chance of battle in the citadel—

Zeno. Then, Talathon, to you, and to you only, can we look. The warriors of Ali, whom you command, have more than once signalised their devotion to you. You must enlist them in our cause. Their dread of Ismail may make them eager to earn their pardon of the foe, and their feeble attachment to Ali will soon be lost, in the hope of sharing the spoils of his overthrow.

Tal. Yanina shall be avenged.

Enter HELENA at the back of the stage, R. U. E.

Hel. [Overhearing the last words.] Ha!

[Aside, and observing TALATHON and ZENOCLES

Zeno. Exult, my countrymen, exult! The hour is

come, when, like your own Ulysses, ye shall cast off the weeds of slavery, and once more be masters in your homes!

[Music heard faintly.]
Tal. Hear you those sounds? Ali approaches. Death to the tyrant!

Zeno. Death to all his race!

Hel. *[Aside.]* To all his race! Horrible! Oh Selim! Grant, Heaven grant, I may not be too late to save thy life, and those most dear to thee! *[Exit hastily, R.]*

Tal. We must separate. While the tyrant answers your message, I will go sound my fellow-chieftains. Farewell! *[Going.]*

Enter ALI and MOUCTAR, L. U. E.

Ali. *[To TAL.]* Stay, Talathon. *[To ZENO.]* Envoy of Ismail, I accept the treaty, and to seal it now, only wait for Ibrahim. Mouctar, you know your duty? *[MOUCTAR bows, and exit, L.]* While, as a pledge of my good faith, the chains of Ibrahim are being broken, come share the rejoicings in celebration of my victorious return.

Music.—ALI ascends his Throne, and makes a sign for TALATHON and ZENOCLES to take their places on seats placed for them. Slaves and Dancers enter. War Dance.

Chorus. *[Words by Lord Byron.]*

Tambourgi, Tambourgi, thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war;
 All the sons of the mountain arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote.
 I remember the moment when Previsa fell,
 The shrieks of the conquer'd—the conqueror's yell—
 The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,—
 The wealthy we slaughter'd—the lovely we spared.

O talk not of mercy, O talk not of fear!
 He neither must know, who would serve the Vizier.
 Since the days of the Prophet, the crescent ne'er saw
 A chief ever glorious, like Ali Pacha!
 Selictar, unsheath, then, our chief's scymetar!
 Tambourgi, thy 'larum gives promise of war!
 Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
 Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

[All go up stage.]

After which Enter MOUCTAR, L.

Mouc. Long live the Pacha of Yanina, and confusion to his enemies! Ibrahim is no more.

Tal. What do I hear?

Zeno. Is this the pledge of Ali Thebelen's good faith?

Ali. This is the reply of Ali Thebelen to Ismail's insulting pardon. Dare a nameless Pacha offer terms to me? Hope to see Ali yield while he can fight!—Chieftain, the wars of eighty years have worn me feeble. I have not strength to fly, while there remains to me a citadel, and [*pointing to TALATHON*] such soldiers to defend it. I am nearer to Constantinople than to banishment. Ismail offer me a treaty! Be Ali's treaty with a slave written in his heart's blood! Mouctar, take him his father's head! That is my pledge of peace!

Zeno. [*Aside.*] Hear you the heartless despot? Now is the time.

Tal. [*Aside to ZENOCLES.*] He falls, and instantly.
[*Going.*]

Enter SELIM and HELENA, suddenly, L.

Se. Detain Talathon! Let him not escape!

Zeno. Ha!

[*MOUCTAR prevents TALATHON from quitting the stage.*]

Ali. What say you?

Se. That traitor and the ambassador of Ismail plot our ruin. Helena overheard their oaths of murder.

Ali. Seize, and disarm the traitors! [*MOUCTAR and Officers obey.*] Helena! I will not dissemble. I deemed thee in heart my foe, and meant that thou should'st die. This act redeems thee—Live, and be Selim's bride. [*To TALATHON.*] But thou, lifted by my bounty to the first rank among my warriors, what could thy folly hope from my destruction?

Tal. Absolution for having been thy accomplice. My purposes are known—strike. To be thy victim, is some honour,—to be thy follower, a disgrace.

Ali. [*To ZENO.*] And thou, whose eye flash'd fire at the tale of Ibrahim's fall—thou, who hast stolen into my palace like a spy, fit agent of the base schemes of Ismail?

Zeno. Accuse not Ismail of a scheme, springing solely from my hate. I served my own revenge, but not Ismail's.

Ali. Thy revenge! What canst thou have to revenge on Ali?

Zeno. Greece is my country. Can you ask now what I have to revenge? Is there one of my nation who finds not, in your name, the source of all his miseries? Were not thy memory lost among the myriads of thy victims, thou need'st not have asked the wrongs of the most injured. Remember Epirus, and thy deadliest foe. Remember Zenocles! [*Discovers himself.*]

Ali. Zenocles!

Zeno. Ay, barbarian! the sole survivor of his murder'd race,—by thy hand murdered. I know my fate, and am prepared: call forth your executioners. Let them restore me to my parents, my brothers, and my innocent sister.

Ali. Thy sister? Cease to lament her.

Zeno. How!

Ali. She lives—but, tremble to learn where!

Zeno. Powers of heaven!

Ali. Your sister is your denouncer: she stands before you.

Zeno. Helena! [*She rushes with a shriek into his arms.*]

Sc. [*Aside.*] Oh wretched Selim! now the die is cast!

Hel. My brother.

Zeno. My long-lost sister! Thus let me cling to the wreck of all that makes life precious, and die in her embrace, for whose sake only I could wish to live.

Hel. And must you die, and through your wretched sister? Oh, mother, why did not the water, which received thee, close on thy child! Why have I found a brother, only to betray him, and part from him for ever!

Ali. You need not part.

Zeno. How! must she, too, share——

Ali. Your happiness—I give her back to thee.

Zeno. Dost thou not mock us?

Ali. You wonder at my clemency. You wrong me, Zenocles. I will do more—I once oppressed the Greeks—'twas then my policy. Now, a common danger unites us against a common foe. Zenocles, fly to your countrymen. Say, that beneath the walls of Constantinople Ali will deserve their love.

Zeno. Thou the ally of the Greeks! Think'st thou my countrymen will disgrace their holy cause by own-

ing such a leader? Thou art their first foe. "Let Ali perish!"—Such is the cry of all Greece, and to that will Zenocles die faithful.

Ali. What? I forgive the Greeks! I deceived thee. I was born to be their scourge. In the mere thought of serving them, I betrayed my destiny, and gave the lie to sixty years of hatred. 'Tis I, who in the hearts of their cities have kindled discords, which shall consume them; while alone, towering in this citadel, I live to see the traveller seek, on the wreck of ancient Greece, the ruins of the new.

Zeno. Oh! ill-starr'd nation!

Tal. Oh, my insulted country!

Ali. Nay, do not mourn. Ye will both be spared the agony of seeing it. [*To MOUCTAR.*] Give the traitor, Talathon, to the scymetars of the soldiery. Let Zenocles be bound to the rampart cannon. Ismail, 'tis thus I send back ambassadors from thee.

Hel. Brother

Zeno. Sister!

Sel. Helena!

[*Going towards her.*]

Ali. Hold, boy, hold! Look on these white hairs! do they not speak Ali's end approaching? Be thou the inheritor of my revenge! Let Ali recommence in thee. Show thyself worthy of my two sons—sons, who are worthy of their father.

Enter HASSAN, L.

Hass. Where, where is the Pacha?

Ali. How now, slave! What means this strange intrusion?

Hass. Pacha, thy two sons—

Ali. What of them?

Hass. Have fallen! [*Music.*] Their heads are planted on the gates of Constantinople.

Ali. My boys! my boys! Vengeance!

[*Falls into SELIM'S arms.—Picture.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Citadel.—At the back an Esplanade and Battlements.*

Enter SELIM and HASSAN, L.

Se. Now, Hassan, tell me all;—fear not—I can bear it. My Helena—Zenocles, Talathon,—has Ali revelled in the blood of all his victims?

Hass. No, all live! and by a miracle. That cursed Mouctar led them to the place of execution. On seeing Talathon, the troops burst into threatful murmurs. The Pacha stopp'd and shudder'd; then, as if his mind reposed on some new malice, he suddenly became calm. Zenocles and Talathon were sent back to the dungeon.

Se. And Helena?

Hass. She is safe in the Haram.

Se. Prophet of Heaven! receive thy servant's thanks! Where is the Pacha?

Hass. Pacing the terrace, with an unopen'd packet in his hand, from your unhappy sire, brought by his faithful Tartar. The poor fellow, wounded by the enemy, in his attempt to cross the lake, had just strength enough to execute his mission, and fell dead at the feet of Ali. Behold! the Pacha bends his steps this way. [*Exit, L.*

Enter ALI with a packet in his hand, R., much agitated.
SELIM retires, L.

Ali. My sons have fallen! Well, why am I thus? Old man! Old man! where is the courage that has sustained thee through eighty years of toil and combat? Come, break the seal, and look upon the last characters of thy brave boy, Vely Thebelen! [*Opens, and reads firmly.*] "Father, our doom is sealed; the death-scymetar is bared—the death-drum is beating. The last act of Vely Thebelen shall be one of justice. Should the Tartar to whom this packet is entrusted suc-

ceed in placing it at thy feet"—Ha! what read I here? Do my old eyes deceive me? [*Reads rapidly*] "Let the youth Selim, supposed my son, be informed of his real parentage. He is the offspring of a Macedonian chief, slain at the storming of Previsa, and is rightful heir to the treasure concealed in the garden of my serai, in the Morea." Selim a Greek! Never never will I disclose the secret! As my grandson he wept over Yanina:—informed of his origin, he would desert my banner to revenge its fall! He shall have neither the time nor the inducement; the project I have formed to baffle my enemies is enhanced by the discovery: yes, it will add one Greek to the sacrifice. Selim!

[*ALI conceals the letter.*]

Enter SELIM, L.

Selim, revolt rears its haughty crest in the citadel. As yet it has only dared to glance strange looks, and mutter indistinct reproaches; but its looks will soon turn into thunderbolts, and its mutterings swell to shouts of vengeance! The peril is at hand. I must meet it as becomes Ali! Boy, do you value your life?

Se. Life! What is life without Helena?

Ali. Hear me! I'm hemm'd round by traitors. There remains but thee and Mouctar of all my followers on whom I can implicitly rely: to thee I confide the magazine; hasten thither, provided with a blazing torch.

Se. To what intent?

Ali. Look on this ring,—it has sealed all the acts of my power; when that power shall be expiring, when my citadel gates shall have been shattered down, when Ismail shall burst in, triumphant, glowing with the hope of seizing us alive, then, Selim, I will send this ring to thee! Then, rear your torch, let the citadel which has for two years braved an empire, the treasures in its caverns, the beauties of its haram, our warriors and our foes, the proud Ismail himself—let all, when you shall see this ring, be hurled into one prodigious ruin.

Se. Mighty Heaven! father!

Ali. Ha! dost thou falter? Call not me father! Thou Greek in blood, as well as heart, thou art not of my race, thou—!

Se. What say'st thou? Am not I of thy race?

Ali. [*Recollecting himself.*] I—I—know not what I

say! thy weakness maddens me! shall the base whimp-
perer, who shrinks from noble vengeance, dare claim
kindred with blood of Ali?

Se. Oh! spare me! pity me!

Ali. Pity is for slaves and women; loftier spirits
spurn it. Boy, we have, perchance, but a few moments
to live. Shall we crouch like cowards to the scymetar?
No, we must fall gloriously! I might have made Mouc-
tar the achiever of my last triumph, but, [*insidiously*]
I would not rob thee of thy birthright. Come, your
choice? Live in the admiration of unborn ages, or, if
thou wilt escape, like a recreant escape from immorta-
lity.

Se. My choice is made: I execute your order.

Ali. Enough; farewell! [*Aside exultingly, L.*] The
Greek boy goes to death! Ha! ha! ha! They would
rob the old man of his wealth?—he will pile it in ashes
round his grave! [*Exit ALI, L.*]

Se. Awful sacrifice! The innocent and the guilty,
youth and age, ambition and despair, whirled in an
instant to one common fate! But I know the unwaver-
ing spirit of Ali. Had I refused, he would have found
other means; then Helena could not have been saved
from the general ruin: now, her preservation will take
from the bitterness of death! Ha! she is here.

Enter HELENA, hastily, R.

Hel. Selim! at length I have reached thee! Give,
oh! give me back my brother!

Se. Be calm, Helena! I will give thee back thy bro-
ther.

Hel. Do not trifle with me, Selim; lull me not with
false hopes!

Se. By Mahomet! your brother shall be given back
to you; but you must hence, and instantly!

Hel. What! must we be parted, Selim?

Se. But—for a little while—We shall meet again.

Hel. I do not understand you.

Se. Ali has divulged his plans to me:—the citadel is
to be blown up. The commandant of the arsenal is to
fire the magazine on receiving Ali's signet ring.

Hel. I freeze with horror!

Se. Ismail prepares an assault—Every thing now fa-
vours your escape. Zenocles will fly with you to Epi-
rus, where you will await my—

Hel. Selim, your voice trembles! Without you we
stir not.

Se. Nay, nay; trust me, I shall soon follow, no doubt; soon, very soon!—A moment longer, and Zenocles cannot be saved. Hassan! [*Takes out tablets, and writes.*]

Enter HASSAN, R.

Hass My lord?

Se. Hasten to the dungeon of Zenocles, provided with some disguise. At the sight of these tablets the guard will unbar the portal—then seek with him the gate of the citadel which opens on the beach. I will be there with Helena. Hence! away! [*Music.—Exit HASSAN, L.*] Now, my soul's treasure, let us to the beach! My own hand shall free thee from captivity, [*aside*] and Selim from his woes.

Hel. But will you not fly with us?

Se. The time is not come for me to quit the fortress; but we will meet again, beloved, and, I trust, happier! Come, come to the postern! [*Music.—Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Music.—A Gallery in the Fortress.*

Enter HASSAN, L., followed by ZENOCLES, disguised as a Mute.

Hass. This way, Greek, and swiftly!—If we can but pass these galleries without notice, we have nothing more to fear.

Zeno. Forward, good friend! forward to liberty and Helena!

Hass. Hush! I hear a footstep—it comes this way. By our prophet, Ali!

Zeno. Ha! thus weaponless will I—

Hass. Not for the world! This habit of a mute may save us. Down, fall down upon your face! Force is our last resource!

[*ZENOCLES follows HASSAN's instructions.—HASSAN assumes an attitude as if beating him.*]

Enter ALI, L., his sword drawn, and a paper in his hand.

Ali. [*Speaking as he enters.*] Man all the turrets—pour death upon them! Fight to the last! How now! [*To HASSAN.*] What dost thou there? What slave is that?

Hass. A drunken beast, my lord; one of your mutes, who must fain be tippling, when he should be fighting! but I'll teach the rascal— [*Threatens to strike him*]

Ali. [*Muttering to himself.*] They shall earn each inch they gain with blood! Be their march to victory on the corpses of their slain! Fasten this latchet, slave. [*To HASSAN, placing his foot upon ZENOCLES.*] Oh! that I had a foe beneath my foot instead of this vile worm! Ha! well recollected! Hassan, bear thou this order to my selictar; he still is faithful—'Tis for the instant private execution of Zenocles and Talathon.—Stay; may I trust thee?

Hass. Can my lord doubt his servant, Hassan?

Ali. Traitors swarm, and yet I think I wrong thee! [*Taking out the paper.*] There; see thou art speedy—hence!

[*During the time this is spoken, HASSAN has roused ZENOCLES, pointing R.*

Hass. [*Aside.*] This way; to the postern.

[*HASSAN and ZENOCLES exeunt hastily, while ALI paces the Stage in agitation.—Music.*

Ali. This assault of Ismail's may check the revolt, just ripe amongst my soldiers. The slaves must fight for their own safety. But let the worst arrive, Selim is at his post, and vengeance mine! What have we here? [*Pulling out a paper.*] How's this? the order for the execution of the prisoners! Why, what paper can I have given to Hassan? By Mahomet! the proof of Selim's birth! Untoward chance! Quick, let me hasten.

Enter MOUCTAR, hastily, L.

Mouc. My lord, the troops revolt.—They have set Talathon free. [*Shouts within.*] Hark to their shouts. The rebel chiefs are hastening hither!

Ali. Nay, then, there is but this—Haste to the arsenal—bear this ring to Selim.

Mouc. It is too late.

[*Music.*

Enter TALATHON, L., and Four Chieftains with swords drawn.

Ali. Slaves! Come ye to dictate to your master—to me, who raised you from the dust—to me, who gave you the scymetars you now brandish over your benefactor? Ungrateful men! dread ye not the wrath of heaven?

Tal. Thy race is ended; but we seek not thy blood. Give up to us the citadel and its treasures, and live! Give up thy treasures.

Ali. [*Aside, casting his eyes on his ring with smothered exultation.*] Spirits of vengeance! ye alone re-

main true to your allegiance ! [*Aloud.*] How ! [*Mildly.*] Can thirst for gold have changed my warriors thus ? I thought the soldier's hand was made for steel alone ;—but once undeceived, the spoils which we have gained together would have been freely shared amongst you :—they who taught you otherwise were your foes. Whence this uncalled-for treason ?

Tal. Old man, who *was* our chief, we have no time to parley. Our eyes are opened, and thy arts are impotent. If thou would'st live, instantly direct us to the caverns which conceal the fruits of pillage and oppression. Thy gold must buy the peace thy rancour has rejected.

Ali. Enough—you shall be satisfied.—Not that I prize the little which remains to me of life ; but I feel, with you, that my great destinies are accomplished. Talathon, approach ! Take this signet-ring—repair to the arsenal, and present it to my grandson, Selim : he is the sole depository of my secrets ; he will throw open the mysterious recesses which enshrine the treasures you require.

Tal. [*Taking the ring.*] Follow ! to the arsenal !

[*Music.—Exeunt TALATHON and Chieftains, L.*]

Ali. [*Indignantly.*] Ay, go to thy reward, proud traitor, go ! Mouctar, let the gates of the citadel be thrown open, and the victor, Ismail, enter. [*Exit MOUCTAR, L.*] My life has been the terror of the world—my death shall be its wonder ! [*Aloud.*] The last act of my power is accomplished ! My wealth, my darling wealth ! that I have won so hardly, and kept so long ! they shall not part us ! we will be buried together beneath the crumbling turrets of my citadel. [*Music.—Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Caves of the Arsenal—SELIM is discovered alone—his lighted torch planted in the centre of the stack of arms.*

Se. Here I await the signal of self-destruction. Here I hang on time, ready to leap into eternity. Why should my soul droop ? I have gained my last victory. I have saved her—I have saved her brother. Restored to her native land, some new love will efface the memory of Selim from the breast of Helena ! How could I part from her ? how could I let her live to be another's ? [*Noise without.*] Ha ! they come ! Helena ! farewell for ever !

[*Music.*—*Noise of chains.* Enter TALATHON with Chieftains, R., followed by HASSAN, who conceals himself. SELIM seizes the torch.

Tal. Know you this ring?

Se. Ali, I obey—Come on! [HASSAN, who has entered close after TALATHON, &c. rushes forward, and snatches the torch from his hand.

Hass. Hold!

Se. Hassan, what would you do?

Hass. Save, or perish with you.

Tal. Why hold him back, slave? Let him execute the Pacha's order.

Hass. Know you whither he guides you?

Tal. To fortune.

Hass. To death.

Tal.

Chieftains. } Treachery! Seize the miscreant!

[*Advancing.*

Hass. [*Presenting the torch to the powder barrels.*] One step, and we are lost. Hear me, Talathon! None but Ali knew the secret entrance to the vaults, containing his vast treasures. Go force from him the mystery, and if you would revenge, be it on him, who plotted your destruction, not on the noble, the devoted Selim. You hesitate. I give you good counsel—follow it, you had best; for, raise one arm, or advance one foot, to harm a hair of Selim's head, and, by Mahomet, up we all go together.

Tal. He speaks rightly. Revenge on Ali!

All. Revenge on Ali!

[*Exit TALATHON and Chieftains, R.—Music.*

Hass. My lord, the story you told the lady Helena was suspicious. I hastened to ascertain the truth of my conjectures, and, praised be Allah! I have saved my master's life.

Se. Slave! give me back the torch. What is life without Helena?

Hass. Helena is your own.

Se. How! the sister of Zenocles the bride of Ali's grandson!

Hass. No blood of Ali's circles in your veins. Read, my lord, read. [*Gives a paper.*] A blessed chance placed that paper in my possession.

Se. O Providence!

Hass. Tarry no longer here. Haste with your faithful Hassan from darkness and destruction, to light and liberty.

Se. Greece and Helena! Hassan, I follow thee!

[*Exeunt SELIM and HASSAN, hastily, R.*

Music.—*A secret trap-door opens. MOUCTAR rises. ALI follows him. Trap-door closed by MOUCTAR.*

Ali. I have escaped the swords of the traitors! Where is Selim? Why stands the citadel? Not here! deceived by him, too! No matter,—a pistol fired among yon barrels—

Mouc. There be hopes still, and strong ones. Our troops defeated—the Greeks have turned upon the Sultan's forces.

Ali. What then? They each are foes to Ali. [*Shouts without.*] Hark! some have traced our footsteps. [*Shouts and noise of forcing the trap-door.*] They force the secret door!

[*Music.*—*The trap-door is forced up. ISMAIL and three Turkish Officers enter.*

Ism. Yield, Ali! yield!

Ali. Never! Advance at your peril!

[*Presents a pistol.*

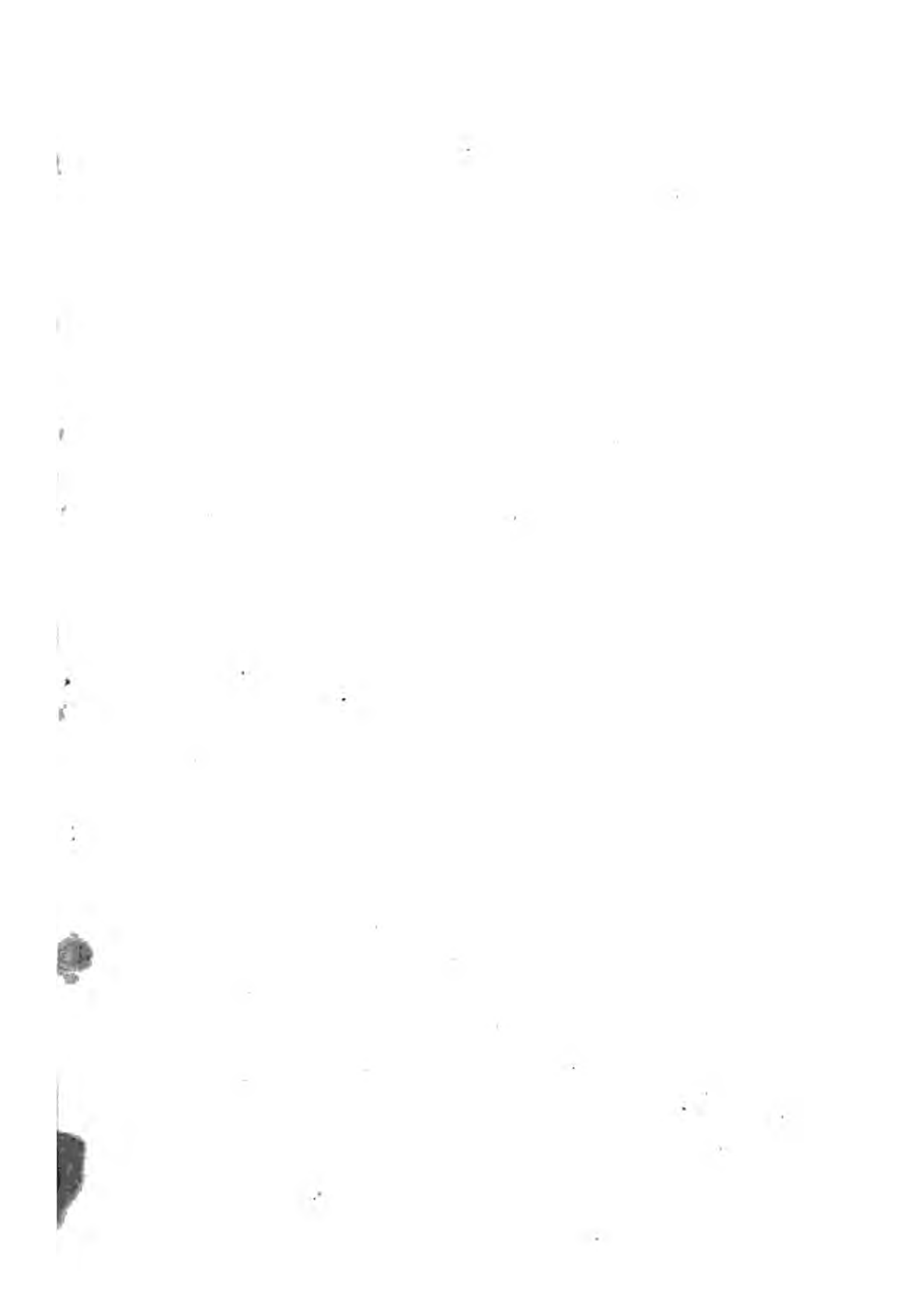
Ism. Behold the firman of the Sultan! [*Showing the parchment.*] He demands your head.

Ali. Be this my answer! [*ALI fires, and wounds one of the Officers, and is wounded in turn by the shot of another. He staggers into MOUCTAR'S arms.*

Ali. Death and revenge!

[*He fires his second pistol into a powder barrel, at the same moment that ISMAIL and the two other officers fire on him. The citadel is blown up. Amid the convulsion, and in a shower of fire, general combat on the calcined rocks that surround the citadel. ZENOCLES appears amid the flaming ruins with a banner.—TALATHON, SELIM, HASSAN, HELENA, Greek soldiery, &c.—Flourish—shout.*

THE END.





Rule Britannia.

Jeremy. Huzza! Folkstone for ever—Nelson for ever—everybody for ever!

Act II. Scene 1.

RULE BRITANNIA.

A NAUTICAL DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

BY A. L. V. CAMPBELL,

Author of Tom Bowling, Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

From a Drawing taken in the Theatre by MR. R. CRICKSHANK

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

Rule Britannia.

WHEN Thomson wrote this national air, little did he dream of the immortality for which it was destined—that it would be the rallying song of Britons to future times, and make millions of patriotic hearts leap in their bosoms at its inspiring melody! 'Tis a majestic image; Britannia ruling the waves that lash her white cliffs! Surrounded by this eternal barrier, she laughs to scorn foreign aggression;—and when in defence of other nations, she has been called to assert her victorious supremacy, her tributary waves have not been the only scene of her triumphs, as the well-fought fields of Agincourt, Blenheim—and the hundred battles that grace the ducal coronet of Waterloo's unconquered hero—England's noblest son! can tell. That Britons never will be slaves—in the most opprobrious and degraded sense—the slaves of despotism, or anarchy—that they will maintain their scrupulous honour, their high tone of morals, their reverence for things sacred, their ardent love of country, inherent spirit of freedom, intrepidity in fight, humanity in conquest, and the thousand charities that make up the perfect man—we are well assured,

“ If England to herself do be but true.”

The dramatic Jack Tar of former times was an ill-conditioned sea-monster, fit only to provoke the rudest mirth. A new light has since broke in upon him; he is become a rational being, and not a whit less entertaining. Martin Roseberry and his sister Selina, had been left orphans from their childhood. Industry and a willing heart had provided for his beloved charge, until the impress service hurried the young fisherman to a distant land. Years passed away without brother or sister hearing of each other. Yet, however uncertain might be the fate of Martin, to Selina fortune seemed to promise many happy days. We welcome a knave, when he opportunely steps in to perplex the plot! Honest men are the soft, easy cushions, on which audiences fall asleep! Sir William Pledger is a disciple of the “greatest—Quantity” school. He seeks the “greatest quantity” of sensual gratification to himself, by the “greatest quantity” of injury to others. He had betrayed the daughter of a French officer, and abandoned her. His present scheme is to send a press-gang after James Heartwin, a young sailor, that the only obstacle to his designs on Selina Roseberry may be removed far away. His factotum in this affair is Bobby Crick, a village barber. He is the bearer

of a letter to the Lieutenant of the *Britannia*, lying off Folkstone, which, in his bustle and capering, he drops, and Selina picks up, reads, replaces on the ground, and then hastens to assume a sailor's disguise that she may get pressed instead of her lover. Crick returns, all trepidation and fidget at the loss of the letter; recovers it, chuckles at his good fortune, and delivers it to the right owner. The trick succeeds, and Selina is hurried on board the ship. Here she meets with strange companions and adventures, and a French prison proves her destiny. Among the captured, is a British seaman, who had particularly marked the delicate young sailor; and, as Jack had a wondrous knack of knowing a man from a woman, he hints, after his own blunt fashion, his suspicions, which a thousand awkward excuses and crimson blushes soon confirm. But Jack loves a petticoat too well, not to grant it honourable protection in time of need;—and his true gallantry meets its reward; when, by the accidental mention of her name, he discovers the tender plant that he left years long since disconsolate behind, expanded into the full blossom and beauty of womanhood.

“Fair was the bud, but fairer the flower.”

Martin and Selina exchange tender recollections; enquire what weal, or woe has befallen them since their long parting; and bless the hand that again unites them, though it be in a dungeon in a foreign land. Yet even here they find a friend. The commandant has a daughter residing in England—dear to him, though fallen. He would recover her; and who so well fitted to perform this service, as the generous-hearted British sailor, whom the tempest, not the fortune of war, has thrown into his power? An accident occurs, which makes Martin an important personage in the garrison. Two Frenchmen, who had been flogged for the trifling peccadillos of drunkenness, thieving, and desertion, meditate a plan to rid themselves of their goalers. 'Tis a fête day, the prisoners are to have a holiday; doubtless the Colonel will drink a health to all, to which the soldiers will respond. A potent poison, infused into the liquor, will do the business, and their liberty will be certain! Martin overhears this notable scheme, and adroitly removes the deadly draught from the governor's seat, and substitutes the harmless bottle which the villains had intended for themselves. The Colonel, as was anticipated, pledges all present, and the deserters anxiously watch the instantaneous effect of the poison. One of them instantly drops down dead; the other, not having tasted, lives; and Martin, coming forward, explains the mystery.

At this moment, a signal is fired from the *Britannia*; and while the Frenchmen are staring aghast with double wonder, a party of British sailors cut their way into the fortress by a secret path, and hoist the Union Jack of Old England, with three cheers for “Rule Britannia!” The cabin of his majesty's good ship suddenly becomes the region of romance—a tale of India—of love, oppression, and sorrow, told by a noble sufferer, interests all hearts; and fills all eyes with tears.

In England, new mysteries await our dramatis personæ. Selina Roseberry, restored to her lover, is charged with theft, and brought before a magistrate. Her accuser, a worthless dependant of Sir William, swears point blank to certain trinkets found in her box; but cunningly placed there by the dexterous hand of the mendacious barber. But the barber "lacks advancement," except in villainy.—He begins to distrust his patron—there is not so much gratitude in the world as would incommode the eye of a bodkin!—and while resolution is halting between two opinions, Martin squeezes the truth out of him with a grapple, and makes him, as many of his betters are made, (under fear of a halter!) an honest man. Sir William Pledger, thus publicly unmasked by his creature, Crick, is compelled to listen to a guilty chapter of his early life. He had once a brother, made away with by his treachery, and supposed to be dead in a distant land, whose estate he had squandered in sensuality and vice. But an unseen power had warded off the assassin's blow, piloted him in safety o'er the deep waters, crowned his industry with abundant riches, restored him to his native home; and, to cover with confusion and dismay this unnatural brother, placed him on the judgment seat to proclaim aloud his falsehood and dishonour! The noble sufferer, whose melancholy tale had so deeply interested the Britannia's crew, is the stranger thus restored to his birthright; and, by an intervention equally miraculous, made happy by a re-union to his beloved Immayeh, long since mourned as lost to him for ever.

The waggeries of Bobby Crick, the iniquitous, ubiquitous barber, bobbing from pillar to post—and Jeremy Supple, a melancholy moun-
tebank in raggamuffin mourning, moping for his lost love, and falling into all manner of odd mishaps for a mouthfull, were most farcically acted by Messrs. Dunn and Rogers. Than the latter, it were impossible to imagine a scarecrow more hopeless and ragged.

"Shirts for the shirtless, suppers for the starved," had been an announcement to set his tatters fluttering with extacy. We would advise Jeremy, unless he wants a *ride*, to lie close and keep Guy-Faux-day in his garret!

Praise is due to Mr. Campbell for his clever drama, and lively personation of Martin Roseberry; and in an especial degree to Miss Julian, who drew many tears in the distracted, heart-broken Mabel—a character ingeniously wound in with the plot, and conducting to its dramatic effect.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre.

<i>The Honourable Gerard Pledger</i>	Mr. Hicks.
<i>Sir William Pledger</i>	Mr. C. Pitt.
<i>Colonel de la Garde</i>	Mr. Burton.
<i>Lieutenant Clarispe</i>	Mr. C. J. Smith.
<i>Martin Roseberry</i>	Mr. Campbell.
<i>James Heartwin</i>	Mr. T. Lee.
<i>Jeremy Supple</i>	Mr. Rogers.
<i>Bobby Crick</i>	Mr. Dunn.
<i>Captain Morris (of the Britannia)</i>	Mr. Ray.
<i>Lieutenant Evans</i>	Mr. Jones.
<i>La Mort</i> } (French Prisoners)	{ Mr. George.
<i>Le Franc</i> }	{ Mr. King.
<i>Jarvis</i> } (Smugglers)	{ Mr. Scarbrow.
<i>Runner</i> }	{ Mr. Williams.
<i>Selina Roseberry</i>	Miss Williams.
<i>Mabel</i>	Miss Julian.
<i>Goody Molly</i>	Mrs. Harris.
<i>Immawayeh</i>	Miss Squeers.
<i>Mary Hart</i>	Miss Browne.

English Sailors, French Soldiers, Smugglers, Constables, & Servants

Costume.

GERARD PLEDGER.—*First dress:* Loose gray brahmins gown—sash—turban—red slippers. *Second dress:* Black suit.

SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER.—Brown frock-coat—black waistcoat and trowsers

COLONEL DE LA GARDE.—French officer's uniform.

LIEUTENANT CLARISPE.—Ibid, with scarlet trowsers.

MARTIN ROSEBERRY.—Sailor's jacket and trowsers—guernsey shirt—leather belt.

JAMES HEARTWIN.—*First dress:* Guernsey shirt—petticoat trowsers—pea jacket—fisherman's boots. *Second dress:* Countryman's neat brown coat—flowered waistcoat—light breeches—coloured stockings—shoes and buckles.

JEREMY SUPPLE.—Short-tailed shabby black coat—long black waistcoat and breeches—black stockings, darned with light thread—shoes and buckles.

BOBBY CRICK.—*First dress:* Salmon-coloured eccentric-cut coat and waistcoat, trimmed with blue—blue breeches—gray stockings—shoes and buckles—three-cornered hat—Caleb Quotem wig. *Second dress:* Shabby black suit, in the same style.

CAPTAIN MORRIS & LIEUTENANT EVANS.—Naval uniforms.

LA MORT & LE FRANC.—Tattered dark blue jackets and red trowsers, the extreme of wretchedness.

SELINA ROSEBERRY.—*First dress:* Buff coloured cotton gown—white muslin apron and tippet—straw bonnet. *Second dress:* Sailor's neat suit, with straw hat.

MABEL.—Dark green boddice—red petticoat—small red cloak—blue stockings—black shoes—gipsy hat—all fantastically trimmed.

GOODY MOLLY.—Old fashioned chintz gown—muslin cap—neckerchief and apron—high-heeled shoes.

IMMALAYEH.—Indian dress.

RULE BRITANNIA;

OR, THE

FEMALE SACRIFICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Smuggler's Retreat, near the Sea Shore
—a lugger at anchor.—Dusk.*

JARVIS, RUNNER, and SMUGGLERS, discovered, landing
goods from a boat.

SOLO and CHORUS.

Solo. All's well as yet; and still all's well;—
Not a step or a sound we hear,
Save the distant bome of the hamlet bell,
Proclaiming that daylight is near.

Chorus. For daylight is the smuggler's bane,
And darkness is best on the sea;
O'er the white crested wild foaming main,
We sail both with profit and glee.

[*Music.—The Smugglers, having stowed the goods
away, bring forward a keg, and begin drinking.*

Jar. (L. c.) Glad to see you so merry, my lads, but
if my information be correct, we shall have but little time
for drinking.

Omnes. (R. c.) What's in the wind now?

Jar. Why, the sails are in the wind and on the yards
—the yards are on the masts, and the masts belong to his
majesty's ship Britannia, which is expected in the offing
to-morrow; and if she sends a boat ashore, some of us may
chance to spend our christmas a considerable distance from
Folkstone.

James Heartwin. [Without, R.] Hillio! hillio!

Jar. Here's Heartwin, he'll tell us the news, I warrant.

Run. I hardly know what to make of Jim, he's too

much in love to be of service to us. I wouldn't trust a man in love with a rap!

Enter JAMES HEARTWIN, R.

Hea. (c.) Who wouldn't you trust, you two-legged rhinoceros? But avast jawing! the Britannia is expected from the downs, you may guess for what purpose.

Jar. Easily.—So harkee, lads: as you don't fancy serving on board a man-o'-war, away to the lugger!—and, 'till the storm blows over, we can hug the French land closer than her ladyship would like to venture. Farewell, Jim! remember, our secret is in your hands; if you betray us, you know the consequence. On board! on board!

[*Music.—The Smugglers get into the boat, and the lugger sails off, L.*

Hea. What a strange lot is mine! Discovering by accident the secret of reckless smugglers, I am compelled to keep it, or lose my life. Oh, Selina! were it not for thee, I would dare all to free myself from thralldom. [*Looking off, R.*] Yonder comes Crick—a double-dealing knave—barber, revenue officer, and smuggler.

Enter CRICK, R.

So ho, Crick! whither away so fast?

Crick. Fast!—fast is my motto—eat fast, drink fast, shave fast, sleep fast, walk fast—

Hea. And talk fast.

Crick. Exactly—never did anything slow—ran away from home fast—arrived at Folkstone—at first did nothing but fast—fortune changed—I got on fast; and here, ever since the glorious year eighteen hundred and five, I have stuck fast.

Hea. (R. c.) Why do you call it the glorious year eighteen hundred and five?

Crick. (c.) You ask that!—*you*—an Englishman!—D—me, you're a mongrel! Didn't Nelson lather the French in that year?—fast as they ran, he ran faster, powdered, shaved, and dressed them to their heart's content, while every tar in the service sung out "Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!"

Hea. True, true! I had forgotten that at the moment.

Crick. Forgot it! More shame for you!—It ought never to be forgotten;—it ought to stick in a Briton's memory, like pitch to a tar-bucket. How dare you, or any other Englishman, bawl out, "Pray remember the fifth of

November!" while he is base enough to forget the glorious twenty-first of October?

Hea. Right, mate, right!

Crick. To be sure I am. Mr. James Heartwin, I an't in the habit of swearing, but I must confess that I cannot help popping out a leetle damn now and then, when I read every year of the guns being fired because one Guy Fawkes was caught in a cellar, while the anniversary of the great and glorious triumph of the British navy, is passed in silence and forgetfulness.

Hea. Why, if every triumph of the British were thus celebrated, it would ruin the nation in gunpowder.

Crick. Egad, that's true. Well, if it's too expensive to to fire guns, curse 'em, they might ring bells, hoist flags,—and thus tell all the little boys to bear in mind what the thunder of England has done.

Hea. You're a patriot, Mr. Crick.

Crick. And a barber, Mr. Heartwin.

Hea. And many other trades, if report speaks true.

Crick. Don't credit report. Lots of reports followed Selina Roseberry's arrival here.

Hea. Poor girl! fortune dealt hardly by her. Her parents lived and died at Yarmouth. Her brother Martin went as cabin-boy aboard a West Indiaman, and has never since been heard of. Selina has lived nine years in Folkstone; she was brought here by her aunt, who dying, left her to the care of old Goody Molly. I'm in love with her, and we intend to be married as soon as I have the means of maintaining her.

Crick. Well said, Jemmy! And now, if you are going my way, I'll entertain you with a dish of gossip.

Hea. Heave a-head, barber! I'm close in your wake.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country, near Folkstone.*

Enter SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER, R.

Sir W. At length I have parted from her—she has left my house. Mabel, I *did* love thee, wench; but Selina Roseberry has taken possession of my heart, and she must be mine. Poor Mabel! will not the world say I turned her from my door when I became satiated with her charms? Well, let it say! I offered her wealth, but she spurned my offer. [*Looking off, L.*] Ha! yonder comes one who can serve me; he would pawn his soul for gold.

Enter CRICK, L.

Welcome, thou man of fertile genius! I have need of thee.

Crick. Who has not? I'm the most useful little man in Folkstone. You, sir, have often profited by my talents, and may again if you think proper.

Sir W. [*Giving a letter.*] Take this to the press-master at Folkstone, deliver it into his hands, and I will reward you handsomly.

Crick. Conclude it done, your honour.

[*Exit, hastily, L.—as he goes off, he drops the letter.*]

Sir W. Cupid! cupid! thou concocter of mischief! lend me thy aid, and I will prove myself thy most grateful votary! [*Exit, L.*]

Enter SELINA ROSEBERRY, R.

Sel. Darkness has overtaken me sooner than I expected on my road home from Dover. Heigho! where can James be, I wonder? Gone to rest, perhaps. His is an arduous and a dangerous life. Would he were settled on shore, and I his—for shame, Selina! what are you dreaming of? [*Seeing the letter.*] Ha! what's this? [*Picking it up.*] a letter!—addressed to the press-master at Folkstone!—It is not sealed; I'll read it. I may, perhaps, render some one a service. [*Reading.*] "*Mr. Evans—James Heartwin, a smuggler, passing for a fisherman, has been a seaman.—This evening you will find him on the beach, by the black stone, making signals. The Britannia is in the offing. I say no more.—Yours, WILLIAM PLEDGER.*" Providence, I thank thee! this is indeed an intervention. [*Looking off.*] Ha! some one comes.

[*She throws down the letter, and exits, R.*]

Re-enter CRICK, L.

Crick. Where can I have dropped the letter? [*Seeing it.*] Ha! this is lucky. [*Picking it up.*] Into my pocket-book you go; nor see the light again until you are safely delivered into the hands of Lieutenant Drag-em-off, press-master of Folkstone. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber—a bed and curtains, R. U. E.—a trunk, C.—two chairs and a table, with a lamp burning on it, L. C.*

Enter SELINA, cautiously, C. D. F.

Sel. How shall I warn him of his fate? Ha! it beams

upon me! Heaven direct me in the thought it has inspired! James, I will save thee! Do I not love thee—when I hazard even my reputation for thy sake. Should I be found in this apartment, in the dead of the night, what would the world say? Quick, Selina! quick—to thy work!

[She opens the trunk, takes from it a hat, jacket, trowsers, and waistcoat, ties them in a bundle, and exits, cautiously, L. S. E.—A pause.]

Enter JAMES HEARTWIN, C. D. F.

Hea. Did I not see a figure pass? No, no! it must have been fancy—imagination, heated by excitement and fatigue. The lugger is expected in; I will be there.—To-night shall be the last with my associates. To-morrow's dawn shall light me to Selina. To her will I propose my future plans;—she will approve of them—I know she will, and we may yet be happy.

[Music.—He reclines on the bed, and the scene changes.]

SCENE IV.—*The Beach—Cliffs and Sea—a Cottage,*
L. S. E.—*Storm and rain.*

Enter JEREMY SUPPLE *from the cottage, with a ragged umbrella up.*

Jer. Lawks! lawks! what a night this is to be sure! my little cottage leaks like a colander. I got wet in doors, so I've come to dry myself out of doors. I don't remember such a night since my sweetheart ran away from me with marble-faced Jemmy the rat-catcher. I'm an unhappy little being. My mother left me eight shillings a week and a leaky cottage. If this weather lasts long, and I don't run away from the cottage, the cottage will run away from me. Nobody will employ me, because "I'm so dismal"—they say I give everybody the horrors. I give myself the horrors, and have had the horrors, ever since I lost my sweetheart. *[Retires up, musing.]*

Enter MABEL, *disguised as a gipsy, R.*

Mab. (c.) So—he has driven me from his door, and this is the reward of my fondness for him. My jewels were my own; from him I have received nothing. The sale of those jewels will give me sustenance while life holds within me,—that will not be long. In this disguise, unknown, will I hover near him, and, when least ex-

pected, the vengeance of a breaking heart shall fall on my seducer. [*Seeing Jeremy.*] Ha! a stranger! Why are you loitering in the storm?—how long hast thou been here?

Jer. [*Musing.*] Every since I lost my sweetheart.

Mab. Ha!

Jer. (c.) No—I beg pardon! I don't mean that. I mean—I am a very miserable little chap, with an income of eight shillings a week, a small two-roomed leaky cottage,—out of employment, and willing to sarve any one who will feed and clothe me, and give me the run of the pantry.

Mab. [*Aside.*] This lad will aid me. [*Aloud.*] Your name?—what can you do, boy?

Jer. What can I not do? My name is Jeremiah Supple. I'm an orphan, and I've lost my sweetheart. As to what I can do, I can light fires, boil 'tatos, skin eels, fry sausages—and eat 'em, too; I can run errands—

Mab. Enough! serve me faithfully, and I will prove your friend.

Jer. You!—Why, you're only a gipsy—a wagrant!

Mab. No matter what I am.—Follow me. [*Giving money.*] Here is an earnest of my future favour.

Jer. A guinea!—Never saw so much at once in my life.

Mab. Listen!—I am no gipsy; this disguise is assumed for a purpose which you shall learn, and which you must assist. You will but lend your aid to succour the afflicted, and punish the oppressor.

Jer. Then blow me if I don't stick to you like bricks! It's my delight to succour the afflicted, and punish the oppressor. I drewed one of Jack Fuzzey's teeth with the blacksmith's pinchers, 'cause it ached; and I whopped Sam Snacthall, 'cause he smugged little Bandy Bob's marlows.

Mab. Follow me, boy!

Follow, with silent and with cautious tread—

Ruin shall fall on the oppressor's head!

[*Exit, R.*

Jer. I've got a place; who's my misses, I wonder?—No matter! I shall soon know. Perhaps she's some princess in disguise, who has taken a fancy to me.

[*Exit, R.*

SCENE V.—*The same as Scene the First—the Britannia cruising in the offing—a boat, L.—Moonlight.*

LIEUTENANT EVANS *and Sailors, discovered.*

Lie. (L. c.) Now, my lads, lay close, and, at my whistle, rush forward, seize the young fellow, bundle him into the boat, and pull for the Britannia.

[*The Sailors conceal themselves.*]

Enter SELINA, in a Sailor's dress, as James Heartwin, L.

Sel. (c.) How I tremble! Ha! a boat!—and, yonder, the Britannia, no doubt. Give me courage, Heaven! give me courage in this, the sacrifice I make for him I love.—Why should I not make it? I have no one to bewail my loss—no parent—no one in the world that I can call a relative, save my poor brother Martin, and he is far, far at sea—or, perhaps, the sea lies heavy on his breast. Now, Selina, save thy lover—save him for himself and his fond mother. His loss would break her heart, and, in after-times, when I shall be no more, here, in my native land, they oft' will tell the tale, and drop a tear of pity as they relate the tribute of a woman's love, "The Female Sacrifice!" [*A whistle is heard.*] Ha! they are here.

[*Lieutenant Evans steps forward—the Sailors rush out, seize Selina, and convey her, resisting, to the boat, which puts off at the back, c. F.*]

Enter SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER and CRICK, lighting him with a torch, L.

Sir W. 'Tis done! and now she's mine;—Heartwin is no longer here to protect her,—he is—a pressed man!

[*The boat reaches the ship, and Selina is taken into it.*]

Enter MABEL and JEREMY, suddenly, R., as the ship is sailing off.

Mab. 'Tis false! James Heartwin is——

Sir W. In yonder vessel—bound for a foreign station—never will he behold Selina more! for he is——

Mab. Here!

Enter JAMES HEARTWIN, hastily, R.

Hea. Where is Selina?

Mab. In yonder ship! Thou wert doomed by that villain to slavery. To save thee, Selina has represented thee, has been pressed, and is now borne for ever from thy sight.

Sir W. May curses light——

Hea. On thee, thou double villain! Your life shall pay the forfeit!

[He rushes at Sir William, drags him forward, throws him on one knee, and is about to seize him again, when Mabel interposes—Crick slinks away to one side, and Jeremy stands on the other—Servants enter with torches, as the act drop falls.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Court-yard of a French Prison—a dwarf-wall, with a chevaux-de-frieze across at the back, and the ocean beyond it—the “GUARD HOUSE,” R.—another building, with a massive door and two grated-windows, “ENGLISH WARD,” L.—another door higher up, L., “FRENCH DESERTERS”—a gate, R. S. E.—a bell suspended in a frame, near R. U. E.—Vessels are seen occasionally passing.*

A Sentinel discovered parading on the wall, within the chevaux-de-frieze.

MUSIC—“*A French March.*”—*Enter* LIEUTENANT CLARISPE *and* Soldiers, R., *followed by* COLONEL DE LA GARDE.

Col. (c.) Clarispe!

Cl. I attend, Colonel.

Col. Previous to my examination of the prisoners, whom accident and not victory has placed within these walls, let me once more caution you to adopt more than usual vigilance. Exhort the sentinels to attend scrupulously to their duty, and more particularly the one who has the sea-wall station. 'Tis seldom we can boast of having amongst our prisoners such as we now hold,—part of the crew of an English line of battle-ship. The escape of even one of the Britannia's hardy sailors would bring indelible disgrace upon me.

Cl. (L. c.) Colonel, I defy them, the guards are doubled; and escape by the sea-wall, impossible. The perpendicular depth from the chevaux-de-frieze, to the ocean below, exceeds one hundred feet.

Col. No matter; too much caution cannot be used.—
Call forth the prisoners. Who is first upon your list?

Cla. [*Looking at a paper.*] “Charles Johnson—captain of the fore-top of his majesty’s ship *Britannia*. [*Calling at the door of the English ward, L.*] Charles Johnson!
[*The Corporal of the party unlocks the door, and repeats the call.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter MARTIN ROSEBERRY—the door is fastened again.*

Col. (R. C.) Come forward, my man—fear nothing.

Mar. (C.) Do what!

Col. You have nothing to fear.

Mar. Thank ye kindly, sir—never supposed I had.

Col. Why then do you hesitate to face me?

Mar. Only because, for the first time in my life, I meet an enemy without being possessed of the means of showing him the difference between an English sailor and a French colonel—that’s all.

Col. I like your spirit, but any exhibition of it here is useless.

Mar. That may all be very true, sir, but, as we have it at home, “You can’t make a silk petticoat out of worsted bunting,” and so you can’t larn me manners to a Frenchman;—I hate him worse than poison. A Frenchman may—mind, I only say, *may*—be as good or a better man than an Englishman; but ever since I could suck grog out of a spoon, I’ve always heard he was my country’s enemy.

Col. You are, perhaps, mistaken in your opinion; but, as my prisoner—

Mar. Avast heaving there, mounseer Colonel—slip that cable out easy—not quite so much about prisoner! Look ye! if two of the best hundred and twenty gun-ships in your navy, backed by a couple of frigates to boot, had fairly tackled the old *Britannia* of a hundred guns, a very different sort of a story would have been told I guess, as Jonathan says. But here, a boats’ crew just makes a bit of a dash in shore, to pick up the drowning crew of one of your fishing-smacks that capsized, when a cat’s-paw comes down, and pitches our boat high and dry on your infernal coast. Down comes a hundred and fifty ugly big-whiskered curmudgeons, and nibble a boat’s crew of unarmed men, claps ’em into the bilboes, and call’s ’em prisoners of war. Now, if I was you, I tell you what I’d do: I’d say, “My fine fellows, the fortune of the winds, not

war, has placed you in my power; I know I couldn't lick you at fair fighting, so there's a crown a-piece for you, a boat to take you on board the Britannia in the offing, and, when we meet in battle, may the best man win!" There, commodore! there's an end of my yarn, and now, good luck to old England! God save the king! and Rule Britannia.—Huzza! [*The Colonel writes.*]

Cl. A little more respect to Monsieur le Colonel if you please, you sea-monster!

Mar. [*Sparring at him.*] Monster!—If you give me any of your jaw, prisoner as I am, I'll give you a crack over your provision-trap, that shall spoil your pollyvous for a month.

Cl. [*Jumping away.*] Tais-toi! Rosbif!

Mar. Roast beef or boiled, only come near my fist, and I'll make hashed mutton of you in a brace of shakes.

Col. Monsieur Clarispe, laissez-le—leave him to me.—Young man, I admire your zeal, and will endeavour to do you a service. Have you been long at sea?

Mar. Ever since I was a boy, mine has been a curious life, and can't interest you.

Col. Perhaps not of immediate interest; but when I tell you, Englishman—[*Glancing round.*] Monsieur Clarispe, march your men without the gate, and await my orders.—[*Clarispe points significantly to Martin.*] Do as I order you. [*Music.—Exeunt Clarispe and Soldiers, at the gate, R. S. E.*] Hear me, Briton: your country contains all that is dear to me upon earth.

Mar. Sir!

Col. Your candour tells me that you are honest, and if I procure your liberty, leads me to believe you will assist my search. I have a child—

Mar. [*Aside.*] So have I, worse luck! at Yarmouth—a fat one—such a bloater!

Col. A daughter, torn from me by a villain! By his persuasive arts, he lured her from her home. My child, I hear, is in England. The duties of my station prevent me from seeking her. To you I'll devolve the task. I have powerful friends, who will obtain your freedom, and others, high in authority in England, will procure your discharge from the service. I like your countenance, I admire your undaunted courage, and I will trust you with this important mission. Serve me zealously, and a life of independence shall await you.

Mar. The jawing-tackle of your clipper has been running

at such a spanking rate, that the craft of my understanding finds it rather difficult to keep along-side of you; yet, I think I understand enough to give you a catechometrical answer. I was born and bred at Yarmouth. Father and mother died, and left me and a little weeny bit of a sister, to steer by ourselves through the sharp-cutting coral-reefs of life's stream. I was a strong hearty lad, and did good sarvice for myself and Selina aboard a collier. The craft I belonged to, foundered at sea; I alone survived—a man-o'-war's-boat picked me up,—the sea received me a collier, and returned me a man-o'-war's-man. That's what you call, the "fortune delly guar."

Col. You interest me.—Proceed.

Mar. We were ordered to the Indian seas to protect the trade. I never heard from Yarmouth till three years after, when I learnt that my poor little sister, a child of seven years old when I saw her last, had left Yarmouth with the creetur she had lived with, that all believed me dead; and, from that hour to this, I have never heard of poor Selina.

Col. In seeking for my child, you may find your sister.

Mar. This matter requires consideration, Colonel;—I must consult one of my mates—a youngster, as much fit for a seaman as I am for a lord chancellor. But no matter! he's a good little chap, and I don't budge one inch unless he goes with me.

Col. That shall be thought of. In an hour I will see you again. [*Calling.*] Clarispe!

Re-enter LIEUTENANT CLARISPE, R. S. E.

You will place on your extra guard, and give the prisoners an hour's walk in the court-yard.

Cla. It shall be done.

[*Music.*—*The Colonel waves his hand to Martin, and exits at the gate, R. S. E.*—*Clarispe, cautiously avoiding Martin, beckons on the Corporal, who opens the prison doors, and exits at the gate, R. S. E.*—*Clarispe is about to follow—when he is just at the gate, Martin accidentally moves towards him—Clarispe jumps out, slamming the gate in Martin's face.*

Mar. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! was there ever sich a officer? Three like him would almost frighten a lady's maid. [*Looking, L.*] But yonder I see little welcome as we call him. What the devil made 'em press such a whipper-snapper for the Britannia?

[*MUSIC.*—*Air*—"Do you ever think of me, love?"

Enter SELINA ROSEBERRY, as a Sailor, L. D.

Sel. [*To Martin.*] Ah, my kind, good friend! is it you?

Mar. Your "kind, good friend," indeed! Why don't you say, What cheer, my hearty? or, Hillo, mate! how goes on the war? "My kind friend, is it you!"—sounds more like the squeaking of a great girl than the manly croak of a sailor.

Sel. Well, I will try to please you. Will this do better? [*Attempting to speak gruffly.*] Hillo, mate! how goes on the war?

Mar. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! that's a leetle better; but precious queer piping in a gale of wind. I tell you what, youngster, I begin to suspect——

Sel. [*Alarmed.*] To suspect what?

[*Martin whispers in her ear.*]

Sel. [*Holding down her head bashfully.*] 'Tis too true; I am a woman.

Mar. And why the devil didn't you say so before?

Sel. I know not why. I made this sacrifice to save a lover I adored. What cause I had to do so, you shall learn anon. Once on board, I intended to declare my sex; but the wild and rude manners of the crew deterred me from making the disclosure, till you afforded me the opportunity. You have my secret: use it like a man, protect me I conjure you, and, though I ne'er can give the heart that's another's, you shall have my thanks—the gratitude of a poor, defenceless orphan.

Mar. An orphan! Poor little soul! I will protect you. If any swab should dare to molest you, only you sing out, Charley, a-hoy! and he'll wish himself nine leagues to the southward of Cape Horn, scudding under bare poles, in a fog, of a dark night, and breakers right under his lee-bow.

Sel. Oh, Charles! you are a friend indeed.

Mar. Charles Johnson's the name I gave in when they picked me up, and there's no occasion to tell 'em the difference. But, look ye! here come the two precious deserting thieves that we had the shindy with yesterday. They're after no good, I warrant me. Just shove your boat along-side of mine to leeward here.

[*They retire to R. U. E.*]

*Enter LE FRANC and LA MORT, from the gate of the
"French Deserters," L. S. E.*

La M. (R. C.) No one near! 'tis well. The sentinel is too far off to hear us. Have you obtained it?

Le F. (C.) Yes, here is a phial of prussic acid so strong, that the smallest portion will cause instantaneous death.

La M. 'Twas brought to you in a loaf of bread?

Le F. Yes, by a dissatisfied soldier, who cleverly exchanged it for the prison bread that was intended for me.

La M. Once more your plan.

Le F. To-day is the governor's fête. He indulges all the prisoners with a holiday. Wine will be drunk. He will, no doubt, in the plenitude of his hypocritical kindness, drink a health to all. It must be so contrived that the soldiers of his guard shall drink at the same moment; each man will fall a corpse before us, and, in the confusion, we escape.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Horrible villains!

La M. This is rather wholesale murder.

Le F. Nimporte! What do we owe this governor?—He caused us to be apprehended, to be scourged—picked us out to suffer an indignity which never is inflicted upon the French soldier. Never did I say?—Yes! by him, in wantonness of spirit, upon our backs—flogged! Think of that, comrade! He, and all who assisted in the humiliating spectacle, shall die! [*Crosses to R.*

La M. You forget, comrade; he did not flog us exactly for desertion, but for robbing our comrades, setting fire to the barracks, and attempting to—

Le F. No matter; we were flogged, and—they die!

[*They retire into the prison, L. S. E.—Martin and Selina come forward.*

Sel. Oh, Charles! I pray you give the alarm and prevent mischief.

Mar. Leave me alone, youngster, will you. If you give alarm, they will be arrested only on my bare word, and, mayhap, escape the punishment their rascality deserves.—I've a trifling plan of my own, to let 'em punish themselves. Let Charley Johnson alone for making a wolf bite off his own nose.

Sel. May Heaven speed you in your endeavours to save the lives of innocent men.

[*Music.—A rocket is seen to ascend at the back—the Sentinel on the wall fires his musket.*

Re-enter LIEUTENANT CLARISPE, *hastily, with a telescope, and ascends the parapet.*

Re-enter COLONEL DE LA GARDE, *at the gate, R. S. E., attended.*

Col. Clarispe, what alarm is this—what see you ?

Cla. An English line of battle-ship off the land. She has thrown up a signal rocket. [*A rocket ascends.*] There goes another. [*A report of cannon heard.*] Ha! there is treachery somewhere, governor; that gun was from the cave below.

Col. We must be still more vigilant. What see you now ?

Cla. The line of battle ship has tacked, and now stands closer in with the land. [*Another rocket ascends.*] Ha! another rocket! She is surely making signals to some one on shore. [*A gun fires.*] Another gun from the smuggler's cave. A boat puts off from the mouth of it.

Col. I fancy our alarms are groundless. 'Tis but the contrabandiers at their usual occupation.

Cla. Rather unlikely, Colonel, they should be encouraged by the captain of an English man-o'-war.

Col. This must be looked too. Let a company of musketeers parade the beach and guard the entrance to the smuggler's cave. [*Clarispe descends from the wall.*]

Cla. Your orders shall be instantly obeyed.

Col. And hark ye, monsieur Clarispe: give directions for the wine I ordered to be placed here. This is my fête, and each heart shall rejoice upon the occasion. [*To Martin and Selina.*] Englishmen, proud as you Britons are, you will not, I am sure, refuse to partake of the cheer which good will sets before you. I will soon return and pledge you. [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Cla. Our Colonel is certainly the best hearted creature in the world. [*Looking off.*] But who the diable has the Corporal with him? A prisoner, no doubt. What can this mean ?

[*Martin whispers Selina, who exits into the "English ward," L.*]

Enter the CORPORAL *with* JEREMY SUPPLE, *extremely alarmed, R. S. E.*

Cor. [*Giving a paper to Clarispe.*] An English prisoner taken under these circumstances.

[*Exit, L.—Clarispe opens the letter.*]

Jer. Only to think, that I, Jeremiah Supple, a freeholder, possessing a leaky cottage, and eight shillings per week—lawful money of Great Britain, should, at one moment, be residing on the top of Folkstone Cliff, and the next, an inmate of a French prison, on the t'other side *off* the water, near Boology. [*Seeing Martin.*] Ah, mate! you're a stranger to me, but it does one good to see a countryman in foreign parts—I'm most particularly glad to see you.—How are you? [*He retires up with Martin.*]

Cla. [*Reading.*] "*The crew of an English fishing-boat has been captured, and the whole liberated upon proper and satisfactory explanation, except the prisoner now sent to you, who was the bearer of a letter to the captain of the Britannia, now at sea. It was deemed proper to detain him, until the papers he carried have been examined.*" [*To Jeremy.*] Young man!

Jer. [*Advancing.*] Yes, that's me! I'm the young man.

Cla. You are at liberty——

Jer. Am I? Upon my word, I'm much obliged to you. [*Going.*] Good bye!

Cla. Hold!—to remain here for the present; when I return, I shall lock you up. [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Jer. Thank ye! What a funny chap that is; he says I'm at liberty to be a prisoner. It's their turn now;—but see how I'll sarve 'em. I'll bring an action against 'em for false imprisonment. They have no right to detain me. I'm not a sailor nor a soldier; I'm a freeholder, and have got a leaky cottage and eight shillings a-week. I'll sue 'em for swinging damages. [*To Martin.*] What'll they do with me?

Mar. Why, as you are neither soldier or sailor, they'll hang you as a spy.

Jer. (R. C.) Hang me! I an't a spy, I'm a freeholder.

Mar. What business had you on board a fishing-craft so close in with the land?

Jer. The business of a postman. You must know my misses is a witch. She found out that a young girl had got herself pressed, and was aboard the Britannia. So she ordered me to come out to sea in one of the Folkstone boats, and try to convey a letter to her, and to the captain of the Britannia, now cruising off here, in order that the girl might be sent on shore. The wind came on to blow wery hard—so hard, that it blowed the Britannia right out of the way, and blowed our boat right in the way. A privateer picked us up, and brought us into Boology.

Mar. The girl you speak of is not on board the Britannia. She is a prisoner—she is *here!*

Jer. None of your nonsense! you're not her. I'm not to be gammoned into taking such a hairy-chinned tar as you for Selina Roseberry.

Mar. Who?

Jer. Selina Roseberry to be sure!

Mar. Merciful Heaven, I thank thee!

Jer. Here's a row!—What is the matter?

Mar. Should you know her in a sailor's dress?

Jer. Know her! Ay, in any dress.

Re-enter SELINA ROSEBERRY, from the "English Ward."

Mar. Does this lad resemble her?

Sel. [Suppressing a scream of joy.] Mr. Jeremiah Supple!

Jer. Selina Roseberry!

Mar. Sister!

Sel. How! Charles Johnson—

Mar. No, no! Martin Roseberry!

Sel. Brother! [They rush into each other's arms.]

Jer. Huzza! Folkstone for ever—Nelson for ever—everybody for ever!

Mar. Lord, lord, Selly! and are you the little, tiny, fair-headed angel I left ten years ago? How you are changed!

Sel. And are you the slim lad that used to carry me in his arms to the sea shore, to find pretty shells and pebbles for sister Selly. How you must be changed that I should not have known you! I can recollect you was a handsome lad, and better looking than any in Yarmouth.

Jer. Was he? Then he's precious altered. I don't wonder you didn't know him.

Mar. But tell me, Selina, by what means has this meeting been accomplished? Why are you in this dress?

Sel. I will tell you all; there is a tale which, when you know—

Jer. He'll set fire to the mansion house, and knock Sir William Pledger's eye out.

Mar. Who is the villain?

Jer. I said so; there'll be the devil to pay in Folkstone.

Mar. Folkstone! what has Folkstone to do with my sister? Tell me all! I will be as calm as—

Jer. The Bay of Biscay in a hurricane—the bursting of a



steam-engine—a doctor who has lost his fee—a lawyer his client—or an old maid, with a stupid partner at whist.

Mar. For the present my curiosity must remain under hatches. There's a plot of the devil's own brewing, which requires my aid to founder. Mr. Supple, just tow my sister under your larboard-fin into yon cage, till I sing out for you, and mind, keep your jawing-tackle fast, for if you let go the flying-jib of your palaver, before I give you leave, I'll tie your neck in a double kink, and make you food for fishes.

Jer. Ay, ay! I'll be as mute as a mackerel, and as close as an oyster. Come along, Selina!

[Exeunt Selina and Jeremy, into the "English ward."

Mar. *[Looking off.]* They are steering this way with the wine. Now, Martin, look out a-head, and see if you can't get the weather-gage of two as black-hearted thieves as ever hoisted the black flag. *[Retires up, R.]*

MUSIC.—*Enter the CORPORAL and two Soldiers, who bring two tables and place them R. and L., with wine-cups, fruits, bread, meat, &c.—they set out the tables, place four bottles of wine in a row on each, and retire.*

Re-enter LA MORT and LE FRANC, cautiously, from the "Deserters' ward"—La Mort takes the first bottle on the table, R., draws the cork, and Le Franc pours the contents of a phial of prussic acid into it, and replaces the cork—they retire to the L. corner, exchanging looks, and exulting in their scheme—Martin, unperceived, exits into the "English ward."

Re-enter COLONEL DE LA GARDE, LIEUTENANT CLARISPE, and French Soldiers, R. S. E.—the Colonel gives Clarispe directions—he orders the Corporal, who rings the bell.

Re-enter MARTIN, SELINA, JEREMY SUPPLE, and English Prisoners—they range, L., the Soldiers, all in a line, R., and the Colonel, C.—while they are arranging themselves, Martin slips out of the rank unperceived, and, taking the first bottle from off the table, R., passes behind the line, and exchanges it for the first bottle on the table, L., and, in the same way, places that on the table, R., precisely where the other stood—he then takes his station next to Selina.

Col. Soldiers and prisoners! at this moment—and for this day only—you are equals. Drink the toast I shall

propose, and, for this day, you are at liberty to mingle in amusements as you shall think fit, so that you disturb not the order of the fortress.

[They fall back on each side—the Corporal draws the cork of the first bottle on the table, R., and Le Franc the first on the table, L.—they all fill their glasses.]

Col. May a speedy union cement the two greatest nations in the universe—England and France, and may their united efforts bring peace and prosperity to all the world!

[A Chord.—They all drink—Le Franc drains his glass to the dregs, and, with a shriek of horror and agony, falls dead, before La Mort has drunk his—they all start.]

Col. Ha! treason is here—poison has been administered! Who has done this?

Mar. *[Rushing forward and seizing La Mort.]* Here he is, your honour! at least, here is one of 'em. T'other has paid his shot—got toko for yarn, as they say in Jamaica.

Col. Explain this mystery.

Mar. Why, you see, your honour, I always reckoned myself a bit of physigogoner, and, not liking the cut of either of these chaps mugses, I looked as sharp arter 'em, as a king's cruiser arter a prevateer. By and bye, they veers out a fathom or two of their intention to poison you this blessed moment. I was close in their wake, and seed the stiff 'un there pour out a phial of what he called Prussian someat, into that bottle; so while your backs were turned, I changes the bottles; by which means, I saves the life of one who, I think, is a decentish sort of a chap, though he is a Frenchman, and sends one to Old Nick, who, I think, is too bad to be sent back again. And now, your honour knows all about it, as Jem Garvan did when he peeped in the pig-stye and the old sow bit off his nose.

Col. Take hence that corpse. *[The Soldiers remove the body of Le Franc.]* You, *[To La Mort.]* an accomplice in this foul attempt, shall take your trial for this atrocious crime. Away with him!

La M. *[Advancing.]* A word before I go. You, Colonel, receive my hatred and my curse. *[To Martin.]* And you, receive your reward!

[He suddenly draws a pistol from his breast, and fires at Martin—Selina rushes between them, and receives the shot—she falls—Jeremy raises her—]

Martin flies at Le Franc, whom he seizes by the throat—the Frenchman sinks with strangulation under his grasp—he is released by two Soldiers, who bear him off at the gate, R. S. E.—Exit Clarispe after them.

Mar. [Turning to Selina.] Sister!

Sel. 'Tis nothing, brother—[Pointing to her arm.] a mere scratch.

Col. Sister—brother! What means all this?

Re-enter CLARISPE, hastily, R. S. E.

Cla. Arm! arm! alarm the garrison! The Britannia's crew have landed, and, assisted by the traitrous smugglers, have entered their cave below. The man who brings the intelligence, informs us, that there is a passage, known only to the smugglers, leading from the cave into this very prison. Colonel, beware! we are surrounded by danger.

Col. Soldiers, stand to your arms! [The Soldiers seize their muskets, which they had placed against the guard-house.] Prisoners, retire!

Mar. Colonel, I respect but cannot obey you. Three cheers, my boys, and one gallant struggle for liberty or death! Jeremy, retire into the ward, and protect my sister.

Jer. I will. [Aside.] As I shall protect myself.

[Exit, with Selina, into the prison, L.]

Col. Upon them! charge!

[Music. — As the Soldiers are advancing, a loud huzza is heard without—an explosion takes place, and blows up a part of the fortress—an English Officer rushes through the opening, leading a party of Sailors, with torches—they make good their ground—French Soldiers rush on—firing is heard without—the guard-house is set on fire by a torch—the wall breaks down, and discovers the Britannia, in full sail—the Frenchmen are overpowered—Colonel de la Garde is knocked down—an English Sailor is about to despatch him—Martin runs between them, and saves his life—Jeremy brings out Selina, who rushes into her brother's arms.—Picture, and air, "Rule Britannia," as the act drop falls.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Deck of the Britannia.*

Enter JEREMY SUPPLE *and* MARTIN ROSEBERRY, L.

Jer. I say, Martin, who do you think that chap is, that you saved from the wreck?

Mar. Some great man, no doubt. He was on board a vessel from India, bound for Portsmouth, which foundered at sea about an hour before we picked him up, floating on a spar. Poor gentleman! he only was saved.

Jer. I wonder what's in the leather trunk that he'd got tied to his shoulders?

Mar. His fortune, mayhap.

Jer. Has he got a cottage and eight shillings a-week?

Mar. Mayhap he hasn't, but I know what he's got.

Jer. What?

Mar. The build of one who would pull the bowsprit of any impertinent craft who should venture to enquire.

Jer. Lawks! you don't say so! I'm shot then if I don't keep my bowsprit out of arms' way.

Mar. Belay! I hear the skipper coming. Shove your boat off.

Jer. I will. [*Going, but returns.*] I say, martin!

Mar. Well!

Jer. Do try to find out what's in that leather portmantle; do, that's a good fellow. [*Exit, R.*]

Enter CAPTAIN MORRIS *and* the HONOURABLE GERARD PLEDGER, *in an oriental dress*, L.

Cap. Martin!

Mar. Your honour!

Cap. Have you seen every comfort bestowed upon your sister?

Mar. I have, thanks to your honour for your blessed kindness.

Cap. Go upon deck, sir, and let me know when Portsmouth is in sight.

Mar. Ay, ay, sir! [*Aside, looking at Gerard.*] What a rum chap! I think, if master Jeremy was just now to ask him about his portmantle, he'd look him into fits, and give him a Botany Bay ague. [*Exit, R.*]

Ger. (c.) Captain Morris, allow me, once more, to reiterate my thanks for your kind attentions to me. You

will say, you have only done your duty; but when a man, doing his duty, is guided by feeling and friendly motives, the obligation is so much the greater. You do not know me, captain. I stand before you as having lost all I possessed in the world, save the treasure which I bore about my person. Yet it may so occur that my interest, and my connection in an influential quarter, may be of service to you.

Cap. (R. c.) I thank you, whoever you may be. I——

Ger. I pray you urge not now to know. The disclosure of my name might, perchance, involve the safety of a plan not yet matured; but believe me, I am a man of honour and of rank. Long residence in India has given me excess of wealth, which I have transmitted to England. Land me at Portsmouth, and within a week, you shall hear from me. The leathern case which I fortunetely saved, contains deeds and other documents, by which my claim to certain estates must be substantiated.

Re-enter MARTIN, R.

Mar. Portsmouth's in sight, sir, on the lee-beam, bearing ten miles north-north. [*Exit, R.*]

Cap. I must on deck—at dinner we meet again. [*Exit, R.*]

Ger. So! my destiny is fulfilled! All I have lived for, is gone!—snatched from me for ever. Oh! how I loved her! Never can I forget the beauteous morning, when, leaving my bungalow, and straying by the tortuous banks of the deep Jumma, I first beheld my Immalayeh. All nature seemed to smile upon me! The scorching sun had not yet sipped the sparkling dew from every flower! Pure drops of liquid crystal trembled on each blade of grass, which bent beneath the dewey weight, the renovator of the pastures. Under the shadow of the lofty banian, whose many stems surrounded her, sat the sweet girl, musing as 'twere, upon the stream before her, ever and anon heaving a sigh of sorrow, as tears stood trembling at the portals of her eyes, and then coursed down her lovely cheek. I addressed her. She was a lonely flower, left but to perish in the wilderness. Her parents both had died—she trusted to me, and I deceived her not. Once—and once alone—oppressed by wine, the demon passion whispered in my ear a baneful something which I dared to nourish. I sought the maid—she slept. I gazed upon her,—'twas but for a moment. Reason, the brightest goddess that mankind can worship, drew forth the veil which had con-

cealed her. She waved her hand;—I fled abashed, and cursed myself for having dared to harbour a thought of ill to Immalayeh. In England we were to have been united—the vessel foundered—a huge wave tore her from my arms—she perished!—died before my aching sight, and all my hopes fled with her!

[He sits down in a chair in an agony of anguish.]

Re-enter MARTIN, R.

Mar. Captain Morris, your honour, would see you on deck.

Ger. I come. *[Exit Martin, R.]* Come, to gaze upon the waters, beneath whose heaving bosom she now sleeps. Rouse thee, Gerard! and from those waters look upwards to their canopy; there thou wilt meet her again. *[Exit, R.]*

SCENE II.—*Folkstone.*

Enter BOBBY CRICK, L., walking very fast, and looking at his watch.

Crick. Fast—too fast by half an hour, four minutes, and seventeen seconds. What a devilish deal I've got to do to be sure. I'm Squire Pledger's head man!—Cut my shop, 'cause my shop cut me—customers dropped off—I dropped down—kicked out by the smugglers 'cause I served the excise—rent came due—funds absent—taxes ditto—funds ditto—clothes seedy—tailor shy—hat queer—hatter queerer—butchers, bakers, etcetera, etcetera, doubtful. At last it came to positive hunger—up to snuff, down at a pinch! Squire wanted a cat's paw, and here I am—his right hand, left to do for him nothing that is right. Can't help it; conscience is like a snappish cur—look him full in the face, and he'll bolt. *[Looking off.]* Ha! here comes my splendid master.

Enter SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER, R.

Sir W. Crick!

Crick. *[Crossing to R.]* Your honour, I'm going fast where you desired me.

Sir W. Then stand fast—I want you.

Crick. Here I am, fixed as fippence, your honour's rumble-come-tumble.

Sir W. I have news for you. Selina Roseberry has returned. She has found her brother, and I fear some mischief lurks against me. This girl must appear to the world a criminal, and I, pure as the unsullied snow!

Crick. I am all ears.

Sir W. Steal secretly into the dwelling where Selina lived. In some box, or chest, well known to have been her's, place these trinkets. [*Giving a watch and jewels.*] As soon as she arrives in Folkstone, she must be accused of robbery. Let her cottage be searched; the evidence will appear, and she will be condemned;—but I will save her, if she consent to be my mistress.

Crick. It shall be done, your honour.

Sir W. Ay, and quickly, too. Away, good Crick! Selina once mine, name a reward, and it is yours. [*Exit, L.*]

Crick. Crick, Crick! if thou dost this, thou wilt deserve to have a crick in thy neck. No! I'll not go fast this time, I'll wait to see what chances turn up, for, whenever a battle takes place, it's always adviseable to side with the strongest party. [*Exit, slowly, L.*]

Enter MARTIN and SELINA, (in her own-dress) R.

Mar. So, my dear sister, here we are, once more, ashore. The prelimineries of peace have been signed, and, though I love the sea, I'm not sorry to be at anchor on land; and, mark ye, love, though an English sailor does better than any other, the duties his station calls upon him to perform, he is ever ready to assist a conquered enemy, and rejoices heartily when the olive-branch of peace waves o'er the crimson flag of war.

Sel. How much more cause have I for rejoicing, when the peace restores to me a dear brother.

Mar. Well, well, tell me, Selly,—where have you sent Jeremy? He cast off the painter just now in a devil of a hurry. Some sweethearting, I'll be bound.

Sel. You have guessed right, Martin. You will shortly see one to whom I have long given my heart, and to whom, I hope, you will give your friendship.

Mar. Whatever craft my sister hangs her pennant on, must be worthy of my sailing in convoy.

Sel. Ah, Martin! you are a dear, good brother—not a bit altered since you was my own dear Martin at Yarmouth.

Jeremy Supple. [*Without, R.*] Come along, my dear fellow, and never mind your dress;—heave a-head, as you say!

Enter JEREMY SUPPLE and JAMES HEARTWIN, R.

Hea. [*Rushing towards Selina, and clasping her in his arms.*] Selina! my own dear Selina!

Sel. James! this is indeed a joyful meeting.

Hea. I shall never forget the sacrifice you made for me.

Jer. And when I forget—

Mar. [*Interrupting him.*] Avast, mate! let me speak. [*To Heartwin.*] I am the brother of the little frigate you have taken in tow, and if you'll promise to convoy her kindly through the voyage of life, you shall have her.

Hea. That I will! The death of an uncle who disowned me while living, has enabled me to purchase a small farm, and I have now the means and the inclination to make my Selina happy.

Mar. Bravo, my lad! you're one of the right sort! [*To Selina.*] Take his hand, my beauty, 'tis an honest one.—Here we are abreast of Old Molly's crib,—in we pitch, and there, over a palaver as the Indians call it, settle our order of sailing for the rest of life's voyage; and, though we may never again have a war, let us not forget, whether at sea or on shore, the lesson that Nelson taught our enemies, "Britannia rules the waves."

Jer. Who wrote that song, Mr. Martin?

Mar. Freedom composed the words, Victory the music, and Humanity steered the pen! 'Tis a song recorded among nations, as the rallying point of Britons!—'Tis the watchword of the patriot! While softer melodies please the ear, point me out one more inspiring than Rule Britannia. [*Exeunt into the cottage, R.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Cottage—a table and chairs, c.—a door, C. F.—another, R. S. E.*

GOODY MOLLY *discovered, seated.*

Enter MARTIN, SELINA, and HEARTWIN, C. D. F.

Mar. Goody Molly, ahoy! She's as deaf as a capstan.

Goody. [*Rising.*] Who calls? [*Meeting and embracing Selina.*] Lord love ye, Selly! [*Drawing forward chairs and table.*] Come, sit ye down! and if we never have one again, we'll have a jolification now.

[*Selina and Heartwin sit.*

Mar. Goody, you've acted like a Briton to my sister.—Here! [*Offering a purse.*] take this as an earnest of my gratitude.

Goody. [*Shaking hands with him.*] You may be my friend, but if I touch your hard-earned money for having done as I wou'd be done by, may I be ducked for a scold, or burnt for a witch.

[A loud knocking heard—the cottage-door is opened from without.]

Enter BOBBY CRICK and Constables, C. D. F.

Crick. Most worthy and honoured Goody Molly, it grieves me to intrude, but I have an unpleasant duty to perform.

Mar. None of your jawing, Captain Croker! if you have dispatches containing ill news, the sooner you overhaul them the better.

Crick. I charge you and your friend there not to oppose the law. I have a warrant to apprehend Selina Roseberry for robbery.

Omnes. Robbery!

Sel. Merciful heavens! what mean you?

[Martin is about to seize Crick by the throat, when he takes out a warrant, and shakes a Constable's staff at him.]

Mar. *[Making a violent effort to repress his rage, and drawing from him.]* Robbery!—Marlinspikes, pipes, and pig-tail!

Crick. *[To the Constables.]* Gentlemen, do your duty.

[They advance to the door, R. S. E.]

Goody. *[Interposing.]* By the lord harry, if you attempt to go into my bed-room, I'll scratch your eyes out.

[Crick takes her arm, and turns her away—the Constables exit, R. D.]

Mar. *[Grasping Crick.]* Belay there! your warrant don't authorize you to molest an old woman. If you lay a finger on her again, I'll make a holy-stone of your head, and a door-mat of your skin, you half-bred mongrel!

Crick. (R.) Mind! my life's in danger—I'll swear the peace against you. *[Re-enter the Constables, R. D., bearing a box, which they give to Crick.]* By the virtue of my office, I open this box. *[He proceeds to force it open.]*

Sel. *[Crossing to him, R.]* Conscious of my innocence, I oppose no obstacle to your search. *[Giving the key to Crick.]* Here, sir, is the key.

Crick. If there is no property found here belonging to Sir William Pledger, you are innocent; if otherwise, guilty!

[Music.—Crick opens the box, and, unseen by Selina and her friends, thrusts to the bottom of it, a watch and jewellery—they all approach the box—Crick takes out the cloaths one by one, then the watch]

and jewels—He holds them up, and they all start with surprise.—A Chord.

Crick. [To *Selina.*] Now, what say you to these indubitable proofs?

Sel. [Greatly agitated.] I cannot speak!

Crick. Guilt takes away her utterance.

Hea. You lie!—you long-eared swab, you lie!—Conscious innocence deprives her of speech.

Crick. There is presumptive proof—

Mar. That you're a rogue!—But 'tis no use firing broadsides into the water. Do what you call your duty, and I'll do mine. [*Selina runs into his arms.*] Selly, you are innocent, I know you are!

Crick. [To the Constables.] Gentlemen, do your duty. [To *Selina.*] You are my prisoner.

[*Music.*—*The Constables lay hold of Selina, who faints in their arms—Crick goes towards the door, c. f.—Goody bursts into tears—Martin stands, R., gazing with agony on Selina—Heartwin takes her hand, and kneels by her, L., as the scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*The Open Country.*

Enter SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER, L.

Sir W. All goes well. *Selina* is mine—irrevocably mine! She will be found guilty—I will save her from a prison, and convey her to London—should my plans fail, the smugglers, whom I have hired, will secure our safety.

Enter BOBBY CRICK, L.

So, my faithful agent, what news?

Crick. (c.) *Selina* is a prisoner in the mansion house.

Sir W. (R. c.) Hasten, then, to Sir Edward Vernon the magistrate; tell him a felon is in custody, and that his presence is respectfully requested for the examination.

Crick. Yes, sir, but a trifling payment on account of services already performed, would be most gratefully received by your humble servant to command, Bob Crick, who begs leave to present his little account.

[*He produces a long bill.*

Sir W. Psha! have I not told you I would reward you when all is done? [*Aside.*] I will, in a way he little expects.

Crick. But a leetle something on account would—

Sir W. [*Turning away.*] I am not in a mood to trifle.

Crick. [*Aside.*] So—he hesitates—he trifles with me!
Crick, my friend, 'tis time to go over to the enemy.

Sir W. Why are you not gone to the magistrate?

Crick. I'm off! [*Aside, going.*]

I go—to put a rod in pickle,—

Somebody's toby for to tickle. [*Exit, L.*]

Sir W. I must use dispatch or that fellow will betray me.

[*Going, R.*]

Enter MABEL, suddenly, R., meeting him.

Mab. [*Catching his arm.*] Hold! I would speak with you.

Sir W. Vagrant! release me!—do not contaminate me with thy touch!

Mab. [*Loosing her hold, and crossing to L.*] Contaminate! [*Laughing hysterically.*] Ha, ha, ha! there was a time—but—no—no matter!

Sir W. What would you?—charity? [*Offering money.*] here!

Mab. Money! I'll none on't. I'd have a favour of thee.

Sir W. [*Aside.*] Her voice plays strangely on my ear. [*Aloud.*] What favour would'st thou, woman?

Mab. (c.) Seest thou yon maythorn bush? [*Pointing off wildly.*] There! behold!—Autumn's chill has fallen upon it! It's flowers were bright and bonny once, but now they droop and wither.

Sir W. (R. c.) Again, I say, what would'st thou?

Mab. I would have thee restore those flowers to their pristine beauty—give them back their brilliant hue?—Wilt thou, dearest? wilt thou?

Sir W. Leave me, woman! thou art mad!

Mab. Mad!—I?—Who says so?—No, no! I'm not mad!

AIR.—MABEL—(*anonymous.*)

Oh! from the bonny maythorn bough,
A lesson you may borrow;
It's flowers are sweet and blooming now,
But dead and dry to-morrow.
I saw the maiden bright and brave,
Her lover rode beside her;
But now she has an unknown grave,
And a nameless stone to hide her.

Oaths are but words, and words but breath,
How strong so'er you make them;
And fickleness, as well as death,
Perhaps may chance to break them.

Then from the bonny maythorn bough,
A lesson you may borrow ;
Its flowers are sweet and blooming now,
But dead and dry to-morrow.

[*She gazes earnestly upon Sir William.*

Sir W. [*Recognizing her, and recoiling.*] Mabel!

Mab. That name! I have heard it before. Ma—Ma—
[*Curtsying.*] What did you say, sir?

Sir W. [*Aside.*] If this be not assumed, it is most horrible! [*Aloud.*] My good girl, why are you here?—why are you thus?

Mab. Good! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! I was good once—very good, and my father loved me dearly. He was an officer of France, and wore gay and gallant plumes. I wish I had one now. Peace they say has come. I promised to carry an olive branch to my father in my own country, but they will not let me go.

Sir W. Who will not let you?

Mab. Him—him!—I forget his name—my husband!
[*Shrieking, and laughing hysterically.*] Husband! Yes, my husband! he will soon come—his name is Death—his habitation his—the Grave!

[*Sings wildly.*]

Bonny the bridal, and bonny the day!
Bonny the worms as they turn up the clay!
The toad and the lizard so blithe and so brave;
The bridegroom and bridesmaid—the altar, the grave!

[*She sinks exhausted to the ground, c.*

Sir W. This is beyond endurance! What ho, there! help! a dying maniac is here!—help! help!

[*Exit, calling, L.—Music, piano—a dead pause.*

Enter JEREMY SUPPLE, R., followed by COLONEL DE LA GARDE, out of uniform.

Jer. (R. c.) Ah, your honour! there's no knowing what changes happen in a man's life. One minute grass, the t'other hay; here to-morrow, gone to-day. Who would have thought, when I was your prisoner in France, I should be in England your guide, and your humble servant what is to be.

Col. (R.) You shall be my attendant, my good fellow, if I find my child; if not, alas! I may lay me down and die!

Jer. Well, your honour, only let me find my mistress, and tell her I delivered her letter safely; then I shall resign my situation, and become head-man to Colonel de la Garde. [*Seeing Mabel.*] By the mulberry nose of old

Tongs the smuggler, there she is fast asleep. Ah, poor soul! I always thought she was a little here. [*Touching his forehead.*] You understand. I know where Doctor Drybones lives; I'll fetch him afore you can say chips.

[*Exit, L.*]

Col. [*Crossing to Mabel.*] The woman sleeps not; her eyes are fixed and open. Let me not, in my own sorrows, forget the duties of humanity.

[*Music.—He raises Mabel and brings her forward.*]

Mab. I have been dreaming—dreaming that I saw my father. He frowned upon me. I would have rushed into his arms, but he would not receive me. “Begone, thou accursed one!” exclaimed he. The fearful words still ring in the ear of the unfortunate Mabel.

Col. Mabel!

Mab. Ha! who uttered that name?—That voice! can it be? Spirit of good or evil, which e'er thou art, come, let me grapple with thee! It is a vision I have oftentimes seen; it has ever eluded my grasp, but now [*Seizing her father.*] I hold thee!—never will I loose my hold, 'till I scan thy visage and see if thou art mortal.

[*She gazes in his face, and uttering a dreadful scream, falls insensible.*]

Col. Merciful powers, I thank thee! I have found my child.

[*He kneels by her—She slowly recovers, tries to recollect himself, looks at him again, rises, and, throwing herself upon his neck, bursts into tears.*]

Col. Mabel, my child! thy father speaks to thee—dost thou not know me?

Mab. Yes, yes! I know you now. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon! pardon!

Col. [*Raising her.*] Rise, my poor crushed flower, and shelter in a father's bosom.

Mab. Can there be such happiness in store for me. No, no! spurn me—cast me from you!

Col. What! think'st thou, Mabel, I will visit the sins of thy betrayer upon thy head? can a father who refuses mercy to his erring child, dare to ask mercy of his Father in Heaven? Thou art forgiven—thou art my child!

[*They embrace, and the scene closes.*]

SCENE V.—Folkstone.

Enter CRICK, JARVIS, and other Smugglers, R.

Crick. There! now I've given you a guinea a-piece as

earnest. Mr. Jarvis, you know what you have to do. Away to the mansion-house, conceal yourselves in the buttery, and, while the examination is taking place, be all of you ready at the door of the room, and the moment Squire Pledger calls out "Yo ho, there!" rush in and secure the girl. Two of you will bear her off to the chaise, which you will find ready, and the rest of you will prevent the squire from being followed. You understand.

Jar. All's right; we'll do it. We are not over particular when we're well paid.

Crick. Away!—You'll find one in readiness to receive you; but mind, keep steady, no—[*Imitating a drunken man.*] none of that you know.

Jar. Never fear; all shall be as right as a dark night and a free run. Heave-a-head, my lads!

[*Exeunt Jarvis and Smugglers, L.*]

Crick. The squire has come down handsomely, or I wouldn't have done this. I don't much like it, but my poverty, not my will, consents.

Enter MARTIN, hastily, R., with a large stick.

Mar. [*Brandishing his stick.*] Don't you think you are an infernal scoundrel?

Crick. Don't you think I could answer your questions better if you didn't keep jiggling that precious shilelah about my ears? I'm a peaceable man—I won't fight!

Mar. You fight! you be——Psha! you're not worth an oath. But tell me, ain't you a precious villain?

Crick. Better names, Mr. Roseberry; scoundrel and villain are actionable. You will find that Coke upon Lyttleton says——

Mar. Hang Lyttleton, and burn Coke! Isn't my sister innocent, and don't you know it?

Crick. You have no right to call for evidence, you a not a magistrate.

Mar. If I take you before one, will you tell truth?

Crick. What will you give me?

Mar. Do you want to be paid for telling the truth?

Crick. I've been paid so often for telling a lie, that I should like to try.

Mar. [*Coaxingly.*] I think you're a tidyish sort of a fellow at bottom arter all.

Crick. None of your gammon. But if I do as you wish me, will you make it all right?

Mar. Prove my sister innocent, and name your reward.

Crick. Ay, it's easy to say name it. Will you give it me?

Mar. Sure as the devil looks over Lincoln.

Crick. Come along, then. Mind, I don't say she is innocent, but if I can make her appear so——

Mar. Appear! She is so! and you shall prove her so. [*Seizing him.*] I've got you now; and until you have told all you know, I'll be d—d if I'll part with you!

Crick. If this is a sample of the reward, it's confoundedly like strangulation.

Mar. [*Dragging him off.*] Come along, blubber-head!
[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Hall in Sir William Pledger's Mansion—folding-doors, c. f.—chairs, and a table, covered with books and papers, R. C.*

The HONOURABLE GERARD PLEDGER, in a black gown, seated at the table—SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER seated near him—SELINA, in custody, R.—JAMES HEARTWIN and GOODY MOLLY, L.—MARY HART, and Constables—discovered.

Ger. The illness of Sir Edward Vernon prevents him from attending this examination. I am a county magistrate, and being on a visit to Sir Edward Vernon's, was happy to offer my services.

Sir W. The case is felony—the facts simple, and the proofs indubitable.

Ger. Hold, sir! you are prejudging the case. State the accusation, and we will hear the evidence.

Sir W. The prisoner, Selina Roseberry, had been on intimate terms with a female servant of mine; her visits here were frequent—they became less so, and then ceased altogether. Property had been lost, and suspicion fell upon her; she adsconded, and escaped on board a man of war in the disguise of a sailor. On her return to Folkstone, her box was searched, and in it was found my property.

[*Places the watch and jewels on the table.*]

Ger. Call your servant.

[*A Constable beckons forward Mary Hart.*]

Ger. [*To Mary Hart.*] Your name?

Mary. Mary Hart.

Ger. What cause had you to suspect the prisoner?

Mary. I saw her on two occasions descend the stairs which lead to my master's bed-room, when I thought she had left the house.

Ger. [To *Sir William.*] Have you any other witnesses?

Sir W. I have one who will be here immediately.

Ger. [To *Selina.*] In the meantime, girl, I will hear what you have to say.

Sel. [R. corner.] Sir, I am not guilty; I was never within this mansion until to-day. I do not know the witness, I never saw her before. That the property was found in my box, I do not deny, but how, or by whom it was placed there, I know not. [Kneeling.] As I hope for mercy, I am innocent.

Ger. Why did you fly, and under such circumstances?

Sel. [Rising.] I loved, sir, ardently loved. I found a letter, written by Sir William Pledger, directed to the press-master of the *Britannia*. It was not sealed; I read it. 'Twas an order from Sir William for the impressment of my lover. In the disguise of a sailor, I became the sacrifice, and preserved his liberty.

Enter BOBBY CRICK, L.

Ger. [To *Sir William.*] There are doubts, sir, which—

Sir W. Further evidence will remove. Mr. Crick, step forward.

Crick. [Advancing.] I am here, sir, at your service.

Sir W. [Impatiently.] Now, sir! did you not find my property in a box belonging to Selina Roseberry?

Crick. I did.

Sir W. [To *Gerard.*] You hear!

Ger. [To *Crick.*] You found it in her box, you say?

Crick. Yes, your worship, I did—watch and jewels—no mistake—bottom of the box—snug as a mummy—precisely in the spot where they had been concealed.

Ger. Who concealed the property there?

Crick. I did! [They all start.]

Sir W. Villain! [Aside.] I am lost!

Ger. [To *Crick.*] Explain.

Crick. I have been a little mischief-making jack of all trades—I have just found out that "Honesty is the best policy"—I confess that I delivered the letter from Sir William Pledger to the Captain of the *Britannia*, requesting him to press James Heartwin—instigated by Sir William, I artfully placed his watch and jewels in the box, where they were discovered.

Sir W. Liar! who will believe you?

Enter CAPTAIN MORRIS, hastily, C. D. F.

Cap. [Advancing.] I will!

Ger. Speak, sir!

Cap. [*To Gerard.*] I am, as you know, Captain of his majesty's ship Britannia. The evidence which I have overheard, respecting the intended impressment of James Heartwin, is correct.

Hea. [*Embracing Selina, L.*] Oh, Selly! dear Selly!

Ger. Silence!

Sir W. This is a foul conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice.

Ger. [*Rising, and coming forward.*] 'Tis no wonder that the author of the foulest conspiracy that ever disgraced the annals of our laws, should suspect others.

Sir W. (R.) What mean you?

Ger. (R. C.) That I will unmask a villain! Hear all— all of you hear me, while I denounce this man!—while I tear from him the mantle of deceit which covers him!— while I show him to your eager gaze in all his native villainy—his base depravity!

Sir W. I will not hear your envenomed tongue! [*Calling.*] What ho!

Ger. [*Loudly.*] Dare but to raise your voice, and this arm shall fell you to the earth! [*Stands over him.*]

Jer. Oh! what a chance for the Squire's mob! [*Exit, L.*]

Ger. Two brothers were reared together 'till the death of their parents. The eldest was kind and unassuming, the youngest vicious, intelligent, and cunning. He knew that the paternal estates must fall to his brother, and he laid a plan in conjunction with their guardian to deprive him of them. The eldest boy, by the machinations of the guardian, was banished from his native land. A report was raised that he had died suddenly. The youngest son seized upon the estates, and feeling himself insecure in his ill-got possessions, he hired assassins to take the life of his brother—but mark! after many years of suffering in India, fortune smiled on the banished brother—he accumulated immense wealth, returned to England, and, standing before his amazed and unnatural persecutor, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "Behold! I am here!" Yes, robber, here! to claim my property and unmask thy villainy!

Sir W. [*Starting in fear and astonishment.*] My brother!

Ger. [*Calmly.*] Ay! great is the catalogue of thy crimes! Thou hast polluted thy father's house—the orphan's tears have dropped unheeded on thy floor—the widow's curse has echoed in thy halls! Had your crimes been confined to stealing my inheritance, and attempting my life, I might

have pardoned you, but the infamy and disgrace you have entailed upon the name of my father, I can never forgive.

Sir W. [*Kneeling.*] Hear me, I beseech you! hear a penitent, broken-hearted brother!

Ger. [*Firmly.*] I disown thee, and cast thee from me for ever! Away, miscreant!

Sir W. [*Rising.*] I obey. [*Exit, R.*]

Ger. [*To a Constable.*] Follow him, that his future residence may be known. [*Aside, greatly affected.*] He is still my brother—he must not be left to starve!

[*Exit Constable, R.—A noise heard without.*]

Jeremy Supple. [*Loudly without, L.*] You can't go in yet, miss, you can't indeed! Do have a little patience till I can speak to his honour!

Re-enter JEREMY SUPPLE, hastily, L.

Jer. Oh, dear, sir! I'm in such a fluster! Here's an impatient lady who has got no friends and wants to be sent back to India.

Ger. [*Eagerly.*] Ha! her name?—who is she?

Jer. The beautiful Indian girl that old Gray the fisherman saved t'other day, while floating in the sea on the wreck of an Indiaman.

Ger. An Indiaman! Should it be——

Enter IMMALAYEH and Servants, L.

It is—it is my Immalayeh! [*She recognizes him, and rushes into his arms.*] Heaven be praised! I may now indeed taste true happiness. Friends, you shall share my joy and my fortune.

[*The folding-doors, c., are suddenly burst open.*]

Enter SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER and Smugglers, armed with swords and pistols.

Sir W. Ask my permission first;—I am master here. [*To the Smugglers.*] To your work! [*Pointing to Gerard.*] Secure that madman!

Smugglers. [*Rushing forward R. and L.*] Ay, ay!

[*They seize Gerard.*]

Sir W. [*Clasping Selina in his arms.*] Thou art mine! no power on earth shall wrest thee from my grasp!

Re-enter MARTIN from the back.

Mar. [*Rushing on Sir William, and snatching Selina from him.*] Avast there, you piratical land-shark!

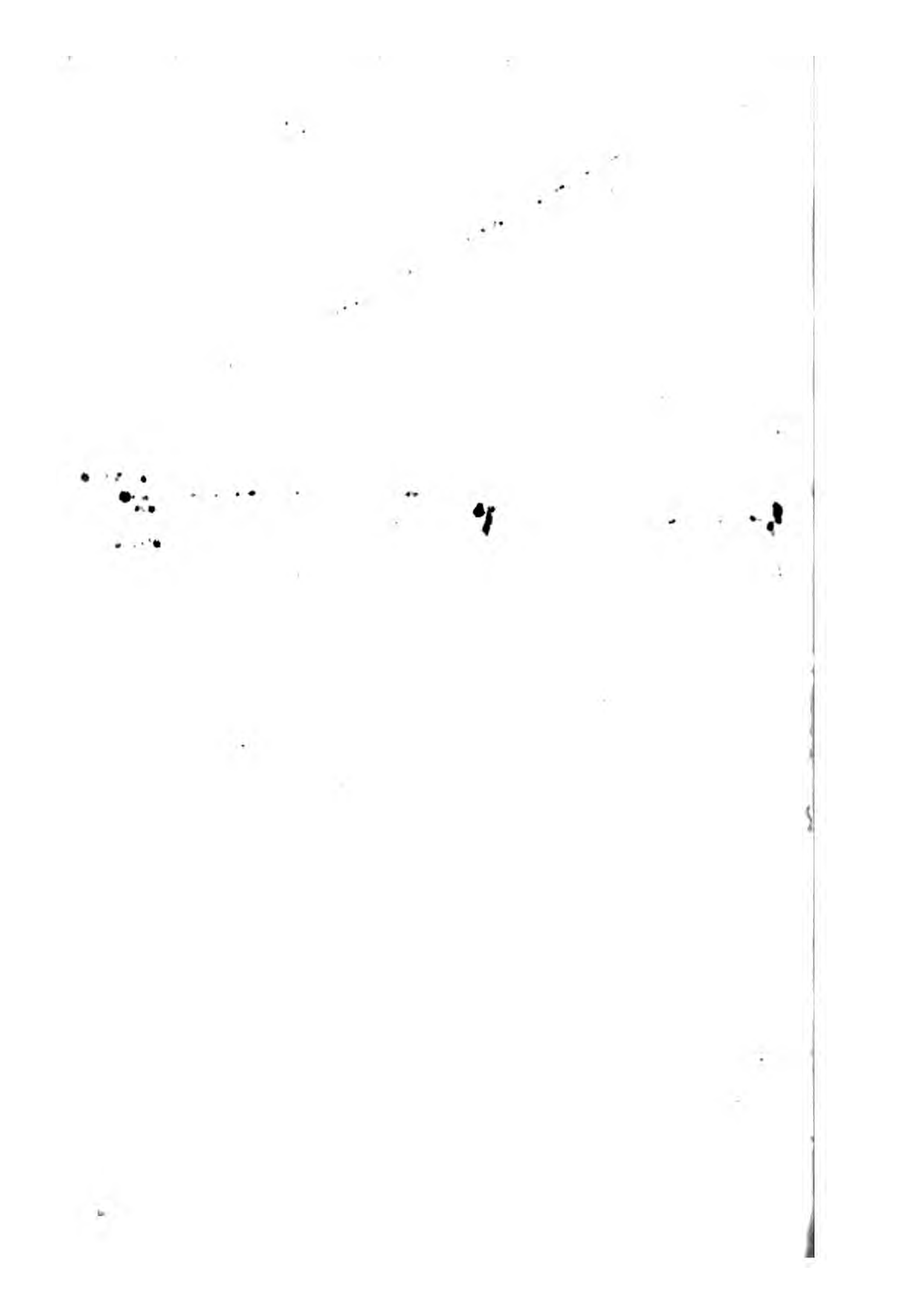
~~[The Smugglers present at Martin—Selina falls into the arms of Heartwin—Sailors rush on from the back, with a flag inscribed “RULE BRITANNIA”—they present at the Smugglers, who release Gerard, and then throw down their arms—Sir William picks up a sword, and makes a desperate lunge at Gerard—Martin catches his arm, wrests the sword from him, knocks him down, takes the flag, and holds it over him—COLONEL DE LA GARDE enters, L., supporting his daughter—Jeremy and Crick embrace, Goody Molly between them.—Picture.~~

Mar. [To Sir William.] So, my pretty crocodile, we've got the weather-gage of you! [To the Audience.] Yes, my friends! we've taught our enemies never to be sure of victory, when they have to deal with Jack Tars, whose song is “Rule Britannia,” and whose watch-word is Nelson—Nelson, the morning star of Britannia's glory!—“England expects every man to do his duty!”—Let us do ours, with three cheers for the immortal hero of the Nile and Trafalgar! [Loud cheering, as the curtain falls.]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

	<i>Smugglers. Constables.</i>	
<i>Villagers.</i>		<i>Servants.</i>
<i>Sailors.</i>		<i>Sailors.</i>
SIR W.		
GER. IMM. HEA. SEL. MARTIN. CRICK. GOODY M. JER.		
R.]		[L.

THE END.







A. Cruikshank, Del.

White, Sc.

Tom Bowling.

Dare-Devil Bill. All the world knows me. Dare-Devil Bill, the bold smuggler, ne'er disguised his name, or was ashamed of it.

Act II. Scene 5.

TOM BOWLING:

A NAUTICAL DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

BY A. L. V. CAMPBELL,

Author of The Forest Oracle, Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

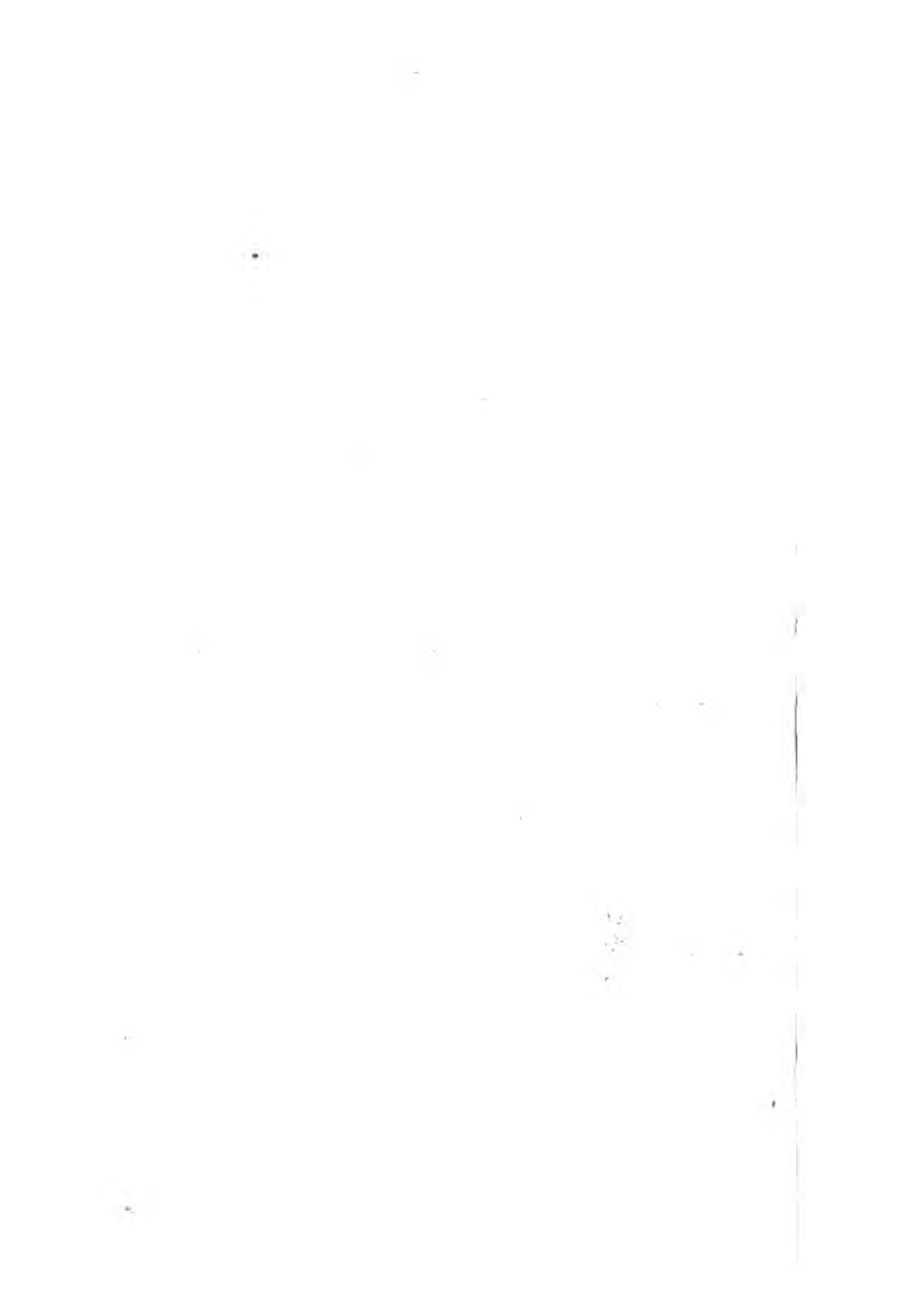
As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.



REMARKS.

Tom Bowling.

'Tis a hard task to please all palates. Some resolve dramatic criticism into a well-peppered, hot, inflammable ragout—*sauce a-la-diable*; others into whipped-syllabub and *puff*-paste;—some would have it so perfectly analytic, that plot, character, and incident, should be carefully dissected and exposed to view; others prefer general terms, without giving the why or the wherefore. Of a drama defunct, certain compassionate souls observe, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,"—of a piece with one act in oblivion, and the other out, "Why disturb its last moments?"—of a healthy vigorous production, "Good wine needs no bush." To detail the plot, quoth a grumbler, is to let the critic's anticipation prevent our discovery, and thereby skim the cream of the jest: *not* to detail it, cries another, is to insinuate there is *no* plot; or—that it is *not worth* detailing. One, like the miller and his wife, hates *pork*—another *lamb*. One (to adopt an allusion equally classical), will have the bacon boiled, another insists upon having it fried—like the fond couple who forfeited their claim to the fitch, by falling out and fighting about dressing it. Thus, either way is the critic sped! Happy he who takes his *own* advice, and *follows* other people's—that is, at a convenient distance! who hears the roar of dunces afar off, without being alarmed; and of whom we may say—

' Naught restrains his muse of whim,
Critics dull may rail for him;
Still he rhymes, and writes it down,
Let 'em smile, or let 'em frown."

Mr. Campbell has dramatised the old song of "Tom Bowling" very satisfactorily—

"Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him, too."

Let Mr. Fitz-Ball, therefore, look to his laurels, for lo! there are *two kings of Brentford* in the field. We shall not lay honest Tom on the anatomical table of dramatic criticism, seeing that he is all alive and merry; for we hold it no part of our vocation to cut up any one under such circumstances. Neither shall we dissect his plot, though, by the lord, his plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; a good plot, an excellent plot.—Then the materials—an old gentleman miraculously restored to sight by the philanthropy and skill of a travelling surgeon; a rascally pettifogger, Mr. Pennyget Snapfee, who, not content with pursuing his trade of roguery in the *legitimate* way, must call in forgery and murder for the amusement of his leisure hours; Dare-Devil Bill, a thief and smuggler; a block-maker *in love*; and a bailiff *in tears*. The incidents—but, spirit of illustration! “Whither wouldst thou lead me?—Stop!—I’ll go no further!”

The scenery is a fair specimen of Greenwood’s pencil: the Dock-yard Gates; view of Spithead and the Isle of Wight; arrival and departure of a Smuggling Lugger; and moveable representation of a Storm at Sea. The acting was highly respectable: Mr. Campbell’s *Old Tom* was full of spirit: he was not so *blind* but he could see that the public were well pleased with his efforts; his restoration to sight was extremely well managed. Mr. Williams was energetically ferocious in Dare-Devil Bill; and no man could look a greater rogue than did Mr. Villiers, in Lawyer Snapfee. Takepart, the enamoured block-maker, found a congenial representative in Mr. Andrews. The ladies did their *best*, and the *best* can do no more. Tom Bowling was enthusiastically hailed by his old friends, and promises to continue among them for some considerable time to come.

☞ D—G.

Costume.

TOM BOWLING.—Plain gray long coat—brown breeches—worsted stockings—shoes and buckles.

JOHN BOWLING.—Naval uniform.

SNAPFEE.—Round black coat—embroidered waist-coat—black breeches—long black boots.

TAKEPART.—Canvass trousers and jacket—check shirt.

HENRY LANYARD.—Plain sailor's dress.

WELLWISH.—Plain surtout—black trousers—boots.

MAINSHEET.—Plain sailor's dress.

LANDLORD.—Frock—breeches—boots.

DARE-DEVIL BILL.—Red shirt—blue round frock—canvass trousers.

BAILIFF.—Plain modern dress.

TOM.—Ibid.

SAILORS.—Plain jackets and trousers.

LUCY BOWLING.—Brown calico gown, &c.

POLLY.—Neat rustic dress.

Cast of the Characters.

As Performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre, Feb. 1, 1830.

<i>Tom Bowling</i>	Mr. Campbell.
<i>John Bowling</i>	Mr. Seymour
<i>Pennyget Snapfee, a Lawyer</i>	Mr. Villiers.
<i>Takepart, a Block-maker in the Dock-Yard</i>	}	Mr. Andrews
<i>Wellwish, an eminent Surgeon</i>	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Mainsheet</i>	Mr. J. F. Williamson.
<i>Landlord of the Blue Posts</i>	Mr. T. Smith.
<i>Dare-Devil Bill</i>	}	Mr. W. H. Williams.
<i>Hunglaw</i>	} Smugglers	Mr. Gay.
<i>Henry Lanyard</i>	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Chestree</i>	Mr. Matthews.
<i>Goodheart, a Bailiff</i>	Mr. Starmer.
<i>Tom, his Follower</i>	Mr. Gough.
<i>Lucy Bowling</i>	Mrs. Williamson.
<i>Polly</i>	Mrs. Young.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

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.*

TOM BOWLING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Portsmouth Dock-Yard Gates.*

Enter PENNYGET SNAPFEE and TAKEPART, R.

Sna. (c.) I tell you, friend Takepart, once for all, it's quite useless,—it's only wasting your words, your breath, and your time. I have been at a vast expense in maintaining Lucy and her father, and, if he can't pay me, he must find friends that will, or else——

Tak. (R. C.) He goes to gaol, you mean. Ah, master Snapfee, you didn't talk that way when you expected his brother, John Bowling, would make his will in their favour; but, now the news of his death is arrived, and you find he has died insolvent, you throw off the disguise of humanity, and appear in your true colours.

Sna. Cease your prating—John Bowling, when laid up in the West Indies, with sickness, was worth a round sum of money; and if he has thought proper to squander it away among the niggers, instead of providing for his brother and niece at home, why, I see no earthly reason why I should be at any loss for his misconduct; and so, friend Takepart, if the money isn't paid by to-morrow morning, off he goes,—unless, [*Sneeringly.*] you should think proper to advance it.

Tak. Ah! I should like nothing better; but, you know, it isn't in my power—I am only a hard-working lad here in the dock-yard; but if you'll take it by instalments, hang me if I won't be answerable for it all; and I'll work night and day—ay, even on Sundays! and I am sure heaven will bless my endeavours in such a cause, although employed on a day set apart for its service.

Sna. Ha! ha! pretty sensibility; no, no, you don't imagine I have parted with my gold, to receive it by the beggarly weekly pence of a journeyman block-maker; not such a fool either.

Tak. Beggarly or not, they are earn'd by the sweat

of my brow ; they are the produce of hard and honest labour, and if all the sovereigns you get were as fairly obtained as my pence, I'm thinking you would sleep a little sounder, and not walk about o'nights on the beach as you do, hail, rain, or shine.

Sna. [*Alarmed*] What do you mean by that ?

Tak. Oh, never mind my meaning—you know best ; only I am very sure you wouldn't go down to Southsea Point, at twelve o'clock at night, to meet Dare-Devil Bill, when you might see him on the Hard in open day, if you wasn't ashamed of the interview.

Sna. Mind what you say, fellow.—Do you know that I'm a lawyer, and may take it in my head to lay you by the heels.

Tak. Oh, you had better not lose your time that way, I'll give you better employment—go home, write a receipt in full of all demands, take it to old Tom Bowling, go down on your knees, thank Heaven for giving you power to do a good action, then repent your past errors, and strive to be an honest man. [*Exit, L.*]

Sna. Now, does that fellow really imagine I am to be lured out of my just rights by his arguments and childish propositions? No, no: that would indeed be against the rule of right, which has ever guided my actions—number one is number one, all the world over, and if number one doesn't look sharp after his own interests—[*Gun fires.*] Hark! there's the arrival of the frigate from Manilla.—Now to the purchase of a few doubloons—give the fellows about half their real value ; next arrest old Tom Bowling, see him safely locked up ; and then I'll down to the new chapel to hear that spirit-moving preacher, Cantwell Gammon, expound the mysteries of charity and good fellowship towards all mankind. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Parlour of the Blue Posts.*

MAINSHEET discovered at a table drinking, *L.*, *LANDLORD* standing by him, *C.*, *WELLWISH* at another table, *R.* over-hearing the conversation.

Mai. Well, then, I say he's an unfeeling old scoundrel. I wish I had known as much when I came ashore—I then had the means ; now I've only the will.—Forty pounds ! and is the old man to go to gaol for that ? Why, I've spent more in one night when I was in London.--

Come, master Landlord, you've known him a long while, and have taken a good bit of his money; lend him forty pounds yourself, and, if he can't pay you, why, I will.

Lan. But when, and what security?

Mai. [*Rising.*] When and what security?—Why, when I come home from my next cruize, to be sure; and, as for security, why, the security is, that it's quite certain we shall meet an enemy; it's just as certain we shall take her; it's quite certain I shall be entitled to prize-money; and almost as certain that the good cause I'm fighting for, will turn the shot another way, so that no bullet's billet will be noted, "This for Bill Mainsheet."

Lan. Ah, you're a kind-hearted lad, William; but you must remember I can't afford to be so charitable: I have a large family—rent and taxes are very high, and I can't—[*Calling out.*] Coming! If I had the means, I should be happy to—coming! coming! [*Runs off, L.*]

Mai. [*Advancing to front.*] Well, strike my topmasts, if you ar'nt a bright beauty!—What's to be done? Stay, a thought comes aboard of me—the Phoebe is expected in port to-day—if I can't raise the money among them, it's hard indeed—at all events I'll try. [*Going.*]

Wel. Hollo, my good fellow! will you allow me to ask you a question?

Mai. Two, if your honour pleases.

Wel. Who is the man for whom you feel so interested, and what are the circumstances?

Mai. Why, your honour, 'tis one Tom Bowling: he was born blind, your honour, and he lives with his only daughter, Lucy, hard by. His brother, John Bowling, went out as master of the Acbar, and settled in the West Indies, where he made a great deal of money.

Wel. And then neglected his brother Tom?

Mai. Avast, your honour! there you're all a-back.—No, he always sent him regular what-you-may-call-'ems, per-mittumces, till, within these last twelve months but last Michaelmas, the report came that John had run out all his cable along with the paw-paw nigger-women, and died in the hospital at Blue Town, without a copper in the world.

Wel. And how did this brother and the daughter live during the last twelve months, then?

Mai. Why, your honour, they *was* supported by one Mr. Pennyget Snapfee, a sort of half-bred lawyer, who had great hopes that John would die very rich and

make a will in the favour of his brother and niece ; but when the news came that John Bowling had died and left nothing, he stopped all favours, and they have lived ever since upon the charity of those who know their truly distressed situation.

Wel. And the daughter is——

Mai. Lord bless your honour, there isn't a sweeter lass between Portsmouth Point and the Straits of Gibraltar. If it hadn't been for her, the old man would have broke his heart : but she nurses him, comforts him, and works hard for him.

Wel. Works ! at what ?

Mai. Why, your honour, when she found all hopes were up about her uncle John, she knew all depended on her alone ; and though she had never been brought up to hard work, for John used to write that he wouldn't have her be anything like, not to yarn money, yet she turned to, and got slop work for the seamen ; and many's the night she has sat up with her poor little delicate fingers bleeding with the rough tackle she was obliged to use.

Wel. I feel obliged to you, friend, for this relation : accept this.

[Offering money.]

Mai. I take it ; but, with your permission, I shall steer with it to old Bowling's. It will be of more service to him ; we sail to-morrow, and money won't be of much use to me.

Wel. Do with it as you please—'tis your's.

Mai. Farewell, your honour : may the cheering breeze of hope waft you through the straits of life, and bring you to the anchorage of happiness.

[Exit, L.]

Wel. So, here is an opportunity to indulge in the luxury of doing good.—Leaving London for a tour, as a relaxation from the fatigues of an arduous profession, I expected but the usual accompaniments : servile landlords, grinning waiters, prim chambermaids, extortion, and insolence ; but Providence places before me an opportunity of doing good, and using the means fortune has given me, to cheer the sorrowing hours of age, of innocence, and virtue.

[Exit, L.]

SCENE III.—A Street in Portsmouth.

Enter POLLY, followed by TAKEPART, R.

Tak. No : but I say, my dear Polly, only one word.

Pol. I tell you, Mr. Takepart, I'm in a hurry, now, and you musn't detain me: I'm going down to old Tom Bowling's: I have a present for poor Lucy, and I will not lose any time in giving it to her.

Tak. If that's the case, I will not keep you; but tell me, dear Polly, shall I come for you when I have done work?—There's to be a bit of a dance on the common this afternoon, to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the Nile; and, unless you accompany me, I shall not make one.

Pol. Well, I shall not promise either one way or the other—only I shall be down at the Hard about three o'clock—and if I should happen to meet you by chance, why, I can't help it; and if I should happen to walk toward the common, and you should follow me, why, I can't help that either; so, good by, Mr. Takepart, and recollect I don't make any promise. [Exit, L.

Tak. That's a very delightful little piece of goods!—Law! what a precious good wife she will make. When I'm out of my time, I'll marry her—that is, if she'll have me, and I somehow think she will, because she shows every sign of loving me. First, she never does anything I ask her; next, she calls me a fool whenever I say any thing pretty to her; then she said I was no judge of beauty, when I praised Miss Prue, the daughter of the landlord of the Blue Postes; but what's a more certain sign than any, when she was kissed under the misletoe, she wiped her lips after every one but me:—I noted it; I looked at her; I said to myself, blow your wig, Bill, you're the happy man. I felt Cupid discharge all his arrows at me at once, and transplant my heart with them as full as pins in a lying-in pincushion. Hollo! who have we yonder?—Mischief and roguery arm-in-arm! I ar'nt fond of spying into people's business, but, in this case, it may be of some service. I'll listen, and if I find villany hatching, may I never marry Polly Potts if I don't come in at the birth.

[Retires up, R. U. E., and listens to the conversation.

Enter SNAPFEE and DARE-DEVIL BILL, in earnest conversation, L.

Bill. (R. C.) It's rather a hazardous enterprise, Master Snapfee; but I presume your generosity will be equal to the risk we run.

Sna. Oh, ay, ay, never fear; you have no occasion to

doubt my gratitude : I paid you pretty handsomely for the last job.

Bill. Middling, master, middling ; only a paltry one hundred pounds, for an affair which might have cost us our lives, had we been caught.

Sna. But I did not order you to murder the young man.

Bill. Nor should we have done so, but he resisted : you wished to get him out of the way ; ordered us to take him in the cutter, and put him aboard a man-of-war ; he didn't relish his company ; we insisted, he objected ; he raised his bludgeon, and threatened my life ! foolish boy ! threatened me, and I shot him through the head.

Sna. Poor Henry Lanyard ! I did not desire his death ; he was my rival, 'tis true, with Lucy Bowling : but there, let's talk no more about it.

Bill. Why, ar'nt you a pretty chicken-hearted bit of goods ?—So, you wouldn't cock a pistol and put a man out of his misery at once, by blowing out his brains ?—Oh, no ! you call that murder—and what do you call tampering with a man's feelings, by suing out writs against him, when he has'nt a shilling in the world to give his hungry children bread ; and answering his prayer for time, by entering a judgment up against him ; and, when torn despairing from the partner of his woes, to perish in a loathsome gaol, he sues for mercy, your reply is, pay, and you are at liberty. This is not murder, is it ?—No, 'tis charity, benevolence, humanity. [*Crossing to L.*] Out upon you for an unfeeling coward !

Sna. Hold, hold, master Bill, not so fast : I have often borne your taunts, but this is too much. Remember, you are in my employ ; you stand upon the brink of a fearful precipice ; I have only to speak, and in you fall.

Bill. Ha ! is that your mind ?—Harkye, Mr. Snapfee, or Mr. Hemmings, or Mr. Lyons, or which of your Protean names shall I call you by ?—Dare but to breathe e'en the slightest whisper of such intention—dare but to dream it, or e'en to think of it, by hell I'll seek you out, if you were hid beneath the deepest waters of the turbulent wave ; if you were buried in the most unfathomable caverns that ever honeycombed the earth ; I'll draw you from your hiding-place as I would a wolf from his dark haunt, and show you on the scaffold, exposed to all the direst execrations of an infuriated mob, shouting their dreadful yells of retribution over your villany and crimes.

Sna. Nay, nay ; but, dear Mr. William —

Bill. You dare to threaten me?—You! a worm that I could, with but one word, crush into that nothingness from which you sprang. Do you not know me?—Ha! you talk of murder! have you forgotten that dreadful night, when the heaven's winds seemed to have conspired with ocean's gulfs to hurl the vessel to that destruction which the hapless mariner deemed inevitable. Have you forgotten the long-protracted groan which, gurgling, burst from your victim's lips, as he sank beneath the toppling wave, which curled in foaming terror o'er his head?—Who, when the miserable wretch, with the gigantic strength which departing life gives to the murdered, rose above his watery grave, grappled with him, pressed his heaving throat, and thrust him down beneath the brine?—'Twas you, and you alone; and when I, used as I am to death and blood, urged his release, who turned with savage triumph, and exclaimed, "He knows too much, he dies!" 'Twas you, you who would impugn my actions: you, the poor, sneaking, pityful cur, that pays for the perpetration of crimes he cannot, dare not, execute.

[*Crosses to R.*

Sna. You are too hasty, William; I meant nothing—I assure you, nothing whatever: say no more about it, and I will double the reward. [*Taking out bank-notes from a pocket-book.*] Behold the price at which I pay your services.

Bill. [*Aside.*] Despicable wretch! curses on the hard fate that forces me to take his money! [*Aloud.*] Well, well, behave handsome, and I have done.

Sna. [*Aside.*] Now, master bluster, I'll be even with you: these are all forgeries, you must answer for them—you may accuse me if you like, no one will believe you, and if these don't exalt you above your highest expectations, say I know nothing of chicanery, that's all! [*Aloud.*] Here, William: there are two hundred pounds, in good Bank of England notes—let to-night hush my fears. [*Giving the notes.*] The cutter will be at South-Sea Point by eleven—information, I know, has been given—you must anticipate them, and, if necessary—

Bill. A few preventive men must die—that's your meaning.

Sna. I would have no blood spilt.

Bill. You think there has been two much already, eh?

Sna. There, there, say no more about it—away with you—I'll hover round the place, and join you when—

Bill. When you see the danger past.—Go, leave me—I generally speak my mind, and, to tell you the truth—dam'me if I can bear the sight of you.

Sna. That speech has some merit in it, however. It's very short, and terribly plump to the purpose.—Farewell, thou valiant smuggler: next time we meet, I hope we shall understand each other better—fare ye well. [*Aside.*] Ay, ay, master Dare-Devil Bill, I have you in so strong a net, that all your cunning, bravery, and bullyism, will never break its meshes. [*Aloud.*] Good bye, William.

[*Exit, R.*

Bill. Thank heaven, he's gone! That infernal bird of ill-omen always gives me the agonies,—he looks like a fiend peeping from the gates of the infernal regions, seeking whom he may sacrifice to his blood-thirsty villany—upon the cargo of this cutter he builds his hopes of realizing a snug independency, but, if he touches one ounce of its tea, or one particle of its jewels, I am the greatest idiot that ever ran a tub ashore: no, no, Mr. Lawyer,—soon as my gallant crew are in possession of her, we put about, and if ever you see the cutter or Dare-Devil Bill again, why pick me to pieces like old rope, and make yarn of me to light your kitchen fire with.—So to business—my last exploit in Portsmouth—Portsmouth, dear Portsmouth, which will ring the praise of Bill the Smuggler, long after the dash of ocean's roar shall boom the mournful dirge over his briny bed.

[*Exit, L.—Takepart comes forward, horror stricken.*

Tak. Bl—e—ss my soul, what have I heard? Am I asleep, or awake—or alive—or am I myself, or somebody else? [*Pinches his ear.*] No, it's me, sure enough—murder, and robbery, and blood, and drowning, and Henry Lanyard—what, Henry! that noble fellow, murdered by old Snapfee—alias, half a dozen more names—I must put it all down in writing—I'll give them such a pill, a regular two-ounce pill—I'll physic 'em—d—e, I'll choak 'em—it is an affair of great consequence, though—I must ask advice—who's advice? Why, old Tom Bowling's, to be sure—I'll go and I'll—that's not the way, why I don't even know my way—I—I'll sit down a few moments, and recover my scattered senses. [*Sits*

down, R., musing.] Snapfee—murder—Lanyard—wave—drown—hang—forgery—transportation—Bowling—information—hanging matter—botheration and puzzleation.

Enter WELLWISH, L.

Wel. [*To Takepart.*] Hollo! young man, why are you sitting on the damp ground?

Tak. [*Musing.*] To take away a man's life.—

Wel. Who's life is it you would have?

Tak. [*Musing.*] Old Tom Bowling.

Wel. Tom Bowling! there seems to be a conspiracy against this poor old man,—what has he done to you, that you would deprive him of existence?

Tak. [*Musing.*] Murdered Henry Lanyard, and forged notes.—

Wel. Old Tom Bowling a murderer and forger! What do I hear?

Tak. [*Rising.*] If I don't hang the lot, I'm blowed.

Wel. What a blood-thirsty young villain it is; murder and hang who? [*Seizing him.*] I arrest you in the king's name.

Tak. Oh, lord! Mr. Dare-Devil Bill, spare my life, and I'll—there don't—cut my throat.

Wel. Why, the man's a maniac! Who is Dare-Devil Bill? Who is Henry Lanyard? What do you mean by murder, hanging, and forgery?

Tak. Did I say all that? The fact is, I came here, and I heard—that is, I saw—no, I didn't see, but I might—in fact, I mean to—I was horror-struck—all my blood ran into my toes—my heart flew up to my forehead, and I—in short, I'm a very miserable, undone, wretched little man. [*Crying.*]

Wel. There is some mystery, which must be solved. Will you accompany me, young man? If I can advise you, or render you a service, you may command me.

Tak. You may do just as you please with me—I am a useless being just now, I have bsen topsyturvyated—I have been turned inside out—tied in a knot; but if you'll only pilot me safe to the Blue Postes, I'll tell you a great deal, for you look like a gentleman, and, if you feel like one, I'm sure you'll exert yourself in the cause of the oppressed and broken-hearted.

Wel. I will, my lad—follow me; this seems to bear an aspect of more consequence than I had anticipated.

follow me, and you will not find your confidence misplaced.

[Exit, R.]

Tak. That gentleman—I recollect him now, he's the eminent surgeon that's come from London lately, and has done so many good actions since he's been in Portsmouth.—That's the very man,—I'll bully them, he'll physic 'em.—Dare-Devil Bill depends upon his sword, but we'll show him a dissecting-knife, that's a teaser; and if it don't answer the purpose, we'll give them an experience draught and a Camberwell pill, and if that don't match them—

[Exit, L.]

SONG.—TAKEPART. (*Introduced.*)

SCENE IV.—*A part of Southsea Common, the sea in the distance.*

MUSIC.—MAINSHEET, CHESTREE, *Sailors, and their Lasses, discovered.*

Mai. Now, Chestree, give us that bit of a hornspike that was taught you by Ruffy Blue-Nose, when he was boatswain of the La Redoubtable.

Che. So I will. But first give us our favourite song of Tom Bowling.

Mai. With all my heart; here goes.

SONG.—MAINSHEET.—*Tom Bowling.*

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew!

No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broach'd him, too.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;

Faithful, below, Tom did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;

His friends were many, and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair.

And then, he'd sing so blithe and jolly,—
Ah, many's the time and oft!

But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom has gone aloft!

But should poor Tom find pleasant weather.

When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands;

Then Death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul has gone aloft !

All. Clear the decks !

[*A Hornpipe by Chestree, and afterwards a dance by Sailors and Lasses.*]

Enter TAKEPART and POLLY, L.

Tak. There, I'll be hanged if the dancing isn't nearly all over.

Pol. Well, sir, it wasn't my fault ; you *was* such a time talking to that odious, ugly gentleman in black.

Tak. Ah, my dear Polly ! such a secret, I've got to tell you.

Pol. If it's a secret, you have no right to tell it, and I won't hear it.

Tak. You won't ?

Pol. [*Putting her hands to her ears.*] No, no, no

Tak. There, do you hear that, lasses ? There's a pattern for wives—what a treasure I shall have.

Pol. Don't you be too sure of that, sir ; do you know I had a letter to-day from James at the hall ?

Tak. James ! what is James to me ? I am a hard-working lad, he's a Johnny—wears another man's coat—and, though mine has got no lace, it—it's my own, and it's paid for—besides, he's got such long legs, and wears powder—why he looks like a cauliflower on stilts—you'd never think of him, not seriously, [*Looking at her fondly.*] would you now ?

Pol. Don't ask me : you stupid fellow, see how we are being stared at. [*Mixes with the lasses.*]

Tak. She blows me up, calls me stupid. Blow me tight, it's all quite right.

[*A general but short dance, to a very merry tune—it grows dusk, and gun fires—a dead pause.*]

Mai. [*Pointing off L.*] Portsmouth a-hoy !

Tak. [*Aside.*] Now, to meet the marines, to arrest Dare-Devil Bill—Polly, my love, I'll be with you soon—don't ask any question, I'm off. [*Exit, L.*]

Pol. There's a bear ! Mr. Mainsheet, shall I intrude ? [*Mainsheet gives her his arm, and, leading with a lass on the other, they all dance off, L.*]

SCENE V.—*The Sea, at Southsea Point.—Moonlight.—*

MUSIC.—The sea is calm, but the wind rising, it gradually augments its billows.—Thunder is heard—the moon is eclipsed by an opaque cloud—wind, lightning, and rain, &c.—By the lightning's flashes is seen the Prospero tossing in the ocean—she plunges violently—a shrill whistle is heard, which is answered by a gun from the ship.

Enter DARE-DEVIL BILL, with a lantern, and Smugglers, R.

[They hoist the light on a pole which they fix in the ground—a boat puts off from the ship—Dare-Devil Bill and his men get in and pull off, R.]

Enter SNAPFEE, sneaking on I.

Sna. [Calling out.] Hollo !

[The men shout—Bill and the men get on board the cutter, which tacks, and puts out to sea—Snapfee rushes to and fro—shots are firing without, R. and L.—Exit Snapfee, in despair, L. U. E.]

Tak. [Without, L.] This way ! this way !

Enter TAKEPART, and four Marines.

Tak. We are too late—yonder she goes.

[The Marines fire—the vessel returns the fire—they all shout, and the scene closes.]

SCENE VI.—*The Parlour of the Blue Posts at Portsmouth.*

Enter WELLWISH and LANDLORD, L.

Wel. (c.) And this story is really true and correct.

Lan. (L. c.) Correct, sir, as my scores.

Wel. Un ! with some people that might be a doubtful recommendation ; but, pray how long has this John Bowling been absent from England ?

Lan. Some dozen years, your honour.—It was said he had realized a few thousands of pounds.

Wel. It appears very extraordinary he should so soon have exhausted his wealth, and died in such distressed circumstances.

Lan. This Demarara Gazette gives the information you require,—please you to see, sir. [Giving it.]

Wel. [Reading.] “Demarara Gazette, Aug. 15. 1801. Died in the hospital, John Bowling, aged 62.—He had amassed

a large sum by prize-money, and ventures in the South Seas; but, having engaged in some ruinous speculations in this island, and entrusted the management of his affairs to an unprincipled agent, he at length finished his mortal career, far from his native land, in the most abject poverty and distress." Poor fellow! The brother, you say, is blind?

Lan. He is.

Wel. Have no experiments been tried to restore his sight?

Lan. I believe not, sir.

Wel. Follow me to my room; I would speak with you, where we may not be overheard.

Lan. I attend you, sir. [*Exeunt, R.*

Enter PENNYGET SNAPFEE, GOODHEART the Bailiff, and Followers, L.

Sna. There, sir, is your authority; act upon it instantly.

Bai. To-night, your honour?

Sna. Ay, sir, to-night—this moment.

Bai. Consider, sir, the old man's age—his infirmity.

Sna. Sir, I have as much humanity as most people; but, in this case, there are reasons, which I presume I need not explain to you.

Bai. Oh, certainly not; I only thought —

Sna. You have no business to think—your business is to act: when you have lodged him in gaol, acquaint me—away with you.

Bai. If it must be, why, I suppose it must. [*Aside.*] Confound the trade—when I became a bailiff, if I had known how many bits misery would have chopped off my heart, curse me if I wouldn't have broken stones on the high road, first! [*Exit, L.*

Sna. (R. C.) Why, Master Goodheart is growing sentimental, I believe. [*Calling.*] Tom! harkye, Tom, you generally, I believe, follow Mr. Goodheart?

Tom. I follows his body.

Sna. Then don't follow his example: he's going to arrest old Bowling; if he shows lenity, remind him of his duty.

Tom. Old Bowling! I'll serve him out! he once laid an information against me for driving over an old woman that wouldn't get out of the way.

Sna. Run, you dog! the moment Bowling's in gaol, I'll give you a guinea.

Tom. Will you? [*Runs off, L., taking long strides.*]

Sna. That infernal Dare-Devil Bill! I have given notice to the proper quarter, and, ere morning, the revenue cutters will blow him out of the water. It's a sad loss for me, but he won't enjoy it, that's some consolation. Here, landlord! landlord! some brandy! Let me carouse—I feel as merry as—some brandy, I say! plenty of it, and send some one to keep me company—no, no, I'll be alone—alone! what, all alone! no, no, no! I cannot, must not, dare not be alone. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Wretched Apartment in a Hovel.*--
Table and chairs—a lamp burning.

Lucy discovered making a Fisherman's Net.

MUSIC.—AIR—"Tom Bowling."

Lucy. Alas, poor Lucy! thou wilt never finish thy task, I fear; but four hours more, and not quite half completed; and yet I have toiled incessantly since yesternoon, and, if not finished by the promised hour, the miserable sum it would produce will be withheld. Every particle of our provision is exhausted! once more unto my work. Come, Lucy, cheer up; let the necessities of thy afflicted sire urge thee to more than mortal strength, and teach thee resignation, if thou shouldst dare to dream of murmuring.

[*A knock is heard, L. D. F.—Lucy opens it.*]

Enter Bailiff, L. D. F.

Lucy. (R. C.) What may be your pleasure at this late hour?

Bai. (L. C.) Pleasure! sorrow's the pleasure I have in coming here, Miss Lucy, but I have a—how shall I bring it out?—A little business with your father, miss.

Lucy. My father, sir, is ill, and has some time since retired to rest. I cannot disturb him.

Bai. I grieve to say, Miss Lucy, he—that is, I—no—yes, I must—ay, that's it—must see him.

Lucy. Nay, sir, I entreat you do not urge me to say you cannot, must not, shall not, see him now.

Bai. Oh, my dear Miss Lucy, I pray you make not my task more hateful to me than it is already. Resistance to the law—

Lucy. The law! what mandate bear you to break in upon the peaceful slumbers of a poor old man, whose only refuge from the sorrows which surround his dreary

day, is temporary insensibility and refreshing sleep—what crime has he committed that could be compassed in the comprehensive sphere of laws which emanated from the genius of our guardians, for the preservation of the public peace?—None—he is pure and spotless as the new-born babe. His mind ne'er planned a deed to do man wrong; his bosom never harboured thought to injure or destroy.

Bai. Alas! I believe you, madam: but he is—poor!

Lucy. He is! he is! and in that word is comprehended all that is deserving of reprehension. It flashes on me now—you come to him for—

Bai. The payment of forty pounds, due to Pennyget Snapfee, Esq., for money advanced for the use of said Thomas Bowling, and—

Lucy. [*Aside.*] It is enough! [*Kneels.*] Good heaven! thou who through this long affliction hast supported us with the consoling thoughts of thy hallowed blessedness, look down upon the wretched creatures of thy will; and if thou chastenest, grant us fortitude to bear the justice of thy wrath—[*Rises.*] I will. [*Endeavouring to suppress her tears.*] I will—call my father, sir. But would not the morning—

Bai. I dare not, Miss Lucy; I have at home six little ones, whose bread depends upon my duty to my employer. I serve a harsh one, and, until fate shall remove me from his service, I have no alternative but to obey his orders.

Lucy. 'Tis well; await my return but a few moments, and I will produce my father. [*Weeping.*] Oh! heaven support me!

[*Exit, R. D. F.*]

Bai. This is too much—and yet it must be done: of all the roads to happiness, a bailiff's is the most left-handed one. If I had forty pounds, I'll be hanged if I wouldn't pay it for him, and chance it; but I hav'nt above forty shillings, and they are booked for rent next Thursday. I must be a bailiff in spite of my teeth: try to look black, and kick feeling out of my bosom like a genteel lap dog out of a bear-baiting pit, as a chap who has no business there.

MUSIC —*Re-enter LUCY, R. D. F., leading TOM BOWLING.*

He is dressed in an old shabby coat, the picture of poverty—she is crying, and endeavouring to hide her tears.

Tom B. (c.) A gentleman who must see me, and at

this hour! where is he?—Come near me, sir—nearer; I cannot see you, sir; I thought, perhaps, you had arrived from foreign parts to cheer my drooping age with happiness. What! is it so?—Was the report that told the tale of death a liar? My brother lives! you come to tell me so? to cheer my poor old heart with the consoling news that Lucy will be shielded from the world's sad reverses, when I am resting in my grave? Give me your hand, sir. [*Takes it.*] Ah! this is no seaman! Merciful powers, vex not a poor defenceless creature thus! What tale hast thou to tell?—Out with it, I can bear to hear it, for the black frown of fortune has so long lowered upon me, that I am withered, my mind has shrunk into the shadow of what it was; my energies have been all crippled; I have known that child to want; I could not see her; but she has lacked the common food of life; she—

Lucy. Oh, no, father!

Tom B. Ay, often, child: hast thou not feigned to share with me our last remaining portion, when naught remained for thee; and can I know worse agony than that?—No, sir; I have endured all that fate in its utmost malice could inflict upon me, and nothing that I could undergo would have the power to shake me, but—and that I dare not think of—a separation from my child.

[*She hides her head in his bosom—he presses her to his heart.*]

Bai. Sir, I beseech you to be calm: I dare say it can easily be settled.

Lucy. Merciful powers! he does not yet know.

Tom B. Settled!—what settled? Who are you? what want you, sir?

Bai. I shall choak, to a certainty? You must, I regret to say, accompany me; unless you can pay forty pounds, due to Pennyget Snapfee, Esquire.

[*Lucy screams and falls.*]

Tom B. [*Starts.*] Ha! what did I hear? a prisoner! and at the suit of him who would have seduced my child! [*Kneels.*] Hear me, thou bounteous Heaven! ne'er did I wish towards another that which I would not myself endure, but this foul act has severed every tie that linked me to humanity. May curses wither, shrink, and paralyze him! may the folds of villany with which he is surrounded, be the slow, but sure, precursors of the deadly torments of his guilty conscience! may his days

be passed in acute, writhing, and lingering remorse, and his nights, when Adam's tired sons refresh their wearied minds with Nature's sweetest blessing, sleep, be haunted by the fearful visitations of a stricken conscience, till, exhausted by his protracted sufferings, he sink a hideous spectacle into his loathsome grave, despised, unpitied, and the scorn of all mankind! *[Rises.]*

Bai. Compose yourself, sir, I implore you.

Tom B. Talk to the roaring wind, and bid it abate its fury, when its hurricanes whelm, in one prodigious ruin, all within the vortex of their powers! bid the angry waters, when they burst their flood-gates formed by the rocks of ages, to retire and seek their bed! but do not seek to stem the torrent of a father's malediction upon the wretch who has attempted the virtue of his child, and would deprive her of her last protection, a helpless, poor, heart-broken, blind old man. *[Bailiff turns, affected, up the stage.]* But, where is my child?

[He feels about, where he supposes she has fallen.]

Lucy. *[Slowly recovering.]* Father!

[Bowling, directed by the sound, rushes to her, and folds her in his arms, just as she has risen.]

Tom B. And must we part, my child?

Lucy. Alas! my father, would that any sacrifice thy child could make were accepted as the purchase of thy liberty: but I will not lose you thus: I will away, too, and, if the master of your prison should refuse me the sweet consolation of sharing your incarceration, he cannot deny me the privilege of attending you, of ministering to your comforts, of soothing your affliction. I'll read to you, my father, e'en as I am wont to do at home, pages of comfort from those sacred truths which oft have cheered our hours of sorrow.

Tom B. Bless thee, my child! bless thee! And now, sir I attend you. I crave your pardon, if, hurried by my phrenzied mind, I have offended—you have a melancholy duty to perform, but it is a duty that must be executed.

Bai. It ought to be; but I will not take you away from your daughter, to lodge you in a prison, at this unseasonable hour, in poverty and unprepared. I'll come again in the morning,—and, mind, I won't come early; perhaps you may find a friend. I'll hatch up some story to satisfy old Snapfee; and so, good night! Your hand, old gentleman.

[Lucy rushes to him, and kneels.]

Tom B. There! [*Shaking hands with the Bailiff, who gives him money.*] I cannot speak! What's this? money—gold—*I—I—* [*Bursts into tears.*]

Bai. In heaven's sake, rise, young lady!—This is too much! Never was bum-baily in such a situation!

TOM, peeping in at L. D. F.

Tom. I say, George, are you going to stand snivelling there all night?

Bai. The business is settled. It's paid.

Tom. Lord, how some folks are given to——Do you suppose I didn't hear every word? Come, come, let's have no gammon. Come, old gentleman, pack up your traps; I sha'nt wait any longer.

Bai. I say he sha'nt go to-night.

Tom. And I say he shall—there's the difference. In your hurry, you have forgot the warrant—I have it; I hold the authority, and, if he don't come easy, why I must make him, that's all.

Bai. If he stirs from this place to-night, may I never take another bail-bond.

Tom. Well, we'll see about that. [*Roughly seizing Bowling—Bailiff knocks him down.*] I expected something of this sort, so am prepared. [*Whistles.—MUSIC.*]

Enter two Constables, who hold Bailiff back, while Tom tears Bowling away from Lucy, who clings to him till they get to the door, and then falls.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Coast, between Portsmouth and Southampton.—Daybreak.—A few gulls are seen hovering over the Sea.—A Rock, L., in which is a rude entrance to a Cave.*

Enter Smugglers, R., who deposit several tubs and chests in the cave, L. S. E., followed by HANGLAW, with a rich casket of jewels.

Han. (R.) Well, my lads, are you all agreed?

Smugglers. All, all!

Han. 'Tis well! We have too long submitted to the

despotic rule of Dare-Devil Bill. Who gets the best share of the rich cargoes we risk our lives for?

All. Bill!

Han. Who leads us constantly into danger, without rhyme or reason?

All. Bill!

Han. Well, now, away with you to yonder cliff; when you hear my whistle, rush out and secure him. [*Exeunt Smugglers, L.*] So far, so good. Master Bill, with all your watchfulness [*Looking at the jewels.*], I have abstracted this from your care, and its contents will place me in independence for the rest of my life. I'll retire. I'll go into Yorkshire, buy a little farm, be dubb'd 'squire by the louts, and be treated with as much respect as if it were purchased by birth, talent, and every manly virtue. [*Looking off, R.*] He comes,—I'll observe him. [*Retires up, L.*]

Enter DARE-DEVIL BILL, R.

Bill. Some treachery's afloat. I have long watched that Hanglaw,—his frequent whisperings with my crew betray the lurking villany which is about to burst; I will anticipate him; secure what I intend as a provision for the remainder of my days; mix with the busy throng of the metropolis, and try to be as honest as—as my neighbours. [*Sees Hanglaw.*] How now, thou gaol-bird? what dost thou here, when thou shouldst be within sight of my sweet cutter, which I desired thee not to quit?

Han. (L. C.) I found the sea-breeze rather keen round yonder nook, and thought I would indulge with change of scene, and exercise to warm me.

Bill. (R. C.) This to me!—Do you know me, villain?

Han. Ay, namesake, pretty well, by this time.—You are a sort of bully swagger, half braggart, half foolish; a blood-thirsty hound, who, when he howls at the door of villany, never considers whether it will be answered by the shriek of the dying victim, or the rope of the executioner.

Bill. [*Striking him.*] False-speaking cur!

Han. [*Drawing his sword.*] A blow! Harkye, Mr. Dare-Devil Bill, old women and children believe you to have an enchanted blade; I have often felt inclined to try the temper of it; so, here's at you!

[*Combat.—During one of the pauses, Hanglaw lets fall the casket.*]

Bill. [*Seeing it.*] Ha! robbed me!—No quarter, then!

[The combat is renewed—Hanglaw is defeated, and falls—Bill is just going to kill him, when he whistles, and starts up—Bill wrests his sword from him, and holds him by the throat with a powerful grasp.]

Bill. [Deliberately running him through.] Villain! traitor! villain!

[Hanglaw staggers from his grasp, and dies.—The whole of the Smugglers rush in, L., with a loud huzza! and attack Bill—he disables one or two, and is beaten down on his knees—at this moment Henry Lanyard appears on a rock above, makes a jump upon the stage, and fights on Bill's side—the Smugglers are worsted, and run off, L.]

Henry. [Looking about him.] Are there any more of them? [Turning to Dare-Devil Bill.] Come, shipmate, tack, and let's see who I've been fighting for.

Bill. My preserver, accept my thanks!—Thy hand! [Takes his hand, and, recognising him, drops it—he turns from him, conscience and horror-stricken.] Merciful Heaven! [Aside.] 'Tis Henry Lanyard.

Henry. Hallo, mate! what cheer? Why, you change colour like a dying mackerel. Come, cheerly, the enemy are beaten, and have all tacked to leeward. There's nothing to fear.

Bill. No—no—there is not. [Aside.] He does not know me.—I—I am not well—the sudden attack—the inequality of the conflict—the surprise—[Aside.] He is alive, and I am not a murderer!—Young man, look on me:—do you know me?

Henry. Know you; no.—Yet stay: now I look on you again, your features bring to my recollection a circumstance which has banished me from these shores for ten long years. But 'twas dark.—The man's physog could not be clearly seen, but you may have heard of him, mayhap—one Dare-Devil Bill.

Bill. Ay, ay; and well I knew him; he was——

Henry. A rascal!

Bill. My brother.

Henry. Was he? Then you are brother of as big a scamp as there is a'tween Kamschatka and old Greenland. But, what odds, you may be an honest man for all that; and, if you are, why I shall thank heaven that, on my first landing on my native shore, I was guided to the performance of an action which is the duty of every man, to take the part of him what can't take his own.

Bill. Ay, true, ay; but may I ask to what circumstance you allude?

Henry. Avast heaving, mate! avast heaving! Never run your vessel into any harbour without seeing what colours are hoisted at the mouth. Who the devil are you?

Bill. I—I am a pilot—was travelling from Southampton to Portsmouth on foot; was attacked by robbers in the garb of sailors, for the sake of yonder casket, which I was conveying for a lady to the bank at Portsmouth, and should have perished but for your timely intervention and intrepidity.

Henry. [*Aside.*] I only believe half of what I hear. If he isn't as arrant a smuggler as ever lit up a signal-fire, say I don't know a Pope from a poop lantern. [*Aloud.*] Harkye, Commodore Hide-and-Seek—that's what we call galley-patter, or dog-watch yarn. But to the point: when I was eighteen years of age, I fell in love with a certain little lass—and a squinting lawyer, he fell in love with her, too. Well, the lawyer had me pressed by this Dare-Devil Bill—I resisted in the boat—struck him—and he, like a coward, shot at me—knocked off my scalp—thought he'd killed me—chucked me overboard. The pain of the wound brought me to my senses—so I struck out—was picked up by a man-of-war's launch—the ship wanted men—kept me—been all over the world—wrote home—never received an answer—letters miscarried, I suppose—arrived at Plymouth, last from Bermuda—rich old curmudgeon on board—told him my story—took care of him in his illness on board—landed—old gentleman gave me £500—sent money forward—took coach to Southampton—and, walking over to surprise 'em all, met with you; and so, if you're not too much crippled in the hull or rigging, why, we'll make sail together—and, if you are really a pilot, why it's all right—and, if you an't, why, take a broad offing, and my service to you.

Bill. [*Crossing.*] Your road lies there—you cannot miss it. For myself, I would rather be alone.

Henry. Just as you please; only look out—for, if I am right in my conjectures, you're between two fires. Them chaps we've just peppered, are there to larboard; and yonder a few men of the preventive service; and it strikes me you're just as safe with one as the other. So, farewell, rough and tough. If you come to Portsmouth, ask for me at the Frigate and Mushroom, Blue-Anchor Alley, Oyster Street, and I'll give you as rare a dose of

grog as ever graced the ward-room table of a line-of-battle ship.

“ For we sailors are born for all weathers.”

[*Exit, singing, R.*

Bill. Ah! go thy ways, Henry; but I shall be in Portsmouth before thee, I warrant. These jewels must be converted into cash—the notes which I received from old Snapfee reduced to gold; and then, farewell for ever to the scenes of my childhood, my crimes, and daring bravery. [Exit, R.]

SCENE II.—*A Street in Portsmouth.*

Enter TAKEPART, R., POLLY, L., meeting.

Tak [*Endeavouring to attract her notice, as she is going off, R.*] Polly!

Polly. (R.) Well, sir.

Tak. (C.) Sir! Don't sir me, or you'll break my heart.

Polly. You did not think of my heart when you ran away, and left me to find my way home after the dance on the common. But I suppose the lady you went to meet was of more consequence.

Tak. Lady! I didn't go after any lady. I had an appointment, to be sure.

Polly. I thought so. And pray, sir, who with?

Tak. Four marines.

Polly. Psha!

Tak. Psha or not psha, they were marines. But I stayed too long with you; and, when I got to the place of *rundy-woo*, the business was all over.

Polly. Explain.

Tak. That's the secret I meant to tell you: you see, Dare-Devil Bill ran away with—no, Snapfee had a cargo, and Bill's ship—no, that's not it; the truth is, that Snapfee and Bill are two great rogues, and they tried to bite each other; Hanglaw turned against Bill—Snapfee was done—the crew got off—the marines were too late; and now you know all about it.

Polly. All I know is, that you've been troubling yourself about what don't concern you; and that, if you don't pay more attention to the dock-yard, you will lose your situation, and then—

Tak. I shall lose you. Well, I'll be more careful for the future. And now, my dear Polly, one kiss, by way of reconciliation.

Polly. It's more than you deserve ; but, as you promise to be very steady for the future, why, there.

Tak. [*Kissing her.*] Oh, crikey ! what a melter ! It runs all down to my toes. Well, now I'll away to work, and in the evening I'll meet you down at the battery, and show you the new flag-staff.

Polly. Mind you don't keep me waiting.

Tak. Not a minute.

DUET.—TAKEPART *and* POLLY.

Tak. What a nice little creature Polly is, when on me she is smiling.

Polly. What a silly creature you must be, your time with me beguiling.

Tak. Hearts and darts, and wounds and smarts, of such I'm always dreaming.

Polly. All your fine professions made, I fear, are only seeming.

Tak. O, pretty Polly ! do not make my heart a wreck, or I'll go and press myself on board of yon three-decker.

Polly. Go, silly Billy, you, a fool for all your pains are.
When me you've safely wed, you'll wonder where your gains are. [*Repent together.*]

Tak. And when some twelvemonth we have been tied up as man and wife, too—

Polly. You'll rove, inconstant prove, and lead a truant life, too.

Tak. Upon my soul, you'll have control—I'll ne'er give contradiction.

Polly. I'll love, obey, will ne'er say nay, and cheer you in affliction.

Tak. Did Polly say, "O no," 'twould be for hope a blighter ; You've made my heavy heart a thousand pounds the lighter.

Polly. Well, then, we'll happy be ; thus end all doubt and strife, too. I'll be all you can wish—a faithful friend and wife, too.

[*Exeunt L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Prison.—A table, with a jug of water and chair.*

TOM BOWLING *discovered, sitting.—The clock strikes three.—*
MUSIC.

Tom B. [*Rising and advancing.*] Two dreary hours past the time, and yet she comes not. O, Power Supreme ! divert all harm from my poor child. Exposed to the rude insults of a fiend in human shape, and none to offer aid. [*Drawing of bolts heard, L.*] Hark ! the heavy bolts, which, creaking through their wards, announce despair to poverty, proclaim a visitor. 'Tis she—it is my daughter ; I know her step. [*MUSIC.—Listening attentively.*] No, no, it is not ; the footsteps die away in distance, and I am left again in wretched, dark, dark solitude. The

pangs of hunger, too, assail me—a thirst, a burning thirst, parches my lips. Stay, now I remember, there is water yonder. [Music.—He gropes his way towards the table—stumbles against, and knocks over the water.] Good heavens! [Catching the jug.] not one drop! not one single drop to moisten my fevered mouth. A sudden dizziness comes o'er me—help, gaoler. All silent—will no one come to the relief of a poor old man, whose few remaining footsteps to the grave's brink are stayed by sorrow, poverty, and despair. Lucy, my child, this is indeed unkind. Why leave me thus? I'm cold, cold at heart—how it beats—it swells—it breaks—it breaks!

[Bursts into a flood of tears.

Enter LUCY, L.

Lucy. [Rushing into her father's arms.] Father, dear father! I am here—'tis your own dear Lucy.

Tom B. Thou bounteous heaven, receive my thanks! You have delayed, my child.

Lucy. I have, my father: it was thus late ere I could receive the produce of my labour; and I have brought you food—wine, my father—'twill revive and cheer you.

Tom B. I will not touch it, child. Shall I indulge my palate with the grape's rich juice, while my poor child tastes but the produce of the spring? No, no.

Lucy. But I will drink some, too, my father. Come, come.

Tom B. Be it so, then. [She pours out a glass of wine, and gives it him.] Now, child. [Returning the glass.—Lucy pours out another—Bowling feels that it is full—she then pours it quickly into the bottle, and has the empty glass at her mouth just as Bowling has raised his hand to her lips.] 'Tis well; and now, my child, tell me what hast thou done?

Lucy. I was about to wait on the port admiral, when a stranger came to our cot. He asked me for my father—I told him all; upon which he exclaimed, "Then I am not misinformed;" and, having desired me to say he would visit you here, he departed. Scarcely had he left the room, ere I discovered upon the table this piece of gold, which the stranger must have left there.

Tom B. Blessings on him! And, once more, curses on the wretch by whose sad cruelty old Bowling has become a pauper.

Lucy. Hold, I prithee, dearest father! These bursts of passion shake your frame—be composed. Something

whispers in my heart that you will soon be free—I know you will ; and then, my father, with what renovated vigour will I earn our sustenance ? I have been a truant, idle girl, till now ; but how I'll change ! my fingers will fly more rapidly o'er the meshes of my daily labour ; for, in a holy cause like this, my sex's weakness vanishes, and I feel well and strong—and strong.

[She exclaims hysterically, and, crying violently, hides her head in her father's bosom.]

Tom B. Poor girl ! my only prop ! my dear, dear Lucy ! *[Bolts are withdrawn.]*

Enter WELLWISH, L., who gazes upon them.

Wel. Pardon this intrusion, sir ; I would serve you, if in my power.

Lucy. (R. c.) *[Aside to Bowling.]* It is the stranger.

Tom B. (c.) I have already heard of your generosity. May I ask what caused it ? We rarely act without motive.

Wel. (L. c.) I do not wonder at your question. I know your history ; and I know, too, that it was a motive base and criminal which urged the viper who has placed you here to show you kindness and afford you assistance. But all men, sir, are not of the same rude stamp ; for nature, when she made her composition, albeit each form was moulded from the same materials, placed within each casket a diamond in the rough, which sensitiveness, guided by the dictates of a pure religion, acts upon, and whose resplendent scintillations shine upon distress and suffering, through the mortal covering with which it is enfolded.

Tom B. Your sentiments, sir, do honour to you. But my case is of too heavy a complexion to admit relief from one unknown.

Wel. Perhaps not. The sum is £40. What security can you offer for the loan of such amount

Tom B. Alas !

Lucy. Security ! my liberty, my life ! all, all for my father. Bid me watch by the fading taper's flickering light the dying throes of pauper misery, within the wards of pestilential mansions—bid me await the imperious nod of a harsh task-master, in severe and humble labour—bid me to travel barefoot o'er the rocky passes of some burning desert—let hunger, thirst, and all the woes that can assail mankind, surround and weigh me down—still will

I, with gratitude, accept the offer which shall give liberty to the author of my being.

Wel. [*Aside.*] Heroic girl, fear not—such sacrifice you will not be required to make. Within an hour, your father shall be free.

Lucy. [*Kneeling.*] May Heaven bless you for that word!

Tom B. Free, said you, sir? And who art thou, who, like a ministering angel, comest to sooth the woes of age and poverty?

Wel. That you shall know anon. Compose yourself; and, in an hour, expect me here. 'Tis well. Doubt not my quick return. [*Going, L.*]

Bill. [*Without.*] Take off your hands! Let go, I say!

Gaoler. [*Without.*] Help! John! Thomas! seize that ruffian?

Bill. [*Without.*] Follow me, then, but dare not hold me!

Enter DARE-DEVIL BILL, followed by Gaoler, L. D. F.

Bill. Shall not this prove my innocence? I resist not, but willingly enter the recesses of your dismal walls.

Wel. May I ask, what is this man's crime?

Gao. He offered to pay the debt for which old Bowling is confined—gave an hundred-pound note to be changed—I sent to the Bank—it has been declared a forgery; and, upon searching him, another note, of the same value, and forged, also, has been found.

Tom B. Thank Heaven, the plot has not succeeded! for suspicion might have attached to me.

Bill. Harkye, old gentleman: it's very likely I shall swing for you; but, if I do, I'll hang old Snaptee, or my name isn't Bill?

Wel. Snapfee! already I have heard—Speak! What know you of him?

Bill. More than I care about. All the world knows me.—Dare-Devil Bill, the bold smuggler, ne'er disguised his name, or was ashamed of it. What then!—I that have 'scaped all dangers that could congregate by the united efforts of storm, battle, wreck, fire, or water, must now be tucked up, by the machinations of the most bitter villain that ever disgraced humanity! 'Twas from old Snaptee I received those notes.

Tom B. (R. C.) Just Heaven!

Bill. (C.) Ay; and Heaven will be just, I hope, and bring that thief to punishment. And here, before wit-

nesses, I proclaim him a robber, a forger—nay, worse, a murderer!

All. A murderer!

Bill. Ay, a murderer!—A blood-thirsty and revengeful murderer! Place me, face to face, with that foul devil, and I'll beard him, as I loud denounce him as a branded murderer!

Wel. What proofs?—

Bill. Proofs! ha, ha! I have them safe enough—living witnesses.—The dead arisen from their watery grave—one—two! And he shall hang! hang! hang! and on the same gibbet with myself! And how I will exult and how my eyeballs, starting from their sockets, will glare upon him in their convulsive brilliancy! And I will laugh, too—ha, ha, ha! And, when I hear the rattle paralyze his throat, the fiends of hell will join in my exultation when I shout with frantic yells! The murderer dies in agony—in horrible and tremendous agony!

Tom B. Horrible! horrible!

Wel. [*Who has whispered the gaoler.*] I thank you for your advice.—I go to execute it.

[*Exit Wellwish and Gaoler, L. D. F.*]

Bill. Was that the judge who left the room but now? He may proclaim me guilty; but, if he is a just judge, he'll tell the jury who is more guilty than even I am.—I did not kill him, though! Ha, Lucy Bowling! [*Pause.*] I have something to tell you—comfort for you—but not yet—not yet—I feel—I know not how! Let me look at you, Lucy Bowling. When you was a very little girl, I was an honest—ay, honest lad! And—

MUSIC.—*He appears choked by emotion, and, sobbing, gradually falls on his knees—Bowling perceives this by taking his hand—Bill prays—Bowling uplifts his hands over him—Lucy gazes intently on her father, and the scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*The Parlour at the Blue Posts.*

Enter HENRY LANYARD and LANDLORD, L.

Henry. (c.) And so you did not know me again, old treble-score?

Lan. (L. c.) No, your honour, how should I? Ten years is a long while—and I've so many things to think of,—large family—rent, taxes.

Henry. Hang rent and taxes!—Tell me, what's become

of old Bowling and little Lucy? The house is shut up where they used to live—all the ports are closed?

Lan. Ah! it's a sad story, your honour: you remember Mr. Snapfee, I suppose.

Henry. What, that old rogue of a half lawyer, half smuggler, half thief? Yes, curse him: he horsewhipped me once for tying a cracker to his tail—I owe him one for it.

Lan. Well, by his means, Tom Bowling is now an inmate of our gaol.

Henry. Of what?—A gaol?—On what charge?

Lan. On suspicion of debt.

Henry. Debt! to whom?

Lan. Your friend, old Snapfee.

Henry. How much?

Lan. More than I suppose your pay and prize-money would satisfy,—forty pounds.

Henry. Forty pounds! is that all? Here, change me this one hundred! quick, you old goat, or I'll pour such a broadside into you, as shall blow you out of the water.

Lan. I hav'n't so much by me, but there's my lodger up-stairs, just arrived from the West Indies,—he has got a power of gold; I'll step up and ask him to do it.

Henry. I'll lay a month's pay to a mess of lobsouse, that I know him—it's my fellow passenger! heave ahead! pilot me to his cabin—jump, you old gin-cask, jump!

Lan. Gently, Mr. Henry: my old bones ar'nt able to bear such rough usage.

Henry. Don't tell me of your bones, when old Bowling's in trouble: jump, or I'll cut you in half, and stick your trunk up as figure-head to the Royal Billy. [*Pushing him off.*] Out! you bandy ourang-outang.

[*Exit Henry and Landlord, R.*]

Enter WELIWISH, BAILIFF in a different dress, and follower, L.

Bai. I know him, your honour: when I was a civil officer, he used to give me a job now and then. Now I'm a constable, I'll give him one; and it strikes me very forcibly he won't get easily over it.

Wel. Yonder he comes. Retire. [*They retire up, L. U. E.*]

Enter SNAPFEE, L.

Sna. So, so! this Mr. Wellwish has gone to visit Bowling. He will pay the debt, no doubt. That re-

ceived, I have not anything to detain me here in Portsmouth. At some two hundred miles' distance, I shall hear of the fate of Mr. Dare-Devil Bill, who will be hanged, as sure as my name is——

Bai. [*Coming forward.*] Pennyget Snapfee. I arrest you, on a charge of murder.

Sna. I am betrayed! Mur—You are mistaken.

Bai. Not I. Here is my authority: you are in my custody, and my masters must decide whether you are to be liberated from it.

Sna. [*Aside.*] I am lost! Harkye, my good fellow: you are poor, I am rich. [*Taking out his pocket-book.*] Five hundred pounds, and let me go?

Bai. Not five thousand; particularly if they are as good as those you paid Dare-Devil Bill.

Sna. [*Aside.*] Damnation!—All is over! Will no prayers——

Bai. They are of no use now: if you had said them a little oftener, you wouldn't have forced me to throw old Bowling into prison.

Sna. [*Recognising him.*] Ah! Is it indeed you? Then I am fallen, indeed.

Wel. [*Advancing.*] Officer, your duty——

Bai. Is to convey this gentleman to prison. Come.

Sna. [*In tears.*] I attend you; but let me not be the gaze of the gaping multitude.

Wel. And why not? What redeeming quality is there in any one action of yours which should merit indulgence?

Sna. Taunt me not thus. I know you, sir: you are the eminent surgeon who has performed so many cures within our hospital. Surely, you, whose profession it is to ease the pangs of suffering nature, will not inflict a wound upon the feelings of the unfortunate.

Wel. Rather say, the criminal, who, not content with precipitating himself into an abyss of guilt, must drag down with him others, who, free from such temptation, might have passed through life as honoured members of society.

Enter HENRY, with notes, R.

Henry. Here they are; and—hallo! what breeze is here?

Sna. Merciful Providence! 'tis he! all at once!

Henry. What, old Parchment, are you there?—Ar'nt you a pretty bit of old junk, now, to get the weather-

gage of an old man! It was bad enough to get me sent off to sea, but to deprive an aged blind old man of his liberty. Oh! I should like to——

Wel. Hold, young man; your persecutor is now within the grasp of legal power: his punishment will be proportioned to his crimes.

Hen. What, in the bilbows?—'That's all right—it'll save me trouble.

Bai. Come, to prison.

Henry. That's just where I was going: but there's a gentleman here who wishes to be piloted there.—We'll follow you.

[*Exit Henry, R.*—MUSIC.—*Snapfee is conducted off, L., by Bailiff and Man*—*Wellwish follows, L.*

Enter LANDLORD, R.

Lan. There goes £19. 14s. 6½d. of my money. Old Snapfee was going to settle his little bill this very day: never mind, I'll attend the trial, and, if he's condemned, I'll go and see him hanged: that'll be some consolation.

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE V.—*A Street in Portsmouth.*

Enter TAKEPART, L.

Tak. Lauks! lauks! what a blow-up! and I shall have to help to hang him: I must tell all I heard between old Snapfee and Dare-Devil Bill. What a shocking thing to assist in hanging a man! I won't speak—I'll be dumb, and if they ask me how long I have been so, I'll tell them I was born so. Oh, that won't do, though, 'cause every body knows me. I'll run away, and not come back till it's all over—then I shall lose my place in the dock-yard—then I shall lose Polly—what shall I do? [Retiring up, R.—*musings.*

Enter HENRY LANYARD, R.

Henry. So, I've arranged all that very snugly, and I'll pop in when least expected. Now, I'm to find my old playmate, Takepart, and press his services as evidence. Yonder's a dock-yard man—I'll ask him—hallo, mate! [*Tapping him on the shoulder.*] What cheer?

Tak. Cheer! queer cheer! Don't you see I'm all aback, as we seamen say.

Hen. [*Aside.*] Scuttle my craft, if 'it be'nt him! I'll not discover myself yet. Seaman, indeed! ah! you

dock-yard loblolly-boys fancy yourselves fine fellows. What do you know about navigation?—Do you understand Mercator?

Tak. (R.) Ha! ha! no, I'll be hanged if I do; and I never wish to know anything about hating her, that's another thing.

Henry. (C.) There isn't a part of a ship you know anything about, except the blocks, which are made in the yard.

Tak. Oh, for that matter, the study of blocks may be learned anywhere and everywhere. Do you understand it?

Henry. And I should think, by overhauling your's, that you're of a nasty, cantankerous, obstinate disposition, wallowing about in the breakers of life, like a Dutch galliot in the trough of an Arctic sea; and, as to your build [*Walking round him.*—why, your bows resemble the stern of a Yankeedoodler with the rickets, and your nose is as like the snout of a shark, as your eyes are like those of a dead sturgeon. You'd be a treasure to a purser that wanted to clap the crew on short allowance, for the sight of you is an emetic; you—

Tak. [*Bridling up and tucking up the cuffs of his coat.*] I tell you what, Mr. Long-and-Lazy, I don't see by what just right you're to walk your five-foot-eleven body ashore, and let go the reefs of your abuse, at such a rate, upon any of his majesty's peaceable subjects; and if you don't hold your cackle, and back ship a bit, I'll find out if you've got as much pluck as you have jaw, that's all.

Henry. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! well done, Takepart; now look at me again, and you'll give me your fist in quite a different manner from what you intended.

Tak. [*Staring with astonishment.*] Why, arn't you dead? It is—it can't be—yes, it is—Henry Lanyard, by gums! [*Shaking hands.*] Lord, Harry, how glad I am to see you! I suppose, you've heard—

Henry. Ay, ay! I have. And have you heard that I've got about eight hundred pounds, that I mean to marry Lucy as soon as I have liberated her father, and never go to sea any more?

Tak. Heigho!

Henry. Heigho! what are you heighoing about?

Tak. What a happy fellow you are: eight hundred pounds, and the girl you love.

Hen. Well, and hav'nt you the girl you love?

Tak. Yes, but not the eight hundred pounds; there's the difference.

Henry. Are you out of your time?

Tak. Next week.

Henry. I'll make you all right: I'll buy you as handsome a skiff as ever plied between Common Hard and Gosport. I'll lend you a hundred pounds to start with, and if you never pay me—I'll never ask you for it.

Tak. Will you?—You're a trump! and if I deceive you, cut me up and bait shark with me.

Henry. Now, then, to the prison: let's see justice done to every body; and then hey for splicing, wedding, and——

Tak. Don't mention it.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VI.

DARE-DEVIL BILL discovered, leaning his head on a table.

Enter LUCY and Gaoler, L. D. F.

Gao. If he should succeed, it will be a wonderful cure.

Lucy. It will. May heaven's mercy aid him in restoring sight to my poor father!

Gao. I will attend, and apprise you of whatever may occur. The magistrate is momentarily expected, and the first examination of the prisoners will take place; although, by the strange gentleman's generosity, your father is now free, your evidence, as well as his, will be required.

Enter WELLWISH, SNAPFEE, and Bailiff, L. D. F.

Gao. Welcome, Master Snapfee, welcome—you've long been wanting; I thought we should have you at last.

Wel. Hold! The strong arm of the law, and his own conscience, will be punishment enough, without the taunting of a menial, whose only office is to secure his prisoner, and not inflict unnecessary torture.

Gao. [*Aside.*] Umph! When you've been a gaoler as long as I have, you'll not be so charitable; but you'll be nibbled some of these days, perhaps, and then I'll give you pips for parings. [*Exit, L. D. F.*]

Wel. Miss Lucy, will it please you attend your father? The moment will soon arrive, when the effect will be seen of the operation I have performed; and heaven grant that it may be successful!

Lucy. Amen to that; and, even should it not be so, my gratitude to you—

Wel. No more, I beg. Follow me.

[*Exeunt, Wellwish, Lucy, and Bailiff, L. D. F.*

Sna. So, then, here's the end of all my labours: a gaol—perhaps, the gallows. [*Bill, arousing himself, and observing Snapfee, gradually approaches him.*] The fools! with all their care, they have not searched me. These documents [*Taking out papers.*] would be fine evidence against me; I must destroy them. [*Going to tear them.*] Thus, in a thousand pieces, will I—

Bill. [*Advancing, and snatching them from him.*] No, you don't!

Sna. Dare-Devil Bill! Horror!

Bill. Ha, ha, ha! The sight of me isn't quite so pleasant to you as it was some time ago. Turn your face this way, man: let's look at you. I say, friend Snapfee, you little thought that the noose which was to tuck me up would be drawn round your own neck. We have often walked together on South-Sea Common, plotting mischief against mankind; now we shall swing there together—aloft! high up!—aloft, brother Snapfee; for that same portion of mankind, our victims, to point at our crow-pecked carrion, and laugh exultingly over our downfall!

Sna. Is there no hope? no mercy?

Bill. Hope! none. Could I, by the destruction of these papers, save myself, and, by those means, you were to escape, I would not do it! No, I fear not death!—You, a trembling coward, who dare not meet the just reward of all your villany, tremble at its approach! Oh, I shall rejoice to see the dastard hypocrite unmasked before his judges—to view the palsied frame ascend the scaffold—then to behold big drops of agony fall from his haggard brow—and see him choke!—Ha, ha, ha!

Sna. Away, thou fiend! Within, there! Help!

Enter HENRY LANYARD, POLLY, TAKEPART, and JOHN BOWLING.

Hen John Bowling, ahoy!

John B. Who calls for help?

Sna. Merciful powers! It is, indeed, John Bowling!

Bill. Ha, ha, ha! And who is that? Knowest thou that youth?

Henry. What, Old Crowquill! keep your body up!

John B. I will not now reproach thee; but know, the story of my death was but a fiction, to try if thou wert indeed a friend. Thou art a wretch, unworthy of my notice! For thee, [*To Dare-Devil Bill.*] such intercession shall be made as will save thy life. But where is my brother, and my dearest Lucy.

Well. Behold!

MUSIC.—*Enter LUCY, leading in TOM BOWLING, L. D. F.—*
She rushes into John Bowling's arms.

Wel. Silence! Speak not a word, I pray!

[*MUSIC.*—*Tom Bowling has a chair brought, and sits, C.—a black fold is round his eyes, which Wellwish gently withdraws—he gradually recovers his sight, and, after exhibiting the different emotions such a circumstance would be likely to create, he kneels down, and the curtain falls*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

TOM BOWLING. [*Kneeling.*]

HENRY.

LUCY.

D. D. BILL.

J. BOWLING.

POLLY.

SNAPPER.

TAKEPART.

GAOLER.

R.]

[L.]

THE END.

SUSAN HOPLEY;
OR, THE
VICISSITUDES OF A SERVANT GIRL:
A DOMESTIC DRAMA,
In Three Acts.

BY GEORGE DIBDIN PITT,

Author of The Eddystone Elf.

**PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.**

To which are added,

**A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,**

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

LONDON:

**DAVIDSON, 19 PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.**



REMARKS.

Susan Hopley.

Of late years there has been introduced on the stage a peculiar entertainment known by the name of the Domestic Drama. Tragedy having departed this life, with the eminent actors that once supported its majestic pall; it required something to excite the sympathies of the humbler classes of society; something that came home to their business and bosoms; that might teach them that poverty is not always a sin; nor riches invariably the reward of merit.—That industry and good conduct will often overcome the inequalities of fortune; and where they do not absolutely produce wealth and distinction, they will inevitably command respect, and ensure a moderate competence. It required a lesson to encourage the lowly in the exercise of honest perseverance and christian duties; to press them forward in the path of well-doing, if with small thanks to man, yet with deep gratitude to God, not only for that which is bounteously given, but that which is mercifully denied. To show what can be achieved by patience, fortified by virtue, and inspired by hope!—What may be borne without repining, when the heart is disciplined in the school of humility, and elevated by religion. Were riches happiness, and worldly prosperity an infallible token of the favour of heaven, what hope would remain for the poor? What ray of consolation would illumine the desolate cabin, with its cold, cheerless hearth, wretched pallet, and pinching pittance? Even these may be endured, if the liberal hand of benevolence be held out, and a kind word accompany the boon!—’Tis balm to the breaking heart! But that man should to his fellow man cast a miserable dole, as he would a bone to his yelping cur! with more contumely, and embitter the scanty morsel with a reproach! “’Tis foul! ’tis foul!” Let him revel for *his* brief season in the expensive luxuries of this world; sit warm by the fireside, and lie snug in his bed of down until enjoyment sicken into satiety—but let him prepare for that retributive hour, when these rich appliances, these lost opportunities of doing good, shall appear before him like so many terrible judgments, bearing him down to that abyss of sorrow, of which the least of its torments are unavailing remorse, and interminable despair.

Fortune’s favourites also required a lesson to teach them a few domestic duties, that it might profit them to study. “Servitude,” says the proverb, “is no inheritance”—but it is too often one of privation and woe. It is, doubtless, gratifying to our vanity and self-love, to say to an humble dependant, “Do this”; and if it be not done to the very

letter of our liking, (whether it be reasonable or unreasonable,) to play the insulting tyrant, when a mild reproof, and a simple showing of the folly of neglect, might awake contrition, and produce amendment. An idle servant is silently corrected by the force of good example; an insolent one by the better breeding of his superior, who remonstrates. To remind your menial of his low and dependant state, is not only ungenerous, but sure to excite heart-burning and a rooted dislike—indeed, it not unfrequently provokes a depreciating retort from the unruly member of the party so reminded, as to the validity of their respective claims on the smiles of fortune—a retort by no means pleasant to the petulant, purse-proud, well-to-do-in-the-world, who finds it particularly inconvenient to answer queries so unexpectedly, perhaps, impertinently put.

There are, however, always two sides of a question. Servitude has many a lazy, impudent jackanapes, many a saucy minx to try the temper of the most patient master and mistress! Shoulder-knots and brooms are not all immaculate. Many a sturdy knave, with powdered head, sil'k stockings, pumps, and long cane, dangles after some superannuated drwager, that should handle the spade, or follow the plough. For such effeminate idlers our compassion is very small. Nor do we hold in greater favour dressed-out dollies, bedizened upper-dusters, brooms in bugles and blonde, who want a "*sittivation*," instead of the old-fashioned "*pluce*;" and modestly enquire if the family keep a "footman," and how many sweethearts are allowed!—Who eschew healthful labour for fear of getting rough, red hands, and sport finery that their honest earnings never bought, and never could afford to buy. Decent raiment, hard work, and short commons, may probably bring such gentlemen and ladies to their senses; and if these fail, there is still sharper practise in store for them.

Susan Hopley is a servant girl.—None of your whey-faced, milk and water, yea-and-nay flowers of rusticity—not so modest as sly!—None of your hedge nymphs, whose talk is of milking cows, and making hay!—But a merry-hearted, cherry-cheeked, bright-eyed village lass, as innocent as happy! She shirk honest labour! She handles her broom as deftly as her distaff.—She a dowdy! Who so smart and *degagée*? She has a lover too—And why not? Let ill-humour and ugliness lead apes, not fresh-coloured, open-hearted young virtue! She is proud,—not of her fair face and pretty figure, but her unsullied reputation, that is a sure passport to an honourable home. Susan is happily settled in the family of Mr. Wentworth. In an evil hour, Gaveston, his head clerk, having won the affections of Miss Wentworth, the wedding is on the eve of taking place, when the action of this drama commences. Intending to secure, by this ill-starred alliance, the entire fortune of his master, his expectations are thwarted by a will, in which the merchant makes a fair distribution of his property; he therefore resolves to possess himself of the document, and to murder

the testator, that his reversionary interest may be forthwith realised. He finds a confederate in one George Remardon, who, having wasted his own fortune, is a bully and blackleg on the town, ready to perform any desperate deed for a pecuniary consideration. The family of Mr. Wentworth are for a few hours absent from home, and Susan Hopley is waiting their return. She falls asleep, and has a dream; in which the purloining of the will, the murder of her good old master and her brother Andrew, by Gaveston and his accomplice, distinctly pass before her sight; and she awakes, trembling with agitation and horror. The scene of this foul deed is at the "Old Manor House," the sole remaining property of the spendthrift Remardon; a solitary, tumble-down tenement, where Mr. Wentworth had been decoyed by a ruse. This fearful vision that night is awfully realised!

Suspicion falls upon Andrew Hopley. His body the assassins had concealed in a cavity of the wainscot, into which, in their hurry and confusion, they had accidentally dropped the will they intended to destroy. Susan, though not implicated, is dismissed.

In journeying to London after a place—for the neighbourhood is fraught with too many sad remembrances to allow her to remain there—Susan meets with her lover William Dean, to whom she relates her mysterious story. William would instantly marry her—But no—not until her own character, and the memory of her unfortunate brother are cleared, will she consent to become his bride! They exchange vows of constancy, and depart on their different ways. Soon after, Susan is met by robbers, who carry off her hard and honest earnings; and now, broken-hearted and penniless, she arrives at the great metropolis.

A year passes away, during which she suffers many trials and vicissitudes. But Providence is her guardian and guide. She is about to enter upon the situation of housekeeper to a rich nabob in the country, and has that morning left London for the purpose, when William Dean arrives at the humble domicile of her kind friend Mrs. Dobbs, to make anxious enquiry after her. Mistaking the true import of the garrulous old dame's communication, the disappointed lover, in a fit of jealousy, enlists for a soldier; but follows Susan, in order to have *one more* interview 'ere they part for ever! To her surprise and terror, she recognises among the visitors at Plantation House, the residence of her new master, the rascally Gaveston, metamorphosed into Colonel Jones; Remardon, figuring away under the assumed title of Count Roccaleoni; and the grim-visaged ruffian, who had robbed her in the forest, as Bellini, courier to the colonel! This worthy triumvirate are planning a fresh campaign. Gaveston, having deserted his unhappy wife Miss Wentworth, and gambled away her fortune, passes as a bachelor, and is on the eve of marrying the daughter of the nabob! and to share the matrimonial plunder with the Brummagem Count! Terrible is their fright when they behold Susan Hopley! She will disconcert their plot,

and must be put out of the way; and to Mr. Larkins, the courier! is confided the merciful commission; who, though he seems to undertake it *con amore*, is too great a coward to carry it into execution, and to betray his weakness to his confederates, whom he deceives, by telling them that the deed is done.

Another vision appears to Susan. Her brother, pale and ghastly, urges her to arrest these blood-stained men in their guilty course; to repair instantly to the Old Manor House, where Gaveston and Remardon had clandestinely conveyed the Nabob's daughter, in order to procure her unwilling signature to certain important papers before marriage; to rescue the young lady from her impending danger; to establish her own fair fame, and bring the assassins to condign punishment. This solemn request is obeyed. The nabob, with a posse committatis, accompany her to the Old Manor House; the villains are secured; the dead body of Andrew is discovered in the cavity; the missing will, too, is found; and the character of the servant girl stands forth unimpeached.

There is a comic episode, in which figure conspicuously Dicky Dean, a love-sick costermonger, who pays unsuccessful court to Susan; and in his despair, leaves off selling cabbages, and turns stage mountebank; Jeremy Simpson, an amorous old butler, who has a jealous wife, and a penchant for Mrs. Dobbs, a middle aged lady, nothing loth; and Spriggins, Dicky's identical donkey, whose bray, sensible and harmonious, chimes in admirably with his master's funny sayings.

Susan Hopley began her successful career at the Victoria Theatre, May 31, 1841. She has been applauded in London for upwards of three hundred nights, and in the provinces for about as many more. She has travelled to America and to Sydney, and been kindly welcomed.

What shall we say of Miss Vincent in the servant girl?—A part so various, so full of frankness and feeling, pleasant mirth, and salutary woe. True to nature, she made it, not the sentimental, pretty-spoken, mincing, would-be-genteel, and can't-be-romantic Abigail, masquerading in a neat cap and a white apron!—but the genuine village lass, speaking her mind openly; sorrowing as an honest heart sorrows; and rejoicing as an honest heart rejoices. To her praise-worthy and successful efforts much of the extraordinary attraction of Susan Hopley may be justly attributed.

This drama has been recently played at the City Theatre. It made Norton-Folgate sigh, and drew tears from Mr. Moses! This is as it should be. We were pleased with the performance of Mr. Shepherd in the character of William Dean; and a round faced, good humoured, punchy little fellow—the very epitome of an actor—one John Herbert, in amorous Dicky, was extremely amusing; as was also his long-eared, four-legged “philosopher and friend” Spriggins!—We never saw or heard a more humorous, better conducted donkey.

 D.—G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.

		<i>Royal Victoria, City of London,</i>	<i>May 31, 1841. Dec. 11, 1844.</i>
<i>Sir Thomas Taylor (a Country Magistrate)</i>	}	Mr. Hitchinson.	Mr. Hitchinson.
<i>Mr. Cripps (a rich East India Nabob)</i>	}	Mr. J. Howard.	Mr. C. Jones.
<i>Mr. Wentworth (a retired Wine Merchant)</i>	}	Mr. Wilton.	Mr. Aldridge.
<i>Walter Gaveston (his partner)</i>	.	Mr. Dale.	Mr. H. Lee.
<i>George Remardon (a Roué)</i>	.	Mr. Seaman.	Mr. T. H. Higgle.
<i>Jeremy Simpson (Butler to Mr. Wentworth)</i>	}	Mr. James.	Mr. Morris.
<i>Andrew Hopley (Brother to Susan & Footman to Mr. Wentworth)</i>	}	Mr. C. Williams.	Mr. Henry.
<i>William Dean (the Miller's Son, in love with Susan)</i>	}	Mr. E. F. Saville.	Mr. Shepherd.
<i>Dicky Dean (a Costermonger)</i>	.	Mr. Paul.	Mr. Jno. Herbert.
<i>Harry Leeson (an Orphan)</i>	.	Miss Wilton.	Miss Wilton.
<i>Joe (a Footboy)</i>	.	Mr. Cecil Pitt.	Mr. C. Macdonald
<i>Larkins (a Footpad)</i>	.	Mr. Scarbrow.	Mr. Scarbrow.
<i>Gomm (his confederate)</i>	.	Mr. Franklin.	Mr. Franklin.
<i>Vigors (a Constable)</i>	.	Mr. Chapino.	Mr. Griffith.
<i>Caroline Cripps (Daughter of Mr. Cripps)</i>	}	Miss Warde.	Miss Edgar.
<i>Fanny Wentworth (Daughter of Mr. Wentworth)</i>	}	Mrs. G. Lee.	Mrs. G. Lee.
<i>Mrs. Dobbs (Housekeeper)</i>	.	Mrs. Garthwaite.	Mrs. Andrews.
<i>Susan Hopley (an Orphan, Servant Girl)</i>	}	Miss Vincent.	Miss Vincent.
<i>Gimp (a Ladies' Maid)</i>	.	Mrs. J. Howard.	Miss Hamilton.

Constables, Servants, Peasants, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*; D.F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R.D.F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R.D. *Right Door*; L.D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance*; C.D. *Centre Door*.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Costume.

SIR THOMAS TAYLOR.—Old fashioned brown coat—white waistcoat—nankeen breeches, with knee buckles—white stockings—shoes and buckles—white wig.

MR. CRIPPS.—Brown coat—nankeen breeches and gaiters—white wig, with tail.

MR. WENTWORTH.—Brown coat—black silk breeches and stockings—white satin flowered waistcoat—shoes and buckles—white wig.

WALTER GAVESTON.—*First dress:* Black frock coat—white waistcoat and trousers. *Second dress:* Undress military frock coat—dark trousers and red stripe—Wellington boots—black hat.

GEORGE REMARDON.—*First dress:* Dirty mackintosh—ragged and dirty white trousers—old white hat—worn-out boots. *Second dress:* Foreign hussar uniform

JEREMY SIMPSON.—Old fashioned brown coat—red waistcoat—black breeches—gray stockings—shoes and buckles.

ANDREW HOPLEY.—Drab livery coat—red striped waistcoat—white breeches and stockings—livery hat.

WILLIAM DEAN.—*First dress:* White shooting coat—white cord breeches—white gaiters—white hat. *Second dress:* Black velvet shooting coat—black trousers—black hat.

DICKY DEAN.—*First dress:* Flannel jacket—red waistcoat—drab breeches—white stockings—angle shoes. *Second dress:* Mountebank clown's suit.

HARRY LEESON.—Blue tunic—white trousers—cloth cap.

JOE.—Red livery waistcoat, with sleeves—drab breeches and gaiters.

LARKINS.—*First dress:* Old sporting coat—blue trousers—red waistcoat—shabby hat. *Second dress:* Foreign courier's uniform.

GOMM.—Old pilot coat—dark breeches—leather gaiters—white hat; all very ragged and dirty.

VIGORS.—Old Bow-street officer's uniform.

CAROLINE CRIPPS.—Neat walking dress.

FANNY WENTWORTH.—*First dress:* Ladies' walking dress. *Second dress:* Plain mourning.

SUSAN HOPLEY.—*First dress:* Dark chintz open gown—white apron—neat cap and bonnet. *Second dress:* Light chintz open gown—white apron—neat cap and bonnet.

GIMP.—White dress—cap and black apron.

SUSAN HOPLY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Oakland Hall.—The Servant's Hall—a door, c. F., opening into the garden.*

MUSIC.—*Enter MRS. DOBBS and JEREMY SIMPSON, R.*

Jer. (R.) You doubt not I shall find Susan Hopley as valuable and as trustworthy as her brother Andrew—eh, Mrs. Dobbs?

Mrs. D. (c.) My life on't! I haven't lived to this time o' day to say that,—that's not right, Mr. Jeremy. I've got a place in a great family as housekeeper in London, with more than double the wages I had here, but it arn't the fleuker, Mr. Jeremy, it arn't the fleuker.

Jer. Lucre, Mrs. Dobbs.

Mrs. D. Aye, sluker. I loved my dear mistress, the late Mrs. Leeson, and my master, Major Leeson, and I loved their son, little Master Harry Leeson. Mrs. Leeson was a good tender soul! When Susan Hopley's mother died, she took Susan, a poor girl, and employed her brother Andrew in all her little messages; and when he got big enough, got Mr. Wentworth here to take him as footman, and she made Susan made-of-all-work under me—and though I say it as shouldn't—'cause I teached her—but there isn't a better servant maid in all the borough of Gréat Britain.

Jer. Kingdom you mean, Mrs. Dobbs.

Mrs. D. Well, it's all the same country.—And as I was a saying, all was so comfortable, and the major was expected home, and such preparations! and such a to do!—when a letter comes, that poor Major Leeson had gone to the bottom of the sea, and the ship, and every soul in her.

Jer. And they all perished?

Mrs. D. All. My poor mistress never held up her head afterwards; but pined and pined, and pined away till she

died outright, and left her dear little Harry to the care of her uncle, Mr. Wentworth, who was always fond of him. She called me to her bedside, about a quarter of an hour before she died, and, says she, "Dolly"—she always called me Dolly—"Dolly," she said, "I can't write now, but speak to my cousin Fanny,"—that's Miss Wentworth you know, Mr. Jeremy,—“and try if, at my request, she will take Susan Hopley into her establishment;—she is a good girl, and too pretty and simple to be thrown unprotected upon a wicked world.”

Jer. To be sure she is! So you delivered the request of your dying mistress to Miss Wentworth?

Mrs. D. I did; and Susan has got to be under-housemaid through poor dear Miss Leeson's sending, my speaking, and your backing, Mr. Jeremy.

Jer. I did my best. You and I, Mrs. Dobbs, have always stuck fast to one another, as I may say.

Mrs. D. Yes, Mr. Jeremy, you've always abacked me, and I've always abacked you; back to back, as I may say. [*Sighing.*] Well! some day things may take a turn.

Jer. Yes, my dear Mrs. Dobbs—when Mrs. Jeremy pops off, we may be able to turn ourselves round.

Mrs. D. La! Mr. Jeremy, what a man you be for romancing.

Jer. Ah! Mrs. Dobbs, you know what private feelings are.

Mrs. D. Well, well; talking of that, how's Mabel Lightfoot, the dairy maid? I had heard that Andrew and she were very "How do you like me?" together—eh!

Jer. No, no, she's over proud for Andrew, and her pride will have a fall. Andrew's an honest likely fellow; but take my word she don't care the toss up of a flint for him. [*A bell rings without, R.*] Well! That's Mr. Wentworth. Good bye! heaven bless'ee! One squeeze and a buss. [*Kisses her.*] Good bye! Pray for the release of Mrs. Jeremy. [*Exit, R.*]

Mrs. D. Dear me! Mr. Jeremy gets the better of me altogether, whenever I come to Oakfield. How his eyes do brighten up! He says he can give a loose to his feelings because he meets a person of sensuality like himself.

[*Exit, L.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter ANDREW HOPLEY, C. D. F., with his livery coat over his arm, his hair and clothes wet, and surrounded by Male and Female Servants.*



Servants. [*Crowding round him.*] Well, but—Andrew—tell us——

And. Phew!—bah!—Zounds! you'll smother me!—You're plaguy anxious to know about the accident; but I may stand talking to you in my wet clothes, getting my death of cold, and nobody seems to think of that.

Re-enter JEREMY SIMPSON, with a bottle and glass, R.

Jer. [*Giving him liquor.*] Here's something that will warm you, lad. [*Andrew drinks.*] And when you feel more yourself, tell us all about it.

Susan. [*Calling without.*] Andrew! Andrew! Where is my dear brother Andrew?

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, hastily, C. D. F.

Andrew!—brother!—dear, dear brother! [*Embracing him.*] Oh! how glad I am to see you alive again—And poor Master Harry!—But how wet you are! For heaven's sake, go and change yourself!—don't stay a moment, Andrew, dear!

And. Nay, nay; the sharp run I've had, and the bumper of brandy, has set me all of a glow—but, dear Susan, they ought to be thankful to you; but for you, poor Master Harry would be dead now; it was your scream that did it.

Susan. Oh! never shall I forget that fearful moment. Miss Wentworth and I had just come in view of the stream, when we saw the poor boy on the point of going down—I screamed at the thought of the dear child's danger—a man rushed past us—it was Mr. Walter Gaveston, Miss Wentworth's intended husband—and said, he was going for a doctor.

And. What good could he do by running for a doctor? Why didn't he jump in after the boy?

Susan. He couldn't swim, he said, or, it was so long since he had tried, that he doubted whether he could or not. My Andrew never stood to doubt—but in he jumped, and saved the child. What a moment of terror was that to me!—but 'twas nothing compared to the burst of joy I felt when I saw the boy and his preserver safe in the boat. Oh! how proud was I then of my dear brother!

Enter GAVESTON, unperceived, C. D. F.

And. You're a dear good girl! there's not a better sister

in all the four quarters of the globe. But Mr. Gaveston could swim well enough to save himself, and I say it—I'd say to his face, that it was a cowardly act to run away and leave the child to perish. [*Gaveston comes forward, L.*

Susan. (c.) [*Seeing Gaveston.*] Oh, Andrew! how could you say so?

And. (R.) Pooh! pooh! I'll never eat my words for the best place in England.

Gav. (L.) Methinks, it would be better if you were all attending to your several duties, than chattering here. [*To Andrew.*] And you, sir—your master has been calling for you. Miss Wentworth has recovered from her alarm, and we set off for Upton directly. You would do well, to look to your own province if you wish either to retain your place in this family, or expect a character when you leave it.

And. When I do, sir, it will be with the same character I entered it.

Jer. That of an honest lad, of which neither hatred or malice will ever be able to rob him.

Gav. Insolent!

[*Exeunt all the Servants, but Susan, Andrew, and Jeremy, R. and L.*

Susan. My dear brother, for my sake——

And. Well, Susan, that, and that only, will prevent me from telling him more. But don't fear; he ain't married to Miss Fanny yet, and I hope never will be, for her sake. Now, Mr. Jeremy, we'll see what master wants. [*Aside, going, R.*] Hang it! I'd like to knock his ill-looking head off his shoulders, that I should.

[*Music.—Exeunt Jeremy, Susan, and Andrew, R.*

Gav. (c.) Umph! my design is seen through; I must rid myself of that fellow, Andrew, and his suspicions at once—yes, I'll take effectual means to silence his tongue, and for ever!

Mr. Wentworth. [*Without, R.*] That's right, Andrew.

Enter MR. WENTWORTH, R.

Ah, Mr. Gaveston! I am happy to say that the poor boy is doing better than we could have anticipated, and the accident will not prevent our attending the ball this evening, as previously resolved upon. I understand you have prepared for our remaining at Upton, should we not be able to return home before midnight.

Gav. I have, sir ;—but, in consequence of so many families attending the ball, I could only procure accommodation at the inn for Miss Wentworth. You and I, with our servants, can be well provided for at the old Manor House opposite, the owner being at present abroad, and the landlord of the King's Head having the use of it for the season.

Mr. W. Fanny has led a secluded life lately, and it's proper she should take a little pleasure. I must now speak of other matters. For the last few days, I know not why, I have felt an unusual depression of spirits, so much so, that I have been induced to consult my friend and solicitor, Mr. Oliphant, relative to my affairs. He has made my will, and also prepared for me a copy, both of which I have executed. You are now, Mr. Gaveston, the possessor of a sixth share of our business in the wine trade. I have by my will encreased that to a third. I leave to my daughter ten thousand pounds, and to you the life interest, should you survive her.

Gav. Oh, sir! this is beyond my hopes or wishes. [*Aside.*] Ten thousand pounds to his daughter!—The old dotard!

Mr. W. To my nephew, Harry Leeson, I leave two-thirds of my business, and one thousand pounds, free of all deductions. This, I presume, you do not object to.

Gav. I, sir!—Certainly not! I feel rejoiced that you have provided so well for the dear boy. [*Aside.*] One thousand pounds and two thirds! No! by hell he shall not—

Mr. W. I shall only take Andrew with us to Upton, for I can fully depend upon his honesty and fidelity ;—in my will, I have not forgotten him, and I depend on you, in conjunction with my solicitor, Mr. Oliphant, to see my last wishes fulfilled. But come, the carriage must be ready at the gate, and we will start at once. [*Exit, C. D. F.*]

Gav. Curses on the driveller! A third of the business! a contingent life interest in a beggarly ten thousand pounds! and see the rest given to—No! Sooner would I strike a dagger in their hearts—and with one firm blow, close the account at once! Remardon will soon be here—his fortune is wasting by extravagance, gambling, and dissipation—poverty, pursuing with violent speed, will clutch the thoughtless victim in her grasp!—



Hah, ha! he's mine! and well he'll aid me in my future plans.

Enter GEORGE REMARDON, with a horsewhip, C. D. F., and closes the door.

Rem. [*Touching Gaveston on the shoulder.*] Walter!
[*A Chord.*]

Gav. Ah, George! I was just thinking of you. Did any of the servants see you?

Rem. The door was open, and the first person I set my eyes upon, was your noble self.

Gav. How goes the game in London?

Rem. D—d bad!—all up!—I was forced to levant. I don't much like this part of the world; my family mansion at Upton is all that remains of my old dad's property. He contrived to thin it handsomely—left me devilish little—I contrived to make that little less.

Gav. Yet you never seem to despair.

Rem. No, not I! The land is gone already, and the house would have gone too, but nobody will buy it. But what's the hunt?—going to be married to a fine girl, eh?—lots of the ready!—Happy fellow! Can't you help a poor unfortunate dog like me to a slice of something worth having?

Gav. To be sure I can; it was on that account I wished to see you. Now, suppose I wanted a will destroyed—

Rem. Well!

Gav. You could do it?

Rem. [*Touching his palm.*] Upon a con-si-de-ra-tion, as the man says in the play.

Gav. I understand. Suppose I wanted two persons put quietly out of the way—you comprehend me?—their throats cut—you could do it?

Rem. Upon a con-si-de-ra-tion. You know, Watty, I'm not nice to a shade, when the ground is sure and the money safe.

Gav. I pledge myself for both. The carriage now waits, follow me and I will give you instructions; but let not the servants see you with me. Come—come!

Rem. If they do, I'm a horse dealer, a wine dealer, or any other respectable dealer. [*Exit Gaveston, L.*] Well, this is kind—theft and murder; two good jobs. Yet I may be scragged. D—d friendly, by Jove!—a trump every inch!—and an infernal rascal to boot! [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A House, with portico and steps, L. 3d. E.—a wall at the back—large iron gates, R. 3d. E.—a carriage seen in the gateway, and ANDREW holding the door open.*

MUSIC.—*Enter MR. WENTWORTH and FANNY, followed by SUSAN, from the house, L.—Mr. Wentworth and Fanny give directions to Susan, and as they are getting into the carriage, GAVESTON and REMARDON enter L. S. E. Gaveston motions Remardon to conceal himself, crosses to R., and gets into the carriage.—Andrew closes the door, mounts the box, and the carriage drives away—Susan remains looking anxiously after it.*

Enter DICKY DEAN, R.—The evening darkens gradually.

Dicky. (R.) Well, my cousin, Billy Dean, arn't come yet, so I'll just see if I can't put his nose out of joint. He's so fond of Susan Hopley, and says that she makes eyes at him; and I'm sure, at church every Sunday, I always make eyes at her, and she never notices me no more than if I was nothing. I'm as good a looking chap as cousin Bill, and I knows, if I could but get a bit of private chat wi' her, she'd be as much taken with my figure as cousin Bill's. [*Looking, R.*] I'm blest if she arn't there! Now's the time! I'll be as bold as a baccay dish.

Susan. [Crossing, and coming forward, L.] They've driven off! Somehow, when Miss Fanny bid me good bye, I felt so down-hearted; and when master said I was silly, and that they should be back again in a few hours, I fairly bursted out crying, and the more Andrew laughed, the worse I wept. What could make me so foolish?

Dicky. (R.) [Aside.] Now, "Go it!" as the cove said, when he hit his donkey over his—Oh! my dear Susan!

Susan. [Starting.] Oh dear, Richard! is that you?

Dicky. Yes, Miss Susan, it's my own natural self. [*Aside.*] "Dear Richard" was not so bad for a beginning.

Susan. What brought you so late? It's nearly dark.

Dicky. I dare say you expected cousin Bill—but mind your eye there! You know Butcher Blue's daughter Bet. Well, I seed him stannin talking to her at the shop winder, as she was scraping the block. Directly I seed it, I says, "If I don't tell Susan Hopley, I wish I may be scraped to

death with oyster shells!" So here I am, "At market price," as the saying is.

Susan. Well, Richard, if William Dean chooses to speak to Betsey Blue, or any other young woman, hasn't he a right to do so?

Dicky. Not when he's coming his flim-flams over you. He ought to be ashamed of himself! [*Aside.*] I think I'm putting the coals on a bit! [*Aloud.*] And what business had he to put his hand behind and pinch her upon the side? [*Aside.*] There was a nubby one! I think she'll soon be jealous.

Susan. I hope you didn't give yourself the trouble of walking all down the village to tell me this?

Dicky. No;—but that warn't quite all. I hates to see such ways! What's Bet Blue compared to you? Why, it's like a ha'poth o' inguns to a bundle o' sparrow grass—not to be hollar'd in the same street. I don't speak for myself; but if you don't give Bill turnips, and tell him to go to Bet and her carrots, why, you haven't the heart of a lettuce. Look at me, a respectable greengrocer, with a cart and a donkey!—Just you say the word, and the whole three on us is yourn.

Susan. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! Really, Mr. Richard, I don't know which is the most valuable of the three. In the first place, I am by no means in a hurry to change my present state of life; and pardon me, if I say, you are not the person whom I should choose for a husband.

Dicky. I arn't done yet; I don't mind a bit of a rub at first;—the feller as gets knocked down in the first round, werry often comes off the best man at last. Look at my cottage, and bit o' garden ground, and nobody but me and Sister Sal. When you comes in, in course, she drives her old shoe leather and makes herself scarce.

Susan. And do you suppose, Richard, I could be so unjust as to cause a sister to be turned from beneath her paternal roof?

Dicky. It's no use talking, a man mustn't keep more cattle than the land will feed. The first and foremost, in course, is me: I can play a good stick at a knife and fork; moreover, likes my beer and baccay. Well, the next person in my family is my donkey, Spriggins, as I calls him—he's worth his weight in gold, and, in course, must have his grub, seeing as how, he works for it like bricks.

Susan. Very justly observed, Mr. Richard.

Dicky. Well, then, next comes yourself. I allows tea and sugar—lump o' Sundays—and a drive arter dinner. Only think how nice it will be on a fine spring morning, when we takes the round in the cart—Spriggins pulling like a two year old—me with the reddishes round my hat, and the rhubub in my cly, a-hollaring like blazes; and you sitting alongside me, shelling peas like a beautiful biddy as you are.

Susan. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! [*Going.*] Good night, Richard; I'm very much obliged to you, but I must decline your kind offer.

Dicky. Ah, I know; you means about cousin Bill. Now, I just speaks to you in the language of infectionate love. If you don't send Bill to hookum snivy, you're the biggest fool that ever spoke. Look at my consarn! That ere property can be turned to anything—garden-stuff in the spring—fruit and flowers, in summer—rabbits and wild ducks, in autumn—hoysters and crockery, in winter.—There's the four quarters of the world for you. Then you have your own house—your own cart—and your own donkey—purwiden, you never whops him. Marry me—bone the browns—sack the silver—collar the couters, but don't kick my donkey!—Anything but that! I'll work like a good 'un—only, don't kick my donkey! [*Exit, R.*]

Susan. I'm glad he's gone, though it is impossible to refrain from smiling at his simplicity. [*Remardon advances from L. U. E., and, as Susan turns, he crosses and retires, R. 3d. E.*] I thought I saw the form of some one trying to conceal himself. I wish that—Psha! how ridiculous! 'tis but fancy; and yet—there, there again!—I must tell Mr. Jeremy to come and close the gates.

[*Exit into the house, L. 3d. E.*]

Re-enter REMARDON, R. 3d. E., with a shawl tied round his face.

Rem. Was that Mebel Lightfoot, the dairy maid, I wonder? This plan of Walter Gaveston's is good; she is ambitious, and old Don Querebin, the Marquis de la Rosa, our quondam Paris friend, would fain have an English wife. I must persuade her to go; for, as Andrew is supposed to be in love with her, her removal will aid our plans. Yes, she must be on the road to Dover, 'ere the murder is discovered.

Re-enter SUSAN from the house, L. 3d. E., with a key.

Susan. (L. C.) I cannot see Mr. Jeremy; perhaps it was fancy only. Ah! there's the man again!

Rem. (R.) [*Aside.*] Umph! 'tis not Mabel. The girl has observed me—but no matter. [*Aloud.*] Hark ye, my pretty one; there is a question I would ask you. When do you expect Mr. Wentworth home again?

Susan. To-night, sir; if not, early in the morning.

Rem. Enough—thank you. [*Looking off, L. S. E.*] I suppose yonder are the stables, where I see the light?

Susan. No, sir, that is the dairy, and the light comes from the head dairy maid's room.

Rem. [*Aside.*] That's precisely what I wanted to know. Now to find Mabel. [*Aloud, going, R.*] Good night, and thank you.

[*He watches his opportunity, turns suddenly, and exits, L. S. E.*

Susan. How strange!—his face muffled up so! I'll fasten the gates directly, and tell Mr. Jeremy. William Dean was to have seen me this evening, but we tiffed last time we met. It was a foolish affair, I can't think what it was about now. How silly sweethearts are; I don't know why they should ever quarrel, except, that there is such pleasure in making it up again.

[*Music.—She goes up to lock the gates, R. 3d. E., as the scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Mr. Wentworth's House.*

Enter JEREMY, R., with a lighted candle.

Jer. How remarkably sleepy I am to be sure—uncommonly so. By the bye, master seemed quite timmersome afore he started; he desired me to sit up, and as good as said, that if he didn't feel more comfortable in his mind, he should be home again by daylight, or, before. It wouldn't do for him to come and find me a-bed after all my promises. [*Yawning.*] Awh! I do feel so sleepy. I've been thinking of my dear Dolly Dobbs. [*Yawning.*] Then I thought of my wife Mrs. Jeremy, who is now as sound asleep as our old sow on a summer's day. [*Yawning.*] It's very disagreeable, when you must set up, and your eyes will play at longwinky in spite of you. Oh, dear! suppose a ghost should come in now and—

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, R.

Susan. [*Touching him on the shoulder.*] Here, Mr. Jeremy!

Jer. [*Falling on his knees.*] Oh, forgive me! forgive me!—I never did anything wrong but once, and then Dolly Dobbs was as bad as I. [*Looking up, and rising.*] Eh!—why—bless me, it's Susan Hopley! Why, I took you for a ghost.

Susan. [*Smiling.*] So it appears. I really trembled, lest Mrs. Jeremy should be behind me, receiving the benefit of your confession. As the night is now well on, Mr. Jeremy, and I don't feel at all sleepy, if you like to lay down for an hour or two, I will take your place, and sit up for you, in the housekeeper's room.

Jer. Well, really—'pon my life—you're younger than me—and I do feel uncommonly heavy; so, thank you, Susan, thank you. But you won't go to sleep, Susan, eh? nor be frightened about ghosts, Susan, will you?

Susan. No, indeed! I have been bred up in utter unbelief of such things; and you may depend, if a mouse stirs, I shall hear it. Should there be any cause for alarm, I will not fail to call you.

Jer. [*Crossing to R.*] That's right, Susan. I say, Susan, I didn't say anything about Mrs. Dobbs, did I?

Susan. You said very little—and "She was as bad as you," you know.

Jer. Dobbs, excellent soul! good creature!—we look upon one another in the light of children only. Oh! if you were to see us play together in the garden, you'd take us for two beautiful cupids, sporting away among the flowers—

Susan. Sipping honey from the opening buds—eh, Mr. Jeremy?

Jer. [*Sighing.*] Ah, me! [*Going R., but returns.*] You'll be sure to listen, Susan. I thought, awhile ago, I heard a strange sound of somebody opening the *escrutoire* in master's room.

Susan. What, just now?

Jer. Yes; I went up, but there was nobody there, and still I could have sworn I heard a man's foot on the stairs; but I suppose I was half asleep. [*Going, R.*] Well, good night, Dolly—I mean, Susan. Heaven bless my Dolly

Dobbs! and send Mother Jeremy a pain in her huckle bone, that she mayn't run after me! [Exit, R.]

Susan. Poor Mr. Jeremy! the ale has made him very talkative.—But 'tis odd that he should hear such a noise—and then that stranger about the garden—I should have asked him when it was he heard the step—but no matter, Heaven guard us from all harm! [Music.—Exit, L.]

SCENE IV.—*The Housekeeper's Room—the flat painted on gauze—a table, L. S. E., with a work box, needlework, and a lighted candle, on it—a large arm-chair near the table—another table and chair, R. S. E.—Music.—The house clock strikes twelve.*

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, L.

Susan. Twelve o'clock! Why, how swiftly the hours must have flown! The clock must be too fast—but, so much the better; the family will be home all the sooner. 'Tis strange, the noise that Mr. Jeremy heard—and then, as I came along the passage just now, I thought I heard Andrew calling me. [Sitting in the arm-chair, and taking up the needlework.] Mere shadows!—mere waking dreams! Yet, how often do waking dreams, like morning dreams, come true! Mr. Jeremy's drowsiness, I think, is infectious;—I'm so sleepy myself, I don't know how to keep my eyes open. Andrew looked very pale when he went away, and I fear he'll catch cold in those wet clothes he had on so long. My poor dear brother! Dear me!—I—ah—ah—[A deep moan heard, L. 3d. E.—Starting.] What—what was that?—Bless me! 'twas so like dear mother's last moan! Dear, blessed mother! surely nothing has happened to Andrew! No! they would have been here to let us know; five miles is but a little way for a man and horse. I wonder if they got in time for the ball—great folks dine so late; and yet, how quick has the time flown in their absence. Master would go to bed at his regular time, I dare say; he never sits up after eleven; and, I suppose, Andrew could not see much of the dancing, as he would be obliged to leave when his master did. Oh, dear! I wish it was daylight. Heaven bless my dear brother Andrew, and keep him from all harm!

[Music.—She tries to work, but by degrees falls off to sleep.]

THE VISION.

The figure of ANDREW, ghastly pale, and bleeding at the left breast, glides from L. 3d. E., and crosses slowly to R., and, pointing to the wound, sits in the chair opposite to Susan.

Susan. [In her sleep.] Ah, me! I know something has happened to the family. [Calling.] Andrew! Andrew!—Where is Andrew?—Miss Fanny!—Master!—Where are they?

[The figure of Andrew rises from the chair, and slowly recedes, R. S. E.—A pause—The scene is darkened in front, and lighted up behind the gauze flat, discovering an antique wainscoted bedroom in the Old Manor House at Upton—a bed, C.—a practical sliding pannel in the wainscoat, L. F.—MR. WENTWORTH asleep in bed.]

Enter GAVESTON, cautiously, R. U. E.—he turns and beckons, and is followed by REMARDON.

Susan. [Dreaming.] Ha! The dark man at the garden-gate!

[Gaveston and Remardon go to the bed—Gaveston draws a will from under the pillow, and holds it up.—A Chord.]

Susan. [Dreaming.] Ha!—the will!—the will!

[Remardon goes to the back of the bed, throws up the curtains, and he and Gaveston stab Mr. Wentworth.]

Susan. [Uttering a suppressed scream.] Oh!

Enter ANDREW HOPLY, R. U. E.

Susan. [Dreaming.] Merciful Providence! Oh! save him!

[Gaveston seizes Andrew, drags him to L., and raises a dagger.]

Susan. [Dreaming.] Steep not your reeking hands still deeper in the blood of innocence! If e'er ye hope for pardon at the Throne of Mercy, in pity, spare my brother!

[Andrew is stabbed by Gaveston and Remardon, and he falls.]

Susan. [Dreaming.] Hah! they strike!—they have murdered him!

[Remardon slides back the pannel in the wainscot, L. F.—they take up the body, and are concealing it, when a loud knocking and ringing is heard without, and the Vision closes.—Lights up in front.

Susan. [Starting up violently agitated.] Eternal heaven! could it be a dream—so horrid—so dreadful? [Knocking and ringing again heard.] What means that noise?

Jeremy. [Without, R.] Where is she?

Susan. Hark! I hear Mr. Jeremy, and the men rushing to the gate—'tis daylight!

Enter JEREMY and VIGORS, hurriedly, R., Male and Female Servants, R. and L.

Jer. Susan! Susan! our dear master—

Susan. I know!—I know!!—He's murdered!!!

[Susan falls senseless, c.—Jeremy and the rest are transfixed with astonishment, and form a Tableau as the scene closes.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in the King's Head Inn, at Upton.

MUSIC.—Enter SIR THOMAS TAYLOR and WALTER GAVESTON, R.

Sir T. (c.) Bless me! Mr. Wentworth murdered! Then the fact is, somebody must have murdered him.

Gav. (R.) Your judgment is correct, Sir Thomas;—and who could have done the deed but the servant Andrew? He is missing, and cannot be heard of.

Enter VIGORS and JEREMY SIMPSON, L.

Vig. The butler is here, gentlemen; we've just arrived from Oakfield Hall.

Gav. Jeremy, I have bad news for you.—Your master has been murdered, and it is supposed by Andrew.

Jer. [Crossing to Sir Thomas.] It's a lie!

Sir T. Bless me! that's a very strong negative indeed!

Jer. I beg pardon,—but the thing is impossible. I should as soon suspect myself as suspect him.

Sir T. Bless me! the case is clear; I see not the shadow of a doubt—Andrew Hopley must be guilty.

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, L.

Susan. [*Crossing to Sir Thomas.*] He is no murderer—he is innocent! Have pity on the feelings of a sister—do not cast disgrace on the memory of a kind and honest youth, who was too good, too tender-hearted to think of such a crime.

Gav. Where is he?—Speak! it will explain the mystery at once.

Susan. I ask you that question—show me the place where you last saw him, and I will explain the mystery.

Gav. (R.) [*Aside.*] Confusion! Can she suspect—

Vig. (L.) 'Tis strange, sir; but when I got to Oakfield Hall, the poor girl was in a violent fit, brought on by a dream she had of the murder.

Gav. Before she knew of its perpetration?

Vig. Aye, sir, before I had spoken a word.

Sir T. Bless me! knowing of a thing before it happened is very odd, very odd indeed—a sort of *Lusus Natura*, as I may say. Speak, young woman; what was the dream?

Susan. A frightful scene has passed before me. I dreamt I saw, by a faint glimmering light, remorseless villains stealing with cautious tread into an ancient chamber; they looked around and paused; then, like the venomous serpent crept round the bed and did a horrid murder,—and, e'er the blood-stained blade had time to cool, another still more horrible!

Gav. [*In terror.*] How knew you there were two?

Susan. I saw them in my sleep;—one, a person whom I could swear, called at Oakfield in the early part of last evening; the other—

Gav. [*In great agitation.*] Aye, the other—

Susan. Was—but 'twas only a dream.

Gav. Psha! this tale is most incoherent;—but one person was murdered, the unfortunate Mr. Wentworth. Your brother, no doubt, has fled the country with Mabel Lightfoot, on whose account he doubtlessly committed the robbery. For you, Susan, I am very sorry; you must, of course, leave the family; yet, if you wish to make any communication to clear yourself from a guilty knowledge

of the affair, I shall be ready to hear and reinstate you. Come, Sir Thomas. [*Exeunt Gaveston and Sir Thomas, R.*]

Jer. (c.) Come, cheer up, Susan; there cannot be a word said against you.

Susan. (R.) Pray, Mr. Jeremy, get me permission to see the chamber in which the dreadful deed was committed.

Vig. (L.) That will be impossible; the inquest sits in this inn, where the body is removed, that the people should not trample on the grounds, and crowd round the house to satisfy their idle curiosity. The Old Manor House is now securely locked, and the windows boarded up.

Susan. My brother has been murdered, and Mr. Gaveston knows it. You are an officer; search the chamber in which Mr. Wentworth slept, and my life on't, behind the wainscot, the body of Andrew will be found.

Vig. The wainscot, eh! Why, it's a stone wall! You talk like a mad woman; every plank in the house has been examined.

Susan. Alas! what will become of me?—Disgraced!—my character ruined!—my heart robbed of its dearest treasure! Where can I look for shelter—to whom can I look for confidence?

Jer. To all who have feeling hearts, my girl! [*Crossing to L.*] Fear not! you will not be deserted by us. Mr. Vigors, we must to business.

[*Exeunt Jeremy and Vigors, L.*]

Susan. Miss Wentworth, the dear, kind mistress, who took us both into her service at the request of her cousins, will now believe Andrew guilty—will look upon me with scorn—will spurn me as an adder in her path! Heaven strengthen and support me in this my bitter hour of need!

[*Kneels, covers her face with her hands, and weeps.*]

Enter FANNY WENTWORTH, in tears, R.

Fan. Susan, my poor girl!

Susan. [*Rising.*] Oh! Miss Wentworth! do not—do not hate me! My dear brother—I know I ought not to name him before you—but, believe me, he is innocent.

Fan. That He only, who searcheth all hearts, can tell.

Susan. [*Meekly.*] Yes, dear lady, I can tell! I may not live to see it; I may starve for want of food to support my sinking frame, or without a home to shelter me from the cold, perish in the street before the time comes; still,

the day will come, when the memory of Andrew will be cleared from the foul stain of murder.

Fan. In the mean while, what will become of you? No one in the neighbourhood of Oakfield will take you into their service; but at Mapleton, where your parents lived respected, you may, perhaps, get some needlework. [*Crossing to L.*] I have desired Mr. Oliphant to give you ten pounds besides your wages, and so long as you deserve, you will find a friend in me.

Susan. Heaven bless you, dear, good lady! Yes, I will go to Mapleton, 'tis but a short distance from hence; and on the grave of my dear parents I will pray to that Great Father of us all, that he will protect the innocent in the moment of affliction, and that you, dear lady, may be always as happy, as you have ever been kind to your broken-hearted Susan! [*Exeunt Fanny and Susan, L.*]

Enter DICKY DEAN, R.

Dicky. I can't see nobody to speak to not at all; the waiters are in such a bustle, and things are so at sixes and sevens, that the barmaid says, she don't know whether she's standing upon her head or her heels. How rummy! I never seed a woman stand on her head. Poor Sue! and poor Spriggins! I was so wext when I heer'd on't, that I mounted he and trotted off, and lathered the poor devil all the way like mad, 'cause I didn't know what I was about. Poor Spriggins! I was sorry arterwards, but I was so bewildered, that I laid hold on his tail and shook it heartily afore I recollected it warn't his hand. Poor Andrew!—but where is he? why don't he cast up? I wish I could see Susan; I don't think she'd turn up her nose at my offer, or sneeze at the wegetables now, and I'm sure I'm ready to take her, if she hadn't a rag. Poor thing!—poor dear soul! How queer I do seem—my eyes feels as if I'd been sorting inyans all day long.

Enter JEREMY, L.

Jer. Ah, poor soul! it's all over, for Sir Thomas the magistrate said just now, it was a clear case; but to be sure he's a bit of an old woman.

Dicky. When Black Joe was taken for firing the beacon on the hill-top, Sir Thomas, who is a'most as deaf as a beetle, cried out, "What—what has he done?" "He's been firing a beacon your honour," says the clerk. "Frying

bacon!" says Sir Thomas, "that's a very flagrant affair—I never heard of a rasher action; the fellow will go the whole hog in villainy—a regular disciple of Pan—let him be committed, and see what's the name for it in Burns." "Fire raising!" says the clerk. "Aye," says Sir Thomas, "raising a fire to fry bacon;—that's being guilty of arson—transported for six weeks." Did you ever hear the like, Mr. Jeremy.

Jer. Justice is blind, we know; but then she holds the scales.

Dicky. And in course gives short weight to some, and lumping pennoths to others. Can I see Susan?

Jer. No, she's gone; you'll not see her again, I think.

Dicky. No! Then good bye to the pea season; it's all up with the Prussian blues; I might ha' made a mint o' money, but my heart's canker'd like an overgrown cabbage; so me and Spriggins will turn pilgrims, and live on garlic and rue. [*Crossing to L., and singing.*]

All round my hat, I'll wear the green willow,

All round my hat, for a twelvemonth and a day;

If anybody axes me, Why, vot's the matter, Dicky, now?

I'll say, It's for my Susan, what's gone right away.

[*Exit, L.*]

Jer. Confound the fellow! he has almost made me blubber as foolishly as himself. I loved the girl like my own child; and so I did her brother. She's off to Mapleton—'tis but a mile and a half. I have paid her wages, and given her Miss Fanny's present, as Mr. Oliphant desired me;—and now here's another nice job.—Mr. Oliphant stopped at Oakfield to get the will, and it's not to be found, nor the will, that to my knowledge, master took in his pocket. No will! As sure as my name's Jeremy, if there's no will to be found, there's a rogue in the family; and if ever he affronts me, I'll be hanged if I don't tell him plump, that the first letter of his name begins with a G. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Mapleton Churchyard—Church, R. 5th. E.*

—*a distant View of the Village, by Moonlight—a sloping bank, crossing from R. 4th E. to L. 4th. E., and in front of it, a rustic hedge with a stile, c.—Various tombs, and an osier-bound grave, L.*

MUSIC.—SUSAN HOPLEY discovered stepping over the stile, c., with a small bundle in her hand.

Susan. Alas! how changed seems everything to me now. The news has flown like lightning, and instead of the hearty smile and welcome that once saluted me at every cottage door, folks turn away, as if ashamed to be seen speaking to me;—some few, indeed, pity me, and they are but few. Dear, dear parents! ye sleep in blessedness and peace, unconscious of my woes. If ye are permitted to witness the passing events of this world, oh! intercede for your poor child, and give her some token, that her lost brother hath indeed joined ye in those boundless realms of joy eternal. The bright moon sheds her soft rays upon their grave—the flowers seem to turn to me their blossomed heads. [*Music.—A flute is heard in imitation of the nightingale.* Hark! the nightingale on the weeping willow sings a halcyon song of freedom and of happiness. Dear, dear parents!

[*She throws herself upon the grave, L., and the music ceases.*

Enter WILLIAM DEAN, R. 4th. E.

Wil. [*Crossing the stile, c.*] Surely I heard a voice, and I had thought no one was in the churchyard but myself. I love to wander here because it was Susan's favourite walk. The tale I heard of the murder of Mr. Wentworth by Andrew, cannot be true; I am convinced of its fallacy. My father would fain have me marry a richer bride, but none but Susan shall ever call me husband. [*Advancing, c.*] Ha! a female, prostrate on the ground! 'Tis Susan! [*Leaning fondly over her.*] Susan! My beloved Susan! do you not know me?

[*He raises her, and leads her forward.*

Susan. (L. c.) William, is it you? Away! away! you must not speak to me—you must not be seen with me now.

Wil. (c.) Not seen with you, Susan! What mean you? Good heavens! can the worthy, the kind-hearted Andrew—can he be——

Susan. A murderer! No, William! dare not to think of it! As soon would I believe that you, even you, could be guilty of such a crime, as my brother Andrew.

Wil. They tell me, Susan, he is no where to be found or heard of.

Susan. Thus far the world speaks true; for since the fatal night at Upton, no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard

of him—he is murdered—both master and servant basely murdered!—So tells my heart, and so time will tell, when poor Susan shall be cold in her grave.

Wil. For heaven's sake, Susan, talk not thus, he will be found again.

Susan. Yes!—on that great day when every secret place, the yawning grave, and the wide ocean yield up their dead, and rich and poor be judged all alike. Leave me, William; you know your father never cordially approved of our attachment; and now he will have just reason for forbidding you to think of the sister of a suspected murderer.

Wil. I trust I have ever proved a dutiful and obedient son; yet, not even a father's stern commands can now have weight with me. You are degraded in the eyes of the world—shunned by those who called themselves your friends; and now, 'tis doubly my duty, both as a lover and a man, to stand forward and protect you. I am poor, Susan, but I can work and have many resources. Give me thy hand, girl, and in the heart of your faithful William, seek refuge from the frowns of fortune, and the taunts of narrow-minded friends.

Susan. No, dear William, that must not be; I will proceed to London immediately; my kind friend, Mrs. Dobbs, whose address I have, will serve me to the utmost of her power.

Wil. You—you go to London! a simple, country girl, without a friend, without a protector! If you go, Susar I go, too.

Susan. No, no! you must not, cannot go; for were it known I had a follower, it might injure me in my endeavours to obtain an honest service.

Wil. For worlds I would not injure you; I love you too well—aye, so well, that the thought of parting from you drives me to distraction. [*Taking out a small canvass money-bag.*] Still, dearest Susan, if we must part, take this; my store is small, but for your sake I will work hard to make it more.

Enter LARKINS and GOMM, cautiously, on the sloping bank, from R. 4th E., watching.

Susan. No, William, no; I do not want money, I have fifteen pounds in my pocket.

Lar. [*Aside.*] Fifteen pounds!

[*Chord.—Larkins and Gomm retire, R. 4th. E.*

Susan. [*Showing her purse.*] Look! And it would be wrong to rob you of your little stock.

Wil. (R.) Won't you take it, Susan? You despise it because 'tis so trifling. [*Wiping away a tear.*] I never wished to be a rich man 'till now.

Susan. (L.) Despise it! Oh, William! you do not know my heart;—but why should I take what I do not stand in need of?—Stay! here is a new half-a-crown; I'll take that, and keep it for your sake.

[*Takes it out, and returns the bag.*

Wil. Bless you! God bless you! And remember, Susan, whenever you want money there is grist at Mapleton mill.

Susan. Nay, don't put up your bag yet; I have taken a keepsake from you, and you must receive one from me. This bright sovereign, that looks as if it had just come out of the bank, shall be your keepsake, William.

Wil. Hey! a sovereign for a half-a-crown! [*Offering to give it back.*] Why, Susan, dear—Pooh! I cannot!—

Susan. Will you refuse my keepsake, William?

LARKINS and GOMM re-appear on the sloping bank, R. 4th. E.—they confer together, make signs, and cross to L. 4th. E.

Wil. My dear Susan, I am like a child before you, and must obey. But you will let me go part of the way with you, will you not?

Susan. Not a step out of this churchyard, 'twere better you were not seen with me. You must oblige me now William—it may, perhaps, be my last request—the last time we shall ever meet! You will think of me, William, when you pass the favourite spots where we so oft have met—where first you talked of love;—and, when you are the happy father of a family, as you cross that stile and gaze on the old church porch, you will sometimes think of Susan, your once loved, once merry maid.

Wil. [*Taking her hand.*] Sometimes! The blithesome lark shall hail the gathering storm! The raging tempest calm the seaman's breast—e'er I forget my love. One kiss before we part.

Susan. Take it, dear William! Take it as a pledge, that other lips shall ne'er be pressed to mine.

[*Music.*—*They embrace—William tears himself away, and waves an adieu, as he rushes hurriedly off, R. S. E.—Susan leans for support against a tombstone, c.—Larkins and Gomm come over the stile, c., and hide, R. 3d. E.*

Susan. Alas! he's gone. 'Twas a sad struggle—I never knew 'till now how much I loved him. But 'tis over—I have seen him—am convinced of his truth—he will not forsake me, and I can now leave the country without regret. I will walk to Oakfield, bid farewell to the servants, take away my things, and get the coach to London. [*Looking affectionately on the grave, l.*] Shades of my beloved parents, farewell! Scenes of my childhood, adieu! adieu!

[*Music.*—*She goes up, c., and is getting over the stile—Larkins and Gomm are seen watching her, and the scene closes.*

SCENE III.—A Forest.

MUSIC.—*Enter LARKINS and GOMM, R.*

Lar. I tell you, we must go further a-field; we are sure to grab her. She takes this road to Oakfield, and down in the hollow yonder, [*Pointing to L.*] we may spring on her in a moment.

Gomm. Right! Fifteen pounds will be no bad swag to get from a servant girl. Luckily, we happened to be crossing the churchyard just in the nick of time.

Lar. Yes, the lovers were too busy to stag us; and we are satisfied the young fellow won't come with her, for she stalled him off. [*Looking, R.*] Stay! I see her through the trees. Come on! she mustn't see us, or, mayhap, she'll be affraid to advance till somebody comes up with her.

Gomm. We certainly ain't no very great beauties to catch a young woman's eye—so morrice! We'll have a jolly tuck out to-night with that precious fifteen pounds of her's, and drink—

Lar. Like Trojans! Now, pad the hoof, my beauty, and take your weight off the mouldewarps. [*Music.—Exeunt, L.*

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, with a bundle, R.

Susan. As I get further from Mapleton, my spirits seem to recover. I should like to have seen little Harry Leeson before I left. The dear boy will be sadly disappointed

when he finds I am gone ; but he will have left Oakfield, and I must trust to chance.

Harry Leeson. [*Calling without, R.*] Susan ! Susan Hopley !

Susan. Ah ! that voice !—it is indeed himself

Enter HARRY LEESON, R., running and meeting her.

Har. My dear Susan, you are going to leave us ! [*Embracing her.*] Pray—pray, don't go away !

Susan. Nay, my child, it is not in my power to help myself—there is no alternative. Would that your dear mother had lived ; I should not then have wanted a friend.

Har. No, nor I either. Oh, Susan ! I know not when I shall ever see you again. One kiss before we part.

Susan. [*Kissing him.*] Dear, dear boy !—But you will be comfortable and happy, Master Harry ; Mr. Wentworth has remembered you in his will, and handsomely, too, I'll be bound.

Har. Ah, Susan ! there is no will to be found.

Susan. No will !

Har. So Mr. Gaveston says. But Mr. Oliphant, the lawyer, says there were two, and that Mr. Wentworth left me a thousand pounds, and two-thirds of the wine trade ; but Mr. Gaveston laughed at him, and said, that directly he married Miss Fanny everything came to him ; and if he paid a premium to put me out apprentice to a shoemaker, or a tailor, I might think myself very well off. I must leave you now, because, if they can't find me, they may say next, that I have committed the murder. [*Susan starts.*] My dear Susan, I didnt mean to say that to make you cry, indeed I did not.

Susan. I believe it, my sweet boy. Heaven bless you !

Har. Good bye, dear Susan ! Think of poor little Harry, and pray that I may come to be a rich man, that I may one day take you for my housekeeper, and make you as happy as the days are long.

Susan. Heaven shower down its choicest blessings on your head, sweet boy !

[*Music.—They embrace, and part, and as they are going off, they return and embrace again.—Exeunt, Harry R., Susan L.*

SCENE IV.—*A Deep Dell, or Corpse—a small rustic bridge, from L. U. E. to C.*

MUSIC.—LARKINS *discovered*, R. U. E., and GOMM, L. U. E., *on the look out.*

Lar. Do you see anything, Gommy?

Gomm. Plague take it! she must have stopped on the road, or else taken another route across the fields—perhaps lost her way.

Lar. It was that confounded black beard of yours that frightened her; I saw it coming over the stile just now, five minutes before your nose.

Gomm. You're devilish funny, I dare say.

Lar. Your beard is as funny as a blacking-brush, and almost as handsome. Hush! do you hear?

Gomm. 'Tis she! Fox to your hole.

[*Music.—They hide, Larkins R. U. E., Gomm, L. U. L.*

Enter SUSAN HOPLY, over the bridge, from L. U. E.

Susan. Poor Harry! how like his mother he looked as his little heart swelled at the degraded state to which this Gavestan would reduce him. All my late acquired spirits have flown, and this dreary part of the road depresses them still more. [*Thunder heard.*] I must hasten on 'ere the threatening storm approaches. [*Going.*

Lar. [*Coming down, R.*] Hold!

[*Chord.—Susan turns to L.*

Gomm. [*Coming down and meeting her.*] Hold!

Lar. Beg your pardon, young woman—just trouble you to stop a moment.

Susan. (c.) Good heavens! what do you mean? You surely would not harm a poor girl like me?

Gomm. (L.) Not a bit of harm;—and as to poor, fifteen pounds is pretty tidy for a servant out of place; so, if you please, you must shell out.

Susan. Alas! if you take my little all, you will leave me to perish! I will willingly give you a part.

Lar. (R.) Very kind of you, marm, to give a part, when we can take the whole. But them terms won't suit exactly, so, first and foremost, I'll have a kiss, and then my pal, he has another, and then, you gives us the mopusses for being so kind to you.

Gomm. In course; she'd rather have the kisses than the money.

[*Music.*—*Susan, in alarm, runs up, c.—they follow her, and drag her down to the front—she struggles from them.*

WILLIAM DEAN appears suddenly, L. U. E., he runs forward, and *Susan* rushes into his arms.—*Picture.*—*William* fights with a stick in each hand, hurls *Gomm* down, L., and after a short fight with *Larkins*, fells him, R.—the *Robbers* both rise, and spring upon him—he falls and drops the cudgel—*Susan* picks it up and gives it to him.

Susan. [Running up, c., and calling.] Help! help!

Enter *DICKY DEAN, VIGORS, Constables, and Villagers*, L. U. E.—*Vigors* secures *Larkins*, (R.)—*Dicky* attacks *Gomm*, (L.)—*Susan* kneels, (C.)—*William* stands a little behind her, and the *Villagers* range at the back, and form a *Tableau*.

END OF ACT II.

 A lapse of Twelve Months is supposed to have taken place between the Second and Third Acts.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Kitchen in Parliament Street—a door, R. F.—a large window, L. F., through which is seen the area steps, palisades, and street—a large kitchen table, covered with a white cloth—chairs, &c.*

MUSIC.—*MRS. DOBBS*, R., and *JOE GRIGSBY*, cleaning boots, L.—*discovered*.

Mrs. D. Dear me! only to think now, that lazy wench Polly is not up yet. I must tell master it won't do—a-lying in bed till this time o' day; I hate such loathful ways

Joe. Slothful you mean, Mrs. Dobbs.

Mrs. D. Hoity toity! Do you think I don't know my own oracular tongue, and that I am to be taught by a brat like you? Have you cleaned the knives and forks yet?

Joe. To be sure! You don't suppose I want to be told my business?

Mrs. D. Do you want, saucepate, to be told with a knock on the head, not to brush your boots in the kitchen. Go into the hairy, do, or I'll give you monkey's allowance.

Joe. Well, I'm going. What a precious grumbler you are!—always finding fault. [*Exit into the area, R. D. F.*]

Mrs. D. Lucky I'd got a sitivation, "already cut and dried," as the saying is, for my dear Susan Hopley, when she came up to London a twelvemonth ago, after that sad affair of the murder. I got her into a good family in Oxfordshire, but they, going abroad, could keep her no longer; so I have packed her off this morning to her place as house-keeper, at Mr. Cripps the rich East Indian nabob, where, I'm sure, she'll be as happy as the lucious ways of London will let her.

Dicky Dean. [*Singing without.*] "All round my hat—"
Fine carrots, ma'am? [*Singing.*] "I wears the green willow, all round my hat——" There's a calliflower!—buy it for Sunday—just as good—bless you, it will keep—
[*Singing.*] "For a twelvemonth and a day; and if anybody axes you——" Some of the finest marrowfats you ever seed; I gathered 'em this morning. [*Coming down the area steps, singing.*] "For Susan, my true love, what's far, far away." Wo, Spriggins!

Enter DICKY DEAN at the area-door, R. F., with vegetables in his hand.

Dicky. Any vegetables wanted to-day, ma'am?

Mrs. D. [*Starting.*] Bless my heart alive!

Dicky. Got some nice sparrow-grass, ma'am.

Mrs. D. (R.) Why, Dicky!

Dicky. (L.) Eh—Dolly Dobbs! Well, I wish I may be shot if this don't beat cock fighting! I never know'd you lived here afore.

Mrs. D. How long have you been in London, Dicky?

Dicky. We comed in only last week, cart and all.— Couldn't live at Oakfield arter Susan went away, so took to rambling; at first, meant to ha' gone into the fields and woods—me and Spriggins, and turn savages.

Mrs. D. Indeed, Richard! and all on Susan's account?

Dicky. Fact, I assure you!—true, as there's maggots in marrowfats. I've heerd of Phillip Squall, and I thought me and Spriggins would do for Phillip and his beautiful monkey Bumfidell. But, somehow or other, Spriggins

didn't do for Bumfidell at all, 'cause he couldn't catch no birds nor cut no wood, so off we cuts, cart, stock and block, all for love of Susan Hopley. [*The Donkey brays without.*] That's Spriggins. That ere beast has got the ears of a Christian; he heerd me sing out Susan Hopley.

Mrs. D. That won't do, Dicky.

Dicky. It's a fact, Mrs. Dobbs! When Susan had left me, I went into the stable—that's our back kitchen—with my pipe, and sot down, and talked to Spriggins about Susan—for I couldn't smoke, she'd put my pipe out. Well, I seed that Spriggins didn't look up at the hayrack—and one thing was, 'cause there wasn't no hay there—but he slunk'd his head quite doleful atween his front legs. "Now," says I, "I'm blessed if that 'ere animal don't feel for me!"—And so, as I thought it might cheer up the poor cretur and likewise comfort me, I singed a song as I'd heer'd she sing werry often, about "All a-down in the wally." Just as I'd got to the end on't, and was giving a sly look at his honest old face to see if I'd made him cry; when, would you believe it—

Mrs. D. What, Richard?

Dicky. I'm blest if the hartful dodger hadn't got his nose into a handketcher o' young sprouts I'd just bought, at one and twopence a-dozen! So I lays hold on a big stick, and,—still thinking on Susan,—instead o' saying "You d—d warmint!" I hollars out, "You d—d Susan!" and hits him such a precious whop on his tail, as set him dancing the canaries, like a spider in a cloud o' baccay smoke.

[*Music.—A knock heard at the street-door—the dogs bark, and the donkey brays.*]

Dicky. [*Calling.*] Hollo, there! That's Spriggins.—Hollo! stop him! Hollo, you Spriggins!—Stop him, there!

[*Exeunt, Mrs. Dobbs, hastily, L., and Dicky, running out at the door, in flat, and up area-steps, calling, "Stop him! stop him!"*]

Re-enter MRS. DOBBS, L., followed by WILLIAM DEAN, plainly dressed.

Mrs. D. Well, this is an eventful morning! I certainly think I must have got out of bed on the wrong side. When you knocked, I thought it was master;—but I'm glad to see you, William, you look uncommonly well.

Wil. (L.) I'm happy to return the compliment, Mrs. Dobbs. Can you give me any news of Susan? 'Tis now a twelvemonth since she left us to come up to London. I heard she was about to leave her situation, and I had hopes—but no matter, if she be well.

Mrs. D. (c.) Well! that she is;—but your father has written to her, to say, he will never give his consent to your marriage; and Susan says, she won't make you and your father rumbustical; and so—so she won't see you.

Wil. Did she—did my Susan say so? Then is my fate decided! Is she here?

Mrs. D. No—that is, she was here; but as soon as she had popped a bit of breakfast into her mouth, I popped her into the stage coach, and she's off to her new situation at Mr. Cripps's, the great Ingy nabob, at Plantation House.

Wil. [*Going.*] Then I must see her.

Mrs. D. No, no! indeed, Mr. William, you must not, for she begged of me not to let you know where she was.

Wil. And this is Susan Hopley, whom I once thought incapable of change! A twelvemonth since, she spoke me fair, and buoyed me up with hope! Fool! fool that I was, to suppose she could breath the baneful atmosphere of London uncontaminated. Yet will I make one attempt to see her, but if I fail, tell her, that, stung to the heart by her cruel silence, I take a step that cannot be retraced. Tell her I love her—still love her, and for ever! that neither change of clime, or fortune, will erase her from my memory, or heal a broken heart: and that the lips, once fondly pressed to her's, utter for the last time the name of Susan!

[*Rushes off, L.*

Mrs. D. Dear me! what a terrible thing it is to be incontinently in love, as I may say. Bless me! I hope I haven't made a mistake. Susan begged me not to let Mr. Dean come near her; but did she mean William Dean, or Dicky Dean. I never thought of that. What a conflagracious mistake! [*Calling.*] Here, William!—Joe!—Here, somebody—everybody! Will nobody catch anybody for me? Oh, dear! oh, dear! [*Exit, running, L.—Music.*

SCENE II.—*An Anti-Chamber at Plantation House—folding-doors, c. f., opening into the garden.*

Enter REMARDON and GAVESTON, R., both dressed as Foreigners.

Rem. (L. C.) Well, my dear fellow! I don't care whether you or I marry the girl; the fortune is what we want.

Gav. (R.) True, and that can only be obtained by marriage, which, by the aid of a priest, I will effect with all convenient speed.

Rem. Remember! I have one half—we divide fairly.

Gav. Yes, yes, but should some infernal chance bring my wife to light——

Rem. I thought you had left her safe at the old castle abroad.

Gav. Yes, and I hope, long 'ere this, grief and consumption have done their worst. I never loved her, in fact I have ever looked on woman as a mere plaything;—dice—dice for me!—Hazard hath more charms than the fairest of the fair; but fortune, curse the fickle jade! she has been a sad jilt to me lately; I have played deeply and boldly.

Rem. And lost bravely. This scheme of yours will make all right: I, as the Count Roccoleoni, have gained the old father's confidence; and you, as Colonel Jones, have contrived to win the heart of the young lady.

Gav. After the girl is secured, we must obtain old Wentworth's will, for a claim has been made in favour of Harry Leeson. It was left at the Old Manor House. Can you depend on that servant of yours?

Rem. Larkins is a London prig, a knight of the post, disguised as my courier. Should any untoward accident mar our plans, we must have recourse to a little night work. [*Drawing his finger across his throat.*] You understand me?

Gav. [*Shuddering, and crossing to L.*] No—no! No more murder—no more blood!

Rem. [*Laughing*] Ha, ha, ha! You are growing sentimental, Walter. But come, let us find Cripps and his daughter; conscience is a thing I laugh at. I may have been a fool at times, but conscience never makes one of me; no, no, too old a hand for that—eh, Walter!

[*Music.—Exeunt, R.*]

Enter GIMP and LARKINS, L.

Gimp. (c.) Walk in, Mr. Polony—walk in.

Lar. (L.) Belloni, my good girl; I am the Count Roccoleoni's confidant.

Gimp. Pray, sir, where do you and the Count come from?

Lar. The Count's estates are in Mesopotamia.

Gimp. I have heard of that place—among the spice islands; I dare say you've often been in the spice islands.

Lar. [*Aside.*] If she had said spike islands, it would have been nearer the mark.

Gimp. We have got a new housekeeper coming,—one Susan Hopley, quite a young thing, but she was greatly recommended; yet I think, if Mr. Cripps had looked about his own establishment, he might have found one quite as fit for housekeeper as ever she is.

Lar. No doubt of it. [*Aside.*] She wears the yellow stockings. [*A coach horn heard without.*]

Gimp. [*Opening the doors, c. F.*] As I live, here comes the stage coach; it stops at our gate, and there's madam, I declare. I'll soon get her out of this place, or my name's not Gimp.

Lar. [*Looking out, c. D.*] That is really her, and the sooner you do it the better. [*Aside.*] The very girl I tried to rob twelve months ago.

Gimp. I will, Mr. Polony, that I will!

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY at the folding-doors, c. F.

Susan. (L.) My good girl, will you see that my trunks are taken into the housekeeper's room?

Gimp. (c.) [*Tossing her head.*] Why, indeed!—To be sure you are a stranger, and it don't look well to be ill-natured; but I'm ladies' maid, and not housemaid, ma'am.

Susan. I beg your pardon, but—

Gimp. I don't mind condescending for once, only I like folks to know themselves, and who's who. [*Aside, crossing to L.*] She looks no better than she should be, a brazen-face little puss! I'll put up her choler for spite. [*To Susan.*] Pray, whereabouts in London did you buy the paint you wear, ma'am, if it's no offence?

Susan. I did not purchase what you are pleased to call paint; my colour is the result of health and labour.

Lar. [*Aside, R.*] She's down upon her tibby, however.

Gimp. [*Aside.*] She talks like what she is. [*To Susan.*] I beg pardon, I didn't mean to offend; I only—

Susan. If you think I am offended, you are mistaken; I never intentionally give offence, neither do I take it, especially from those beneath me.

Gimp. Well, I'm sure! [*Exit, flouncing off, c. D. F.*]

Lar. [*Singing.*] "Nix my dolly palls—" [*To Susan.*] Warm travelling, ma'am.

Susan. Yes, sir—[*Aside, starting.*] Good heavens!—that face!—The very man who—[*To Larkins, recovering herself.*] Do you belong to the family, sir?

Lar. Oh, no! I'm the currier to Count Roccoleoni, the friend of Colonel Jones, who is going to marry Miss Caroline Cripps, and this is my first visit to England.

Susan. Were you never in England before?

Lar. Never! I only landed in this country on Monday, my pretty housekeeper.

Susan. You speak good English for a foreigner.

Lar. That's because my master, Count Roccoleoni, and I, mixed with so many of the best English families at Spa and Rome; and as I was fond of the language, I soon got a dab hand at it. [*Approaching her familiarly.*] Come, you and I can make ourselves as cosey as Darby and Joan.

Susan. Sir! you forget yourself!

Lar. Pooh! pooh! who's to know? By Jupiter, I'll—
[*He is about to seize her round the waist.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter WILLIAM DEAN, hastily, c. d. f., from L., with a cockade in his hat—he steps in between them, and thrusts Larkins away, R.*

Wil. (c.) Begone, scoundrel! or prepare yourself for a sound thrashing!

Lar. [Aside, R.] Why, it's that d—d country bumpkin, the miller's son again. [*Aloud.*] Oh, well! if the housekeeper can't take a harmless joke from a fellow servant, there's an end to it; only I'll see if Mr. Cripps allows cupboard-love followers to come about his house. [*Exit, R.*]

Wil. Mean, cowardly wretch!

Susan. Oh, William! do I see you once again! Oh, heavens! [*Pointing to his hat.*] What is this—you have not listed? Say no, or you will break my heart.

Wil. Nay, Susan, you thought not of me when you answered not a single letter—when you refused even to see me. What was I to think, but that you had formed an attachment elsewhere, and that I had become hateful to you.

Susan. Oh, William! you rive my heart! How could you be so rash? I refused to marry you in obedience to the vow I swore,—never to marry, till the mystery of my brother's death be cleared up.

Wil. That may never be.

Susan. Then will I never be married.

Wil. That oath cannot be binding.—But I see 'tis vain to talk: the regiment I have enlisted in marches shortly for Canada; I shall see you but once again, and that will be for the last time.

Susan. The last! Oh, William!—William!—How my throat swells with agony! William—dear William!

[Overpowered with emotion, she sinks into his arms.]

Re-enter GIMP, C. D. F.

Gimp. If you please, ma'am—Oh! I beg pardon, I didn't know you had followers. Well, I'm sure! what is Plantation House going to be turned into next, I wonder?

[Exit, C. D. F.]

Wil. Confound that woman! I must be gone! Dear Susan, make me but one promise—'tis all I ask!

Susan. Had I but wealth and honours to bestow—my life—all, all I'd share with thee, save the foul stain that brands a brother's name.

Wil. But, if thy brother's innocence is proved, wilt then become my wife?

Susan. As I hope for blessings in the world to come—I promise thee!

[Going, R.]

Wil. This evening, when the family sleep, I will be at the garden gate; you'll not refuse to meet your soldier there. *[Going, c.]* Till then, farewell!

[Music.—As they are going off, they both turn at the same instant, William extends his arms, and Susan runs and embraces him.]

Susan. Hark! footsteps approach—you must away!

Wil. Once more, till then, farewell! You will not fail?

Susan. Soon as the moon o'ertops the garden gate, thrice gently tap, and you will find me there.

[Exeunt, Susan R., William, C. D. F.]

Enter MR. ALEXANDER CRIPPS, REMARDON, GAVESTON, and CAROLINE CRIPPS, R.

Cripps. (L.) Welcome to Plantation House, my Lord Count, and you, my Lord Colonel.

Gav. My dear sir, pardon my impatience, but when shall I be rendered the happiest of mankind, by the possession of this matchless fair?

Cripps. My dear Mrs. C. looks into all these matters.

You have shown me the rent-roll of your estates in Transylvania, and so we'll talk of these things after dinner.—But, zounds! I must see the housekeeper to arrange about your chambers. Oh! here she comes.

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, R.

Susan. Did you wish to speak to me, sir? [*Seeing Gaveston and Remardon.*] Eternal heavens!

Gav. [*Aside.*] Susan Hopley!

Rem. [*Aside.*] D—n that girl! She'll be my death!

Cripps. [*Crossing to R.*] Now, Susan, this is the Count Roccoleoni, and this is Colonel Jones, who is going to marry my daughter; you will pay them proper attention. Come, Caroline, let us walk round the grounds.

[*Exeunt Cripps and Caroline, R.—Susan is following.*]

Gav. [*Seizing her.*] Susan, dare to betray me, and your place and character are lost! [*Crosses to L.*]

Rem. Dare to give the least alarm, and your life pays the forfeit of your rashness!

Susan. Must I, too, die e'en like——

Rem. Like whom?

Susan. My murdered brother! [*Exit, hastily, R.*]

Rem. She knows too much;—she must die, or we are lost!—'Tis decided! Once thought of, the deed is half completed.

Gav. Let us first make sure of the girl and her fortune.

Rem. Aye, take her to Upton, and conceal her in the Old Manor House.

Gav. I don't like the idea; yet, 'ere we leave the country, we must secure the will, which was left there in the hurry and agitation of that fearful scene.

Rem. And the girl Susan—she must not live!

Gav. Must not!—No!—must not!

Rem. To-night, then, she dies!

Gav. Good! We are bound by no common ties; when one swings, the other must kick the beam. [*Exeunt, R.*]

Re-enter GIMP, C. D. P.

Gimp. Dear me! what a strange sort of body our new housekeeper is; here's another follower,—a fellow, dressed like a mountebank. Well, I never! to have two followers already! As the old saying is, "One may steal a horse when another can't look over the hedge."

Enter DICKY DEAN, in a mountebank clown's dress, c. d. f.

Dicky. Behold, false woman—behold what you have done!

Gimp. I'm not the false woman, nor I ain't the true woman. Mrs. Susan won't see you.

Dicky. Not see me!—Me! that gived over selling garden stuff for her!—Me!—that had nearly made my fortin in lobsters and pickled salmon! [*Aside.*] Pennoths! It was all for Sue,—yet she forsook me! Tell me where she is, or I'll rend thee limb from limb!

Gimp. If you touch me, I'll hollow out! You can't see her, I tell you! She has got the yellow glanders.

Dicky. Let me but kiss her lips, that I may die of the yellow glanders, too, like Romeo and Juliet. Oh, young woman, see how I am disgraced! For that mortal fair one, I took to the stage! Only think, such a business as I had, and disgraced myself by taking to the stage.

Gimp. A mountebank stage?

Dicky. Yes, all because she slighted me. This morning I met promiskiously a set of mountebanks; my cousin Bill listed among the sogers, and I've 'listed among the players. They dressed me directly, and I began my engagement. What crowds I brought together! all the housemaids of the place were there—but I saw not Sue; all the housekeepers an ladies' maids in the town were there—but I saw not Sue.

Gimp. Well, be how it will, she can't see you now; but she gives her compliments to you, and sends her best love to Mr. Spriggins.

Dicky. Her love to Spriggins! Won't I welt him for that, when I get home! But Spriggins was allus a favourite with the girls.

Gimp. Is he musical?

Dicky. Aye! Sich ears for music—music for the million!—all on the Hollar sestum—practizes thorough bass, and sol-fa's "He-haw" in his own natural key.

Gimp. What a fascinating fellow! Does he dance, too?

Dicky. I believe you; cuts capers, and goes through his steps like a Tally-ho-ne. All the managers run mad arter him; so I gets him engaged at the Waterloo Theatre.—Directly he sports his fine figure on the stage, the chubby litle gods and goddesses clap their hands, and roar out—"Bravo, Don Keyno!"—That's Spanish for Spriggins.

Gimp. What a flattering reception!

Dicky. Well, as I was a-saying, they load him with applause and flowers. [*Aside.*] Cauliflowers! He hangs his head as mute as a mackerel, and as in duty bound, looks as grave as a gridiron; they puts a bridle on his tongue—a bit—he's curbed in—hampered by the greens, and they fears he'll break down.

Gimp. Poor young man! what an awful situation!

Dicky. No such thing—Richard's his-self again! The downie cove wheels round, tips um a tail as long as your arm, and sets the whole house in a roar.

Gimp. How charming! And is he handsome?

Dicky. Uncommon, for the family Greys.

Gimp. What, is he related to the Greys? Perhaps you'll bring him with you some day.

Dicky. He always follows me wherever I goes.

Gimp. Indeed! [*Aside.*] Some of these players are very nice young men, and as the housekeeper has one, I may as well have another. Perhaps you'd bring young Spriggins to see our garden. Is he fond of a garden?

Dicky. Oh, crikey! isn't he? He'll show you when he once gets in.

Gimp. I'm sure, I shall be delighted to see him and you to tea some afternoon.

Dicky. Tea!—did you say tea? Oh! you needn't set no tea-things! [*Aside.*] He'll drink a pailfull! [*Aloud.*] And you needn't cut no bread and butter for him.

Gimp. No! What does Mr. Spriggins usually take

Dicky. A sallad, when he can get it, and a thistle by way of an excite.

Gimp. Eh! is Mr. Spriggins, then, a Scotchman?

Dicky. No, he's a Jerusalemer; you shall see him.

[*Music.—He goes to c. d. f., and brings on a Donkey —Gimp sees him, screams, and runs off, L.—Dicky sings "All round my hat," and leads the Donkey off, L.*

SCENE III.—*Susan's Bedchamber, in Plantation House a bed, L. U. E.—a table and chair, R. U. E.*

SUSAN discovered seated at the table.

Susan. How fearfully has the appearance of Gaveston and his companion alarmed me. I am convinced, by their assumed names, that evil is intended; and yet, if I denounce

them to Mr. Cripps, I may bring evil on myself, and fail in my endeavours to do good. My eyes feel heavy. Oh! that Heaven would direct me while I sleep; or, dear Andrew, if indeed thy spirit hears my prayer, point out the means by which villainy may be defeated, thy innocence proclaimed, and thy unhappy sister saved from ruin.

[*Music.—She retires to bed and sleeps.*]

Enter LARKINS, cautiously, R., masked, and with a dagger.

Lar. All is silent—the girl sleeps! I don't like the job, but it must be done. Gaveston says, they cannot go abroad with the rich heiress till they get the will from the Old Manor House; and if this girl should prate, it might be fatal to them. So, now to do the deed! [*Going to the bed.*] She sleeps. Twice have I proved myself her enemy; yet, e'en now, there is something about my heart which seems to check me, when I would strike the blow. Bah! it's not the first deed of the sort, and the reward is good. [*Raising his hand to stab her.*] Now, Susan, farewell! [*A low groan is heard—he starts back.*] What was that? It sounded like the dying groan of a murdered man! A cold shivering has seized my frame! I feel as though surrounded by a crowd of fiends! I cannot—will not—dare not, murder her! [*A pause.*] They have already gone off with the girl, and directly they obtain the will, they depart for the continent. I will get the reward and tell them I have done the deed. [*Music.—Exit, R.—Music changes.*]

The Form of ANDREW rises up, c.

And. Sister—beloved sister! The time is come—follow the murderers to the Old Manor House at Upton—let them not escape! Be firm! save the innocent—avenge thy brother, and confound the guilty in the stronghold of their crimes! [*The Figure points to the wound, and disappears, c.*]

Susan. [*Starting up in great agitation, and coming forward.*] Stay—brother—Andrew!—stay! Not here! Alas! was that, too, a dream?—Aye, but 'twas a vision that pressaged hope and redress. Yes, blessed spirit, I will obey thy injunctions—here, do I swear it! [*The gate-bell rings—a noise heard without, L.*] Ha! what noise is that?

Cripps. [*Calling without, L.*] The rogues! the rascals! my daughter!—there they go!

Enter CRIPPS, hastily, L., followed by two Servants, with lighted candles.

Susan. My dear sir, lose not a moment in pursuing them—they are villains!

Cripps. Do you tell me so?

Susan. The pretended Colonel, I know to be a married man; the other, I have every reason to believe, is a man of bad character. Obtain legal authority, pursue them instantly to Upton, force your way into the Old Manor House, and save your child from ruin.

Cripps. [*To the Servants.*] Go, call all the constables, magistrates, churchwardens, head boroughs, and—D—me! I'll have a regiment of soldiers—I can pay for it! As for you, my little housekeeper, if you speak the truth, I'll make a man of you—that is, I'll make your fortune.

Susan. Sir, I ask no reward, but that my own heart affords. Heaven grant I may see the innocent snatched from the power of the guilty, and the murderers detected on the spot where their crime was perpetrated. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Exterior of King's Head Inn, at Upton.*

Enter JEREMY and FANNY, from the House, R. D. F.

Jer. (c.) Come, my dear lady, compose yourself; the journey and the agitation of your mind have overcome you; a little air will do you good; the horses will soon be put to, and another stage brings us to Oakfield.

Fan. (R.) Oh, dear, sir, amply have you repaid my father's kindness back to his daughter;—secluded in that odious castle, I had given up all hopes of life, and but for your timely arrival, must have perished.

Jer. Such I believe was the intention of your husband; but, luckily meeting with Mabel Lightfoot at Paris, she told me of his villainy, and that of his associate Remardon.

Enter WILLIAM DEAN, L.

Wil. Yes, yes, I've caged the villains in their own den, and justice will at length defeat them.

Jer. Surely, I know that face—it is William Dean.

Wil. Ah! Mr. Jeremy and Miss Wentworth—I beg pardon, I should say, Mrs. Gaveston. Oh, madam! your sad husband—
[*Crosses to c.*]

Fan. Speak, William! What has happened?

Wil. He and 'Squire Remardon have run off with an heiress from Plantation House, but a few miles from hence. I happened to be on the road, and saw them pass in a post-chaise. I galloped after it, and saw all three enter the Old Manor House, where your poor dear father, madam—
But no matter. Mr. Cripps, the father of the young lady, is in full pursuit, and will soon be here;—my own Susau Hopley has opened the old man's eyes.

Fan. Does she live in this neighbourhood?

Wil. She's housekeeper to Mr. Cripps, and will soon be here. I am now more than ever convinced of her truth, and will immediately purchase my discharge. [*Looking off, L.*] See how the dust is flying—here they are—out-riders, constables and all! Come, let us join the enraged father, and storm this castle of iniquity! [*Music—Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE V.—*The Bedchamber at the Old Manor House, as seen in the "Vision," Act I.—A door, c. F.—a table and chairs, with lighted candles and writing materials, R. S. E.—a table, L. S. E., with a casket and papers.*

GAVESTON, CAROLINE CRIPPS, and REMARDON, discovered.

Gav. This, my dear, is one of my estates; but I never reside on it, having so many in fairer situations.

Car. I'm glad of it, for I don't like this at all.

Gav. Now, my beloved girl, have the goodness to sign these papers just to satisfy your friends, and we will then proceed to Gretna with all speed. [*A loud knocking heard without.*] What was that? [*Apart to Remardon.*] Do you not hear the noise of men—the murmur of voices? Go and reconnoitre, George.

Rem. [*Apart.*] Pooh! 'tis only the market people, talking of the old house as they pass. To be seen at the front windows would ruin all. You fastened the door, did you not?

Gav. [*Apart.*] Aye, the front; but the back door had no fastening within. Come, search for the will—quick, it must be obtained at once!

Rem. [*Going to the table, examining the casket, and turning over papers.—Apart.*] Confusion! I cannot find it in the casket. Surely, we did not leave it with—

Gav. [*Apart.*] Silence! Hark! I hear a step!

[*A knock heard at the door c. F.*]

Rem. [Going to the door.] Who's there?

Larkins. [Without.] A friend.

Enter LARKINS at the door, c. v.

Rem. [Whispering to Larkins.] Is she dead—is it done?

Lar. It is—you are safe.

Gav. [Handing a pen to Caroline.] Now, girl—quick, quick—sign!

Car. No, no—I'm afraid—I dare not—

Gav. [Presenting a pistol.] Sign this instant, or beware!

MUSIC.—*Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, suddenly, c. d. f.—she rushes forward, r. c., unseen by Gaveston, strikes his arm, and the pistol falls.*

Gav. [Starting in amazement.] Ha! [To Larkins.] Villain! you have deceived us!

Rem. [Aside.] Susan alive! [Aloud, taking out a pistol.] What fiend hath brought you hither?

Susan. [Firmly.] I come to save the innocent!

Gav. [Picking up the pistol.] Beware! We are determined to shoot any one who attempts to oppose us!

Susan. (c.) Let me implore you both, by the memory of him, who, in this chamber, you robbed and murdered—by the blood of a brother, that cries aloud for vengeance—by your soul's everlasting peace,—to confess your crimes, restore the innocent, and fly to another land, where you may pass the remainder of your days in penitence and prayer.

Rem. (L.) Fool! you have betrayed us! [Presenting his pistol.] Die!

MUSIC.—*Enter WILLIAM DEAN, hurriedly, r. d. f., with a pistol in each hand—he points at Gaveston and Remardon, and rushes forward to Susan—he is closely followed by JEREMY, CRIPPS, FANNY, Constables, and Villagers—Constables seize Gaveston (r. c.), Remardon (L.), and Larkins (R.)—Tableau.*

Cripps. Rogues! we've got you at last!

Car. [Clinging to Cripps.] My father!

Cripps. Aye, hussey,—and be glad that you see your father again. Your intended husband is already married.

Jer. [Pointing to Fanny.] If there are any doubts of it, this lady can remove them.

Gav. [Confounded.] My wife! [He attempts to shoot himself, but is prevented by the Constables

Wil. Secure him! You escape not so.

Susan. Men of terror! I accuse you both of the murder of Mr. Wentworth, and my brother Andrew!—Aye! in this bedchamber!

Rem. 'Tis false! There is no proof!

Susan. There is a proof—a horrible proof—the body of the murdered Andrew! [*Pointing to the pannel in the wainscot.*] Villains! 'tis there! See—see! their downcast looks—they know it well! He, the seducer—the would-be murderer of a virtuous wife! [*Pointing to Gaveston.*] He knows it! [*Pointing to Remardon.*] And he—his companion in guilt—knows it also!

Gav. & Rem. 'Tis false!

Susan. [*Crossing to the wainscot, L. F.*] Heaven grant me strength! Brother, 'tis Susan calls!

[*Music.—Assisted by William, she tears down the sliding pannel, and discovers the emaciated body of Andrew—the will drops out.*]

Jer. [*Picking it up.*] Ah! here is the real will!

Susan. [*Pointing to the body.*] Behold! Heaven hath heard my prayer!

Gav. The hand of Providence is armed against me! I do confess to the murder—the double murder! [*Pointing to Remardon.*] and there is my accomplice!

Susan. Hear—hear, ye heavens!—hear, ye winds! and bear it far and wide! The fate and fidelity of Andrew are proved! Susan hath kept her word, and the character of the servant girl is for ever unimpeached.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Villagers.

Villagers.

Cons. LARK. Cons.

Cons. GAV. Cons. CAR. CRIPPS. WIL. JER. FAN. Cons. REM. Cons.

SUSAN.

R.]

[L.

THE END.





R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

Fatality.

Bertrand. Oh, my benefactor, do not curse me!

Act I. Scene 1.

FATALITY:

A DRAMA,

In One Act,

BY CAROLINE BOADEN,

Author of Quite Correct, and William Thompson.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D-G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE,
CAMDEN TOWN.



REMARKS.

Fatality.

WE never fear to encounter *genius*; for, if, in our critical vocation, we are sometimes obliged to speak harshly of an author, who, for the most part, gives us cause to admire; with *him* the justice of our censure only serves to stamp a higher value on our praise. It is your pertinacious conceited blockhead that writhes and winces under the critical lash,—that frets, bounces, and puts himself into all manner of comical contortions, when we find it expedient to administer wholesome castigation, either to repress his inordinate vanity, or to goad his impassive dulness to praise-worthy attempts. He knows we speak the very truth of him, and, what is worse, that the public know it too. To suppose that *we* have altogether escaped the vituperations of the drama's journeymen—that *our* path has been *roses without thorns*, would be assigning to us a happier fate than we have really experienced. We have been exposed to a running fire of hints, inuendos, and point-blank abuse; our judgment has been questioned—our motives impugned; but let the “galled jade wince—our withers are unwrung.” To have bruited the important secret—that secret to each fool, that he's an ass—was enough to bring the whole artillery of Grub Street about our ears; and, truly, we have been favoured with a rattling peal—a peal that might have provoked us to exclaim with honest *Jaquez* — “Peace (dunces!); though Justice is blind, she is not *deaf!*” Our motto has been forbearance: to wage a war with dirt, and fight with air, is neither pleasing nor profitable:

“ If want provok'd, or madness made them prin',
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.”

We never fear to encounter genius—more especially when that genius is centered in a lady. To have com-

pared Miss Boaden to her illustrious predecessors in the dramatic art, the Centlivres and the Cowleys, would have led her to suspect us of *badinage*—"Praise undeserved is censure in disguise;"—but when we say that she is a spirited and pleasing writer; that her incidents and characters are well imagined and supported; that her language is pointed, and "Quite Correct," *then* she may receive our opinion with complacency, seeing that the public confirm it with their applause. Miss Boaden has selected an interesting anecdote, in which she has mingled a due portion of tragic and comic effect. The course of true love never did run smooth; nor does that of an ill-assorted union run a whit the smoother: "Fatality" shall bear us out in the assertion. Edward and Susanna had been companions in youth; the same tastes, habits, and feelings had equally inspired them; a match of *prudence* separates the lovers—Susanna (at the instance of General Loverule) becomes the reluctant wife of a veteran soldier, who had exchanged the sword for the ploughshare; while Edward, at the call of duty, is allied to a fashionable lady, who possesses, in an eminent degree, the disgusting follies and heartless indifference of her peculiar sphere. To each, therefore, nothing is left but painful remembrance and unavailing regret.

We now turn to the comic part of the picture, and there behold Mr. and Mrs. Lackbrain, a couple not ill, but admirably well, assorted: for the gentleman has just wit enough to be mischievous, and folly enough to be entertaining; while the lady possesses that happy art of management, that she can keep her fool in subjection, and in good humour at the same time. The incident of Mrs. Lackbrain interposing between Edward and Susanna, and diverting the jealousy of Bertrand, by transferring the admiration of the young soldier from the real object to herself, is a happy idea; while the scene where the two husbands commiserate each other, Bertrand groaning at the probable fate of Lackbrain, and Lackbrain chuckling at the huge pair of matrimonial antlers that he already sees in vision decorating the brows of his friend, together with the *apropos entrée* of Mrs. Lackbrain, and the equivoque, cross-purposes, and mystifications that ensue, are exceedingly humorous. The catastrophe is striking, and necessarily abrupt—anything *after* the pistol-shot would have been "Lieutenant-Ge-

neral to the Earl of Mar." Certain playwrights that we could name would have exhibited a long scene of repentance and tears, and shown up Susanna and the two Elders in all the *stage* variety of woe, with a second infliction of the merry conceited humours of Mr. and Mrs. Lackbrain. Miss Boaden has told the story with simplicity and effect—" *Transeat in exemplum.*"

The acting of this piece is very spirited : Mr. Thompson played the General with soldier-like dignity ; and Mr. Cooper, by his unaffected pathos, gave us equal satisfaction in the veteran, Bertrand. The natural voice and pronunciation of Miss F. H. Kelly are quite sufficient for tragedy, without her having recourse to those doleful intonations and hysterical catches, that more than once had well nigh turned the sorrows of Susanna into burlesque. Mrs. Glover rated her silly spouse with her usual piquancy and good-humour. Mr. Webster, in Lackbrain, agreeably surprised us, with the rapid improvement he has made in his art. The manner of Harley has not been lost upon him—the droll face-making and queer antics, the bobs, winks, and leers of that vivacious comedian, have been the subject of Mr. Webster's careful study and imitation. It is with pleasure we notice a rising actor. What makes the drama now in *abeyance*? Not the want of liberal *patrons* to support it, but of efficient actors to represent it. Why are its hail, rain, clouds, and sunshine, to be sold without reserve? (Would that its dull authors were thrown in with the lots!) Because those who have banquetted at the rich feasts of former times, will not condescend to prey on garbage. That it should come to this! that the scene "where Lear has raved and Hamlet died," should echo with the harsh sounds of the auctioneer's hammer—that the magnificent properties that once illustrated the representations of Kemble and Siddons, should be violated—

"By the rude hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amidst the common lumber!"

 D—G.

Costume.

GENERAL LOVERULE.—Full dress blue military uniform.

EDWARD.—Full dress uniform of a Colonel of Hussars.

BERTRAND.—Snuff-coloured coat, waistcoat, and breeches—striped stockings—shoes—a black silk handkerchief tied round the left knee.

LACKBRAIN.—Short gray coat, very tight—flowered waistcoat, and nosegay—gray breeches—blue striped stockings—shoes, and large buckles—low-crowned hat—carrotty hair, and pig-tail.

MICHAEL.—Drab coat and breeches—chintz waistcoat—stockings and shoes.

MRS. LACKBRAIN.—Green silk dress—white French apron—high-crowned net cap, trimmed with white satin.

SUSANNA.—Blue silk dress, trimmed with black velvet—long white muslin apron—small net cap—black shoes—silver buckles.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, September 2, 1829.

<i>General Loverule</i>	. . .	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Edward, his Son</i>	. . .	Mr. Brindal.
<i>Bertrand, a veteran Soldier</i>	. . .	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Lackbrain, a Farmer</i>	. . .	Mr. Webster.
<i>Michael</i>	. . .	Mr. V. Webster.
<i>Mrs. Lackbrain</i>	. . .	Mrs. Glover.
<i>Susanna</i>	. . .	Miss F. H. Kelly.

FATALITY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a handsome Farm-House, with a door in c.—Window, R., and a Cupboard, L. in the flat—a Garden at the back of the flat—a Fire-Place, and a Dresser, with Plate-Rack, R.—A Door and Cabinet, L.—A brace of Horse-Pistols over the fire-place.—Tables and four Chairs.*

Enter MRS. LACKBRAIN, C. D. F.

Mrs. L. Here we are at last! Oh, dear, I am monstrous tired! where can that husband of mine be loitering? [*Calling.*] Mr. Lackbrain! Mr. Lackbrain! come here.

Enter LACKBRAIN, C. D. F.

Lac. Here I am, lovey; [*Comes down, R.*] I was only staying to look about me a bit.

Mrs. L. Look about you! all your other faculties are lost in that of seeing.

Lac. No wonder, my dear, when I've such a charming object to look at as you.

Mrs. L. I want no looking after, I am sure, Mr. Lackbrain; [*Looking round her.*] but, in truth, I myself find a pleasure in looking about me here, every thing is so neat and nice.

Lac. Susanna is such a good manager—takes such care of her house.

Mrs. L. Well! and don't I take care of my house, pray?

Lac. To be sure you do, my love; but Susanna has only been married three years, and is already as clever as you: then her two pretty children!

Mrs. L. And have you not two pretty children? What would the man have?

Lac. A dozen!

Mrs. L. Is that my fault?

Lac. No, my lovey, I never said it was: but now, my own wife, isn't it a capital purchase that Cousin Bertrand and I are about to make—that wood, and not far from here, either—and such a bargain!

Mrs. L. Have a care! your cheap bargains always turn out very dear.

Lac. One of my bargains is very dear, indeed: and do you mean to say I never made a good acquisition in my life?

Mrs. L. Why, I must own, when you gained me, you did.

Lac. I thought as much! but here I don't act on my own judgment alone. Bertrand goes halves with me in the purchase, with the money realized from the produce of this farm, which the old general so kindly bestowed on him when he married Susanna. How flattering! to have his master's son, Mr. Edward, so desperately in love with his wife.

Mrs. L. You think that flattering, do you?

Lac. Flattering! to be sure; the old general persuaded her to have Bertrand, to prevent his son from marrying her. What a pity he was not in love with you! I should have had a farm. Well, no matter—for all this, it is very easy to see that Mrs. Bertrand is not happy.

Mrs. L. Had not you better say that a little louder, that her husband may hear you? And what has put into your wise head that Susanna is unhappy?

Lac. [*Speaking low.*] In the first place, she never laughs out; and the other day I surprised her embracing her little boy with the tears in her eyes—do you know, I felt so queer—I don't know how—as if I should cry, too: then every body can see that she falls away to a mere shadow, particularly since Mr. Edward's marriage—not that I mean to say that—that is, that—but I do mean to say that Susanna's unhappy.

Mrs. L. As if poor women were ever happy! as if I was happy!

Lac. I am sure, wife, it is not my fault, if you are not.

Mrs. L. Susanna has weak health, and that is all the foundation you have for these profound observations; for you cannot mean that she is ever deficient in attention to her husband. There's a man for you! he is

something like a husband! his wife's slightest wish is law to him.

Lac. As usual! always puffing him, as if he were the only good husband in the world! But I tell you, wife, a girl does not easily forget a handsome youth who has loved her; do what she can, he will always remain here. *[Laying his hand on his heart.]*

Mrs. L. And I tell you he does not always remain there! Listen, Mr. Lackbrain, and don't let me have to speak twice:—I forbid your speaking on this subject again! it might cause great uneasiness—Mr. Edward is very happy in his marriage, at least so we hear, and it is impossible that Susanna can think——

Bertrand. *[Without.]* Michael! shut the garden gate!

Mrs. L. They are here! be dumb!

Enter BERTRAND and SUSANNA, L. D.

Ber. (c.) Ah, my cousins! welcome! welcome!

[Shakes hands with Lackbrain.]

Sus. *[Embracing Mrs. Lackbrain.]* How kind of you to come and see me, when I have been so remiss towards you.

Mrs. L. (L. C.) Oh! I know how much you are occupied in your household.

Ber. Yes, we have plenty to do; and my good Susanna performs more than her share: but every thing prospers with us—our children are good and handsome.

Lac. (R.) And our's, also.

Mrs. L. Do speak of what concerns you.

Sus. (L.) *[To her.]* You are always cheerful and contented with your husband?

Mrs. L. Pretty well. *[Pointedly.]* And you?

[To Bertrand.]

Ber. Oh! I do all in my power to make Susanna happy and contented with her husband.

Mrs. L. And I am sure she is, and ought to be. A soldier! I had always a great preference for the military—I wish my husband had been a soldier.

Lac. Yes; a fifer or drummer.

Sus. *[Looking kindly at her husband.]* I think with you, my friends, that a woman must be happy who is united to a worthy man.

Mrs. L. I always said, Susanna, that you would not marry any light trifling coxcomb, but a sound sensible man.

Lac. [*Aside, and looking at Bertrand's leg.*] Not too sound.

Mrs. L. Not fine words, but fine actions! not to mention the great ones which he has achieved.

Ber. My dear Mrs. Lackbrain, you—

Lac. Yes; he has achieved great actions: he is my cousin, and I'll answer for him.

Mrs. L. I believe it; he is a man capable of any thing.

Ber. If you were my wife, instead of cousin, you would not perhaps think so highly of me. I am not bad—I do not want a heart, but I want education! I have learned little else than to give and receive hard knocks—I am often, therefore, harsh and unreasonable—that grieves me, for I know it cannot be pleasing to Susanna; and, above all, when I think of this unsightly infirmity.

[*Striking his left leg.*]

Mrs. L. That! oh, that is nothing; a proof of your bravery, which all women love! It is in your favour—I should prefer a husband that was lame, for then he can't run away from you.

Lac. And they are more easily caught.

Mrs. L. Besides, did not you receive the injury in defending our kind Mr. Edward's life?

[*At the name of Edward, Susanna starts—Mrs. Lackbrain observes her.*]

Ber. [*Pointing to the pistols, R.*] Yes! there are the friends that assisted me, and never will I part from them. [*To Lackbrain.*] Have you brought the papers necessary to the completion of our purchase?

Lac. [*Drawing forth a stamped paper.*] Yes; here is the stamp: but there is no hurry—but business can't be finished till the evening, and I never begin a journey without eating first.

Sus. Well thought of; I will hasten your dinner.

Mrs. L. Let me assist you.

[*Mrs. Lackbrain takes the cloth from the dresser, R., and covers the table, then takes the plates, &c.—Susanna opens the cupboard in flat, and brings out the provisions, &c.*]

Lac. Bertrand, how is the general? You tell us nothing of him.

Ber. My poor master is now quite solitary, for I can no longer be with him much; and his son, Edward, who has been lately promoted to the rank of colonel, still less.

Lac. You don't say so? Made a colonel!

Ber. And well deserves it: he is an excellent young man. How delighted I should be to see him again!

Lac. I see him as plainly as if he stood there. He was so affable—so good to us, in the first months of our marriage; there was not a single day that I did not find him, when I went home, close to Mrs. Lackbrain.

Mrs. L. [*Busy at table.*] Well, and what then?

Lac. Why, then, it was every day to begin again—visit upon visit, except when I was at home; he took great care never to come then, for fear of incommoding me, kind, good young man!

Ber. It is three years since we have seen him. What consoles me for his loss is the knowledge that he is happy with his wife; but, notwithstanding that, I'll wager that he often thinks of Bertrand and his little Susanna, he loved us so much.

Lac. O, yes, a very loving character! I dare say he has become so much attached to his wife, that he has entirely forgotten us.

Sus. [*Aside.*] Entirely forgotten us!

[*Sinks into chair, R., and endeavours to hide her tears.*]

Lac. [*Turning to Susanna.*] Lord, cousin, what is the matter with you?

Ber. [*Runs to her.*] Dear Susanna, are you ill?

[*Mrs. Lackbrain goes to Susanna, and pushes away Lackbrain.*]

Sus. [*Confused.*] I felt—suddenly oppressed. It is nothing—I am already better.

Lac. (L.) [*Aside to his wife.*] There, I said so! I did but mention Mr. Edward, and you see the effect it has!

Mrs. L. (L.) Will you hold your tongue?

Ber. (R.) Come, come, cheer up, my little Susanna; tell me what troubles you—speak!—Tell your husband—your best friend—what grieves you. Is there anything you feel the want of? Thanks to our kind Edward's bounty, you have but to speak, and your wishes shall be gratified.

Sus. [*Quickly.*] Oh, no, nothing—nothing! You have ever prevented my wishes.

[*Rises and comes forward, C.*]

Mrs. L. I thought you knew, cousin, that women are sometimes sorrowful without knowing why.

Lac. Come, Bertrand, she is better now; let us go to dinner.

Ber. [*Gloomily.*] I no longer feel hungry.

[*Stands musing.*

Lac. Well, I do. [*Goes up to the table, and sits, c.*

Mrs. L. Mr. Lackbrain, you ought not.

Lac. [*Eating.*] Oh, true; I had forgotten I had dined.

Ber. [*Looking at his wife.*] Susanna, you cannot deceive me! You are not one to weep without a cause. I now see and know it!—'Tis as I have always thought.

Sus. (c.) Bertrand, what is it you mean?—What would you say?

Lac. [*To his wife.*] Yes, yes—what is it he means?

Ber. [*Bitterly.*] It is quite natural that a girl brought up in the great world should be unable to find happiness in the society of peasants.

Mrs. L. (l. c.) Cousin!

Ber. [*In the same tone.*] To listen to an old soldier's tales of war and bloodshed can never compensate for the society she has lost; and the often laborious cares of her household make her feel she was not meant for a farmer's wife, and more bitterly grieve at her lot.

Mrs. L. You deceive yourself, cousin. [*Goes up.*

Ber. We have all deceived ourselves—we were not formed for one another. [*To Susanna.*] You deserved a better husband, but I loved you with such ardour, that my passion blinded my reason. It is now too late. [*Dashing away a tear.*] Ah, general! what have you done?

Mrs. L. [*Coming from window.*] Hush! he is coming.

Lac. [*Aside.*] He comes mighty mal-a-propos, I fancy.

Ber. [*To Susanna, c., taking her hand.*] Susanna, recover yourself, I entreat! Let him not suspect—it would grieve him! Forgive the bitterness my feelings caused me to express; believe me, it shall be the last. Forgive me!

Sus. [*Tenderly.*] With my whole heart. You cannot be to blame in my eyes.

Enter the GENERAL, C. D. F.

Gen. (c.) Good day to you, my friends.

Sus. (r. c.) How much are we honoured by this kind visit!

Gen. I come to contemplate the happiness I have created. My faithful Bertrand by the side of his kind

Susanna! I see both happy—both satisfied, and I say to myself, this is my work!

Lac. (L.) [*Aside.*] And a pretty piece of patchwork it is!

Ber. (R.) [*With embarrassment.*] And our gratitude will, I hope, be eternal! [*Crosses to General.*]

Gen. You owe me none. I have but done what I ought, and am amply recompensed in seeing your happiness. My son, too, allied to a family of high rank, enjoys, I am sure, the same felicity. His, also, was a marriage of reason, which will ever, I am convinced, in point of happiness, beat love-matches out of the field. [*To Susanna.*] The simple and industrious life you lead leaves no room for vain fears and regrets.

Sus. [*Aside.*] No fears!—no regrets! Alas! would that were true!

Gen. And 'tis to participate in this calm content that your friend Edward withdraws himself for a few days from the more attractive but less solid pleasures of the capital.

Sus. [*Aside.*] What is it I hear?

Ber. What! shall we again see the colonel?

Gen. He writes me word that he shall arrive to-day. Edward speaks of you all with great affection. Here, Susanna [*Crossing to her.*] read yourself what he says. [*Giving her the letter.*] There.

Sus. [*Taking the letter timidly, and giving it to her husband.*] Do you read it, Bertrand.

Ber. [*Reads.*] “After three years’ absence, I shall once more behold and embrace the companions of my childhood.”

Lac. [*Chuckling significantly.*] How he loves us!

Ber. [*Continuing.*] “They have never, though, been absent from my thoughts—my good Bertrand, my dear Susanna, and the kind-hearted Mrs. Lackbrain.”

Lac. [*To his wife.*] You hear we have never for a moment been absent from his thoughts.

Gen. You will find some alteration in him: he is no longer a scatter-brained youth, but a man and a soldier.

Ber. I always said there would not be a better officer in the service than Mr. Edward, and that the laurels in your family, my brave general, would not die with you.

Sus. His wife accompanies him, no doubt.

Gen. No: she remains with her friends, as my son only intends passing a few days with me.

Enter MICHAEL, hastily, C. D. F.

Mic. He is coming, sir—Mr. Edward is coming.

Ber. The colonel!

Sus. Already!

Lac. [*Looking out.*] It is he, sure enough! There he comes by the orchard.

Enter EDWARD, C. D. F.; he embraces his father, then takes the hands of Bertrand and Susanna.

Edw. (c.) My father—my kind friends! How happy I am to see you again! Bertrand!—Susanna!—Ah, Lackbrain! you here, too?

Lac. (l.) With my wife, who has been dying to see you.

Edw. Ah, my good friend! how fares it with you?—Susanna, you are happy, I know.

Sus. (r. c.) Yes, colonel.

Edw. Oh, no; still call me Edward—treat me with the touching familiarity of old times.

Ber. (l. c.) Well, then, with us you shall still be Edward—our kind and generous friend, Edward, to whom we owe every thing.

Edw. I have often spoken of you to my father; but you—have you sometimes thought of me?

Lac. Have we thought of you? Ask my wife.

Mrs. L. (l.) Yes, colonel.

Lac. [*Aside to her.*] What do you mean by that? Treat him with the touching familiarity of old times.

Edw. How I regret I can only remain here three days; but I will divide that time between my father and yourselves: to-day, at least, we will not be separated.

Ber. How unfortunate, that I am obliged to absent myself, to conclude a purchase my cousin and I am about to make; and I must go, or Lackbrain will suffer himself to be imposed upon.

Mrs. L. Yes, truly; by any body who wishes it.

Ber. But I shall certainly return to-night, and to-morrow I hope to see you at breakfast, if you will honour me so far. [*Edward takes his hand.*]

Mrs. L. That will be best; and, Mr. Lackbrain, you can remain, if you like; pray don't hurry yourself.

Gen. We will now return home.

Ber. [*Going towards C. D. F.*] Will you not first look at the improvements I have made in the farm?

Lac. I am curious to see those myself.

Edw. [*Aside to Susanna.*] Susanna, I must speak with you alone.

Sus. [*Starting.*] Oh, no!

Luc. [*To his wife.*] There! do you see, they are whispering?

Mrs. L. Hold your tongue! [*Aside.*] I would die, sooner than own he was right.

Gen. [*Going.*] Come, Edward.

Edw. Good by, Susanna, for the present.

[*Exeunt all but Mrs. Lackbrain and Susanna, who, giving way to the emotion she has before suppressed, seems about to fall to the ground, when Mrs. Lackbrain runs to her, and supports her.*]

Mrs. L. Cousin! my dear cousin!

Sus. [*Faintly.*] Oh! my heart will break!

Mrs. L. [*Taking her hand.*] Susanna! my friend, my sister! confide your griefs to me—I know their source—but my sympathy may alleviate them.

Sus. [*Alarmed.*] What do you know?

Mrs. L. Your paleness—your confusion when he entered.

Sus. When he entered! Who?

Mrs. L. He!

Sus. [*Trying to rally.*] He!

Mrs. L. [*Firmly.*] Edward—yes, Edward! you love him still.

Sus. Oh! peace, peace!

Mrs. L. I say again, you love him; on this subject you cannot deceive a woman: [*Susanna hides her face.*] I have long suspected it [*Tenderly.*] Susanna, though I appear a giddy, perhaps a heartless being! believe me, I am not unworthy of your confidence—she does not hear me!

Sus. [*Wildly.*] He is happy, he is happy! his wife loves him—and he returns it—and I—Bertrand, who is so kind, so good—Oh, I detest myself!

[*Again hiding her face.*]

Mrs. L. Nay, nay! Susanna, it is not your fault, the heart will not always be obedient to our will. However, Edward's absence—

Sus. His absence! alas! he is never absent from here. [*Laying her hand on her heart.*] Sleeping or awake, his image haunts me still—I feel grateful to my husband for his love—but he is chiefly dear to me as the preserver of Edward's life.

Mrs. L. Poor cousin! I comprehend, and pity your feelings; after all, you *were* injured—you sacrificed your happiness to an over-wrought sense of gratitude, and are yourself the only sufferer, for you have made a good mother and a faithful wife. Bertrand is well convinced of that, and should be contented.

Sus. I have nothing to reproach myself with but my love; they had power to separate us, to compel him to become perjured by contracting other ties, but it was beyond their power to banish him from my heart.—I sacrificed my love, but could not recall it. [*Crosses to L.*

Mrs. L. (R.) Dear Susanna, dry your tears—your husband may return, what will he think?

Sus. Dear cousin, forget, if possible, all that has passed; and I entreat you, by all you hold most sacred, never to mention the subject again. To be unhappy is my fate, but I will not deserve to be so.—Heavens! 'tis Edward.

Enter EDWARD hastily, C. D. F., without perceiving Mrs. Lackbrain.

Edw. (L.) Dear Susanna! [*Sees Mrs. Lackbrain.*] I thought you were alone! [*Aside.*] How unfortunate!

Sus. (C.) [*Aside to Mrs. Lackbrain, who has gone close to her side.*] Cousin!

Mrs. L. [Aside to her.] Fear nothing; am not I with you? [*To the Colonel.*] Well, colonel! what have you to say to Susanna?

Edw. [Confused.] I wished to speak to Susanna upon a subject that materially concerns me.

Mrs. L. [Pointedly.] Does not all that concerns you interest me, also? I cannot, surely, be an intruder, and if you need good advice, I am the very woman to give it—so speak.

Edw. [More embarrassed.] I do not mean to doubt your friendship, my dear Mrs. Lackbrain, but—

Mrs. L. But!—dear bless me, how mysterious!

Edw. [To Susanna.] I wish to speak with you, and you alone.

Sus. [Alarmed.] Me alone! [*Aside to Mrs. L. taking her hand.*] Pray, do not leave me.

Mrs. L. [Aside to Susanna.] Trust me. [*Aloud.*] What a deal of ceremony! [*To the Colonel.*] You think, I suppose, that if there is danger in entrusting one woman with a secret, it will never be safe with two. [*Smiling.*] I assure you I feel strength of mind to venture.

Edw. A secret! well then, I own it is one, and I can only tell it to her.

Mrs. L. I do not wish to extort your confidence—and, to be sure, there are things that can only be said in private—are there not, Colonel? But, as a husband ought to know every thing that is confided to his wife—you understand me—I would advise you to wait till Bertrand is present.

Sus. [*Whose uneasiness gradually increases.*] Yes; wait till he returns: I cannot listen to you but in his presence.

Edw. What means this emotion, Susanna?

Mrs. L. Susanna is called Mrs. Bertrand, and she is no more moved than I am.

Edw. [*Quickly.*] But why all these precautions? How have I deserved your suspicions?

Mrs. L. (R.) Well, sir, recollect passed events, and judge if your return—

Sus. [*Rapidly, c.*] Stop, I beseech you!

Edw. (L. c.) Susanna, it is absolutely necessary that I should speak to you alone; do not refuse me—I entreat you, on my knees. [*Kneeling.*]

Sus. [*Trembling.*] For mercy's sake, rise!

[*Mrs. Lackbrain, seeing Bertrand coming on at C. D. F., places herself quickly between Edward and Susanna.*]

Mrs. L. [*Aside to Susanna.*] Your husband! [*Aside to Edward.*] Here's Bertrand coming! [*Edward endeavours to rise, but is prevented.*] Stay where you are! [*Speaking loud.*] No, no, Colonel, you wish to mock me.

Enter BERTRAND, C. D. F., standing stupified on seeing Edward at Mrs. Lackbrain's feet.

Ber. Can I believe my sight?

[*Mrs. Lackbrain raises Edward.*]

Edw. [*Aside.*] O, my folly!

Ber. [*Advancing.*] How, colonel! the wife of your humble, but faithful friend!

Edw. [*Embarrassed.*] I assure you, my dear Bertrand, that you are deceived; it was but a jest.

Mrs. L. [*Severely.*] It was a hazardous jest, colonel; for my husband might have come instead of my cousin, and then—

[*Looking at Susanna.*]

Edw. Be assured, Bertrand—[*Aside.*] I feel so confused, I know not what to say. [*Aloud.*] Let us be friends, Mrs. Lackbrain—[*Takes her hand.*] It was foolish—think of it no more.

[Exit, c. D. F.—Bertrand looks after him in astonishment.]

Sus. [In a low voice.] My kind cousin !

Ber. Now that he is gone——

Mrs. L. The truth is, that—you know, cousin, before my marriage, after his return from college, Mr. Edward used to make love to me.

Ber. I never perceived it.

Mrs. L. [Looking at Susanna.] Because you were making love yourself. Well, thinking, perhaps, that I had forgotten all that, he wished to recall it to my memory—I threw myself into a passion—he threw himself on his knees—seized one of my hands, and you entered, and that is all.

Ber. Ah ! he is as much a madcap as ever ! but Susanna should have prevented this.

Sus. I !

Mrs. L. Psha ! I should be glad to know how you are to prevent a man from falling on his knees, if he pleases ?

Sus. [With embarrassment.] I assure you it was against my inclination, that——

Ber. [Crosses to Susanna.] I do not doubt it ; but, if Lackbrain were to suspect, you don't know what an irritated husband may do—for instance, a husband like myself, who takes fire like gunpowder—judge of the effects.

Sus. [Aside.] He freezes me with terror.

Mrs. L. There, cousin, you are beginning again !

Ber. Pardon me ! I forgot myself.

Mrs. L. [Crossing to L., and taking Susanna's arm.] Come, Susanna, let us go ; for really these husbands' moralities are much more dignified than entertaining.

Ber. [As they are going.] Then I hope, cousin, as you will have all the conversation to yourselves, that by the time you return, your pretty faces will have resumed their natural gaiety.

[Exit Mrs. Luckbrain and Susanna, L. D.]

Enter LACKBRAIN, C. D. F.

Lac. [Looking back after somebody, as he speaks, not seeing Bertrand.] How he runs ! this Mr. Edward ! oh, I know I am right ! my wife may say what she pleases, but it is for Susanna's sake that he has come back.

Ber. (L.) [Not seeing Lackbrain.] My poor friend, Lackbrain ! who sleeps in security on the faith of a compact.

Lac. [Aside, R.] I pity Bertrand, poor fellow !

Ber. [Turning round.] Oh, there you are !

Lac. [*With a ludicrous expression of grief, takes Bertrand's hand.*] Yes, my dear friend, my worthy friend! Oh!

Ber. What do you sigh for?

Lac. I don't sigh, I was only out of breath, because I saw somebody running.

Ber. Oh, then seeing somebody else run has put you out of breath? That is sympathy, indeed.

Lac. It was sympathy, indeed! however, I am quite ready to set off with you when you like.

Ber. Oh, we have plenty of time.

Lac. You think so? [*Aside.*] Poor fellow! he little knows——

Ber. You are in a great hurry; one would think you were eager to leave your wife: [*Aside.*] he would not be in such haste if he knew all.

Lac. And one would think you were afraid of leaving your's. [*After a pause.*] The colonel is a handsome man.

Ber. What does Mrs. Lackbrain say on that point?

Lac. Oh! she thinks him so, I know; he is very well, and not at all proud: he has not forgotten his old friends.

Ber. He loves us all, more or less.

Lac. Yes; altogether, and separately, too.

Ber. Every thing that belongs to you and me is dear to him.

Lac. So it seems: even the very air of the farm does him good, for, to return to what I mentioned of seeing somebody run—[*Mysteriously.*] it was Mr. Edward! do you know that he came out of this house?

Ber. [*Coldly.*] I know it.

Lac. [*Astonished.*] Oh, do you know, he was so agitated, that he ran right up against me without seeing me; and when I spoke to him, he only made more haste.

Ber. [*Impatiently.*] From whence you concluded——

Lac. [*Frightened.*] From whence I concluded he was in a hurry to get home—don't put yourself into a passion for that.

Ber. [*Aside.*] That is good! [*Aloud.*] When I returned, I found him here.

Lac. Then you saw him? And don't you feel any thing odd here? [*Laying his hand on Bertrand's heart.*]

Ber. My dear friend, be assured this gives me more concern than it does you.

Lac. [*Aside.*] I can easily believe that.

Ber. After all, it was a mere folly: come, come, cousin, we must forgive him.

Lac. Yes, we will forgive him. [*Aside.*] I see no reason against it on my part.

Ber. Listen to me, Lackbrain : if the colonel should repeat this folly, it is necessary to be a man.

Lac. Ay, let us be men.

Ber. We are relations, and this regards my honour as well as yours.

Lac. [*Aside, after staring at him for some time.*] A precious deal more, I should think !

Ber. But be calm ; remember, you have promised me to cause no disturbance.

Lac. Be at ease ; I am not one of that sort.

[*As Bertrand goes out, he meets Mrs. Lackbrain.*]

Ber. [*Aside to her.*] Your husband is acquainted with what passed this morning, but I have calmed him, and leave the rest to you. [*Exit, L. D.*]

Lac. [*Without looking at his wife.*] This poor Susanna ! I dar'nt look at her, I am afraid of humbling her too much. I have such an imposing look. [*His wife takes his hand gently.*] She takes my hand ! Poor thing ! I declare I feel as if I should cry ! Believe me, my dear cousin—[*Turns round.*—]—My wife !

Mrs. L. [*Astonished.*] Well, why this surprise ?

Lac. But I understand we were speaking of Mrs. Bertrand—I thought it was her.

Mrs. L. Hush !—Then you don't know the mystery

Lac. Mrs. Lackbrain, what does all this mean ?

Mrs. L. I won't tell you—you would blab, and cause, perhaps, a great deal of mischief. All I can tell you is, that you are only apparently deceived, my good friend ; consent to be so till to-morrow.

Lac. Till to-morrow ! And after to-morrow, and every day of my life, I suppose. There is no end to this sort of thing.

Mrs. L. I am sure you cannot doubt me ; but I wish you to forgive me.

Lac. Forgive you ! For what ? You have not offended me, to my knowledge.

Mrs. L. No matter—grant me your pardon.

Lac. Why should you need my pardon, if you have committed no fault ?

Mrs. L. Perhaps I wish to have one in reserve for a future occasion ; and trust me for not allowing it to lie dormant long.

Lac. Well, well, then—I forgive you. [*Embraces her.*]

Enter BERTRAND, *and, a moment after,* SUSANNA, L. D.

Ber. That is right, my friends ; that is as it should be.

Mrs. L. [*Caressing her husband.*] My good-hearted little husband !

Lac. My wife caresses me ! Oh, it's all over with me !

Ber. Come, Lackbrain, it is time we should set out.

Lac. I no longer like going.

Sus. [*To Bertrand.*] Pray hasten your return.

Lac. [*To his Wife.*] I won't go.

Mrs. L. What's the crotchet now ? Why not ?

Lac. Because you seem so delighted to get rid of me.

Mrs. L. What, you wish me to cry at your going ?—Never mind—I'll cry when you come back, instead.

Lac. [*To Mrs. Lackbrain.*] No ; Bertrand shall go alone, unless you explain all this mystery.

Mrs. L. What obstinacy ! Well, if I must—[*Whispers.*]—Now, remember, if you tell, I'll never forgive you.

Lac. I won't.

Ber. Come, my good fellow. Good bye, my little Susanna.

Mrs. L. [*To Lackbrain.*] Remember !

Lac. Yes, yes. [*Aside.*] But I will tell him, though ; for husbands owe these sort of things to one another.

[*Exeunt Lackbrain and Bertrand, c.*]

Mrs. L. We are at liberty at last.

Sus. Kind cousin, I can now speak my gratitude : without your generous self-devotion, I must have been lost ; Bertrand would have read my confusion in my eyes.

Mrs. L. 'Tis all at an end now ; but do you know that I had the greatest difficulty in persuading my husband to set out ?

Sus. [*Alarmed.*] And why ? Did he suspect ?

Mrs. L. No ; but he took it into his head to be jealous for the first time in his life.

Sus. See, cousin, how one error induces others !—Obliged to deceive my husband—to tremble lest every sigh should betray the secret of my heart ! I can no longer endure this state of suffering—I must tell him all !

Mrs. L. Have a care of doing that. In three days Edward will leave this place ; you will resume your tranquillity, and continue to make your husband happy, I to torment mine ; and every thing will then be in its natural order.

Sus. The General again !

Enter GENERAL, C.

Gen. Susanna, I wish to have some conversation with you.

Mrs. L. [*Going.*] General, if you have anything to say to me, I shall be in the house. [*As she goes out.*] More secrets!

[*Exit, L. D.*]

Sus. [*Aside.*] What can he have to say? [*Aloud.*] Sir, my time is always at your command.

[*Fetches him a chair.*]

Gen. [*Kindly.*] Sit down, my child. [*They sit.*] Listen to me with attention, and answer with sincerity. [*After a pause.*] Was gratitude towards me the only sentiment that influenced you to become Bertrand's wife?

Sus. [*Alarmed.*] Why this question?

Gen. Do not let this alarm you, but listen to me calmly: in giving you Bertrand for a husband, I never imagined I was constraining your inclinations; I thought that, sensible of his worth, you felt no repugnance.— [*Looking at her steadily.*]—If I deceived myself—if Susanna, a sacrifice to her gratitude—

Sus. [*Quickly.*] Why has this suspicion occurred to you to-day for the first time?

Gen. Hear me to an end, my child; do you regret having married Bertrand?

Sus. United to a worthy man, whose virtues I have every day cause to revere, how can I be otherwise than happy?

Gen. So that if this marriage were again to contract—?

Sus. I should think that in obeying you I sealed my happiness.

Gen. [*With great satisfaction.*] Ah! Susanna, from what a weight have you relieved my mind. I will not conceal from you that the fear of some misfortune—

[*During this interview the evening has perceptibly drawn in.*]

Sus. Some misfortune!

Gen. Know, then, that Edward has confided his sorrows to me.

Sus. [*With sympathy.*] Is he then unhappy?

Gen. His wife is the cause—some uneasiness has arisen between them, and his ardent character leads him to put no bounds to the expression of his grief. Would you believe it, Susanna, that he forgot himself so far as to upbraid his affectionate old father—to treat as injuries all the benefits I have conferred on him; in

his frenzy your name escaped his lips ; he dared to designate, as ill assorted, the ties which bind you to Bertrand, the man who saved his life ; he represented you as a victim forced to the altar by my barbarity and pride ; and I with difficulty prevented his returning here to disturb you with his useless complaints ? Hot-headed boy, he knows not what mischief his imprudence might occasion, I therefore entreat, Susanna, that you will not see him—it involves his and my peace of mind, and, perhaps, your own.

Enter EDWARD, C., who, seeing his Father, hides himself behind the cabinet, L.

Sus. I shall obey you.

Gen. Not that I for an instant doubt your prudence, or am so unjust towards Edward as to suppose he would ever injure the affectionate companion of his childhood ; but Bertrand is sensitive, and it is our duty to avoid the appearance as well as the reality of error. Adieu ! I will keep my son in view, but I rely upon your promise.

Sus. Be assured you may. [*Exit General.*] Cousin ! cousin !

Enter MRS. LACKBRAIN with a light, L. D.

Mrs. L. Well, what is it ?

Sus. Haste, my dear cousin, and fetch Bertrand home.

Mrs. L. Mercy on us, why ?

Sus. Edward may, perhaps, come.

Mrs. L. And if he does we must put a good face upon the matter.

Sus. But I've promised—take pity on my terrors—go and fetch him, perhaps he is not yet gone !

Mrs. L. [*Crosses to table, R.*] Calm yourself, then, and I will ; but, though I am not afraid of a lover, I confess I am of the dark. [*Brings a lantern, which she lights.*]

Sus. Make haste, dear cousin !

Mrs. L. Yes, yes ! [*Aside, as she goes.*] And, as Mr. Edward may come, I'll make bold to lock the door.

[*Exit, c.—Susan sits down before the glass, and leans her head upon her hand.*]

Sus. He is then unhappy, also !—and yet I have promised not to see him—but it was right.

[*Edward comes from behind the cabinet—Susanna sees him, and screams faintly.*]

Sus. (R.) Heavens ! what do I see ? You, Mr. Edward ! how came you here ?

Edw. (L.) Dear Susanna, why this terror? Am I not your friend, the companion of your childhood?

Sus. I have not forgotten; but leave me—I have promised not to receive you.

Edw. I know you have; they wish to separate us, Susanna, that I may not confide my griefs to you, which they would have me hide—I have then no longer any friends! forgive, forgive me, Susanna! you are still left me.

Sus. But, sir, your wife?

Edw. [*Bitterly.*] My wife! it is now I feel all the value of what I have lost—my wife! Listen, in marrying her, I obeyed my father, who assured me I should find my happiness in mutual esteem; but this sentiment was not sufficient for my heart: I became melancholy—a low fever consumed me—my wife, given up to the gay world, scarcely condescended to sacrifice a few moments to me—what a contrast to the tender cares I had experienced from Susanna! I recovered, and joined my regiment—my wife desired to be left behind—I complied, as I had ever been anxious to gratify her slightest wish—yet would you think it, Susanna, with all my friendship, all my attention, she hated me.

Sus. Hated you! oh, impossible!

Edw. She loved another!

Sus. [*Aside, struck with these words.*] As I do!

Edw. An intercepted letter was transmitted to me—I hastened back—forced my way to my wife's apartment, and found the coward at her feet—but I was revenged!

Sus. Heavens! you fought!

Edw. [*Passionately.*] The same evening I returned here, and, when I related to my father what had passed, and told him my determination to be publicly divorced from my wife, he talked to me of the world's opinion, that hateful idol, at whose shrine all my happiness was immolated; he wished me to bury the past in oblivion, and still appear a happy and contented husband.—No! never, never, will I see her more! The wife who can forget her duty deserves, and should meet, contempt and execration. [*Susanna shudders, and repeats the last words.*] And, when I seek the only friend who will sympathize in my sorrows, they calumniate me, and teach her to fear my presence; when, all I ask, is the sad privilege of relating my griefs, and participating in her's.

Sus. In mine! what can lead you to suppose—

Edw. Susanna, 'tis in vain to deny it: your paleness—the tear you endeavour to hide, all prove that, in separating us for ever, they sacrificed the happiness of both.

Sus. Hold, sir; this is a language I must not listen to: you have said, and justly, that the wife who can forget her duty deserves nothing but contempt and execration.

Edw. Can these recollections alarm you? Oh! let me recall those happy times, when the idea of being separated from you never crossed my thoughts—Susanna then was free!

Sus. [*Interrupting.*] And could listen to you without a crime; but now—I must entreat you to leave me: should my husband return, what would he think?

Edw. Susanna, I obey you; for worlds I would not cause you uneasiness: in future, therefore, as it is your wish, I will not see you but in Bertrand's presence.

[*He is about to go, when the door at the lower end is opened—the sudden current of air extinguishes the light.*]

Enter BERTRAND, C. D. F., followed by MRS. LACKBRAIN, with the lantern.

Ber. In darkness! Susanna! Susanna!

Sus. My husband!

[*As Mrs. Lackbrain uncovers the light, Bertrand sees Edward.*]

Ber. A man!—The colonel! Then Lackbrain has not deceived me.

Mrs. L. [*Aside.*] How!—Edward! Let me hasten for the general. [*Runs out, C. D. F.*]

Edw. (*L.*) Bertrand, listen to me.

Ber. [*Furiously.*] Why are you here shut up with her alone, at night? Answer!

Edw. Bertrand, I swear to you—

Ber. You swore to me this morning, also. You only waited for my absence; but I will be revenged! I have been a soldier—you understand me.

Sus. (*R.*) Bertrand, I conjure you by all that is sacred to listen to me!

Ber. [*Violently repulsing her.*] Away, false woman! I will never see you more! Keep this farm—these goods—they belong to you; for me—if I escape the fate I wish to meet—I will go far from hence! Though infirm, I can still support myself by the labour of my

hands; and, in exile, I shall be happy; for there, at least, none will know my shame! [*With increasing fury, as he runs and takes down the pistols from the fire-place, R.*] Follow me!

Sus. Edward, do not go!

Ber. [*Bitterly.*] Comfort yourself—I may fall!

Edw. Great heaven! those very arms preserved my life!

Ber. Well, they will now aid you to destroy mine.

Edw. Would you make me murder my preserver!—No, no!—Never will I consent.

Ber. Do you prefer passing for a coward?

Edw. Bertrand!

Ber. [*Half frantic.*] I no longer see in you my benefactor's son, but a treacherous seducer! You have dishonoured me!—Coward, follow me!

Sus. [*Throwing herself on her knees before him.*] Bertrand, think of our children!

[*She clings to him—he throws her violently off—she falls to the ground, and he drags Edward off with him—Susanna tries to follow, but sinks exhausted.*]

Sus. My strength fails me! Bertrand!—Bertrand! And I cannot call for help.

Enter the GENERAL and MRS. LACKBRAIN, hastily, C. D. F.

Gen. Where is Edward?

Sus. [*Points to the garden, C., in a voice half suffocated.*] Hasten—there—there!

[*As the General runs to the door, the report of two pistols is heard—Susanna shrieks and falls senseless—the General stands petrified—BERTRAND rushes in wildly, with a pistol in his hand, and kneels to General.*]

Gen. Bertrand, where is my son?

Ber. Oh, my benefactor! do not curse me!

[*Curtain falls*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

MRS. LACKBRAIN.

SUSANNA. BERTRAND. GENERAL.

R.]

[L.

THE END.

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