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LOPEZ AND WEMYSS'
EDITION.

NO. 3

THE
ACTING AMERICAN THEATRE.

THE TRAGEDY OF
SUPERSTITION,

WITH A PORTRAIT OF

MRS. DUFF,

IN THE CHARACTER OF

MARY.

The Plays carefully corrected from the Prompt books of the
PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.

By **M. Lopez, Prompter.**

PUBLISHED BY A. R. POOLE, PHILADELPHIA,
E. M. MURDEN, NEW YORK, and P. THOMPSON, WASH-
INGTON CITY.

FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

And to be had of all the principal booksellers in the
UNITED STATES.

Price to Non-Subscribers, Fifty Cents.

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In presenting to the Public the first Number of the Acting American Theatre, the proprietors feel a pleasure in producing a specimen of American Work, which they trust will satisfy their patrons, of their determination to set emolument aside.

The want of a work, in which would be combined the excellence of the most perfect copy, with the manner of its exhibition on the Stage, a *desideratum* to the profession and an advantage to the public, induced the late Mr. Oxberry to commence his edition, the usefulness of which has been sufficiently tested; had that work been peculiarly adapted to this country, it would have been arrogance in us to have entered the lists, but it is not:—a comparison of the copy of Oxberry, with the representation on the Stage, will at once show how necessarily the English plays have been Americanized, it is our object to print them as represented on the American Stage, and the proprietors hope to give general satisfaction on this head.

It is intended to embellish each number with a characteristic portrait of some performer on the American boards. The portraits will as far as practicable be executed by Mr. Neagle, and the engraving by Mr. Longacre, both Americans; possessing talents which rank them high in public opinion.

Each piece will be faithfully printed from its respective official copy in the Library of the Philadelphia Theatre.

Every exertion will be made to obtain Original American Dramas, which will be printed as early as possible.

The superintendance of this Publication has been assigned to M. LOPEZ, Prompter of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres.

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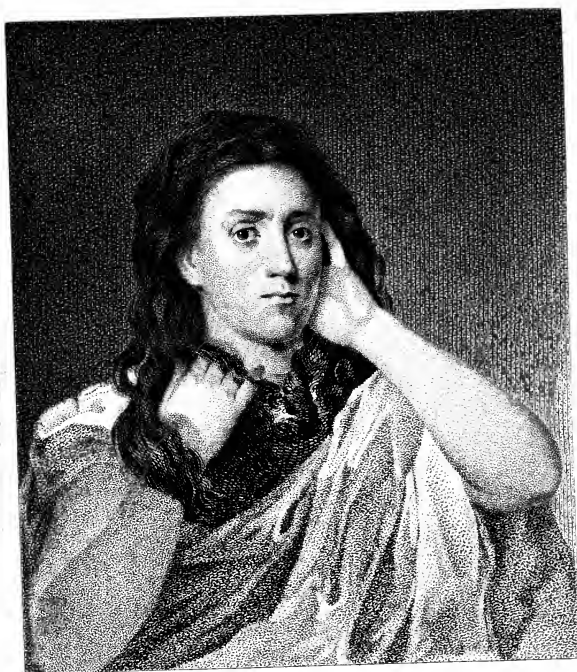
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The work will be continued if 500 subscribers can be obtained.

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EDITION.

ACTING AMERICAN THEATRE.

CONTAINING THE MOST

POPULAR PLAYS,

AS THEY ARE PERFORMED AT THE

PHILADELPHIA THEATRE;

Carefully corrected and published from the Prompt Books; and
accompanied with likenesses of

DISTINGUISHED PERFORMERS,

IN CHARACTERS,

Engraved from Portraits executed for the Work, by
Eminent Artists.

By *M. Lopez, Prompter,*

OF THE PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE THEATRES.

PUBLISHED BY A. R. POOLE, CHESNUT STREET,

FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

And to be had of all the principal booksellers in the U. S.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :



BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the Third day of April, in the Fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1826, MATHIAS LOPEZ AND FRANCIS C. WEMYSS of the said District, have deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit: "Lopez and Wemyss' Edition. Acting American Theatre, containing the most popular Plays, as they are performed at the Philadelphia Theatre; carefully corrected and published from the Prompt Books; and accompanied with likenesses of distinguished Performers, in characters, Engraved from Portraits executed for the work, by eminent artists." By M. Lopez, Prompter of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres.

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Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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The principal incidents of the following humble attempt at a Domestic Tragedy, are said to have actually occurred in New England, in the latter part of the 17th Century. If objections be made to the catastrophe as improbable, the best answer is, that such an event is found recorded in the authentic history of that dark period. The author would willingly have made his lovers happy, if, as a faithful chronicler, he could have done so; but he thought he was bound to give the story as he found it. Perhaps it may not be so well calculated for scenic representation; but it is still more likely that any failure observable in stage effect, may be owing to the author's want of dramatic skill.

Dramatis Personæ.

Philadelphia.

Performed (First time) March 12, 1824.

<i>Sir Reginald Egerton,</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Warren.
<i>George Egerton,</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Wemyss.
<i>Ravensworth</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Darley.
<i>Walford</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Wheatly.
<i>Charles</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Wood.
<i>The Unknown</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Duff.
<i>Judge</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Greene.
<i>1st. Villager</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Hathwell.
<i>2nd. ditto</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Messenger</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Bignall.
<i>1st Officer</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Johnston.
<i>2nd. Officer</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Murray.
<i>Edward,</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Parker.
<i>Boy</i>	.	.	.	Master H. Mestayer.
<i>2nd. Judge</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Mestayer.
<i>Officer</i>	.	.	.	J. Mestayer.
<i>Villagers, Indians, Sups.</i>				
<i>Isabella</i>	.	.	.	Mrs. Wood.
<i>Mary</i>	.	.	.	Mrs. Duff.
<i>Alice</i>	.	.	.	Mrs. Durang.
<i>Lucy</i>	.	.	.	Mrs. Greene.
<i>Female Villagers,</i>				Mrs. Mestayer, Bignall, Murray, Misses
<i>Parker, Hathwells, Mestayers.</i>				

*Scene in New England, about the year 1675.
Time, a little more than Twenty-four hours.*

Stage Directions.

By	R. H.	is meant	Right Hand.
	L. H.		Left Hand.
	S. E.		Second Entrance.
	U. E.		Upper Entrance.
	M. D.		Middle Door.
	D. F.		Door in Flat.
	R. H. D.		Right Hand Door.
	L. H. D.		Left Hand Door.

Time of Representation.—Two hours and Forty minutes.

SUPERSTITION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Village at a little distance. In front, on the left of the Stage, the cottage of Ravensworth; a handsome rustic building. A large mansion, on an eminence nearer the Village, on the right.*

Enter from the Cottage, MARY and ALICE, L. H.

Mary. Nay, come away dear Alice, every moment

Of your brief visit must be wholly mine ;
Let's leave our fathers to their grave discourse
Of witch and wizard, ere we laugh outright.

Alice. It is a subject that the country round
Deems a most solemn one.

Mary. True : but to me,
'Tis not the less absurd on that account.

Alice. This levity 's misplac'd : your father claims
Your love and reverence——

Mary. And I do revere him,
And love him dearly, Alice ; do I not ?
How often have I striven to melt his sternness ;
And, when my heart was sick of its own cares,
Lock'd up my selfish sorrows from his view,
And tried, by every filial endearment, [est ;
To win his smiles. E'en when his brow was dark-
I've brav'd it's terrors ; hung upon his neck,
And spoken of my mother : O how sweet
It were methought, even to weep with him.

Alice. You're an enthusiast, Mary. Ah, beware,
Lest this impetuous current of your feeling
Urge you, one day, against the perilous rock.

Mary. I'm young, and youth is ardent, and should
 be
 Cheerful, and full of bright and sunny thoughts ;
 I would be if I dared. You too are young,
 Yet may be happy ; for you have a parent
 Who, tho' he guide you safely down the stream,
 Does not, like angry pilots, chide, e'en louder
 Than the loud storm.

Alice. His high and holy office
 May, haply give to your good father's manner,
 A grave solemnity, perhaps, a harshness——

Mary. And why a harshness ? Sure, ah sure,
 Religion
 Descends not like the vulture in its wrath ;
 But rather like the mild and gentle dove,
 Emblem of peace and harbinger of joy,
 Love in its' eye and healing on its' wing ;
 With pure and snowy plumage, downy soft,
 To nestle in the bosom of its votaries.

Alice. I cannot argue ; I'm content to follow
 Where e'er our fathers lead. For you, I fear
 You've learn'd too much from this mysterious
 stranger.

Mary. O Alice, join not you with the slanderous
 crowd,
 Against a noble lady, whom you know not.
 For me, be satisfied I never more
 Perhaps, shall see her : I've obeyed my father ;
 And must, tho' it should break my heart : tho'

Charles—— *(Pauses, crosses to L. H.)*

Alice. And what of Charles ?

Mary. Her son——

Alice. I know : her son,
 And what of him ?

Mary. This very day, 'tis said
 He will be here——

Alice. Expell'd, they say, from college.

Mary. Disgraced——'Tis false : Charles cannot be
 disgraced ;

If envy, persecution, drive him thence,
They but disgrace themselves, and not poor Charles.

Alice. Mary?

Mary. Yes; take my secret; take it quickly,
Or it will burst my heart.

Alice. Nay, but be calm.

Mary. You shall know all—surely you'll pity,
Alice,

And perhaps, pardon me. Three years ago
When Charles's mother first came here to live;
From England, was it not: The village then
Had scarce begun to hate her, for as yet
She had not lavish'd charities abroad,
To purchase up ingratitude and envy.
Being her nearest neighbour, (my dear mother
Was then alive,) there rose at once between us
That intercourse which neighbourhood compels
At times, e'en with the most reserved. The lady
I know not why, unless out of her goodness,
Graced me with her regard, and when my mother
Died, she took the desolate child to her bosom.

Alice. 'Twas kindly done.

Mary. O she was goodness all,
Her words so sweet and soothing; as she spoke,
Alice, methought I saw my sainted mother
Lean o'er the bright edge of a silvery cloud
And smile upon her happy orphan girl,—
And there was Charles, so busy still around me,
Exhausting all his boyish gallantries,
With brotherly affection.—

Alice. Charles, still Charles?

Mary. Can I forget it!—

Alice. Nay, go on.

Mary. The winter
Soon pass'd away, and then the spring came on
With all its flowers, and still the earliest blossom
Was cull'd for me. O, we were then so happy—
I always lov'd the spring. Young nature then
Came to me like a play-mate. Ere the snows

Had left the hills, I've often wander'd forth,
 And, all impatient for the verdure, clear'd
 A patch of infant green ; or even turn'd
 With mighty effort, some recumbent stone,
 To find the fresh grass under it.

Alice. This is childish.

Mary. I was a child, then,—would I were e'en
 now,

As then I was—my life, I fear will prove
 A wintry waste with no green spot to cheer it ;

Alice. More visionary still.

Mary. Well, to my story:—

My father took me home, I think it was
 About the time you came into the village,
 Fell superstition now had spread around.
 Reports—I scarce know what they meant—arose
 Concerning Isabella ; and my father
 Made gloomier by my mother's death, and yielding
 His strong mind to the doctrine of the times,
 Grew daily still more stern, until at length,
 At peril of his curse, he bade me never
 To hold communion with that family.

Alice. And you obeyed ?

Mary. All that I could, I did.

But O the tales they tell—the horrid stories—
 Her very virtues they distort to crimes.
 And for poor Charles, his manliness and spirit,
 The gayety of youth and innocence,
 In him are vices. Could I help defending,
 Knowing them as I did :—all others hating,
 Could I help loving !—

Alice. Loving, Mary ?

Mary. Ay ; Most deeply, strongly loving Charles
 and his mother.

Alice. But sure you have not seen this Charles ?

Mary. Not often.—

Nay frown not friend, for how could I avoid it,
 When chance insisted on an interview ?

Alice. Have ye met lately ?

Mary. Yes.

Alice. What pass'd between you?

Mary. A plight of faith : A vow to live or die,
Each for the other.

Alice. Lost, lost girl.

Mary. Why, ay,
It may be so ; if so, 'tis Heaven's will.
You have my secret Alice.

*Enter from the House, RAVENSWORTH and WAL-
FORD, L. II.*

Alice. Peace ; our fathers.

(*They retire into house, L. H.*)

Rav. No, Walford, no : I have no charity
For what you term the weakness of our nature.
The soul should rise above it. It was this
That made the fathers of this land prevail,
When man and the elements opposed, and win
Their heritage from the heathen.

Walf. True ; the times
Impos'd a virtue, almost superhuman.
But surely, the necessity is pass'd
For trampling on our nature.

Rave. We have grown
Luke-warm in zeal, degenerate in spirit ;--
I would root out with an unsparing hand,
The weeds that choke the soil ;—pride and rank
luxury

Spring up around us ;—alien sectaries,
Spite of the whip and axe, infest our limits ;
Bold infidelity, dark sorcery—

Walf. Nay,
Nay Ravensworth—

Rave. I tell thee Walford, yea :
The powers of darkness are at work among us.
Not distant we have seen the fagot blaze,
And soon the stake may ask its victim here.

Walf. What victim point you at?

Rave. Turn your eye—thither
Upon yon haughty mansion—you have heard?—

Walf. Much idle rumour.

Rave. Do you deem it so.

Whence then, and who is this imperious dame,
That holds herself above her fellow creatures,
And scorns our church's discipline : her means—
Her business here ?

Walf. The ignorant and envious
May find, in her superior intellect—
E'en in her ample wealth and proud reserve
Food for their hate, and therefore their suspicion ;
But for us, Ravensworth—

Rave. No more, ere long,
'These questions must be answer'd.

Walf. Be it so ;
I shall be ready in all lawful ways
To seek the truth.

Rave. 'Tis well, we soon may need you.
What public tidings hear you ?

Walf. That King Philip
Our savage foe, after his late defeat,
Has gained his rocky hold, where he now lies,
With scarce a fragment of his former force.

Rave. Where are our troops ?

Walf. They watch the enemy.

Rave. They should have followed up their vic-
tory,

To the extermination of the heathen.—
Has there aught chanc'd in the village ?

Walf. There have arrived
'Two persons from the court of Charles.

Rave. More vanity !
What do they here ?

Walf. The elder, it is said,
Brings letters to the government.

(Crosses to L. H.)

Rave. Charles Stuart,
Is growing much concern'd about the people

His family have scourged, hunted and driven
From shed and shelter in their native land.

We needs must thank that most paternal care,
That, when the expos'd infant climbs to manhood
Comes for the first time, then, to claim his service.

Walf. You broach a startling topic—But the day
wears—

Fare thee well Ravensworth.

Rave. Farewell, farewell. (*Exit WALFORD, L. H.*)
Timid, weak minded man.

Enter MARY, from House, L. H.

Come hither daughter

Mary. Father! (*running to him.*)

Rave. What mean these tears?

Mary. I cannot check them.

Rave. They do displease me, tears can only flow
From frailty or from folly, dry them straight,
And listen to me. I have heard, the son
Of this strange woman is returning home,
And will again pollute our neighbourhood;
Remember my command, and shun his presence
As you would shun the adder. If report
Err not, his course of boyhood has been run
Without one gleam of virtue to redeem
The darkness of his vices.

Mary. I'll obey—

To the utmost of my power.—But, my dear father,
May not report err sometimes? You were wont
To instruct me never to withhold the truth;
And fearlessly to speak in their defence,
Whom I could vindicate from calumny;
That to protect the innocent, the absent—

Rave. How's this! the innocent—and calumny?
And whence do you presume to throw discredit
On general report—What can you know?

Mary. Not much perhaps, of late: while I remain'd
At his mother's—he was in his boyhood then;

I knew him well : and there's one incident
 Much dwelt on to his prejudice, that I
 Was witness to—if you would bid me tell it.

Rave. O, by all means, come, your romance.

Mary. 'Tis truth.

It was a wintry day, the snow was deep,
 And the chill rain had fallen and was frozen,
 That all the surface was a glittering crust.—
 We were all gather'd in the lady's hall,
 That overlook'd the lawn ; a poor stray fawn
 Came limping toward us. It had lost, perhaps,
 It's dam, and chas'd by cruel hunters, came
 To seek a refuge with us. Every bound
 The forlorn creature made, its little feet
 Broke through the crust, and we could mark that
 one

Of its delicate limbs was broken. A rude boy
 Follow'd it fast, as it would seem, to kill it ;
 I could not choose but wish its life were sav'd,
 And at the word Charles ran and took it up,
 And gave it to me, and I cherish'd it
 And bound its broken limb up ; and it liv'd,
 And seem'd to thank me for my care of it.

Rave. But was this all ? Was not the village lad
 assailed and beaten ?

Mary. He was rude and churlish,
 And would have forc'd the animal from Charles.
 And tho' 'twas on his mothers' grounds, Charles
 proffer'd him
 The price of the fawn ; But nothing would content
 him,

And he struck Charles ; he was a larger boy,
 But did not prove the stronger—so he went
 And made the village all believe his story,
 That Charles had robb'd and beaten him, for Charles
 Had none to speak for him.

Rave. No more of this—
 And never let me hear the name you've utter'd
 Pass from your lips again. It is enough

I know this youth for a lewd libertine;
 The woman, for a scoffer at things sacred,
 At me, and at my functions—and perhaps,
 Given to practices, that yet may need
 A dreadful expiation. Get you gone,
 And on your knees petition that you may not
 Deserve my malediction.

Mary. I obey. (*Exit MARY, into cottage, L. H. followed by RAVENSWORTH.*)

Enter GEORGE EGERTON, followed by SIR REGINALD, both in shooting dresses, R. H. U. E.

Geo. By Heaven a lovely creature!

Sir R. Softly George,

Is this the game you point at? Have a care,
 You're not in London now, where our gay monarch
 Sets such a fine example, in these matters.
 They'll have no poaching here, that I can tell you,
 Among their wives and daughters. These same
 roundheads,

That crop their hair so short—a plague upon 'em—
 Will cut your ears as close, if you're caught med-
 dling. [to.

George. Why what a heathen region have we come
 What a deuce, uncle, did you bring me here for?
 To shoot at bears and panthers; pleasant sport;
 No women: zounds; I'll back to court again—
 No women! (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Sir R. None: the old they burn for witches,
 The young they keep clos'd up, (like flies in amber)
 In adamantine ice.—

George. They should be hang'd
 For treason against nature. Let the old ones
 Freeze, 'tis their charter; but youth should have
 fire.

Sir R. They've good laws here for gallants—
 t'other day
 They put a man i' the stocks because he kiss'd
 His wife o' Sunday.

George. They were in the right.

Kiss his own wife ! it is a work-day business ;
Play-days and holy-days, are made for lovers.

Sir R. To lay hands on a maid here's present
death.

George. It might be so in London, and no lives
lost :

The law were a dead letter there—

Sir R. And widows

May not be spoken to, under the pain
Of fine and pillory.

George. Uncle, let's embark,
Tho' for the north pole ; this clime is too cold—
Or to some catholic country, where a man
May have flesh sometimes : here 'tis always lent.

Sir R. No : you must stay, your stomach must
endure it.

George. I'faith, dear uncle, being a cavalier,
A gentleman of honour and of breeding,
I marvel much you could come hither ; but
The greater wonder is, you'd have me with you,
Knowing my humour.

Sir R. Troth, my gentle nephew,
Knowing your humour, I could do no better
Than take you from the sphere of Charles's court ;
From Rochester, and his dissolute companions,
To cool your blood here in the wilderness.

George. Well ! there may come a time.

Sir R. As for my voyage,
Perhaps it was a royal jest : or, haply
My clothes had grown too rusty for the court.
Or Charles was tired of the old cavalier,
Who had fought some battles for him, and consum'd
Some certain paltry acres—all he had—
And having left no vacant place at court,
He sent me here Ambassador.

George. But uncle,
Is that your character ?

Sir R. Much the same thing,
In christian countries, nephew ; I'm a spy.

George. The devil !

Sir R. Yes : we read in ancient history,
Of Kings and Emperors, who have kept the men
Who help'd them to the Throne, (by simply putting
Their fathers out o'the way)—about their persons,
As their prime friends. But Charles, being advis'd
That this was in bad taste, and took place only
In semi-barbarous courts, finds it decorous
To grow a little angry with the persons
That kill'd his father. And being told, besides,
That his most loving and beloved subjects
This side the water—who, by the way, he never
Thought of before—had given food and shelter
To certain of the regicides, he sends me
To——

George. Well Sir ?

Sir R. Nothing. Come, 'tis growing late

(*Crosses to L. H.*)

We must regain our cottage. In the morning,
We leave the village.

George. 'Gad, with all my soul—
And so to England ?

Sir R. Not so fast, good Springal,
We must have patience yet. Come, let's begone.

George. I'll see her in the morning, tho' they
hang me.

(*Exeunt, L. H. GEORGE looking back.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Forest. In the back ground an insulated caverned rock. Night. The UNKNOWN enters by a bridge formed of the trunk of a tree, which is let down from the rock, U. E. R. H. (His dress is of Skins: his general appearance, wild—but his air and manner dignified. He is armed.)*

Unk. Yes: it is near the dawn—the dawn! when
man

Again shall greet his fellow man, and nature,
Through all her living kingdom shall rejoice.
I only of the human race, condemn'd
To shun my species, and in caves of night
Shut out the common day. Ye glorious stars,
I gaze on you—I look on you, ye Heavens,
With an unblenching eye. You read the heart,
And you can judge the act. If I was wrong;
If innocent blood rest on me—here I stand
To pay the dreadful forfeiture,—let fall
In drops of fire your red-hot vengeance on me.
Am I a murderer? Is the mark of Cain
Imprinted on my front!—I would not murmur—
But as I am but man, forgive it Heaven.
Torn from the beings that I fondly lov'd.—
For nineteen years an outlaw and a wanderer—
Proscribed and hunted like the ravening wolf;—
A price set on my felon head—A felon!
Am I so, Heaven! Did these wounds, receiv'd
In thy holy cause, stream with a felon's blood,
Was it a felon's courage nerv'd my arm,
A felon's zeal that burn'd within my heart?
Yet this I could endure—but when I think
Of thee my child—my daughter—Ha! a step!
Perhaps a beast of prey! I fear not that,
The panther is my co-mate and my brother;
Man only is mine enemy—He comes.
(Retires into cave, L. H. U. E.)

Enter CHARLES, R. H. in a neat hunting dress of green, cap, &c. a short sword, or couteau-de-chasse slung, and a gun in his hand.

Charles. Each step I take but plunges me the deeper

In this wild labyrinth.—Here's a pretty scene
For those whose love o' the picturesque, could
make them

Forget their bed and supper. My poor mother
Will be so disappointed—and, dear Mary,
Will not your hopes, too, rise with the lark : I'll on,
But whither ? May I not be straying further :
I must needs make my couch e'en here.—What's
this ?

A bridge ; and further on, methinks, a cavern,
'Twill serve—But hold—perhaps I shall disturb
Some wild beast in his lair. Tut ! 'tis some hunter
Has made his cabin here—I'll try. (*Going to cavern.*)

Unk. Pass not. (*Enters from cave.*)

Charles. You speak commandingly.

Unk. And may, when strangers
Intrude upon my privacy. That cave
Is mine, my castle.

Charles. It must be confess'd
You play the Castellain right courteously.

Unk. No trifling, boy. Are you a spy ?—What
are you ?

Charles. My answer's here. (*Levelling his gun.*)

Unk. Tut, overweening child,
Level thy weapon at the timid deer
That fears thy puny skill. The wither'd leaf
Stirr'd by the falling nut, or passing breeze,
Startles as much as does thy idle menace.

Charles. To prove it is not idle—

Unk. Hold, rash boy ;
If but this tube is rais'd, thou perish'st.
For years, as many as thou tell'st of life,
I've wielded it.

Charles. I've had some practice too.

Unk. Do you provoke your fate!— But hold; no,
no—

Though 'twere my sole security, no blood.
He spoke of his mother too; I'll not deprive
The mother of her child—Hear me bold youth.
'Tis meet that I should know so much of thee,
As to be well assur'd thou com'st not hither,
At this dark hour, for evil purpose—tell me—
I do not now command, but I request thee—
Wherefore this visit?

Charles. Now, sir, that your question
Is one a gentleman may give reply to,
I'll frankly tell you. I've a mother lives,
I trust, in the next town. A short time since
I left her, for the second time, for college,
To make a second trial for the honours,
I think, with due humility, I'd merited.
Their worships as before play'd with my patience,
'Till I grew tired of it, and told them so,
In good round terms. Glad of the fit excuse,
They just discover'd then, I was too wild
For their strait limits, and so they expell'd me.

Unk. You speak but lightly of a circumstance
That an ingenuous and aspiring youth;
And, such you seem, might well think serious.

Charles. I cannot be a hypocrite, and deem
The acts of solemn folly serious.
When I shall cease to scorn malevolence
And learn to reverence cant and superstition,
Then, not 'till then, I'll weep at my expulsion.

Unk. But to your tale.

Charles. 'Tis told: I turn'd my back
On my grave censors; seized my hunter's arms,
And struck into the wilderness for home;
Which by the forest route I hoped to reach
Ere the light closed to-day. I was deceiv'd.
Night came upon me; yet, I travell'd on,
For by a civil horseman that pass'd by

I had sent letters bidding them expect me
 Briefly, when I had fairly lost myself
 I met a hunter, whose bark cabin stands
 A few miles hence. He put me in the track,
 And pointed out a certain star to steer by ;
 But passing clouds, and intervening boughs,
 And perhaps thoughts of home, and those at
 home,
 Marr'd my astronomy. I lost my star,
 And then I lost my path, and then myself.
 And so, through swamp and thicket, brake and
 bramble,
 I've scrambled on thus far—and, there's my story.

Unk. Your way was perilous—Did you meet
 nothing?

Charles. Not much. Sometimes a snake I trod
 on coil'd

Around my leg, but I soon shook him off ;
 A howl at times approach'd—and as I pass'd,
 The brake stirr'd near me with some living thing
 Beside myself—but this was all.

Unk. 'Twas wrong,
 Rashly to tempt these dangers. If your air
 Deceive me not, you are of foreign birth.

Charles. Not four years since, we left our native
 England.

Unk. England !

Charles. But why's a mystery. We're not known
 Nor understood here ; we're of another world.

Unk. Your name ?

Charles. 'Tis Charles Fitzroy.

Unk. Fitzroy ! Your mother's ?

Charles. You're somewhat curious : Isabella.

Unk. Ha !

Charles. What is it moves you ?

Unk. Isabella, say you ?

Charles. This strong emotion—

Unk. It is nothing, nothing.—

Or—is it strange that I should feel emotion
At the sad tale you tell?

Charles. Sad tale!

Unk. I wander.—

I've been a solitary man so long
That—'Tis no matter.—What dost think me youth?

Charles. A hunter who loves freedom and the
forest;

Who'd rather kill his venison in the wood
Than toil for it in the town. Am I not right?

Unk. 'Tis true—I am—a hunter—

Charles. But a strange one.—

But come, sir, will you put me on my way?

Unk. Will you not rather enter my poor cave
And take it's shelter till the morning breaks?

'Twill not be long.

Charles. I cannot lose a moment
In selfish rest, while those who love me suffer.

Unk. Give me your hand then. I'm your friend.

Charles. I thank you.

'Tis the first cordial grasp I've had from man.

Unk. Poor youth! But hold—Give me your
solemn promise

To keep this meeting secret.

Charles. I hate secrets;

Lovers alone should have them.

Unk. There are reasons:—

I cannot now disclose them—solemn reasons.—

I do implore you—

Charles. Sir, be satisfied;

I'll not reveal it.

Unk. Nor allude to it,

However press'd—Nor give the darkest hint
That such a man as I exist!

Charles. I promise.

Unk. I'm satisfied. Your words are from the
heart.

Fidelity and truth sit on your brow.

The blush of morn begins to tinge the east ;
 You are not far from home ; you'll soon embrace
 Your mother, Charles. Come, this way lies the path.
 (*Exeunt, L. H.*)

SCENE II.—*An open Wood near the cottage of Ravensworth. Early dawn.*

Enter GEORGE EGERTON, L. H.

George. Poor uncle ! little does your wisdom
 dream,

(*Being abed*) what ramble I'm upon.

A hopeful enterprize, this of my uncle's—

To tame me in a wild wood. Ay, and then

His bug-bear stories of the laws—confound 'em,

Last night they spoil'd the sweetest vision for me ;

Methought I saw this beauteous puritan,

The parson's daughter ; well, I woo'd and won—

A thing of course—But going to embrace her,

I hugg'd—my pillow, think you ? no ; a pillory !

Well : I'm resolved in spite of dream and omen,

To see her, if I can, before we go.

I've three hours, good ; and three hours may do
 much.—

By Vulcan, the intruding and lame God,

My uncle limping this way ! Gout confound him.

A royal oak ! Bend your umbrageous branches,

And saving me, be twice immortalized.

(*Conceals himself in a tree.*)

Enter SIR REGINALD, L. H.

Sir R. S'blood ! the young rebel, what a march
 he's led me !

Tortur'd too, all the route, like a poor prisoner

By my own natural enemy the gout.

The worst of 't is I cannot find the rascal,
I've been around the house ; And I'd ha' sworn
That was his mark. If I but catch him—Hey !

Enter MARY, R. H.

A pretty girl—I'faith, a pretty girl !
I'll speak to her, I will ; there's no one near—
Hem ! Save you lady.—

Mary. (Who is anxiously looking another way.)

Would you aught with me, sir !

Sir R. Aught ? Yes, egad : a very pretty girl—
My dear, I—that is—

George. So, so, my grave uncle.—

Sir R. I meant to say—'tis somewhat early, child,
For youth like yours—She's beautiful by gad :—
To leave your downy slumbers—

George. Poetry !

Mary. It is my custom, sir—But age like yours
May suffer from the chill air of the morning.

George. A brave girl, faith :

Mary. (Aside.) 'Tis one of those strange per-
sons,

My father spoke of—would that he would go.

Sir R. Why, as you say, my dear,—that is—in
fact—

George. Nay, charge again, brave cavalier.

Sir R. In truth then,

My errand here so early, was to seek
A runagate nephew.

George. Meaning me.—

Sir R. A rascal !

Pray lady have you met him.

Mary. Sir, I know not

The person you enquire for.

Sir R. I'll describe him.

George. Now for a flattering portrait.

Sir R. (Aside.) I'll disgust her

Lest he, perchance, should meet her—He's a fellow
Of an indifferent person, which his tailor

Cannot make handsome ; yet he thinks himself
 The only true Adonis. He has language
 If you can understand it. When he speaks,
 'Tis in a lisp or oath. His gait's between
 A swagger and a dance. His grin's from France,
 His leer from Cyprus. He's a Turk in morals,
 And is of that religion no man knows of :
 In fine, he's as ridiculous as dangerous—
 A mongrel thing ; a slip of the coxcomb, madam,
 Grafted upon the rake.

Mary. Sir, you describe
 A monster.

Sir R. You have hit it : that is he,
 Should he approach you shun him.

Mary. Sir, I shall.

George. Here's a kind uncle : but I'll be reveng'd.
 (SIR REGINALD bows and exit, L. H.)

Mary. He should have come last night : yet here's
 the morning,

And yet he comes not. He cannot have pass'd me.
 Is it because this is his homeward path
 That I am loitering here ? I fear it is—
 O, I am most imprudent—most forgetful—
 I fear most sinful.

George. (Descending, and comes down L. H.)
 Now he's out of sight.

And now for the encounter—Madam, your slave.
 Nay start not ; I am not the monster, lady,
 That gouty person pictur'd. Did you know him
 But half so well as I, you'd not believe him,
 Or did you but know me, but half so well
 As I would have you, and you would believe him
 To be the most transcendant of romancers.
 Bunyan's book, madam, is true history,
 To that he speaks. He was a soldier once,
 But was cashier'd for lying. Mandeville,
 The greatest liar of antiquity,
 May be hereafter quoted as authentic,
 When he's believ'd.—And I'm his nephew, too!

A pleasant jest : he kept the wild beasts, madam,
In London, till they turn'd him off for stealing
The lion's supper—Yet a single moment.

Mary. What would you sir ?

George. You see, before you lady,
The most unfortunate young fellow breathing,
Banish'd to this strange country for the crime
Of being too susceptible—and sentenc'd
To die a lingering death upon the rack,
Unless your smile reprieve him.

Mary. This is strange :
I do not understand you.

George. If my words
Lack meaning lady, look into my eyes,
And thro' them to my heart, and see enshrin'd
Your worshipp'd image there—

Mary. Most wonderful,
What language is't you speak, sir ?

George. Ma'am : what language ?
English, I think. The pretty simpleton !
Bred in the woods, to her a metaphor
Is Heathen Greek. Madam those foolish figures
Are all the mode at court ; and mean, my dear,
In simple phrase—

Mary. I pray sir let me pass—

George. Not yet my child—

Mary. Sure 'tis a madman.

George. True,
And therefore treat me soothingly and kindly,
For of all madmen, your mad lover's maddest.
Do you not fear me ?

Mary. No.

George. Why, then you love me.
Come ; I have seen such clouds before ; they tell
Of coming sunshine—nay you must not go.—
I will be monstrous kind to thee, and love thee
Most constantly—

Mary. Release me.

George. Ay, and take thee

To England, child, and make thee there, my dear,
The envy of thy sex.

Mary. If you're a gentleman—

George. The conscious grove would blush its
green leaves red,

Should I give back.

Mary. Do you not fear the laws ?

George. Nor law, nor gospel now—Come, come
'tis folly—

Mary. O Heav'n : help, help !

*Enter CHARLES, R. H. U. E. and comes down to
centre.*

Charles. Ruffian, unhand the lady !

George. So peremptory boy ?

Charles. Do you delay ; *(Throws him off.)*

George. Curse on my haste : I have forgot my
sword.

Mary. O Charles !

Charles. My dearest Mary ; my belov'd !

(MARY, retires up.)

George. Hum : Is it so ? But s'death ! I mustn't
bear it.

Hark ye, Sir.

Charles. Well Sir.

George. I shall find a time.—

Charles. Best make it.

George. When ?

Charles. Two hours hence, in the grove
East of the village.

George. I shall meet you there.

But look ye, sir, be punctual : I've engagements.

Charles. I shall not fail you.

George. 'Gad, a pretty fellow.

I'll pink him first, and then I'll patronize him.

(Exit. L. H.)

Mary. O Charles ! what pass'd between you ?
surely, surely

You will not honour him with further notice.

Charles. Speak not of him—he is not worth a thought—

We can employ our time to better purpose.

Tell me, have yet the calumnies against me,
Found shelter here?

Mary. You know they have not Charles.

But I have much to tell you—We must part!

Heav'n! is not that my father? Oh, it is!

He comes this way; but has not yet descried us—

Ah! fly, fly quickly!

Charles. Fly!

Mary. Yes, if you wish

That we should ever meet—

Charles. But shall we meet?

Mary. That way—behind the trees—O quickly,
quickly! *(Charles goes up.)*

Charles. *(From the Grove.)* But tell me Mary,
will you walk this way

In the evening?

Mary. It is impossible; my father
Forbids my walks.—

Charles. Why then, one place remains—

One only—I will visit you to-night—

You do not answer—Shall I?

Mary. O begone!

(Exit CHARLES, behind the trees, U. E. L. H.)

Did I consent: I fear he'll think I did.

My father comes—should he have seen us part!

Am I the guilty creature that I feel?

He's here—I cannot look him in the face.

*Enter RAVENSWORTH, R. H. looks at MARY sternly
for some time.*

Rave. 'Tis well: that air of shame becomes you
well,

Is this your duty? did I not forbid

These lonely walks? But get you home; anon,
I'll talk with you.

Mary. (As she goes out.) He did not see him!

Rave. Home. (Exeunt, L. H.)

SCENE III.

An Apartment at ISABELLA'S.

Enter ISABELLA, M. D. meeting LUCY, L. H.

Isa. Speak; is he yet in sight?

Lucy. No, madam.

Isa. Go,

O! go again, good Lucy, and be swift

When he appears. (Exit LUCY, L. H.)

My poor, poor boy! my Charles—

To be thus treated, and thy gentle heart

So full of kindness to all living creatures:

To have thy aspirations after fame,

Thus rudely scorn'd, thy youthful hopes thus
blighted!

But he deserves it not; there's comfort yet,

And he may rise above it.—Not yet come.

He promis'd, and he would not break his word,

And to his mother, without serious cause—

The way is full of peril, and I know

His temper shuns not danger. Gracious Heav'n!

If I should lose him—him, the only being—

Enter LUCY, hastily, L. H.

Now Lucy, quick?

Lucy. Madam he is in sight;

And flying up the avenue.

Isa. Thank Heaven!

Enter CHARLES, L. H.

Charles. Mother!

Isa. My son. *(Falls into his arms.)*

Charles. My ever dearest mother!

Isa. O Charles, how could you thus delay your coming?

The night was pass'd in watch.

Charles. I grieve to know it
I was benighted in the forest, mother,
And lost my way.

Isa. Alas! thou art spent with toil.

Charles. Not much.

Isa. Poor Charles: And so they have expell'd thee—

Expell'd!

Charles. Nay, pry'thee let us forget it.

Isa. Wretches!

I could have borne all else—but to disgrace thee—
To spurn thee from them—thee! I could endure
The daily persecutions that assail me
With patience and with firmness—But I have thee
Come, let us in: you need rest and refreshment.
You shall not leave me soon again my son—
I am a child without you.

Charles. *(Aside.)* My poor mother.

Isa. But, let us in—

Charles. I'll follow you, my mother.

I will but give an order. *(Exit, ISABELLA, M. D.)*
Edward.

Enter EDWARD, R. H.

Edw. Sir.

Charles. Go, get my rapier ready, wrap it close,
And some hour hence, not later, choose a time,
And speed with it to the wood, east of the village.
There wait my coming.

Edw. Yes sir.

Charles. But be sure
That no one see it.

Edw. I'll be careful, sir.

(*Exit EDWARD, R. H.*)

Enter ISABELLA, M. D.

Isa. Fye sir ; is this your breeding ? must I wait ?

Charles. Forgive me madam , I am ready now.

(*Exeunt, M. D.*)

END OF ACT II

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An open Wood.*

Enter CHARLES, R. H. followed by EDWARD.

Charles. Give me the sword ; remain at the edge
of the wood ;
If any one approach, haste to inform me.

(Exit EDWARD, R. H.)

I am here first, 'tis well. My mother thinks
It is a softer interview I seek ;
And while she cautioned me, her sad smile seem'd
To sanction what she fear'd. My dear, kind mother.
And should I fall—well : it would be my fate
We are but barques upon the sea of life,
And when the storm is up, we greet the port,
Or meet the rock, as destiny determines,
Spite of our feeble efforts. Mary too !
These thoughts are not in season. Here's my man.

Enter GEORGE EGERTON, L. H. hastily.

Well met sir.

George. Sir, I kiss your hands. I'faith,
I've had a race to get here. My wise uncle
Hung round me like a bride in the first month—
Or, rather like a wife in the second year,
When jealousy commences.—Come on, sir.

Charles. Best breathe awhile ; I have the advantage of you.

George. You will not keep it long. My greater skill

Will give me still the odds.

Charles. It may be so,
Yet you may be deceived. My masters flatter'd
Or I, too, have some science.

George. I'm glad of it ;
For you're a pretty fellow, and deserve
To fall with credit. Come, sir, to your guard.
We shall be interrupted.

Charles. Better so,
Than that we fight unfairly. You pant still, sir.

George. You are a soul of honour, and, were't
possible—

But no; the person of an Egerton
Must never be profan'd. Come Sir, *en garde.*

Charles. If you will have it so.

George. I will.

Charles. Come on then.

(*they fight. GEORGE is wounded.*)

George. I'm pink'd egad; who would have thought
it? S'death!

I'm out of practice.

Charles. Here Sir, on this bank,
Your head against this tree.—Your wound's not
deep

I hope. How feel you now ?

George. I'faith, but faintly.

Enter EDWARD R. H.

Edw. There is a gentleman approaching Sir.

George. It is my uncle, like a keen old sportsman,
In at the death. Pry'thee begone my friend,
'Twere well you were not known.

Charles. This handkerchief—

So, press it close—I'll haste to send you aid.—
But for the lady's fame, and your own honour,
The cause of this our meeting is a secret.

George. It shall be so: I thank you, But away!

(*Exeunt CHARLES and EDWARD, L. H.*)

That's a fine lad. But where i' the devil's name,
Learn'd he to fence? I wonder, now I think on't,
Who'll write my epitaph. My uncle can't,
He has no genius. I would do't myself,

Had I an amanuensis: let me see—
Hic jacet—*(faints.)*

Enter SIR REGINALD, R. H.

Sir R. Gracious Heav'n, what is this!
My nephew bleeding, dead! no, he but faints,
With loss of blood. Soft, he revives; why nephew—
My poor mad George, how fares it?

George. How d'ye uncle?
Is't day or night? Faith my eyes twinkle strangely.

Sir R. Cheerly, George, Cheerly, we'll do well
enough,—
What shall I do?—But how came this about?
Was't fairly done.

George. According to the rules.
Should I die, uncle, and my adversary
E'er be discover'd, testify for him—
He kill'd me like a gentleman and christian.

Sir R. A duel! ah George, George. But zounds!
do the roundheads
Fight duels too! a pretty school I've chosen
To teach you prudence in! will no one come!

Enter TWO MEN, *with a* BIER, L. H.

Ah, you are welcome, set it down: so, so.

George. A pretty ominous conveyance, this.

Sir R. I pry'thee hold thy peace, and get thee in.

George. A grain of opium now, were worth a jewel,
Uncle, I'll never fight again without it.

Sir R. Be quiet George—you waste your strength.
So, so.

(The men take him up and are about moving.)

George. Head foremost if you please, my worthy
friends;

'Tis but fair play—heels first perhaps, to-morrow.
(The men carry him a few paces.)

Halt, if it please ye, gentlemen, one moment.

Two hobbles more and I'm defunct.—Pray general
Drill those recruits to the step. In camp, now uncle,
It were a pleasure to be carried out.

Sir R. Wilt hold thy peace then ?

George. Yes.—The left foot, uncle—

Sir R. Now gentlemen, at the word "march"
lift up

The left foot each of you, and so move on.

George. Right uncle.

Sir R. Hold your tongue. March !

George. Ay ; so, so.

(*Exeunt* L. H.)

SCENE II.—*The Village.*

Enter CHARLES and EDWARD, L. H.

Charles. Can it be true ! the savages so near ?

Edw. It is so said.

Charles. Edward do you return,

And see the unfortunate gentleman I wounded

Placed in security. I'll hasten home.

(*Exit* EDWARD, L. H.)

My first care is my mother—then for Mary !

(*Exit* CHARLES, R. H.)

Enter WALFORD, L. H. *meeting* ALICE, R. H.

Walf. Whence this alarm ?

Alice. O father, we are lost.

A hunter has come in nigh dead with speed,

With tidings that the savages are coming.

Walf. How near ?

Alice. Alas ! a few miles from the village,

Walf. Is't possible ! can they have thus eluded
Our watchful troops ! we must prepare—O welcome !

Enter RAVENSWORTH, L. H.

Heard you the fearful tidings, Ravensworth ?

Rave. I have, and will you now believe, our sins
Bring these afflictions on us ? We have murderers
Lurking among us.

Walf. How !

Rave. This moment pass'd me
The relative of the Knight, Sir Reginald ;
Dying, or dead.

Walf. Whose was the act ?

Rave. Whose was't ?
The act of him, whose every act is crime.
The son of this dark woman.

Walf. How is it known ?

Rave. His sword and handkerchief stain'd both
with blood, [wood.
And mark'd with his vile name, were found in the
He has not been one day yet in the village,
And lo ! these visitations. On the instant
He must be dealt with.

Walf. First for our defence—
What do you counsel ?

Rave. Prayer and sacrifice.

Walf. 'Tis too late now, we must take other means.

*The VILLAGERS Enter, R. H. exhibiting signs of
wild affright.*

Walf. Hark ye, my friend, have messengers been
sent
To warn the scatter'd settlers round ?

1st Villa. They have.

Walf. Why rings not the alarm bell !

1st Villa. I know not,

Unless the exposed position of the church—

Walf. Go, some of you and do it.—Hasten, friends,
Seize every man his arms.

(*Exeunt* VILLAGERS, R. H.)

Rave. Behold where comes
 In all her pride, one of the moving causes
 Of all this horror—mark with what an air,
 How tranquil and compos'd she looks around
 Upon the growing evil—safe, 'midst the fury
 Of her own tempest.

As he speaks ; Enter ISABELLA, R. H. the women shrink from her in fear. ALICE gazes upon her with interest ; RAVENSWORTH fixes his eyes sternly upon her. She remains unmoved.

Walf. Ravensworth, forbear.
 Is this a time.—

Enter 2d VILLAGER, R. H.

Now friend what news have you ?

2d Villa. They have begun to issue from the wood.—

Enter SIR REGINALD, R. H.

Sir R. What is this I hear? the savages approaching!

Now plague upon this gout!—But I've an arm left
 That yet can wield a sword.

Walf. Your nephew Sir,
 May need your care. You're strange to our wild
 warfare.

Sir R. True ; I'd forgot poor George. They'll
 cut thro' me,
 Before they get a hair of him. (*Retires, L. H. U. E.*)

Re-Enter 1st VILLAGER, R. H.

Walf. How now ?

1st Villa. We've rallied at the church ; but want
 a leader.

Walf. You shall not want one longer.

Alice. O, my father!

[low me.

Walf. Heav'n bless you my dear daughter. Fol-
(*Exit Walford, followed by Villagers, R. H. S. E.*
*Distant Yell. The alarm bell rings, a few distant
and straggling shot heard. Houses at a distance
beginning to blaze, a pause of the bell.*)

Rave. Now, where's your son?

Isa. Gone Sir, to save your daughter.

Rave. My daughter! I'd forget—Is she not here
(*Runs wildly around. Bell Rings. The shot are
nearer and more frequent. The blaze increases.*)

Rave. My daughter! where, O where's my daughter!

Enter CHARLES bearing MARY. R. H.

Charles. There Sir.

(*RAVENSWORTH receives her, and for a moment yields
to his paternal feeling. But instantly withdraws
from CHARLES with a scowl. CHARLES after affec-
tionately recognizing his mother, rushes out, R. H.*
*ALICE joins MARY; who is prevented from address-
ing ISABELLA, by her father's frown. ISABELLA
maintains her dignity and composure. Alarm con-
tinues, shouts, yells, &c.*)

*The VILLAGERS enter in disorder, followed by
CHARLES and WALFORD. R. H. S. E.*

Charles. One effort more

Walf. It is impossible,
Panic has seiz'd them all and we must perish.
(*The bell has ceased. A dreadful yell. The VIL-
LAGERS turn and are about to fly in despair, when*)

Enter the UNKNOWN, R. H. U. E.

Unk. Turn back for shame—as ye are men, turn
back!

As ye are husbands, fathers, turn, and save
 From death and violation those ye love.—
 If this not move you, as ye are christian men
 And do believe in God, tempt not his wrath
 By doubting thus his providence. Behold
 I am sent to save you.

Omnes. Save us, save us.

Walf. Say,

What shall we do; we're ready to obey thee.

Unk. Front then and bear yourselves like men—
 'Tis well.

The savage sees us rally; and the pause
 His caution grants, secures us the advantage.
*(He passes rapidly along the line, dividing them into
 three bodies. Then addresses Walford and Charles.)*
 This band be yours--this yours--Quick, lead them
 forth,

And each by a rapid circuit, turn the foe
 By either flank. This will I lead myself
 Against his front—holding him thus in check
 Until I hear the horn sound your arrival—
 Then while perplex'd he hesitates between us,
 Rush to the onset all—close on the heathen,
 And shower destruction on him—haste, away.

*(Exeunt UNKNOWN, R. H. S. E. WALFORD and
 CHARLES, L. H. U. E. leading their bands.)*

Isa. How awful is this pause, that but precedes
 The shock that may o'erwhelm us. God, to thee,
 The mother turns. Not for myself,
 Not for my sinful self—but for my son—
 My innocent son I plead. Cut him not off
 In the blossom of his days.

Rave. Mark, if the hag
 Mutter not, even now, her incantations.

(A few scattering shot heard.)

The fronts have met, and from the forest coverts,
 Exchange their cautious fire.

*(A bugle sounds, answered by another from a differ-
 ent quarter. Shouts, Yells, a general and continued
 discharge of musketry. Shouts and bugles.)*

Rave. The crisis has arrived—the fire has ceased,
And now the closer work of death commences.
Ascend yon tree, and say what thou observest.

(To a boy, who ascends the tree, L. H.)

Boy. I see them now. The indians stand dismay'd.
We're pouring now upon them from the forest,
From every side.—Now, now the Indians turn—
They meet—they close—they're struggling man to
man.

Sword, knife and tomakawk are glancing.

Isa. Heaven!

Protect, protect my Charles :

Alice. Save my dear father. *(Shout.)*

Rave. What shout is that? Hear ye the savage
yell?

Boy. No, no, 'twas ours—we've conquer'd—and
they come,
Dragging their prisoners with them. Here's my
father.

*Enter 1st VILLAGER shouting "Victory," meets and
caresses the boy. R. H. U. E.*

*General Shout, Bugles. Enter WALFORD, CHARLES,
VILLAGERS, with INDIAN PRISONERS, R. H. U. E.
They arrange themselves on each side; the Indians
in the back ground. CHARLES flies to his mother,
who sinks on her knees in his embrace. ALICE
joins her father, various groups formed. MARY
manifests much interest for CHARLES, who regards
her tenderly. RAVENSWORTH preserves his sus-
picious and reserved demeanour.*

Enter the UNKNOWN, R. H. U. E.

*He passes down the centre. All gaze on him with
awe, and stretch forth their hands towards him,
bending their bodies.*

Unk. No: not to me this homage—not to man

Is your this day's deliverance owing. There—
To heaven address your gratitude. To God
Stretch forth your hands and raise your swimming
eyes.

Before Jehovah bend your bodies down,
And from your humble hearts pour out the flood
Of thankfulness. It was his care that watch'd
His eye that saw; his arm that smote the heathen—
His be the praise and glory.

*All bend in adoration. The UNKNOWN casts a glance
at ISABELLA, and exclaims as he goes out,*

Yes; 'tis she *(Exit UNKNOWN, R. H. U. E.)*

*After a short pause, they raise their heads and look
around anxiously for the UNKNOWN.*

Enter SIR REGINALD, R. H. U. E.

Walf. Has this thing been? Where is he? did he
pass you?

Sir R. Who?

Walf. Our mysterious leader—

Sir R. I saw him not

Walf. Was't an earthly being?

Alice. O my father!

It was not mortal.

Charles. In the fight his arm,
Like the fierce lightning wither'd where it fell.

Sir R. You speak of wonders!

Rave. Woman, what think you—

Was it an angel—or a fiend?

Walf. What mean you?

*(Isabella turns from him proudly. Charles represses
his anger on exchanging glances with Mary.)*

Rave. You'll know anon. Walford, you bleed.

(Crosses to WALFORD.)

Walf. A trifle.

Rave. He does not bleed—

Walf. I think not; yet he dar'd
The thickest of the fight.

Rave. Can you not see ?

Do you not mark ?

Walf. Your meaning is most dark.

Rave. The murkiest night must fly before the day;
Illusion, strong as Hell must yield to Truth.

You understand me not—No matter—come—

Let these vile heathens be securely plac'd

To await their certain death—then to the temple—

There, to the Throne of Mercy to present

Our sacrifice of prayer and of thanksgiving.

(Exeunt, CHARLES and ISABELLA, R.H. others L. H.)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.*—*Before the house of RAVENSWORTH.*

*Enter RAVENSWORTH from the house, L. H. meeting
WALFORD, R. H.*

Rave. You come in happy time ; I would have
sought you

Walford, my soul is sick, even to death,
To look upon the miseries, our sins
Bring down upon us. But I am resolv'd ;—
This day's events at length have steel'd my heart
Against the accursed cause ; who must not longer
Pollute, unquestion'd thus, our wholesome air.

Walf. You know the cause then ?

Rave. Who can know this woman,
This Isabella, and be ignorant !
But she must answer it—the time is come ;
She and her son must answer for their deeds.
And since my letters to the government
Have fail'd to bring their aid—ourselves, my friend,
Must call them to the judgment seat.

Wal. Not so ;

Your efforts have been crown'd with sad success.
Commissioners have even now arriv'd.—
I came to let you know it.

Rave. Thanks my friend

You make me happy.

Wal. Happy, Ravensworth !

Rave. And should I not rejoice that guilt like
theirs

Should cease to spread its poison thro' the land ?

Walf. Where shall we find the evidence of guilt ?

Rave. The trial shall produce it, doubt it not ;

Meantime, methinks the general belief

* This scene was omitted in the representation.

In their dark crimes ; the universal horror
 Inspir'd e'en by their presence—as if nature
 Shudder'd instinctively at what was monstrous,
 And hostile to its laws, were, of themselves,
 A ground to rest the charge on.

Walf. Ah, my friend

If reason in a mind like yours, so form'd,
 So fortified by knowledge, can bow down
 Before the popular breath, what shall protect
 From the all-with'ring blasts of superstition.
 The unthinking crowd, in whom credulity,
 Is ever the first born of ignorance ?

Rave. Walford, what meanest thou by supersti-
 tion !

Is there in our religion aught forbidding
 Belief in sorcery ! Look thro' this land,
 Or turn thine eyes abroad—are not the men
 Most eminent for piety and knowledge—
 The shining lights of a benighted age,
 Are they not, too, believers ?

Walf. There have been,
 In every age, among the learn'd, divines,
 Statesmen, philosophers, astronomers,
 Who have upheld with much ability,
 The errors they believ'd in. Abstract points
 In science, may be safely tolerated,
 Altho' erroneous—But there may be doctrines,
 So fatal in their influence, that, until
 Their truth is manifest, 'twere well not cast them,
 With lavish hand, among the multitude.

Rave. And is not sorcery manifest as day ?
 Have not our senses testified unto it ?

Walf. We have heard infant witnesses aver it,
 And seen them while they seem'd to suffer it ;
 We have heard wretches in despair confess it,
 And have seen helpless creatures perish for it ;
 And yet—

Rave. What yet ?

Walf. O Ravensworth ! these things

Have happened : on a day of gloom and terror,
 When but to doubt was danger, to deny, death ;
 When childish petulance, e'en idiocy,
 Were gravely listened to, when mere suspicion,
 Could, with a hint destroy, and coward malice,
 With whispers, reach'd at life ; when frenzy's flame,
 Like fire in tow, ran thro' the minds of men,
 Fann'd by the breath of those in highest places,
 E'en from the bench, yea, from the sacred desk.

Rave. Hold Walford, I have held thee as my
 friend,

For many years, beware—

Walf. I know thy power

Over the multitude, but fear it not.

I have discharged my duty, fare thee well.

Rave. Stay, Walford, thou art honest, but mis-
 taken,

We will dispute no more. But tell me friend,

Have the commissioners enquired for me ?

Walf. They have. Before they enter on their
 duties,

They'd have thy counsel.

Rave. They shall have it straight,

I'll go to them at once. 'Tis almost night—

There is no hour to lose. I pray thee, Walford,

As I may haply, be detain'd abroad,

Let thy good Alice stay here with my daughter

Till my return.

Walf. Most willingly. I'll haste,

And bring her hither.

Rave. Nay, we'll go together. (*Exeunt, L. H.*)

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Isabella's.*

Enter ISABELLA and CHARLES, R. H.

Isa. Ungrateful people !

Charles. Had they not presum'd

To cloud your clear name with their viperous breath,
I could forgive them. 'Twas not for the herd
I drew my sword.

Isa. Unthankful wretches ; what !
Upon the very act that saved their lives,
To found a charge that might endanger thine !

Charles. 'Tis even so: I am in league, it seems,
With fiends, so say their worships ; and the stranger,
Is no less, than the prince of fiends himself.
Nothing is too ridiculous for those
Whom bigotry has brutaliz'd, I laugh
At their most monstrous folly.

Isa. But such folly,
When it infects the crowd, is dangerous.
Already we've had proof what dreadful acts
Their madness may commit, and each new day
The frenzy spreads. We are suspected too—
Then your imprudent duel—O my son,
We must remove from hence.

Charles. Remove, from hence ?

Isa. Yes ; ere the monsters catch us in the toils
They are preparing.

Charles. Mother, you were wont
To bear a mind whose firmness could resist
Your sexes common weaknesses !

Isa. I know not
How it is Charles, but dark and sad forebodings
Hang o'er my subdued spirit ; and I tremble
E'en for thy life.

Charles. Banish those thoughts, my mother.

Isa. I try, but cannot.—Yes ; we will hence ; my
son.

Tho' on the verge, perhaps, of that discovery
The hope of which has held me here so long,
We will begone to-morrow.

Charles. So soon, mother ?

Isa. You do not wish it. Charles, a mother's eye
Can penetrate the heart. The gentle Mary—
She will be left behind—is it not so ?

But this is boyish, you are yet too young
 To entertain such fantasies—and then,
 You know her father—sadder still my son ;
 Well, we'll not cross the ocean—we'll but seek
 The nearest spot that is inhabited
 By rational beings. And besides, your youth
 Will wear a year or two. How say you Charles,
 Are you contented ?

Charles. You're the best of mothers.

And were my heart strings fasten'd to the spot,
 I'd with you, tho' they sunder'd. But you spoke
 A moment since, of some discovery
 You were near making : what discovery ?

Isa. It was an inadvertence—

Charles. Must I never

Hope to enjoy your confidence ?

Isa. Not now—

Another time my son.

Charles. Another time—

'Tis ever thus you put my questions by.

Rather forbid me e'er again to ask

Of what so much concerns me, and I promise

However hard the task, I will obey you.

I trust you have ne'er found me disobedient !

Isa. You have been all a mother's heart could
 wish.

You ask but what you have a right to ask,

And I have always purpos'd a fit time—

When that your age were ripe enough—

Charles. Well mother,

Has not that time arrived ?

Isa. Your age, dear Charles,

Has scarce reach'd manhood yet. 'Tis true, your
 courage,

Your conduct amidst danger—manly virtues,—

Are well approv'd. Your judgment too—so much,

A mother may believe and say—is far

Beyond the years you count. But there's a quality ;

A virtue it may be, which is the growth

Only of minds well disciplin'd ; which looks
 On human actions with a liberal eye.
 That knows the weakness of the human heart,
 Because it feels it ; and will not condemn
 In others, what itself is conscious of.—
 That will not with the tyrant prejudice,
 Without allowance or extenuation,
 Yea, without hearing pass its dreadful sentence.

Charles. And am I such a one ? thanks to my
 nature,

Which I feel is not quite so vile. My breeding,
 Which has been liberal. Nay thanks to those
 Who daily here exhibit its deformity,
 I scorn this monster prejudice.

Isa. And yet—

Should you—I could not live if you should hate me.

Charles. Hate you, my mother. Had not all your
 actions

Been, as I've seen them, noble ; all your precepts
 As I have ever found them, full of goodness,
 Could I recall the tenderness you've shewn
 Towards me, and cease to love you.—Never, never !
 All crimes however great, dwindle to atoms
 Near filial ingratitude : the heart
 That is that monster's throne, ne'er knew a virtue.

Isa. Ah ! how shall I commence !—What would
 you know.

Charles. Why you left England ? Why in this
 wilderness,

Amidst a race that scorn, that shun and loathe us,
 You linger out existence ? Chiefly mother ;
 Who is my father ? (*taking her hand*)

Isa. Ah ! (*turning away*)

Charles. In our own England,
 At school, among my frank and laughing mates,
 When they have put this question, it was done
 In merry mood, and I could bear it—well—
 Although I could not answer it ; but here,
 O mother to these cold and selfish beings,

Their smooth tongues dipp'd in bitterness, their eyes
Scowling suspicion—what can I reply?

Isa. Poor boy, poor boy! Well Charles, the time
is come

And if my spirits fail not—you shall know all.
Your father—but I cannot, no, I cannot
Commence my story there.—I was left, Charles,
Without a parent's care, just at that age
That needs it most. I had ne'er known my mother,
And was scarce fifteen when my father's fate
Forc'd him to abandon child and home and country;
For he had been a patriot, as he deemed it,
Or, as his destiny decreed, a traitor.—
He fled to this new world.

Charles. Does he yet live?

Isa. Alas! I know not, rumours came to England
That he survived. It was to find my father,
And on my knees implore his benediction;—
Haply, should he forgive, to minister
Unto his ages comfort—I came hither.

Charles. 'Tis strange, if living, he should seek
concealment,
After the general amnesty.

Isa. O! Charles;
He was excepted in that act of mercy:
He had done that, the king might never pardon.

Charles. Unhappy man!

Isa. Most true.—But let me haste
To close my dark recital. I was plac'd
In charge of a kinsman—a perfidious villain
Whose avarice sold, betray'd me.—O my son,
It is not fit thy ears should hear the tale,
And from my lips. I wept, implor'd, resisted—
Riches and pleasure tempted me in vain
Coupled with shame. But hellish craft at length
Triumph'd o'er credulous vanity—The altar
Was made the scene of sacrilegious mockery,
The holy vestments of the priest, became
A profane masking habit—

Charles. Power of Justice !

Could you behold this and forbear to strike !

Isa. The illusion vanish'd, and I fled, I fled
In horror and in madness.

Charles. Dreadful, dreadful !

Isa. It was thy birth that sav'd me from destruction—

I had thee to live for, and I liv'd ; deep hid
In solitude, under an assum'd name,
Thou wer't rear'd, Charles, amidst thy mother's
tears.

Charles. An assum'd name—in solitude—
Shame, shame !

Why not unmask the villain to the world,
And boldly challenge what was yours ?

Isa. His rank—

Charles. No rank should shield injustice. Quick,
inform me

Who was the wretch ? Give me the villain's name.

Isa. He was thy father Charles.

Charles. In the sight of Heaven
I here disclaim and curse—

Isa. Forbear, forbear—

Or curse me too—

Charles. His name, his name—

Isa. You will destroy me !

(She falls into his arms.)

Charles. What have I done ? I will be calm—for-
give me.

Enter LUCY, L. H.

Lucy. A person from the village madam, asks
To be admitted to your presence.

Isa. How !

Does he declare his business ?

Lucy. He declines it,

Until he see yourself.

Isa. Admit him Lucy.

(Exit LUCY, L. H.)

Charles. Madam you tremble still, let me support you.

Isab. No; I must learn to overcome this weakness.

Enter MESSENGER, L. H.

Now Sir, I'm she you ask for—to your business.

Mess. My business is with both. You Isabella And Charles, surnam'd Fitzroy, are cited both, By a commission of the government, To attend them at their session on the morrow. At nine in the morning.

Charles. And to what purpose.

Mess. That You'll learn from them, farewell.

(Exit MESSENGER, L. H.)

Charles. Why farewell, gravity.

Isa. What can this mean?

Charles. They do not know themselves.

Isa. I fear I've been too tardy.

Charles. Nay, 'tis nothing.

To question us, perhaps, upon our means,
And pack us from the parish, nothing more.
But, madam you were interrupted, ere
I learn'd the name--

Isa. Not at this moment, Charles.

Charles. Well then, enough of sorrow for to day.---
I will return anon, and laugh with you
At the absurdities of these strange people.
At supper we'll discuss our plans for the future.
We may be happy yet.--

Isa. But whither go you?

Charles. I ought to visit him I wounded, madam,
And perhaps I may gather in the village,
Something that may concern us—and perhaps—

Isa. Well do not be long absent; it is night.

Charles. I will not madam: I shall soon return.

(Exit CHARLES, L. H.)

Isa. He does not feel the danger, his frank spirit,
His careless youth, disdains it. We must fly.--

Enter LUCY, L. H.

Bid Edward, with all speed, prepare the horses,
Then follow to my chamber. We must prepare
In all haste, for a journey--

Lucy. Madam, a journey--
To-night?

Isa. To-night: it is most necessary. So, bid Ed-
ward

Be secret.

Lucy. He is here.

Edw. (*Within. L. H.*) You cannot pass.

Enter EDWARD, L. H.

Isa. What noise is this?

Edw. Madam, in spite of me
They press into your presence.

Isa. We are lost!

Enter several OFFICERS, L. H.

1st Officer. For that we do we have sufficient war-
rant.

Isa. What means this rudeness?

1st Officer. Answer; where's your son?

Isa. He is not in the house.

1st Officer. (*To attendants who go out.*) Go you,
make search.

Isa. Again I ask, what is your business here?

1st Officer. Read (*hands her a paper.*) [us!

Isa. Gracious Heav'n! Is this the charge against
But why this second visit! we are cited
To answer in the morning.

1st Officer. But the judges

Have chang'd their mind. Your chamber is your
prison

'Till you are sent for. We'll attend you thither.

Isa. But one word with my servant—

1st Officer. Not one word ;

It is forbidden, come—

Isa. My son, my son ! (*she exchanges significant looks with Lucy, and Exit guarded, R. H. S. E.*)

Lucy. I understand (*going.*)

2nd Officer. And so do we—our duty.

You are not to stir hence, nor hold discourse

One with another. Lead them in—away.

(*Officers lead off LUCY, R. H. S. E. and EDWARD, (M. D.)*)

SCENE III.—*Before the house of RAVENSWORTH.*

Enter MARY from house.

He does not come. I do not wish it, sure—

At least I ought not. But has he forgotten?—

That is impossible.—Perhaps he fears—

O no ! Charles never fears—should he not come—

I ought to hope he could not—ah ! a figure,

Stealing between the trees—should it be he :

But may it not be a stranger ! ah, let me fly :

(*Exit, into the house, L. H.*)

Enter CHARLES cautiously, R. H.

'Twas she, her white robe, emblem of her innocence,

Dispels the darkness of the libertine night,

And all around her's purity and brightness.

She is alone. As I pass'd thro' the village

I learn'd her father was in council there.—

She is alone and unprotected quite—

She loves me and confides in me—be that,

Tho' passion mount to madness, her protection.

The door is fasten'd, right ; a common guest
Comes by a common passage—there are posterns
And wickets for the lover. Let me try.
(Exit behind the house, R. H.)

SCENE IV.—*A chamber : a window in the flat : a light burning near the window.*

MARY *discovered, a book in her hand.*

I cannot read,—my thoughts are all confusion,
If it be he, will he not think the light
Was plac'd designedly. I will remove it.
(Goes towards the window, starts on CHARLES appearing at it.)

Charles. Be not alarm'd, my Mary : it is I.

Mary. O Charles, how could you ?—

Charles. How could I refrain

When that the beacon light so fairly blaz'd,
From steering to this haven.

Mary. There ! I fear'd

You would presume to think—

Charles. But I think nothing—

Presume, know nothing, but that thou, my Mary,
Art the divinest creature on the earth
And I the happiest—O my best, my dearest,
That thou might'st live forever near this heart ;
And why not there forever ! What prevents it,
What can—what shall ? My beauteous, my beloved.

Mary. No more ;

This warmth alarms me—hear me Charles—
I've given to thee my heart and maiden vow,
O, be content—and—leave me—

Charles. Leave thee ! Love.

Mary. Before you teach me to despise myself ;
Ere you yourself despise me.

Charles. Have I, Mary,

Have I deserv'd that from thee? Lo, I'm calm—
 And gaze upon thee as the pilgrim looks
 Upon the shrine he kneels at; the pure stars
 Look not on angels with a holier light.

Mary. I do believe you, Charles—But O this
 meeting,

So rash, so—

Charles. 'Twas presumptuous in me, Mary,
 I do confess it.

Mary. Still you mistake me, Charles.

I do not say, I did not wish you here—

Yet I must wish you gone. It is so wrong—

I am so much to blame—

Charles. I will not stay,
 To give you pain.

Mary. But do not go in anger—

Charles. Anger! at you!

Mary. A happier time will come—

Each moment now is full of peril Charles;

My father may return, and should he find you!—

Charles. One word and I will leave you. You
 will hear,

To morrow, that we've left this place for ever.

Mary. How Charles!

Charles. My mother has resolv'd to fly

The persecutions that surround her here

And we depart to-morrow—if we may—

For we're already cited—

Mary. Heav'ns! for what?

Charles. It can be nothing surely. But dear Mary

Tho' absent, ah remember there is one

Who lives for you alone.

Mary. Charles, can you doubt it?

Charles. And should there, Mary, should there
 come an hour

Propitious to our loves; secure and safe—

Suspicion dead, her eye, nor ear to mark us.—

And should the lover that adores you, Mary,

Appear at that blest hour, with certain means.

To bear you far from cruelty and slav'ry,
To love and happiness ;

Mary. No more, no more—

Charles. Would you consent ?

Mary. O tempt me not to sin—

'Twould break my father's heart—

Charles. Give me your promise.

Enter RAVENSWORTH, WALFORD, ALICE, R. H.

Mary. (*Observing her father.*)

Unhand me, oh unhand me—Father, father !

(*Faints in Charles' arms.*)

Rave. Thy father's here to save thee, hapless girl,
And hurl confusion on thy base betrayer.

Charles. (*Attending only to Mary.*) She's dead,
she's dead !

Rave. Haste, tear her from his arms
Ere the pollution of his touch destroy her.

(*ALICE and WALFORD convey MARY out, R. H.*)

Charles. And have I killed her ! (*gazing after her*)

Rave. Wretch, and do you mourn
Over the clay, that would have kill'd the soul ?

Re-enter WALFORD, (R. H.)

Walf. She has reviv'd, and calls for thee, my
friend. [fate.

Charles. She lives, she lives ! Then I defy my

Rave. Outcast from Heav'n, thy doom is near at
hand.

Walford, we'll strait convey him to the church,
Where by this time the judges have assembled,
To try his sinful mother.

Charles. How ? my mother !

And have ye laid your sacrilegious hands
Upon my mother ?

Rave. Silence wretched youth.

I will but see my daughter—meantime Walford,
Guard well your prisoner.

Charles. Guard me ! heartless father,
That feelest not the ties of blood and nature—
Think you, at such an hour, I'd quit my mother ?
(*Exeunt* RAVENSWORTH, R. H. CHARLES and WAL-
FORD, L. H.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*—*(Stage dark.)**Enter the UNKNOWN, R. H.*

At length, unseen by human eye, I've gain'd
 Her neighbourhood. The village lies before me ;
 And on the right rises the eminence
 On which she dwells—She dwells ! who dwells ? O
 heart

Hold till thou art assur'd. Such were the features,
 The stately form of her, whose cherish'd image,
 Time spares my widow'd heart, fresh and un-
 chang'd.—

I must be satisfied.—

The night has fallen

Murky and thick ; and in the western Heavens,
 The last of day was shrouded in the folds
 Of gathering clouds, from whose dark confines
 come,

At intervals, faint flashes, and the voice
 Of muttering thunder : there will be a storm.

How is it that I feel, as never yet

I felt, before the threatening elements ;

My courage is bow'd down and cowers, as though
 The lowering canopy would fall in streams
 Of death and desolation. Dark portents,

Hence ! There's a Heaven beyond the tempest's
 scope,

Above the clouds of death. Wing your flight thi-
 ther,

Thoughts—hopes, desires ; there is your resting
 place.

(Exit, L. H.)

SCENE II.—*The interior of the Church, (arranged as a Hall of Justice.) Passages lead to doors on each side of the desk.*

The Judges seated at the desk. CHARLES stands on the left, near the Judges. ISABELLA nearer the front; on the same side RAVENSWORTH, WALFORD, MARY, and ALICE; on the opposite side, Villagers, Officers, &c.

Judge. Ye have heard the charge—but ere ye answer to it

Bethink ye well. Confession may do much
To save you from the penalty; or mitigate
Your punishment. Denial must deprive you
Of every hope of mercy.—Answer then—
And first, you, madam.

Isa. Sorcery! Gracious Heaven!
Is it necessary, in this age of light,
And before men and christians, I should deny
A charge so monstrous!

Judge. Answer to the question.

Isa. We are not guilty then; so aid us Heaven!

Judge. Speak for yourself alone. Will you disclose

Who—what ye are?

Isa. I am a gentlewoman—

More I cannot disclose.

Judge. Say, wherefore, madam,

You came among us?

Isa. Sir, I came to seek

A father.

Judge. Who is he?

Isa. I dare not name him.

Rave. Mark you, how she prevaricates!

Judge. What evidence

Have you against this woman?

Rave. Ye all remember

The terror and despair that fill'd each bosom

When the red comet, signal of Heaven's wrath,
Shook its portentous fires above our heads.
Ye all have seen, and most of ye have felt
The afflictions which this groaning land is vex'd
with—

Our smiling fields wither'd by blight and blast,
The fruitful earth parch'd into eddying dust,—
On our fair coast the strewings of wreck'd com-
merce ;

In town and city, fire and pestilence,
And famine, walking their destroying rounds—
Our peaceful villages, the scene of slaughter,
Echoing the savage yell, and frienzied shriek
Of maid and matron, or the piercing wail
Of widows and of orphans—

Judge. We deplore
The evils you recite ; but what avails
Their repetition here ; and how do they
Affect the cause in question ?

Rave. Shall we forget
That worldly pride and irreligious lightness,
Are the provoking sins, which our grave synod
Have urg'd us to root out. Turn then to her,
Swelling with earth-born vanity, to her
Who scorns religion, and its meek professors ;
And, to this hour—until compell'd, ne'er stood
Within these holy walls.

Judge. Yet this is nothing,
Touching the charge against her—you must be
Less vague and general. Produce your proofs.

Rave. There are two witnesses at hand ; her
servants—

Who have confess'd she had prepared to fly
This very night—a proof most clear and potent
Of conscious guilt. But why refer to this !
Each one that hears me is a witness of it,
It is the village horror. Call, at random,
One from the crowd, and mark if he will dare
To doubt the thing I speak of.

Judge. 'T must not be,
Nor can we listen further.

Isab. I beseech you
Let him proceed; let him endeavour still,
To excite the passions of his auditors;
It will but shew how weak he deems his proof
Who lays such stress on prejudice. I fear not,
But I can answer all his accusations.—
If I intended flight—need I remind you
Of what your fathers—what yourselves have done.
It was not conscious guilt bade them or you
Escape from that, was felt was persecution—
If I have thought the manner of my worship
A matter between Heaven and my conscience,
How can ye blame me, who in caves and rocks
Shunning the church, offer'd your secret prayers?
Or does my state offend? Habit and taste
May make some difference, and humble things
Seem great to those more humble; yet I have used
My little wealth in benefits. Your saints
Climb'd to high places—Cromwell to the highest—
As the sun seeks the eminence from which
He can diffuse his beams most bounteously

Rave. The subtle power she serves docs not
withhold
The aid of sophistry.

Isab. I pray my judges
To shield me from the malice of this man,
And bring me to the trial. I will meet it,
As it concerns myself with firm indifference;
But as it touches him whom I exist in,
With hope that my acquittal shall dissolve
The fetters of my son.

Rave. (*Aside.*) That must not be.

Judge. Bring forth your proofs, and let the cause
proceed.

Rave. Perhaps it is the weakness of the father
Prompts the suggestion—But I have bethought me,
It were most fit this youth should first be dealt with,

'Gainst whom there are a host of witnesses
 Ready to testify—unless his actions,
 Obvious and known, are proof enough—his life
 Which is a course of crime and profligacy,
 Ending, with contemplated rape and murder.

Isab. What do I hear?

Judge. How say you? rape and murder!

Rave. The victim of his bloody purpose, lingers
 Upon the verge of death—Here are the proofs
 That point out the assassin! (*Showing the sword
 and handkerchief, which are held by a VILLAGER
 who is standing near him.*) For the violence—
 Myself, my daughter here—

Mary. O father, father!

Judge. These things are terrible. But you forget,
 They are not now the charge.

Rave. What matters it,
 Whether by hellish arts of sorcery
 He wrought upon the maiden,—or with force
 Attempted violation—Let him answer—
 Denying one, he but admits the the other.

Judge. Bid him stand forth. We wait your an-
 swer youth.

Charles. You wait in vain—I shall not plead.

Judge. Not plead!

Rave. (*Aside.*) This is beyond my hopes.

Isab. O Charles, my son!

Judge. What do you mean?

Charles. Simply, sir, that I will not
 Place myself on my trial here.

Judge. Your reason?

Do you question then the justice of the court?

Rave. He does, no doubt he does.

Charles. However strong
 Might be the ground for question—'tis not that
 Determines me to silence.

Judge. If you hope
 To purchase safety by this contumacy;

'Tis fit you be aware that clinging there,
You may pull ruin on your head.

Charles. I know

The danger I incur, but dare to meet it.

Isab. O Charles, reflect--

Charles. Mother my soul is fixed ;

They shall not call yon maiden to the bar.

Tremble not, weep not, pure and timid soul,

They shall not question thee.

Rave. Hence with thy spells--

Take thine eyes off my child, ere her weak frame

Yield to the charm she shakes with--hence I say!

(*MARY attempts to speak, but is prevented by her
Father.*)

Judge. Prisoner attend : at once inform the court

Of all you know concerning the strange being,

Who, like a supernatural visitant,

Appear'd this day among us. What connexion

Subsists between you ?

Charles. None. I know him not.

Rave. And yet this morning, ere the dawn had
broken,

They were both seen together in the forest,

Holding mysterious converse. Here's a witness

Who will avouch the fact ; and that the stranger

With the first day-beam, vanished from his sight.

Isab. (*Aside.*) He never told me this. Can he
have met him ?

Judge. Look on these things. They are mark'd
with your name,

And stain'd with blood. They were found near
the spot

Where a poor wretch lay bleeding. Can you ex-
plain it ?

Charles. They are mine--I do confess it. I en-
counter'd

A person near that spot, and wounded him

In honourable duel. Nothing more

Can I explain.

Mary. (*Struggling*) O father, let me speak.

Rave. Silence! Now answer me, and let the powers

Of darkness, that sustain you in your pride

Yield and abandon you unto your fate.

Did you not robber like, this night break in

My unguarded house, and there, with ruffian force

Attempt the honour of this maiden?

Isab. Heaven!

Rave. D'ye hesitate! you dare not answer nay;
For here are witnesses to your confusion,
Who saw you clasp her in your vile embrace,
And heard her shrieks for help. Nay here's the maiden,

Who will herself aver it.

Mary. Father, father!

Rave. Come forth, my child.

(*Attempting to lead her forward.*)

Charles. Forbear! it shall not need.

Rave. Do you confess?

Charles. Whate'er you will.

Isab. 'Tis past.

(*MARY faints in the arms of ALICE.*)

Rave. Hear ye this Judges! People, hear ye this?
(*Storm commences.*)

And why do we delay! His doom were death,

Disdaining as he has to make his plea

To the charge of sorcery. Now, his full confession,

Which ye have heard, dooms him a second time.

(*Storm increases: Thunder and Lightning.*)

Then why do ye delay? The angry Heavens—

Hark, how they chide in thunder! Mark their lightnings.

(*The storm rages; the JUDGES rise; all is confusion; the PEOPLE and two OFFICERS gather around CHARLES; OFFICERS seize him.*)

Isab. Save him! O Heaven! As ye are men,
have mercy! [tombs,

Rave. No; not beneath this roof; among the

Under the fury of the madden'd sky ;
Fit time and place !

Charles. (As they are dragging him out.) Mary ;
my mother ! Mary !

Isab. My son !

(Leans nearly fainting in LUCY'S arms.)

Mary. (Reviving.) Who calls me ? Ah ! What
would ye do ?

He's innocent—he's my betroth'd—my husband !
He came with my consent—he's innocent !

Rave. Listen not to her ; 'tis his hellish magic
Speaks in her voice—away !

Mary. O Charles, my Charles !— (She faints.)
(They bear CHARLES out, L. H, U. E. The storm con-
tinues.)

Rave. It is accomplish'd.

Enter the UNKNOWN, L. H.

Unk. What ? what is accomplish'd ?

Rave. Who'rt thou that ask'st ?

Unk. Nay answer me. They tell
Of dreadful deeds ye are performing here.—
How's this ! Has death been here among you ?

Rave. Yes,
Whatever thou may'st be, death has been here
Guided by Heaven's vengeance.

Unk. Who is this ?

'Tis she, 'tis she ! Dost know me Isabella ?

Isab. Is it not—?

Unk. 'Tis, thy father.

Isab. Father, father !

Have I then found thee ! But my son ! my son !

Unk. Unhappy child, be calm—I know thy story ;
And do forgive and bless thee.

Isab. Thanks my father—

But (Struggling to speak.)

Unk. What means this ?

Isab. O, for a moments strength—
Haste—haste—they murder him—my son—

Unk. Thy son,
O, where?

Isab. There—there—O Heaven! it is too late!
(*They enter with a Bier, L. H. U. E. carrying*
CHARLES. The UNKNOWN leads ISABELLA slowly
towards it.)

Enter SIR REGINALD, L. H.

Sir R. O, fatal tardiness! and yet I came
The instant that I learned it. Bloody monsters!
How will ye answer this? Behold these papers,
They're from the king! They bid me seek a lady,
Nam'd Isabella, whom he espoused in secret
And her son Charles Fitzroy—And is it thus—

Enter GEORGE EGERTON, L. H. pale and weak.

O George, look there!

George. O, brave, unhappy youth!

My generous foe, my honourable conqueror!

Mary. (*Reviving*) Nay, ye shall not detain me—

I will go,

And tell them all. Before I could not speak—

My father held me here fast by the throat.

Why will you hold me? they will murder him,

Unless I speak for him. He spoke for me—

He sav'd my honour; Ah! what's here? O Heaven!

'Tis he—Is he asleep?—No, it is not he.—

I'd think 'twere he, but that his eyes are swoll'n

Out of their sockets—and his face is black

With settled blood.—It is a murder'd man

You've brought me to—and not my Charles—my

Charles!

He was so young and lovely.—Soft, soft, soft!

Now I remember.—They have made you look so,

To fright me from your love. It will not do—

I know you well enough—I know those lips

Tho' I have never touch'd them. There, love, there,

It is our nuptial kiss. They shall not cheat us—

Hark in thine ear, how we will laugh at them.

(Leans her head down on the body, as if whispering.)

Sir R. Alas! poor maniac,

(ISABELLA who, supported by her father, had been bending over the body in mute despair is now sinking.)

Unk. Daughter—Isabella—

Isab. Father— (Looking up in his face.)

Unk. You will not leave me, Isabella?

Isab. I would remain to comfort you, my father,

But there's a tightness here.—For nineteen years

He was my only stay on earth—my good

My duteous son. Ere I found thee my father

The cord was snapp'd—Forgive me—

(ISABELLA falls, and is received in the arms of LUCY.)

Unk. Bless thee, child—

I will not linger long behind thee.

(Storm subsides.)

Sir R. Sir,

If you're that lady's father, I have here

A pardon for you from the king.

Unk. I thank him;

But it is now too late.—She's gone.—The world

Has nothing left for me—deep in the wilderness,

I'll seek a grave, unknown, unseen by man.—

Walf. How fares your hapless friend?

Alice. Her cold cheek rests

Against his cheek—not colder—

Walf. Place your hand

Upon her heart: is there no beating there?

Alice. There is no beating there—She's dead!

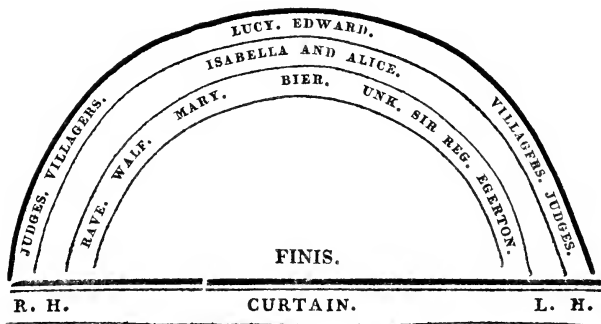
Rave. Dead, dead!—

(RAVENSWORTH, who thro' this scene, had shewn the signs of stern and settled despair, occasionally casting his eyes upon his daughter, or raising them to Heaven, but withdrawing them again in utter hopelessness, now sinks groaning into the arms of WALFORD. ISABELLA is on her knees, on the upper side

of the bier, leaning on LUCY. The UNKNOWN, with his hands clasp'd, bends over his daughter. ALICE is kneeling at the side of her friend. SIR REGINALD and GEORGE EGERTON stand near the head of the bier. LUCY and EDWARD behind their mistress. The back ground filled up by the JUDGES, VILLAGERS, &c.

The CURTAIN falls amidst a burst of the Storm, accompanied by THUNDER and LIGHTNING.)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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