

CUMBERLAND'S

NO. 75. MINOR THEATRE. Pr. 6d.

BEING A COMPANION TO

Cumberland's British Theatre.

THE FIRE RAISER!

OR, THE PROPHET OF THE MOOR!

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS,

By GEORGE ALMAR, Esq.

Author of Pedlars Acre. The Charcoal Burner. The Shadow.
The Tower of Nesle, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

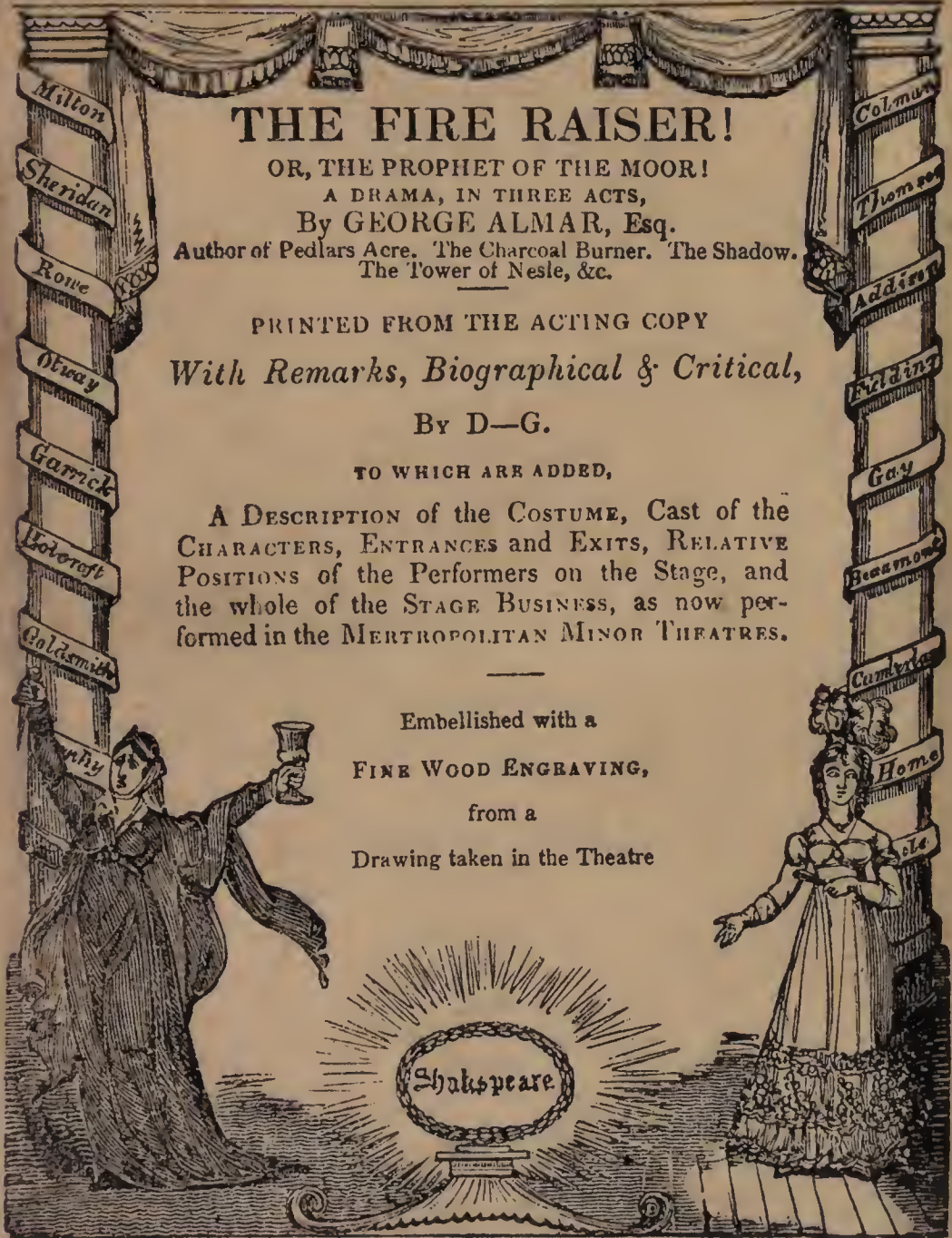
A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
formed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a

FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

from a

Drawing taken in the Theatre



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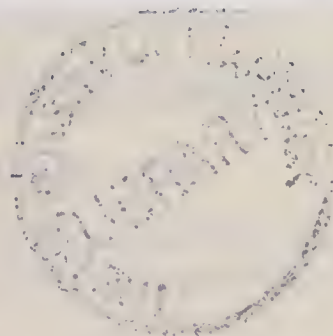
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The Fire Kaiser.

Ruth draws the pistols from her vest, and standing over the prostrate form of Leolyn, keeps the ruffians at bay.

Act II. Scene 1.

THE FIRE RAISER:

A MELO-DRAMA,

In Three Acts.

BY GEORGE ALMAR, ESQ.,

Author of Pedlar's Acre, The Cedar Chest, The Clerk of Clerkenwell, Tower of Neale, The Rover's Bride, The Charcoal Burner, The Robber of the Rhine, Don Quixote, Good-Looking Fellow, Lucrece Borgia, &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

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LONDON:

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BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.

REMARKS.

The Fire-Raiser.

BERNIEB tells us, that whenever the Great Mogul made an observation, no matter how simple and common-place, it was customary for some of the great Omrahs to lift up their hands and cry, "Wonder! wonder! wonder!" And a proverb current in his majesty's dominions was, If the king saith at noon-day, "It's night," you are to say, "Behold the moon and stars!"

We will to this story tack another, and then take them in connexion.

The founder of the Cynics requested that "asses should be voted for horses." When his proposition was ridiculed, he replied, "Why, my suggestion is not a jot more absurd than your practice; for you every day elect to office men who have no other qualification to fill them than your votes!"

Now, in like manner, we have half insinuated that many an indifferent playwright was an eminent dramatic poet, seeing that the public, by their extravagant applause, had unaccountably elected him to their patronage; lifted up our hands (Omrah fashion!) thrice, ejaculating "Wonder!" when any piece exquisitely absurd and popular has challenged our approbation; and vociferated to a glaring galaxy of heavenly bodies, flaming in all the refulgence of oiled paper and candle-light in the flat, "Behold the moon and stars!"

Our business is with authors, actors, and not unfrequently with tailors, milliners, mechanists, and property-men. We are called to examine into the merits of a new sun and moon; eulogise a trap-door; announce the brilliant denouement of some patent thunder and lightning; speak favourably of a hail-storm of peas; descant scientifically on coats, flounces, and perriwigs; and sometimes drop a word or two in praise of performer and piece! We cannot call a man a cuckold, without bringing in question the honour of his wife, and the legitimacy of his children; nor pronounce a piece a bad one, without implying that the writer is a blockhead! A hint dropped that the new May-moon betrayed too palpably the lighted lantern of old Gaffer Thumb; that the magnificent costumes were but tawdry, threadbare resuscitations of Monmouth Street and Cranbourn Alley; and that the fiery-tailed comet, so egregiously puffed, was but a sky-rocket to Halley's, will bring upon us an angry legion of professionals; and ten to one but the trap-door we have so unwittingly abused opens its woodens jaws to engulf us at our next critical visit to the secrets of the prison-house!

Giving due applause to the various artificers called into action by *The Fire-Raiser*, we have some pleasant words to say in behalf of plot, character, language, and representation.

The plot, which is borrowed from a tale that appeared some time since in the thousand and one periodicals of this reading age, brings us back to the last kick of the regicide usurpation, when the timid, vaccillating Richard Cromwell slunk from his ill-gotten rule, and the

nation hailed with joy the dying throes of hypocrisy and cant, and the happy re-instatement of royal authority. Yet was old Noll a ruffian of the right breed to go the shortest way to work with the rascally Rump, that he so unceremoniously kicked out of the Commons House, and turned the key upon! Such ever has been, and ever will be, the end of revolutions based upon that most odious and grinding of all tyrannies—mob law! The palavering Roundheads that murdered their king were outwitted and trampled upon by a military conqueror; the assassins of Louis butchered each other almost to the last man, and the deluded, blood-boltered nation was subjected for many long years to the iron despotism of an imperious ruler, who cut his way to the throne with his sword. The tragi-comedy has been revived with additional effect in present times; and long may the monkey slaves of their own restlessness and folly be fettered, insulted, and coerced!

“ The axe that struck the king lays order low ;
 In every limb old Reverence feels the blow :
 Law, faith, love, honour, grace, are trampled down,
 In the same bloody quagmire with the crown.
 The awe of ages poison'd into hate,
 Fierce leaps the rabble hoof on all that's great ;
 Till vulgar rage, expert ambition's tool,
 Dies out, and some cold scoundrel grasps the rule.”

Marten Gale, a soldier, having been flogged for some misdemeanor, vows vengeance against Launce Leolyn, his cavalier colonel, whose duty it was to sign the warrant for his flagellation; and retires to a solitary spot, called the Druid's Stone, on the Haunted Moor, where he opens shop as wizard and soothsayer. He succeeds bravely among the simple villagers; but one maiden, Ruth, not quite so credulous, having small faith in the conjuror's predictions, rouses his preternatural ire, and he sounds in her ear a fearful prophecy that she shall one day commit murder. This drives her mad in right earnest, which sorely grieves the heart of her compassionate father, the host of “ The Silver Lamb;” who, having been a noted wrestler and bully in his day, a deep dab at kick shins and single-stick, a hard drinker, democrat, and preacher to boot, becomes prematurely palsied with his various excesses, and reduced to a dotard and driveller, with an occasional dim flare-up of his early ruffianism. Elkanah derives his title of “ Fire-Raiser ” from his peculiar knack of secretly spreading desolation and ruin by means of that devouring element; and five hundred crowns are offered as a reward for his head. Disguised as a merchant, he plans sundry schemes, in conjunction with Stephen Poynt, a trooper, and Hal Hardenbrass, a blacksmith, to entrap Leolyn. They remove the priming from his pistols, twist wire round the hilt of his sword, to prevent him drawing it, and Stephen volunteers to be his guide to the mansion of his lady-love, Catharine Grey, which lies hard by the Pedlar's Dyke, a lone spot, where he proposes to knock him on the head. Leolyn, by a miracle, escapes; and Elkanah, resolved at all hazards to grasp his prey, fires the mansion, and bears Catharine through the flames to his den on the Haunted Moor. Again he encounters Leolyn, who, imputing to the diabolical agency of the pretended prophet the abduction and burning, expresses a passionate desire to meet him face to face; upon which Elkanah politely offers to conduct him to his hiding-place, and share the reward offered for his (own) head! Leolyn follows his treacherous guide; when Elkanah, having lured him into the cavern, and whistled their arrival to Stephen and Hal, throws off his incog-

nito, and bursts into a wild transport of savage exultation, that *both* victims are now in his power! Crazy Ruth, who enjoys lucid intervals to succour her friends, rushes in during the momentary absence of the incendiary, and assists the lovers to escape. Elkanah, foiled, gives up every thing for lost: racks, gibbets, and all that sort o' thing, present themselves to his terrified imagination! Recollecting, however, that the fugitives, in their flight, must pass over a certain fragile bridge in the Desolate Valley, he dispatches Hal to strike down the centre prop; which Hal having done, Leolyn and Catharine are about to pass over; when Ralph Gayton, the old wrestler, having repented of his sins, poisoned (in token of his penitence!) Hal and Stephen, and received a mortal stab from the dying ruffians, staggers on the bridge, which instantly sinks with him into the valley beneath. To crown the catastrophe, Ruth shoots the conjuror; thus fulfilling his prediction in his own person!

This drama is by far the best that we have yet seen from the pen of Mr. Almar. The language, serious and comical, is vigorous and droll; often rising into eloquence, and never sinking into low buffoonery. The characters are well imagined and sustained, and the incidents alternately romantic and ludicrous. Master Jack Horner, a minor Tony Lumpkin, (Mr. Vale) kept the audience alive and merry; he was well played up to by that brace of drolls, Joey Stokes and the senior Goliath Goodbody (Messrs. Rogers and Asbury.) Mr. Almar acted his part with the same spirit that he wrote it; and Osbaldiston, Williams, and Honner; the Misses Poole, Somerville, and Vincent, exerted themselves successfully to do honour to the production of a fellow-labourer in the vineyard.



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 originally sustained at the Surrey Theatre.

Elkanah White (<i>the Fire Raiser—surnamed the Prophet of the Moor</i>).....	Mr. Osbaldiston.
Stephen Poynet, or Dwarf Stephen (<i>a dismantled trooper of Rupert's horse</i>)	Mr. Almar.
Ralph Gayton (<i>Host of the Silver Lamb</i>)	Mr. Williams.
Hal Hardenbrass (<i>Hammerer, or Village Smith</i>) ...	Mr. Honner.
Colonel Launce Leolyn (<i>of Rupert's Cavaliers</i>) ..	Mr. C. Hill.
Haveril Horner (<i>a Roundhead Justice of Peace at Greville Cross</i>)	Mr. Gough.
Master John Horner (<i>his Son</i>).....	Mr. Vale.
Piers Talbot (<i>a young Soldier</i>)	Mr. Edwin.
Joey Stokes (<i>tapster at the Silver Lamb</i>).....	Mr. Rogers.
Goliah Goodbody, Junior	Mast. Carbery.
Goliah Goodbody, Senior	Mr. Asbury.
Oliver Brown (<i>a Cumberland Yeoman</i>).	Mr. Lee.
Catherine Grey	Miss Somerville.
Crazy Ruth (<i>Daughter to Ralph Gayton</i>).	Miss Poole.
Honor Jekyl	Miss Vincent.
Dame Hetty Horner (<i>Mother to Master John</i>).....	Miss Nicol.

Costume.

- ELKANAH WHITE.—Brown shirt drapery—old English hat.
- STEPHEN POYNET.—Old English jacket—tabs—steel cuirass—cavalier cloak—boots—heavy dragoon sword—hat and single feather.
- RALPH GAYTON.—Grey serge dress—short cloak.
- HAL HARDENBRASS.—Coarse red shirt—russet shoes, &c.
- LAUNCE LEOLYN.—Naval officer's dress.
- HAVERIL HORNER.—Plain black shape.
- JOHN HORNER.—Small conical cap—white trowsers—red stockings—russet shoes—dark green vest—red scarf.
- JOEY STOKES.—Country boy's dress of the period.
- GOLIAH GOODBODY, JUNIOR and SENIOR.—Puritanical black shapes.
- OLIVER BROWN.—English yeoman's dress.
- CATHERINE GREY.—White satin and silver dress.
- CRAZY RUTH.—Peasant's dress—drapery, &c.
- HONOR JEKYL.—
- DAME HETTY HORNER.—Old English matron's dress.

THE FIRE RAISER!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn, or Hostelrie, (during the time of Richard Cromwell,) sign "The Silver Lamb;"—time, sunset; in flat a low stone wall, above which is seen distant country;—"500 Crowns for the apprehension of the Fire Raiser," placarded on the Inn shutter;—at R.—a blacksmith's forge;—HAL, the Hammerer, discovered quenching his fire and shutting up his shop.*

HAL, [*singing.*]

The ox to his stable, the horse to his stall, Lero Le,
On the Moor once a traveller met with a fall, Lero Le.

[*clock strikes five.*]

Hal. So late, eigh!—then down hammer, and now to recreate; the furnace has parched my throat, and I'm as hot and dry as Sandy Dale gravel pit. Joey Stokes!

Joey. [*without.*] I'se coming,—I be only warming the yale!

Hal. Good!—bring with it a pipe of Sir Walter's weed!

Joey. I wool.

Enter JOEY, from house, smoking Hal's pipe, and with a tankard of ale.

Hal. Oh, you've lit the pipe!

Joey. Ees!

Hal. And half smoked it!

Joey. Ees!

[*Joey is helping himself to the contents of the mug.*]

Hal. Tut! man;—what are you about now?

Joey. Blowing the froth off the beer.

Hal. Aye! and wasting the substance too.—Who dost think will pay the reckoning?

Joey. You, Master Hal!—you!—and here it be, chalked on my yat. The money! [*holding out his hand*]

Hal. There! [*gives money.*]

Joey. And there! [*brushing the marks off his hat.*]
There be your receipt, and now a copper for Joey!

Hal. I've no change.

Joey. Dear, dear, I gets no vails, and very little.

wages!—what a very bad place mine be to be sure;—alack-a-day! the Silver Lamb's the tenement of a wolf!—master's a rogue—he smuggles coald water into the great rum puncheon, and calls it a wrestling with the spirit, and making the enemy weaker!—Depend on't! when the devil stretches out his claws he often pops his paw upon a publican!

Step. [*without, L.—ringing the yard-bell.*] House!—house!

Joey. Oh! here comes Stephen Poynt, the trooper—the dwarf! as he is called;—ah, he is as fierce as a rat without a tail,—drinks wine as if it was water, and water as if 'twas poison, and yet has always coin to spend;—I wonder how he gets it.—The dwarf! ha! ha! by goms! that's a good 'un—a dwarf—six feet *perpendicular*!

Step. [*without.*] Knave!—varlet!

Joey. He be spaking to you, Master Blacksmith.

Hal. To the gate!

[*Joey goes to the gate and ushers in Stephen, R. U. E.*]

Joey. Vails, sur!—vails!

Step. There's for you.—Hold forth!

[*Joey holds out his hat, but, having no crown, it passes through, and falls at the feet of Hal, who is about to pick it up and give it to Joey.*]

Joey. Let be—let be, sur,—I like to collect my own vails. [*picks up the coin.*] I hope it an't a bad one, like the giver. [*biting it.*] Noa! silver, by goms!—I'll be purlite,—any news?

Step. The Dutch have taken Holland.

Joey. Bless me! where have they taken it to?

Step. What drink you, Hal?—Beer by my boots!—pshaw! I deal in a richer fluid than the blood of John Barley Corn!—Heark'ee, Ganymede!

Joey. If you mean me, sur, my name be Joey, plain Joey.

Step. Then fetch me a cup of Schedam, plain Joey; quickly too—and send your master hither.

Joey. I durst not, sur,—he is within singing a *hymn*.

Step. Indeed! is he?—now to chime in with the melody.—Hilli ho! Baron Beer Barrel!—County Closefist!—My Lord of the Silver Lamb!—come forth to your customers!—Hilli ho! sweetly and loudly sung, I flatter myself.

Joey. Ees you do;—you ha' got a voice like an over-blown bassoon.

Step. Mort de ma vie!—St. Dunstan and the devil!
—I sent you for the liquor!

Joey. Did you?

Step. Did I?—The Schedam, I say—the drink, the drink!

Joey. Dear me! what a dangerous place mine be to be sure!
[*Exit into house.*]

Step. The news, Master Vulcan—the news!

Hal. See you that? [*directs his attention to the placard.*]

Step. Umph! five hundred crowns!—Do they think to take the prophet thus?—to buy Elkanah's head so cheaply?—Is the sparrow to be taken with the empty chaff the first wind may scatter?—Signed Haveril Horner:—I remember the Roundhead Justice of Greville Cross, with a fair niece, an ugly wife, and an idiot son,—the girl betrothed to Colonel Launce Leolyn, who fought with me at the Worcester fight.

Hal. And who fled with you from Worcester.

Step. Aye, aye; and who wisely keeps on the French side of the channel, for fear of the parliament axe; but love makes a fool of the wisest;—he loves this Catherine, and will return anon, spite of the interdict, or I'm no soldier.

Enter RALPH GAYTON, from house L.

So! here's a dog of our own breed!—Good even Ralph!

Ralph. [*roughly.*] Good even!

Step. Growling and short, like a West country cur, or a Greenland bear!

Ralph. Bears will growl, when curs are snappish!—Peace, Stephen Poynt!—brawler and dicer!—peace!

Step. And why?—because a bye-gone man! a worn-out wrestler tells me so!—a varlet who puts poison into possets!—a quack compounder!—a money scrivener!—a sinning publican!—Old man, I know you!

Ralph. My hand is weak, I cannot strike him down! and I am almost childless!—Reuben, in thews and sinews strong, died of a fall in the ring;—Ralph was a drunkard;—Mike set forth to the foreign war;—and Ruth, who had her mother's look, (whom most I loved,) went crazed!

Hal. Crazed by a prophecy! if I've heard aright.—By whom foretold?

Ralph. By one who, six years syne, came hither;—the prophet of the Druid's Stone on the Haunted Moor.—In him great faith put many, save Ruth;—it raised the pro-

phet's wrath she should misdoubt his skill ; and heavily it fell ! for as she smiled, he turned upon her a cold withering look, and freezingly he said, " Maiden, doomed art thou to commit a murder !"—She smiled to hear, but the shaft went home—her mind sickened—reason forsook her brain—the rose her cheek, and Ruth went crazed !

Step. I've been too rough :—old man, forget the days of your youth,—be calm !

Ralph. Of my youth ?—of my glory ?—when my step on the craig was as light as the mountain goat's,—my bones iron !—my joints brass ! and I could have twisted your giant form, Stephen Poynt, on this knee of mine like a willow wand !—Never ! departed joy was with me then, and the matron would say to the young and comely, see there ! Ralph Gayton, the champion wrestler !—For hours we strove under a burning sun, but I threw them all—to my home returned—drank 'till my brain reeled—slept—dreamt—aye, dreamt ! I should rejoice again upon the morrow.—It came, but the dead palsy had stricken my side !—my limbs hung from me, like the shotten branches of an old oak ;—I called aloud, but my voice was as a wailing infant's—my gripe like a maiden's, and my strength as water ;—next followed death,—next died my wife ! I stood among the tombs of the green church yard,—I looked into her hollow grave !—I heard the hard mould rattle on her coffin,—I saw the hired mourners depart, and I passed away, and went forth, yes, from the grave of my happiness, with a tongue that has never spoken a kind word since, and a heart hardened to marble !

Step. Cheer up—there may be comfort yet !

Ralph. Comfort ! and leagued with you ?—no no, the villain knows no happiness !—Harke'e, Stephen Poynt, " a rogue reputed honest is a moral poison," and there is no vice more dangerous than that which looks like virtue !

[*Exit into house.*]

Hal. That sounds well, Stephen.

Step. So does a brazen trumpet !—I'll read you a moral myself :—If every frothy orator in these bustling times had his true reward, great would be the joy of Master John Ketch, and busy would be the gallows !

Enter JOEY, R.—with flaggon—Stephen drinks.

Why. what is this ?—water ?

Joey. Noa; canary wine!

Step. Now did I not order Schedam?

Joey. I'm domned if you did!

[Stephen throws contents into his face.

That's enough!—I leave—I only wanted that!

Step. And havn't you got it?

Joey. I have, and good-bye to you;—I an't destitute, —I ha' fourteen shillings tied up in an ould stocking; and I can't find a worser situation than the very bad place I leave behind me.

[Exit, R. U. E.

Hal. I'd hire that juvenile if he wasn't articled already.

Step. Articled!—to whom?

Hal. The devil!

Joey. [without, directing travellers.] Ees, that's the way to the Lamb,—but the accommodation be shocking bad, and they ha' just lost a most excellent tapster.

Step. So, so; here comes food for plunder;—pr'ythee when take we the road?—Elkanah said soon, when we were last together.

[Music.—ELKANAH passes rapidly through the gates and stands by his side.

Elk. He says the same now.

Step. Ha!

[they both start.

Elk. You know me not? a good disguise! observe, I am a merchant travelling to a neighbouring town;—booty is in the wind, lads, booty! [Leolyn sings without] Hark! the victim comes—to your seats!

[Stephen and Hal sit.

Enter LAUNCE LEOLYN, R.—disguised as a naval officer of the period, comes down C., and sings.

The Spaniard lost courage, and 'gan for to quake,
Egad! he had cause, for 'twas Admiral Drake—

Leo. So, so! I've reached port at last—by your leave, my hearties! [puts down on the table his sword, package, and pistols.] And thanks to you, friend, for safe pilotage.

Elk. None are my due, sir, none! I was fortunate to overtake you; better to fall in than out with good company.

Hal. I guess you're for a bowl—I'll in and fetch you one.

Leo. Aye, do! and the first beard popt into it shall be yours. [Exit Hal into house.] Strike my mizen, if that fellow an't as clever as——

Step. He is clever and honest besides, and that's saying much.

RUTH'S voice heard without, R.

Where the forest's shades are deepest—
Come—come—to me!

Leo. What forsaken bark comes here?—what wreck this, my masters?

Enter RUTH, R.

Ruth. Haste! for the bog-fiend hath lighted his lamp
To guide us over the midnight swamp.

Leo. Poor soul! is she ever thus?

Elk. Fits of insanity at intervals come over her, this seems one. The cause is, a prediction that she should do a murder—made by some artful knave, be sure.

Leo. A canting dog!

Elk. No doubt, a villain!

Ruth. Villains! Ah! 'tis they—the deep dell and the broad plain be witness, it is they! the cloud hides them now; but anon the crescent moon will peep through the mist, and then the gibbet will have its own—aye! its own!

Elk. A toast! "Here's confusion to the false liar who caused this desolation, woe to the Man of the Haunted Moor." [is going to drink.]

Step. [*aside.*] What! drink your own bane?

Elk. A draught is only a draught—an empty word air!

Ruth.
On the hawthorn grows the berry,
Where sings the robin merry,
The last note's from its throat—woe is me!
The marksman near it stood,
The sharp shot drank its blood,
So it died in its pride,—would 'twere me!

Yet! ah! was it kind to trust himself upon the hollow sea, so like his own false heart; or well to leave me—heaven save and keep me from the deed! a murderess!—Why should I slay?—I've not the mind to think an evil thought, and I'm sure I've not the hand to do an evil deed. Ah! no! I'll be so wary, that I'll cut no more the grassy turf for the caged lark; but weave the garland and water the drooping flower—aye, and St. Mary to help me, bind up the bruised reed, withered by blight and storm, because so like my own sad heart that woe has broken!

[*Ruth retires into house, and shortly after appears at the window which she opens, and arranges and waters the flowers there.*]

Leo. Ah! I see! the landlord's daughter—and her lover deserted her? [*Elkanah bows.*] I understand, a nod is as good as a wink.—May deep seas sink him! would he were overboard, and Davy Jones with the devil at the bottom of the ocean both ready to bid him welcome!—Well! now for one look to my horse.

Step. But the coming bowl—you'll surely drink first.

Leo. I surely won't—no! I and my horse have travelled a rough road together—we will share alike!—And let me tell you, my masters, the man who neglects to provide for his beast, not only should lose his own provender, but deserves to be tost from the bridge, over which he has been so honestly carried, for his d—d ingratitude. [*Exit, R.*—
[*Elkanah goes to inn door and calls.*

Elk. Hal! Hal, I say!

Enter HAL, from house.

Hal. Your pleasure?

Elk. Here is one to be waylaid—to the table and look to his arms.

[*he takes one pistol, Stephen the other, and Hal the sword.*

Step. Shall I discharge?

Elk. That would betray us—simply remove the priming.

Hal. No, I will break his blade! and that's a pity too, for it seems to have come from a good cutler.

[*Stephen and Elkanah remove the priming—Hal examines the blade and is about to break it on his knee.*

Hal. Oh, ho! there's a name here,—[*reads.*] Launce Leolyn!

Elk. Launce Leolyn! his sword?

Hal. Which I'll secure with a twisted wire.

Elk. The lover of Catherine Grey!

Step. I knew what love would do—I told you he'd come back.

[*During this time Hal steps to his forge, and with a pair of small pincers busies himself in fastening the sword hilt to the sheath, in order that Leolyn should be unable to unsheath it instantly.*

Elk. May lightnings wither him!—but these are words, deeds speak for me—he dies!—Birk Moor, by the Pedlar's Dyke—you know the spot—his purse will pay you.—Strike home—and where the fern grows thickest the dark heath bury him.

Hal. Why take his life ?

Elk. Are you Elkanah, or am I?—He dies!—and were the world's whole wealth piled here before me as a ransom for his life, it would be piled in vain!—replace the weapons!—You've secured his sword ?

Hal. Firmly!—he will never draw it on the instant.

Step. But gently, my masters;—if this work must be done, let it be done fairly—so remove the wiring, Hal;—not that I'm a saint—but it goes against the grain of the wood, and the little conscience I've yet remaining, to knock down a poor devil with his hands tied behind him;—egad! I almost pity him!

Elk. Would he pity you at the tree, Stephen Poynt ?

Step. No!—and I'm steel again!

Elk. Hal, leap the wall, and wait for Stephen at the Pedlar's Dyke!

Hal. Aye, aye!

[*Music.*—*Hal leaps the wall—they replace the weapons.*]

Enter LEOLYN, returning from the stable, L. U. E. .

Elk. Well!—have you filled the manger and slung your hammock ?

Leo. No!—I slip my cable, and am off to the moorings of one Sir Haveril Horner. Do we on together ?

Elk. No; we part company,—your way lies over the moor.

Leo. But how in the devil's name am I to find it ?

Step. I'll be your guide !

Leo. Your are an honest fellow.

[*crosses suddenly to take his hand.*]

Step. Do you mean so ?

Leo. No, not exactly—I beg your pardon for the expression;—get our horses ready.

Step. Our horses indeed!—I've nothing to bear me but my legs.

Leo. And even *they* are too good to carry such rascally luggage. [*aside*] Merchant, your hand!—we shall meet again depend on't. [*he shakes Elkanah by the hand.*]

Elk. And if we do, I do miscalculate. [*aside.*] Fare you well,—well, if it be for ever!—Come, Stephen!

[*Exeunt, L. U. E.*]

Leo. Yes! this disguise well conceals me!—Catherine I'll see to-night. Hope rises in my heart when I think on the vacillating Richard Cromwell. The protector totters in his seat;—should he fall, my patrimony is

again my own with her to share. But, stay! may I not be too secure?—How should I start to hear my name repeated?

Ruth. [from the window.] Launce Leolyn!

[she repeats slowly his name.]

Leo. [starts.] Ha! known!—betrayed!

Ruth. Aye, known, but not betrayed!—wait till I descend!

[*Music.*—As she is descending from the window, *Leolyn* arms himself.]

Ruth. Now, cavalier!

Leo. Cavalier!—woman, you are mad

Ruth. Man! I am not mad!—there are seasons when my brain wanders, but the cloud, now the sun-ray of reason pierces the haze, is from it, and I have that within to aid the virtuous cause and crush the villain!

Leo. Where! what! who?—his name!

Ruth. I have an oath, and dare not speak his name!

Leo. And I arms to defend my life!

Ruth. Trust them not!—a false weapon has cost many a brave life!—Examine them!

Leo. The priming of my pistols gone!

Ruth. Pluck forth your sword!

Leo. Ha! wired!

[starts.]

Ruth. As the poacher wires the hare, he would destroy!—fail to put faith in me, and you dig your own grave!—Hearken,—by your sword's hilt, make oath to do as I desire, for I alone have power to save you from the public axe, or the midnight dagger!

Leo. [kneels before her and kisses his sword.] By my bright blade!—by something even more sacred still, a relique, a gold cross given to me by a dying comrade, who fell a victim to a southern climate, the gift, he said, of the girl of his heart!

Ruth. His name?

Leo. Piers Talbot.

Ruth. And he died?

Leo. He died!

Ruth. 'Tis mine!—'tis mine! [snatches it.] I gave it him!

Leo. Impossible!

Ruth. I thought you'd not believe—I am so calm—so very calm [bursts into tears.] you see I do not even weep, or cover it with kisses.

Step. [without, supposed to be speaking to the horse.]

So, ho ! gently my man—gently ! my horse, my charger Grey !

Ruth. Ha ! the villain comes—

Leo. Who ?

Ruth. Your guide !

Leo. I'll trample on him.

Ruth. Forbear ! the time is far from ripe—no ! follow him to the morass—put spur to your steed and leave him there—

Leo. But !

Ruth. Remember your promise !

Leo. Hear me !

Ruth. Your oath ! he comes !

Enter STEPHEN, R. U. E.

Step. What ! having your fortune told ? Is it good or ill, Ruth ?

Ruth. That's not decided yet.

Step. This way—you'll find little good in her words, she is like all her sex and will only deceive you. [*goes up.*]

Leo. [*to Ruth.*] Is it so ?

Ruth. No, by heaven !

Leo. Dare I trust you ?

Ruth. Aye !

Step. Now, are you coming !

Leo. Villain !

Ruth. [*to Leolyn.*] Be cautious ! your life hangs on a hair—remember your oath !

Step. This way—this way.

[*Music.*—*Stephen conducts off Leolyn, L. U. E. as Ruth re-enters the house.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall at Greville Cross,—the house of Haveril Horner.*

Enter CATHERINE GREY and HONOR, R.

Hon. Why will you vex yourself in this way, Miss Catherine ?—not all the tears in the world will bring him back again.

Cath. Honor, my good girl, you cannot enter into my feelings, or estimate my loss. Poor Leolyn !—he has broken no vow,—he is all truth, and compulsion alone keeps him from me and his native land !

Hon. Well, I believe he is less perjured than most men ; and before the cruel civil wars, when old Horner, your uncle, forbade him the house, he used to watch un-

der your window in the cold frosty nights, till his nose was as blue as the sky above him.—Ah! those were beautiful times, but they will never come back again.

[*Haveril's voice heard without, L.*

Hon. Here—here comes the dear boy up the avenue!

Dame H. [*without, R.—*] Honor!—Honor Jenkyns!—let the Colchester coverlets be put upon the best big bed, and the room aired, for Master Jackey is coming.

Hon. Here will be doings—to-morrow is his birthday, and I do believe the house will be turned out o' windows;—coming, ma'am! [*Exit, R.*

Cath. Being so little in the mood to encourage folly, I'll retire; for as Honor has named him, he is indeed a mischievous urchin! [*Exit, R.*

Jackey heard without, singing.

“Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, &c. &c.”

“Breaking up day, going away, all be mirth and jollity, &c.”
You, Jem, keep my box of gunpowder dry, and take care of the kite!

Enter JACKEY, L.— followed by THOMAS, carrying a kite, hoop, toys, &c., with various band-boxes pertaining to a school-boy; JUSTICE HORNER and DAME HETTY, R.— who meet Jackey.

Jac. Ah, pater meorum! mater meum! come to my arms! [*embraces them.*

Dame H. How he is grown! what a fine youth of his age!

Jac. Aye, I'm only fifteen, and I don't care who knows it—I'm a strapper.

Tho. I say, young master, I should like to know what I'm to do with all these things?

Jac. Take care of the battledores, cricket-bat, and kite; but as for the lexicons, latin, and logic—pop 'em all out at the window. [*sings.*] “Breaking up day, &c.” [*Exit Thomas, R.*

Dame H. My dear boy, compose your nerves!

Jac. Nerves! what's them? oh, come! I'm not going to talk in Greek all the holidays.

Horn. Well, and how is your revered master, Doctor Dunderhead?

Jac. Sprightly! such a jolly old quiz! I set fire to his cauliflower wig before I came away.—Here is his private opinion of me in German text.

[*gives letter to his father.*

Horn. [*reads.*] "Your son having departed from Laudanum Lodge Seminary, it is incumbent on me to express my satisfaction as to his acquirements; and further incumbent upon me to receive the indemnification of fourteen pounds, fourteen shillings, being the expenses attending his education.

"DAVID DUNDERHEAD."

Jac. Aye! down with the dust! the doctor is a deep old classic, isn't he, father?

Horn. He gives a most excellent character.

Jac. Oh, fit for a king!

Dame H. And I am glad on't—for thou art the apple of thy mother's eye.

Jac. Yes, yes! at school I'm nicknamed the *numpareil*—

Horn. Stay! here is a postscriptum—"One fault pertaineth to your son, my pupil, to be corrected: videlicet, a most obstinate love for fighting, fire-arms, and gunpowder; for not only has he destroyed the exterior semblance of my wig with fire, but he has blown up into the air the habitation of a full grown female swine and seven small ones." Monstrous! blow up the doctor's pigs!

Jac. And what's the harm? they came down again—and if I am to be snubbed in this way, I'd better go back to Doctor Dunderhead's.

Dame H. He shan't—the dear boy shan't be vexed.

Jac. I won't, you know.

Horn. Well, he shall not, Dame; and therefore I will only put one or two questions—simple ones. *Initio*—*imprimis*, how many quarters are there to the great round globe?

Jac. Let me see—there's four to an orange—four, father, four.

Horn. A good lad!

Dame H. It's wonderful!

Jac. Yes, for my years, isn't it?

Horn. And those quarters are—?

Jac. Ah, there I pop my foot into it. Those quarters are—orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody.

Horn. Why where did you learn this?

Jac. At Laudanum Lodge.

Horn. But who instructed you?

Jac. Doctor Dunderhead.

Horn. Well, well, it was some oversight;—and now

tell me how many and into what forms is the grammatical construction of our language divided?

Jac. Four, father.

Horn. And they are?

Jac. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Horn. The boy is an ignoramus!

Jac. I'll tell you what, I won't be called names.

Horn. And never, as I am a magistrate, will I pay a shilling to that thick-pated pedagogue, Doctor Dunder-head.

Jac. Nay, don't, father,—pay nobody, that's my principle!—Give me the money, and I'll buy a whole bushel of gunpowder.

Horn. My dear boy! [*taking Jackey's hand.*] your genius is like the garden of the florist, where weeds will spring;—but why blame you, when I am alone to blame?

Jac. Ah, why indeed?—why send me to Laudanum Lodge to be flagellated as I have been on the black Mondays?—I wonder how you would like it yourself!

Horn. I shall pursue this theme no longer,—I see I have made an impression on your feelings not to be eradicated;—is it not so?

Jac. Yes, father!—I say, mother, what are we to have for supper?

Dame H. Leave that to me.

[*Exit, R.*]

Enter THOMAS, L.

Tho. A young man, with a letter, says he has business.

Horn. Shew him in.

Jac. Aye, trot him up.

Thomas ushers in JOEY STOKES, L.

Horn. Your business?

Joey. Ise a tapster by business; but I'm no ways spigoted to the line; and being a smart handsome lad, as you may see, your worships, I bethought me, as I wanted a good measter, your reverence might want a good servant; and if so be as how we can agree about the vails and wages—

Horn. Most opportunely you come—I wanted a serving man for John, my son; and, provided you satisfy him, why—

Joey. The place be mine—I be sure to do it.

[*gives letter to Horner.*]

Jac. I don't know that!—Are you well educated?
[with pomposity.]

Joey. Ees—I can't very well read, nor cypher, but I'm acute.

Jac. I can cypher a little, myself—I know that two and two make five!—Are you up to shovel-board, chuck-farden, and pitch-top?

Joey. Ees, and down upon dumps.

Jac. I hire you for a hundred years.

Joey. The wages?

Jac. Twenty pounds a year!

Joey. The vails?

Jac. All you can pop finger on.

Joey. What a very foine place to be sure.

[*Horner, who has been reading Joey's letter, angrily comes down from flat.*]

Horn. Rascal!—where—where did you get this?—speak, or to the whipping-post you go!

Jac. Whip my new man!—oh, if you do, won't I call mother!

Horn. The third on the subject I've received! [*reads.*]
“You have failed to pay down the hundred marks;—look to yourself! for e'er the next moon rises! Greville Cross shall be a heap of ashes!

“ELKANAH WHITE, the FIRE RAISER.”

Jac. But Joey an't Elkanah White;—Joey did not sign his name.

Joey. Dear Measter Jackey, no!—making my mark is the most I can do on writing paper.

Horn. Why deliver the letter, sirrah?

Joey. A strange chap gie it to I wi' ninepence besides—but I'll give it all to your worship, if you beant angry.

Jac. What a fool!—put it into your own pocket.

Enter THOMAS, L.

Tho. Here is another gentleman, with another letter.

Jac. Shew him up, Tommy;—burn my buttons!—I'll hire every body!

Enter LAUNCE LEOLYN, L.

Jac. Geminy cracks! 'tis a sailor-man!—cousin Kitty has got a cousin a sailor-man.

Horn. Now, sir, your business?

Leo. Read my dispatches. [*gives letter to Horner.*]

Joey. How he smells of tarpaulins!—won't I ask him a few questions. Mr. Sailor-man, was you ever at sea?

Leo. What a question !

Jac. I know it's a question, but I want an answer ;
—I ask you if ever you were at sea ?

Leo. Of course, and must have seen much of it—I'm
a lieutenant !

Jac. Tilly vally ! and not of course,—some people
have hardly seen it at all, yet are admirals, and have
got pensions !—but you *have*, you say !

Leo. Yes, yes !

Jac. Then may-be you can tell me all about Robin-
son Crusoe ?

Leo. I've touched at the island he lived on, aye, and
have seen the cannibals !

Jac. And are you one on 'em ?

Horn. [*reads letter.*] “Worthy uncle, the fleet of
which my vessel forms a part, has gained a signal vic-
tory ;—my messmate will furnish you with the particu-
lars—and is also entrusted with dispatches to my sister
Catherine ; to your respect and esteem I commend him.

“EGAN GREY.”

Horn. But this may be an imposture ;—young man,
the hand-writing cannot be Egan Grey's.

Leo. He sends you, as a present, these jewels.

[*gives casket.*

Horn. Oh, nothing can be more clear,—I see it in a
different light now.

Jac. But about the sea fight and the savages ?

Horn. Alas ! we have them at home as well as
abroad ;—the country is laid under contribution by
wretches who threaten its destruction !—but we must be
watchful to prevent this being carried into execution,
and therefore some one must be selected to sit up to-
night and guard our property.

Jac. Joey is the man,—an't you, Joey ?

Joey. Ees, Measter Jackey,—only arm I wi' a pitcher
of beer and a pitchfork !

Horn. Good !—Excuse my absence in giving the ne-
cessary directions.

[*Exit, R.*

Jac. By the great wig of Doctor Dunderhead, here
is work for my box of gunpowder !—I'll put you on
guard, Mr. Stokes ;—this way, my man Joey, and mind,
if a mouse stir, ring the great bell and cry murder !—
Tilly vally, I smell out such a jolly row ;—if you kill
any body, Joey, I'll raise your wages !

Joey. Oh, dear, what a good place I ha' got into, to
be sure !

Jac. And if the Fire Raisers should come, oh, won't I play upon 'em with my whole battery of brass two-penny cannon!—come along, Joey.

[*Exeunt Jackey and Joey, L.*]

Leo. So, so!—amid the confusion, my plan goes on admirably;—the forged letter has deceived old Horner to a miracle;—now if I can equally well succeed in blinding others as to who I am—

Enter HONOR, R.

Hon. Supper is getting ready in the cedar chamber, sir.

Leo. The devil may swallow the supper, I won't—

Hon. What, sir?

Leo. Prithee, my pretty one, send Miss Catherine here.

Hon. Marry, come up! send Miss Catherine! would she come, think you? [*music.*] hark! she is preluding on her lute, moping for her lost love, Leolyn—a foolish wench!—he was no great loss—do you think he was?

Leo. Can I say nothing to induce her to give me an audience?

Hon. There is one way certainly, and I'll tell you;—she and this lost love of her's were accustomed to sing a duet together—[*lute heard*] hark! she is about to sing her part—sing his—and may I lose my new thimble, if she don't spin into the room like a tetotum—but you would as soon move the Church of St. Paul's as do it—oh, that you would!

[*Exit Honor, R.*]

Leo. At least I'll make the trial, Mistress Honor,—[*lute heard.*] by Apollo! Philomela in petticoats!

DUET.—CATHERINE and LEOLYN.

CATHERINE *sings without.*

Said a lady bright
To her cavalier knight,
As over his shoulders her scarf she flung,
Ah, soon and safe come back to me!
For sad was the heart of the lady who sung.
Lute sound a melody mournful and sad—
For we never shall meet again, never—
As the fair lady sigh'd, distant echo replied,
Never to meet again—never.
Tink-a-tink, lute of mine, never!

[*Leolyn listens anxiously anticipating her surprise; when she concludes he takes up the second verse.*]

LEOLYN.

Said the cavalier bold—
 But the tale is old,
 And not as the lady had said it,
 For the very next day
 Love taught 'em a way,
 At St. Madelin's altar to wed it:
 Lute sound a melody joyful and gay,
 Said the bride to her lord when will sever?
 Her words were so soft, that here echo said nought,
 So Leolyn whisper'd her "never!"
 Tink-a-link, lute of mine, never!

[*At its termination she hurriedly enters, and rushes into his arms.*]

Cath. Launce Leolyn!

Leo. Catherine!

[*they embrace.*]

Cath. In that dress!

Leo. Who cares for the nut's-shell, if the kernel be but sound?

Cath. But the danger in which you stand!

Leo. That I confess.—If caught by the Round-pates I shall be shorter by the head—but had I a hundred heads and hands, like giant Briareus, I'd risk them all for love and you. [*he kneels and kisses her hand passionately.*]

Enter JACKEY, L.

Jac. Oh, gemini cracks! here's more Fire Raising! Oh, Cousin Kitty! Oh, Mister Sailor-man!

Cath. But, Jackey, my love—my dearest cousin—

Jac. Don't cousin me—I'll tell—I said one day or other I'd pay you off, for putting little lumps of sugar into my tea and cutting me such thick *stulls* of bread and butter—

Leo. But, Master Horner, say not a word to your father, and I'll give you a crown to buy gunpowder!

Jac. Ready money?

Leo. Ready money.

Jac. A bargain—tip up—[*Leolyn gives him money.*] very well, I'm off.

Leo. Whither?

Jac. To tell mother.

Leo. Why you this moment gave your word—

Jac. Not to tell father—but not a word about mother.

Leo. Provided I owe you another crown, our bargain will be complete.

Jac. It will, provided you *pay* me one.

Leo. There then. [*gives money again.*]

Jac. And there. [*offers his hand.*] If I split may I be—naughty word I mean;—but you will tell me all about Robinson Crusoe?

Leo. Yes, yes!

Jac. And you will cut me out a boat?

Leo. I hardly remember how—and I've no material—no wood.

Jac. Oh, make it out of any thing,—out of your own head.

Leo. I'll endeavour to give satisfaction; and when I return from sea again, I'll bring you a monkey, provided—you understand.

Jac. I'm as sound as a peg-top.

Leo. There's honour in a game of marbles, you know.

Jac. Ah, to be sure, knuckle down and no swabbling. [*Exit, L.*]

Leo. Thank heaven he is gone!

Cath. And in that prayer I join most heartily.

Re-enter JACKY, L.

Jac. But I say, Mister Sailor-man, touching this boat, and this monkey.

Leo. Well—well.

Jac. I come back to tell you I shan't want a very big one—one about your own size, you know.

Enter HONOR, L.— summoning them to supper.

QUARTETTO.—JACKEY, HONOR, LEOLYN, and CATHERINE.

Jac. Will you bring me a monkey and make me a boat?

Hon. Supper is ready, gentles all;

Leo. Yes, I'll bring you a monkey and a vessel to float,

Cath. If steady, Master John.

Leo. But if right well your word you keep,
When I come o'er the roaring deep
I'll tell you tales how the Rovers rob—

Jac. Of the savages, too, and Crusoe Bob?

Cath. And I, too, promise if you are good,
A boat so brave and all made of wood,

Jac. Not all of wood, for by my hopes,
It must have sails—it must have ropes.

[*they repeat four first lines, and exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Haunted Moor;—Druidical stones scattered around—one larger than its fellows standing in centre.*

Enter ELKANAH, L.—musing.

Elk. Shine on, thou rolling moon!—lamp of the night, shine on Elkanah!—as, like a seer of the olden day, he sits throned on his Druid Stone!—[*sits down.*]—No sound comes from the village—the watch-dog sleeps, and the weary peasant is gone to his rest!—Leolyn is strong, but they are stronger still—by this it should be done!

Enter RUTH GAYTON, R.

Ruth. What should be done, Elkanah?

Elk. [*starts up in alarm.*] Who spoke?

Ruth. I spoke!

Elk. Pshaw! a very fool am I! only Ruth Gayton!

Ruth. True, prophet! only Ruth Gayton! and she but that which you in mockery have named yourself.

Elk. Madbrain! I'd be alone!

Ruth. To my poor mind that's strange!

Elk. Why strange?

Ruth. Men love darkness, because their deeds are evil! and darkness well may suit with you.—Oh! had I done the deeds that you have done! I should fear solitude lest the evil one should beard me, and—

Elk. Have you yet to learn I am as dead to fear as I am lost to shame?

Ruth. Elkanah!

Elk. Peace, woman! on this Haunted Moor I reign—below this Druid Stone's my hidden home—here, hated by and hating all, the prophet, the Fire Raiser, lives, working in darkness—earning by stealth and fraud the gold of fools.

Ruth. Has it bought you happiness?

Elk. I seek it not—the purest water of the fountain is to the drunkard only water, it may slake the thirst but it brings no joy.—I thirst for vengeance—riches will buy revenge and may save a forfeited life; for, were not justice already blind, all-powerful gold would make her so.

Ruth. But I never wronged you, Elkanah, never!—then why, when others bade you read the stars and tell their fates—why turn unasked and tell me mine? why grave the words of gloom and terror on the tablet of my

soul, and doom me to commit a murder?—where? when? on whom?—not on my lover? for he, alas, is dead! and my wandering brain has broken my old father's heart—oh then, for once be just and generous! revoke those withering words! I have followed you—preserved your secret—worshipped your shadow—oh! in return, be kind and say I shall not go down to my humble grave stained with a fellow-creature's blood, and I'd die for you, Elkanah—aye, for you! *[throws herself at his feet.*

Elk. Rise, Ruth Gayton! Many a time have I deceived others, myself never—this may not happen—and when I spake the words I spake in spleen; but to say that it *will* not, would only be to belie my thoughts, for I believe it *will* be so, as surely as you and I stand here on this blighted heath by the light of the moon.

Ruth. What must be must be!

Elk. What must be, will be—hush! heard you nothing?

Ruth. What would you hear?

Elk. The bay of a blood-hound—a raven from the morass to croak the death of Leolyn the Cavalier.

Ruth. Why should he die?

Elk. Why should he live? hear my story, judge heaven and you between us:—I once was honest—no matter;—I loved too—pshaw! how I prate—'tis sufficient I was a soldier, an humble one, and Leolyn, my colonel,—a feud grew up between us—it grew to blows—in drink I struck him!—a blow by martial law is death, I suffered worse than death!

Ruth. Unhappy man!

Elk. Note me, and well!—picture a plain with a martial host drawn up in long array,—mark maidens gazing on; but, above all, note Marion, loveliest there—she came to see me in my pride, she saw me in my shame!—In his hand each soldier held a lash, and forced to run the gauntlet through the ranks with shoulders bared was I brought forth,—I passed them all, and neither felt their blows, nor groaned, nor spoke!—I passed even her I said I loved—I passed, at length, Launce Leolyn, and then the pent up thunder burst in one wild withering word—revenge!—revenge!

Ruth. And Marion—

Elk. Loathed me!—since that I've loathed myself!—she wedded to another—How now?

Enter STEPHEN and HAL, R.

Step. Launce Leolyn has escaped!

Elk. Where?—whence?

Hal. To Greville Cross!

Elk. To Greville Cross!—the ford is passable—'tis but a mile;—in jest I wrote that it should burn!—I'll keep my word in earnest, give blaze to the Roundhead's den, and snatch from Leolyn his lady-bird—this Catherine Grey!

Ruth. Elkanah!

Elk. Off! woman! off!—For Greville Cross!—for Catherine Grey! [*Exeunt with Stephen and Hal, R.*

Ruth. The gentle Catherine Grey!—must she, too, become his victim?—not while the life blood warms the heart of crazy Ruth!—If she fall, I fall with her! and the grass will not be the less green on the mad maiden's grave, because she died in the struggle to do a good action! [*Exit, L.*

SCENE IV.—*The Mansion Yard of Greville Cross;—out-houses, barns, and wood-stacks in flat;—an immense oriel bow window of the house, R—through which is seen, arranged at the supper-table, OLD HORNER, HETTY, LEOLYN, CATHERINE, MASTER JACKEY, with HONOR in attendance;—an alarm-bell, with hanging-rope suspended, in centre of the yard—immediately under which a cellar for wood, coals, and fuel, with baskets, &c.—Joey discovered armed with a sword of formidable dimensions—a lanthorn hung round his neck, and a pitch-fork in his grasp, walking to and fro as a sentinel on duty;—a laugh is heard from the party within, as the scene opens.*

Joey. Well, come, they be making merry,—I wish I was off duty, and of the party;—handling a knife and fork be more in my loine of life, than pitch-forking Fire Raisers!—Now to go my rounds;—I'm to ring the bell if a mouse jumps; and every foive minutes, if all go well, I'm to call it out.

Jac. [*Opens a portion of the window, and calls to Joey.*] Well, my man Joey, is all right at present?

Joey. All is well!

[*Joey, with much solemnity, exits on his rounds.—Jackey comes from the door cautiously.*

Jac. So, Joey is gone, and as father began again about the Latin, thought I to myself won't I pop off from the supper-table, frighten Old Justice Pumpkin, my mother Hetty, cousin Kitty, the Sailor-man, and all on 'em. Oh I'll have such a jolly bit of fun with my box of gunpowder;—here it is, among the coals!—well, Mister Thomas, that's a nice place to put it,—oh, if cookey had popt it on the fire, wouldn't it have blown the beef about the kitchen. [*he taes a cartridge from the box.*] Ah, this will do,—I must not physic 'em too strong—one of my box of pills is a dose. Let me see, here is a hole where I used to hide the codlins I could not eat all at once, when I stole 'em out of the orchard.—[*removes a stone and discovers a hole.*] Yes, here it is; so into it you go, Mr. Cartridge, and from it a train out of my powder-horn. [*he lies train and places the powder in a hole.*]—and upon it I place a stone. [*places over it a stone.*] There's a gunpowder mine for you;—now for a light,—I know an old tree with such lots of touch-wood—oh, when it goes off won't the old people jump!—they will think the devil has come on the premises with all the Fire Raisers in Christendom!

Joey. [*without.*] All's well!

Jac. Here comes Joey,—egad! he will find it out;—what shall I do,—I'll pop the basket over it. [*he places basket over it.*] And now then I'll go and get a big stick from the wood-stack in case the Fire Raiser should really come.

Joey. All's well!

Jac. I hope you may find it so!—won't I have a bit of fun?—won't I!

[*Exit, L. U. E.*]

Enter JOEY, R.

Joey. All's well! [*looks round.*] Yes! all is well; but I don't think I seed this basket here afore;—no matter, it will serve me to sit down upon, and I am mainly tired,—but stop, before I do, I'll have a hand on the bell-rope. [*Goes to the bell, draws the long rope to his basket, and then sits down upon it.*] Ah, now this is what I call comfortable,—I'm sure not to be disturbed and snubbed, and blown up by nobody. Dear me! if the yale beant gotten into my head, and I feels as drowsy as an owlet;—well, if any body should come, I can sit here, ring the old bell, and bellow out like wynkin! Dear!—oh, dear!

[*Music.—Yawns and goes gradually to sleep;—Stephen*

Poynet jumps from the wall—takes from his cloak lanthorn, as Joey exclaims in his sleep “All’s well!”—Stephen starts back, then recovers himself, and approaches Joey, holds light to his face, and, finding him asleep, seems satisfied.

Step. Oh, this, I suppose, is the sentinel;—he sleeps however, and—

Joey. [*in his sleep.*] All is well!

Step. All is well!—I’m glad to hear you say so.—Hal Hardenbrass, I say!

HAL leaps from the wall.

Hal. How goes it?

Step. All is well!

Hal. I’m satisfied;—look out while I ope the wicket for Elkanah! [*Exits for that purpose.*]

Step. Here’s a sentinel for a Roundhead fortification;—one, I warrant you, that would go to sleep over a mine of gunpowder.

Joey. All’s well!

Enter ELKANAH with HAL—the former goes to the window, looks in, and examines the door.

Elk. The door is barred with an outward latch;—the better for my purpose!

Joey. All’s well!

Elk. To your posts;—you, Stephen, fire the buildings,—I, by the flame, will rush in and bear off Catherine Grey; and Hal, mark this bolt as I pass the threshold with Catherine in my arms,—on my return, secure it!—This will confine them prisoners in the room, while we escape,—remember!—You, Stephen, to your work, and Hal to your’s!

[*Stephen retires with the lanthorn, and ignition immediately takes place;—Elkanah cautiously is seen to enter the inner apartment. MASTER JACKKEY enters in flat, blowing a lighted bit of touchwood.*]

Jac. Now won’t I give ’em pepper!—I’ll Fire Raise ’em, I warrant you.

[*he sets fire to the train, it ignites, and blows up Joey.*]

Joey. Dear me! what a very bad place I ha’ got, to be sure!

[*Catherine, screaming, is borne from the house by Elkanah, followed by Leoyln; other characters attempt to*

follow, when Hal slips the bolt, and fastens them in ;—Leolyn, in endeavouring to follow Elkanah, is confronted by Hal.

Leo. Miscreant!—villain!

Hal. Dog!—Cavalier!

[*They fight ;—Joey, having recovered from his fright, seizes a stave from stack, and stands on the defensive.*

Jac. Bravo!—well done, Joey Stokes!—[*seeing Stephen.*]*—Oh, there's a long-legged villain!*

[*They conjointly belabour Stephen, who has lost his sword ;—the characters, at the same time, Horner, Hetty, and Honor, calling out " Fire! robbery! murder!—the building's on fire!"—Tableau.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The front of the Silver Lamb, R.— towards the village green ;—time, sunrise.—In centre a May-pole adorned with flowers,—another beside it, with artificial bird on the top, to be fired at by marksmen. The inn shutters closed ;—on a bench or settle under the window, R.— Stephen Poynet is discovered asleep ;—pipe and tabor heard in distance.*

CHORUS of PEASANTS *without.*

Arise, awake!—be glad, be gay!

For here are the merr sons of May!

Step. [*rises.*] Squeak, pipe—beat, tabor—and bellow, bumpkins,—oh, may the devil ride rough shod over your pallets for disturbing mine. If young Horner have been taught to Latinize as well as to cudgel, he has been taught well; and, if amendment follow correction, I am a mended man. By St. Catherine and her wheel to boot! I need mending, for each bone of me seems broken. [*sees the shutters closed.*] So, the host not risen!—Up, Gayton, up!

[*calls.*

Enter RALPH from house.

Ralph. Whence sprung ye, Stephen Poynet?

Step. From firing a nest and bearing off a woman!

Ralph. I deal in wine,—you, in riddles,—good-morrow!

[*going.*

Step. Stay, then!—Elkanah has burnt down Greenville Cross, and carried off Catherine Grey to his den, under the Druid's Stone—and I am here to act the spy on the comers to the Wapenschaw—my message done, I'll to bed again, and mark you weigh my words well, for they come from Elkanah himself, though few and scanty.

[retires to bench.

Ralph. Yes!—To-day do men foregather to shoot at the bird;—the pole, I see, is erected already. How my soul loathes the joy to which it is itself a stranger;—well! coin will be spent, and the love of gold is the only ove which here remains.

[Exit into house.

Enter PEASANTRY, L. U. E. with OLIVER, BROWN, JACK HORNER, and JOEY, armed with carbines and swords;—they dance round the May-pole, singing the chorus, as formerly, without.

Jac. Turn out your toes, Joey,—turn the wit of your head into your heels,—turn out your toes, Joey!

Joey. I does, Master Jackey. [they cease dancing.

Oliver. [to Jack.] A fair good day, sir.

Jac. I hope so, for it's my birth-day, and I hope it won't fall out a foul one. I am Master John Horner, vulgarly called Jack.

Oliver. Ah, Master Jack. [eagerly about to accost him.

Jac. There, I said so. No infamiliarities, Mr. Hobnail, and Joseph turn out your toes a bit more, as becomes a gentleman's gentleman.

Oliver. A cheer for Master Horner. [they shout.] And now away to collect the marksmen to shoot at the bird.

Jac. I'll have a shot at it. [he presents.

Joey. And I. [Joey presents.

Jac. First innings!—first innings!

[Oliver interrupts them.

Oliver. No, wait, I pray you, till all assemble, and then a cup of the usual size shall be your's, and of silver.

Jac. But of what size? You are not going for to come over me and my man Joey for nothing;—I've been to Doctor Dunderhead's, and I'm not going to shoot off my gun for an egg-cup, I can tell you.

Oliver. Oh no, it will be a sizeable cup, and filled to the rim with ducats,—oh a rare cup,—it will be as big as my own head.

Jac. And as thick?

Oliver. Why?

Jac. Only, that if it be, it will be well worth shooting for,—won't it, Joey?

Joey. Ees, the winner will win a fortien.

Oliver. You hit too hardly.

Jac. There's a fellow, Joey.—I did not touch him.

Oliver. Come, neighbours, come.

[*Exeunt Peasantry, singing and dancing, R. U. E.—*
Joey directs Jack's attention to Ralph opening the shutters.]

Joey. See! there be a foine sight!

Jac. Where!—where?

Joey. Ould master opening the shutters.

Jac. Tilly-vally, did you ever see a Lord Mayor?

Joey. Be he a foine sight?

Jac. I don't know what a real one may be, but Joey, I've got one at home, and a splendid fellow he is, —to my taste as good as real gilded all over, and manufactured out of the best brown gingerbread.

Joey. But the ould man—the master,—you don't see the joke of he.

Jac. I don't exactly, Joey.

Joey. He ha' gotten no tapster now, and he be forced to open his own shutters, and blacken his own shoes.

Jac. Ah, Joey, that's often the case with many a worthy man who deserves a better fate:—yes, Joey, and the man who cleans shoes has often as much merit and more honesty than the rogue who wears them. There, Joey, that's from my copy-book;—now, Joey, order something, but be civil.

Joey. I wool. [*seeing Ralph at the shutters.*] Hillo ho! you Mr. Publican!—knave!—you dog, you!

Ralph. Do you speak to me, Mr. Ass?

Joey. He is quite civil, an't he?

Jac. Yes! and knows your name well, Joey.

Joey. [*to Ralph.*] Ees I did speak to you,—I want something to eat.

Ralph. You'll find thistles enow on the common.

Joey. You see I speak to him quite in a *simple* style.

Jac. I see you do, Joey,—it's your own—don't alter it,—I wish they'd fight. [*aside.*]

Joey. Know to your great gain you talk.

Ralph. My gain!—my loss of time and patience—both lost in talking to a fool like you.

Joey. I gave it him, I think

Jac. Yes;—and he gave it you. [*aside.*] He is impudent—hit him, Joey.—Oh, how I wish they'd fight!

Joey. Do you, Master John?

Jac. No, no; he is not my own size;—what a coward!—I'll talk to him.—What do you deal in, Mr. Publican?

Ralph. Largely, and in every thing.

Jac. That's fortunate!—How is your stock of brandy balls, and bull's eyes?

Ralph. [*fiercely.*] What!

Jac. Come, don't be savage—fetch me some wine.

Ralph. Will you give me its value in money?

Jac. To be sure we will; and if we give you its *real* value, it can't come to *much*. [*Exit Ralph into house.*] Now, Joey, as we are so well armed, and care for nobody,—I wonder who it was that set fire to father's property.

Joey. Somebody with a light, depend upon it.

Jac. I think so too; but as 'twas so dark at the time, how should we know these rascals if we was to meet with them?—I know I cudgelled somebody almost as big as a mountain,—it might be that gentleman there for what I can tell [*seeing Stephen.*] Ask him what he knows about my cousin Kitty, and Greville Cross. [*Joey goes to him.*]

Joey. What do you know of Greville Cross, and my cousin, Kitty?

Step. Nothing.

Joey. He knows nothing.

Step. I'd sleep.

Joey. He says he is asleep.

Jac. Let him alone then.—But when will the wine come?

Enter GOLIAH GOODBODY, a puritanical tapster-boy, from house.

Gol. Verily now.

Joey. Eigh!—who are you?

Gol. I am the tapster.

[*presents the cup to Jack, who drinks.*]

Joey. You?

Gol. Verily I.—Give to me the value for the goods received, and I will depart.

Jac. Pay him, Joey.

Joey. By the living jingo, I han't a farden.

Jac. Or I a dump, by St. Timothy! We must swindle him. *Joey.* [*aside.*] What is your name, my friend?

Gol. Goliah Goodbody.

Jac. A very good name, and, therefore, be good enough to chalk up this commodity, and we will call again to-morrow.

Gol. Chalk rubbeth from the board, and is forgotten;—pay the money or be put into the stocks.

Jac. In the stocks!—Joey, we had better be going.

Joey. Ees, I think so.

Jac. You are satisfied we have the money?

Gol. Yea, and unsatisfied that I have it not.

Jac. Well, to have done with joking,—fetch us another jorum, and we pay for both together:—“Double or quits,” that’s my motto.

Gol. I will hie me hence, and speedily—yea, verily.
[*Exit into house.*]

Jac. Yea, verily, and so will we.

Joey. By goms! if we havn’t done the new tapster;—but he be coming—he be coming!

Jac. Is he?—then we will be going;—put me in the stocks! and on my birth-day!—we must be swift of foot, and stride out lustily,—we must depart and tarry not—yea, verily.
[*Exeunt Jack and Joey, L.*]

Enter RUTH from the house.

Ruth. I thought I heard the sound of pipe and tabor;—’tis melted into air like joy, who seldom comes, and when he comes he stays not!—I marvel where they dug the grave of Piers Talbot;—he said the sexton should delve it here, *under the yew tree where first we met*, but he spoke false, and died far, far away in the foreign land!—If the earth hide him, light be the clod on his breast;—if ocean cover him, calm be the wave on its surface;—may his soul find rest where souls are blest!—and his body be shrined in the holiest cave of the deep and silent sea!

Step. [*sleeping.*] Deliver!—stand!

Ruth. Ah! I had forgotten you;—he sleeps and soundly!—Like the villain owl, he prowls by night—getting up with the moon, and to bed with the sun.

Step. Launce Leolyn, die!

Ruth. Die! said you?—Ah! that recalls my task—many and wicked are the deeds you have done, Stephen Poynet!—but this shall not to the catalogue,—come forth! [*she draws from under her mantle pistols.*] I loaded ye both by the light of the midnight moon!

I lodged each ball in each barrel fair,

With caution I lodged them and lodged them with care,

And I said to myself, when next you depart
Your lodging shall be the false *villain's heart*.

[*pipe and tabor heard again.*]

But 'tis May-time, I must be merry—Ha! the pole is
ungarnished yet, I must away for blue-bell and primrose,
I must away—

The fairies are sleeping in bower and brake,
I must rife their treasures before they awake.

[*Exit Ruth, over the green, L.*]

*Enter GOLIAH from the house, with another tankard—he
looks round.*

Gol. Good young Master Horner!—verily! he has
departed—and I am despoiled,—I must exalt my voice—
Ralph Gayton! Ralph Gayton!

Enter RALPH, from house.

Ralph. How now?

Gol. We are despoiled! Master John Horner has
turned the corner, and has not tarried to pay.

Ralph. I'm glad on't—his father would have cut short
my licence.—I have him on the hip—the boy, his son, has
defrauded me and shall to the stocks, and also that run-
away apprentice of mine, for broken articles. Here!
[*gives paper.*] here is a warrant from the sheriff, attach them
both—you father is the constable—see that he does his
duty—quick! to the stocks with 'em both!—the stocks!

Gol. Yea, verily. [*Goliah rushes out.*]

Ralph. How his old justiceship will fret and foam—
no matter, let him;—if a bee sting you to the quick,
how sweet to have its honey for the sting!

Enter LEOLYN, L.

Leo. How now, mine host! have you heard the news?

Ralph. What news?

Leo. That Greville Cross is burnt to the ground, and
that villains have borne off Catherine Grey.

Ralph. What other lumber?

Leo. You mock me! if I thought that—

Ralph. What would you do? As I think I speak,—you
like to look on a fair outside garnished with paint and
patch—I don't.—I am sixty—are you sixteen?

Leo. What is your sign?

Ralph. If you have eyes, look up and see, a lamb—

Leo. If the sign were a true symbol, I should see a

wolf—pshaw! the greyness of your hairs is your protection.

Ralph. The greenness of your youth is your's.

Leo. Go to your grave, old man!

Ralph. Go to your cradle, boy! [going.]

Leo. Stay! I am a fool to be ruffled thus—but my brain is fired at the thought of Catherine's loss! fetch me of your best.

Ralph. And the best price you will pay?

Leo. The best!

Ralph. I'll do it.

[Exit Ralph into house.]

Leo. Let me reflect.

[takes tablets and writes.]

Enter HAL, the Hammerer, L.—counting money.

Hal. Truly, this Fire Raising raises the wind—Elkanah pays rarely. Here have I Stephen's share with my own—by anvil and hammer, there's the man! and asleep too after his toil! Ah, he was ever a sound sleeper, but I'll wake him. Another job like this and I am a made man. [he encounters Leolyn.]

Leo. You are the man who fired Greville Cross!

Hal. You lie!

Leo. The lie to me!—base mechanic!

Hal. Big words frighten me not.

Leo. Or saucy manners me.

Hal. That we will try!

Leo. When? where?

Hal. Here! now!

[They fight, come to a grapple, and lose their swords. Hal, nearly stifled by the gripe of the cavalier, calls loudly for Stephen to aid him—the latter springs from the bench, seizes from the ground Leolyn's sword;—Leolyn turns round on his new adversary, when Hal avails himself of the advantage to regain his weapon—they point them both at the breast of Leolyn.]

Hal. Die!

Step. Aye, die!

[They advance to effect their purpose, Leolyn falls on one knee,—when Ruth rushes down, draws from her vest the pistols before mentioned, and, standing over the prostrate form of Leolyn, keeps the ruffians at bay.—They exit at different sides, Leolyn rises.]

Leo. What shall I say! how—

Ruth. Say nothing.

Leo. 'Tis certain some one seeks my life, speak! who?

Ruth. I have an oath and I dare not speak his name.

Leo. But, Catherine? Catherine Grey?

Ruth. By the love you bear her, follow and be silent—

Come, come with me a maying, and prithee don't delay,
For youth is fitting speedily, and soon is gone for aye.

Enter ELKANAH, L.— as they exeunt over the green.

Elk. So far my giant scheme of vengeance thrives! Catherine is secured, and in my lion's den looks like a hidden diamond of the earth. As I bore her down the steep descent, I thought I never gazed on one more pure—more beautiful;—not that I love her as I once loved Marion—no! first love is a feeling known but once.

Enter RALPH, from house.

Ralph. Oh, 'tis you! I thought the voice sounded familiar, or I'd not have quitted my calling.

Elk. Your favourite one, I deem, of pharmacy?

Ralph. Yes! Ruth, my daughter, brings me flowers, flowers yield poisons—see here! [*shews a phial.*] contained in this small prison of glass, is a drug so strong of death, that a drop, aye, a single drop, would still the beatings of the heart. You'd ask me why I like to have it near me? I'll tell you, most men fear death—I fear him most on the scaffold—and this, [*points to liquid.*] this, you understand me, will cheat the hangman.

Elk. Empty scruples these, Ralph Gayton,—below a man of the sword—all mortal things, and men, must have an end—and when our's come—why not the gallows?—To another theme—how speed your business?—how drop in the travellers?

Ralph. Few and saucily:—a sailor called just now, and—

Elk. [*hastily.*] He was here yesterday?

Ralph. He was.

RUTH enters, L. U. E. with flowers, and hangs them on the pole.

Elk. And will be here again?

Ralph. I'm mixing this cup for him.

[*taking up a cup which he had set down on his entrance.*]

Elk. Ralph Gayton, you love gold—wouldst stain your hand to gain it?

Ralph. Maybe I would. [*Ruth observes them strictly.*]

Elk. This purse is heavy,—drop but one small particle of what you named into this stranger's cup, and the purse is your's!

Ralph. I'd bethink me—I'd calculate,—'tis a round sum;—besides, I give no blow—I shed no blood—I simply give a draught, which he refuses or at his pleasure drinks.

Elk. Be speedy and determine.

Ralph. There's only one I'd spare;—one, that when I lost my strength, would sit by my sick bed when all deserted me! and hold the cup of water to my fevered lip, and while away the sleepless weary night with talk;—but it can't be he, though I should hardly know him now, for my sight is not what it was—and *he*, no doubt, is sorely changed, and *I* so changed he'd not know me; well, well, 'twas a foolish thought—I marvel how it crossed my brain, for he took part with the Stuart Charles, and his lands fell to the great protector,—it cannot be Launce Leolyn!

Elk. [*eagerly.*] Not he!—by heaven, not he!

Ruth. See, see!—the merry men are coming to fire at the Popinjay bird!

Ralph. There, take the phial—drug it yourself,—I'll turn my back, and not seem to see it.

[*gives Elkannah the phial and cup.*]

Elk. Your hand trembles;—take back your trash—this, too, your payment. [*gives gold.*]

Enter LEOLYN, O. P.—puts down gun.

Leo. Ha! my fellow-traveller, is it you?—I said we should meet again.

Elk. You've hardly saved your time;—I've made free with your cup.

Leo. Well, “the dregs to the wicked,” as the proverb hath it; so a good health to you, and good fortune to the shot which strikes down the Popinjay bird!

[*Music.—Elkannah observes him narrowly.—Ruth, the instant the toast is given, as if struck with a sudden thought, seizes the gun of Leolyn—fires at the bird—it falls—she clasps her hands in extasy, as Leolyn casts down the untasted cup.*]

Elk. What's that?

Ruth I have hit the bird!—I have won the prize!—Well aimed for a woman!—ha! ha! [*tableau.*]

SCENE II.—*Coldinghame Copse.—Distant march heard.—*

Music.—Enter from among the trees, PIERS TALBOT.—Shouting without, “Down with Richard Cromwell, and long live King Charles!”

Piers. After a tedious absence, welcome, my native

land!—General Monk has marched to London, and Richard the brother of Oliver, the usurper, is hurled from the pro-
 tector's seat. "Down with the Roundheads!" is the cry,
 and "up with the Cavaliers!"—this will be news indeed
 for Colonel Leolyn, and joyful will be our meeting, for
 he thinks me dead!—Ruth Gayton! alas! I fear to ask
 her fate;—whate'er it be, absence has not erased her
 from my mind;—I have basked in other smiles—have
 seen the southron-dame in all her pride, but have met
 with none so fair, so sweet, as the maid of my native
 land.

SONG.—PIERS TALBOT.

(*Music composed by John Barnett, Esq.*)

I've roved afar through sunnier climes,
 And under bluer skies;
 Where music rose in palaces,
 Whose walls a king might prize!
 Yet there I heard our village chime,
 The wild coo of the dove,
 And saw the little cot where first
 I met my native love!

The dark-eyed maids of Italy
 Have tuned the wild guitar,
 And sung their merry songs to me
 Beneath the twilight star.
 Like fairy-harps, whose murm'ring strings
 The night winds gently move,
 Then stole thy soft tones on mine ear,
 My own—my native love!

Now to make enquiries, and here come two urchins for
 my purpose.

Enter JACKEY and JOEY, L.

Jac. Come along, Joey,—King Charles forever! and
 down with the Roundheads!

Joey. But them's our party, Master Jackey.

Jac. Tilly vally!—we are like the Vicar of Bray—
 we belong to the strongest, Joey.—Here's a cavalier!—
 let's get the bounty money, and go for soldiers. Shout,
 Joey! [*they shout.*] "King Charles for ever! and down
 with the Roundheads!"

Piers. Really, young gentlemen, if your hearts cor-
 respond with your voices, you are staunch cavaliers!

Jac. I am as staunch as a pointer,—I hate a turn-
 coat.—Shout, Joey. [*Joey obeys.*]

Piers. And of what party is that awkward-looking
 youth?

Jac. Turn out your toes, Joey—hold up your head and look like a soldier!

Joey. I does, Master Jackey.—Of what regiment be I?—the strongest, to be sure;—I'm of the same side as Master Jackey.

Piers. Would you like to serve the king?

Joey. How are the vails?

Piers. He pays like a prince!

Jac. Hand over the bounty money. Do you belong to them grenadiers?

Piers. No,—but you shall. [*gives them money.*]

Joey. What be the name of your regimentals?

Piers. My regiment, you mean.—We are called the 79th.

Jac. Then pop Joey and I down into your books, and then there will be eighty-one of you;—and I say, make Joey a major-general, and as I'm very fond of combustibles, make me a bombardier!

Piers. I'll do my best. [*takes out tablets.*] Now, your names.

Jac. and Joey. John Horner and Joey Stokes.

Piers. Are you musical?

Jac. Yes!—Joey can grind the hurdy-gurdy, and I can sing “Green Slaves and King Arthur.”

Piers. [*writing.*] Joseph Stokes and John Horner, drummer-boys to his majesty.

Jac. Drummers!—drummers!—what's them?—and what do *they* do?

Piers. In war, they increase the clamour; and in peace, they flog the soldiers.

Joey. It seems to be a very good place, Master John.

Jac. Capital, Joey!—I'm certain I can make a riot; and as for flogging the soldiers, I'm pretty well up to that,—thanks to the lessons of Doctor Dunderhead.

Piers. Tell me—do you know one Ruth Gayton?

Jac. What!—the woman who went mad because she lost her lover?—I should think I did;—come along, Joey;—oh, won't it take the curl out of father's perriwig, when he hears that I've gone for a bombardier!—shoulder arms!

[*Sings.*]

Grieving's a folly, and all a hum,
So march away to the beat of the drum!

[*They exeunt, R.—shouldering their arms, and ludicrously marching.*]

Piers. Ruth crazed!—That ill-timed prophecy, and my own hurried absence, have turned her brain!—Oh! could I find the prophet, my sword would from its scabbard leap to avenge her! I am stationed here to discover and bring to justice the Fire Raiser, Elkanah!—it may detain me long. [*Enter ELKANAH, L.—who retires on observing him.*] To Ruth I'll dedicate all leisure time;—should I find the spark of reason dormant, not extinguished, I'll fan the flame till the mind's energies shall blaze again!—Rich in the world's opinion, and in means, I am returned—and Ruth, the wanderer, shall find a home within the arms of Piers Talbot!

[*Exit, R.—Elkanah comes forward.*]

Elk. Piers Talbot and Ruth Gayton wedded!—well, let them wed—what is't to me?—but then, King Charles returned, and reinstated Leolyn once more himself.—Ha! must all my air-drawn schemes of great revenge have such an end?—no! rather would I have my own end come than so be baffled. Oh! vengeance! in brooding murky silence have I toiled for thee!—on my bed of flint you have been my prayer!—at night, my dream!—Elkanah! wake to hope, for vengeance shall be surely thine!

Enter LEOLYN, R.

Leo. I have searched the copse—trace there is none, and Catherine is lost to me for ever!

Elk. Cheer up;—"fair weather often follows foul!"—'tis a long night that has no morning!—I'd bet a bale of my own merchandize you see your Catherine anon!—Aye, and a second hazard I'll make you find her plunderer!

Leo. Find him!—would that I could, the miscreant!—the abandoned villain!

Elk. You rate him hardly;—what would he say to hear you?

Leo. Say!—could he speak?—could he abide my presence?—could he breathe?—A bad cause makes the coward, and he, in his guilt, like a hunted fox, would sneak to darkness!—to his den!—for he no more could bear the lightning of my eye, than he could the light of heaven!

Elk. I'll not grant you that.—some men there are of giant mind and nerve!—The eagle gazes on the sun, and is no more dazzled than *I* myself looking on thee!—

Why this man has wronged you, seems strange ;—didst ever *injure* him ?

Leo. I never injured man, by heaven !—why do you ask ?

Elk. You say you'd like to meet this man.

Leo. The dearest wish of my heart.

Elk. No doubt 'tis this Elkanah White, the man so called of the Haunted Moor ;—I know his hiding-place—a reward is offered for his head ;—join me in the enterprise, and the prize is ours !

Leo. Lead on, then—I'll peril life and limb !—the prize be your's, give me but Catherine Grey !

Elk. You are unarmed.

Leo. I have my sword.

Elk. Then bear up bravely ;—steel your heart !—for mercy ask not—he'd give it not to you.

Leo. But how acquired you this knowledge ?

Elk. That's my own secret !—go back, if you fear to follow me ;—the danger is the same to me as you !

Leo. I *fear* !—onward !

Elk. Yet hold !—this fellow's cunning may out-master our's. Beware the pit-fall—for though I grant you a lion at the heart, the lion himself has fallen into the snare !

Leo. I weigh your words, and mark them ;—set but this man before me !

Elk. No matter when or where ?

Leo. No matter where, but soon, if you're a man !

Elk. As I'm a man—[*aside.*] too soon for you—I will ;—follow me !

[*Music.—Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Druidical Cavern belonging to Elkanah ;—at R.—an entrance to another range of caverns ;—L.—an excavation covered with hanging skins or matting, supposed to be a cell for sleeping ;—Ruth discovered descending the staircase,—she goes to the excavation and listens, then withdraws the covering, and discovers Catherine sleeping.*

Ruth. So ! she awakes !

[*Catherine awakes and comes forward, L. U. E.*]

Cath. Where am I ? [*seeing Ruth.*] Ha ! a woman !

Ruth. Aye, lady ! a most wretched woman !

Cath. I am in your power—do not—do not murder me

[*kneels.*]

Ruth. I murder ! let heaven—

Cath. Nay, do not curse me !

Ruth. I curse thee, Catherine Grey ! [*solemnly.*] May you sleep without sorrow and never wake to mourning !—when you wed, may it be to the brave and worthy—may his heart be *your's—your's* his ;—may you have children virtuous and good ; and when you die, may you sink together into the vale of years, as the declining sun sinks low at eve,—shorn of its beauty, but beautiful in its decline !

[*noise above.*]

Cath. Hush !—some one unbars an upper door—you look as if you'd serve me !

Ruth. I came to serve you !—Retire to your cell—sleep, or seem to sleep !—nor rouse ye 'till my bidding, though Leolyn himself come here to wake thee !—quick !—do as I command you !

[*Catherine retires ;—Ruth lets fall the covering, and goes into the recess, R.—as ELKANAH and LEOLYN descend from above.*]

Elk. Hush !

Leo. He is not here !

Elk. He may be near—hush !

[*He goes to the foot of the stair, and softly blows a whistle suspended from his neck.*]

Leo. What mean you ?

Elk. Hush ! I say !—Have you not heard that fowlers lure their birds even by their own calls ?—'Tis this Elkanah's signal I now use :—by his own trickery let him be taken. [*aside.*] Are the knaves besotted ?—they hear not my signal !

[*a distant whistle is heard from above.*]

Leo. Ha ! what's that ?—is it his answer ?

Elk. 'Twas only the curlew's scream above, as it flitted over the moor !

Leo. Will he come ?

Elk. Do I stand here ?—if I stand here, as surely will he come !

Leo. Pardon me !—I know you chide my folly for my good.—You are a merchant, correctly cold and calculating ;—your treasures are of gold, and, when you lose them, you lose but dross ;—I have lost earth's greatest treasure, a virtuous woman !—no, you cannot read my heart, or tell what passes *here* !

Elk. Or you what passes *here* !

Leo. You never loved.

Elk. All men have loved ;—he that has not, may have man's form, as the statue has ; but 'tis usurped, as the reptile crawls into the stately palace!—Go too, Launce Leolyn !

Leo. Launce Leolyn !

Elk. Aye, Launce Leolyn !—'tis your name, I think ?

Leo. 'Tis indeed my name—but how discovered seems singular and strange ;—in a word, open and fair are my actions—as fair be your's ;—my name you know, now tell me your's.

[*He directs Leolyn's attention to another point, R.—in order to confer with Stephen and Hal, who have just descended ;—he motions to them to seize the sword of Leolyn when he gives the signal ;—they assent ;—Leolyn, after a pause, looks again round.*]

Elk. It is as fierce as is my nature !

Leo. Tamper not with mine!—ha ! you smile, and in contempt !—By the mass and good St. Mary ! pause, and I'll draw upon you, as I'd draw weapon on a felon ; and strike you to my foot as I would Elkanah White himself !

Elk. Then draw !—I am Elkanah !—yes ! Elkanah White himself ! [*Leolyn rushes on him ;—Elkanah disarms him.*] Seize him ! [*they seize him.*]

Leo. Seize !—give back my sword !

Elk. Give !—ha ! ha ! what I have so lately taken ? [*points to it.*] See ! there it lies ! and let it lie, 'till the vapours rust it !

Leo. You said you'd shew me Catherine Grey,—that I should see her !

Elk. I did—and I will keep my word. [*withdraws the hangings.*] There ! see her now !

Leo. Merciful heaven !—is she dead ?

Elk. Not yet !

[*distant music heard from above ;—a march of soldiers.*]

Leo. What's that ?

[*Ruth here appears to listen from the recess.*]

Elk. Piers Talbot, and a troop of cavaliers looking for thee !

Leo. Is he alive ?

Elk. He is.

Ruth. Joy !—joy !

[*Ruth, overcome by her feelings, leans or falls against the rock.*]

Elk. Perhaps they stay, even now, to gaze upon the Druid's Stone;—if they do, they look upon thy monument, for this shall be your grave!

Leo. I'll make you rich—

Elk. I'm rich already!

Leo. But I'll make you doubly—trebly so,—I will give—

Elk. You cannot *give* what you have taken away,—my honour!—Elkanah White I am not,—'twas assumed,—my real name is Marten Gale!

Leo. The soldier who was scourged?

Elk. Aye! as you would scourge a dog for the mighty sin of barking at a sun-beam! Ha! lose you your colour!—it seems you know me!—Ha! ha! Cæsar, when he refused the Roman crown, felt not as I feel now!—Hal! Poynet! [*calling.*] away!—meet me at that crazy bridge, crossing the chasm of the valley!

Step. We will wait you there.

Elk. Be sure you do!

[*Exeunt Hal and Stephen up the stairs.*]

Elk. How is it with you now, my fallen enemy?

Leo. Misguided man, it is yourself, and your own evil passions you should fear, not me!

Elk. Nor man or fiend I fear!

Leo. I fear not man!—my cause is just—your sentence fair! and when I signed the warrant for your crime, I did the duty of an honest man, due to his country and his king!

Elk. May that hand be withered for the deed!—may premature old age—but no, old age thou'lt never reach! for thy days are numbered!—thou wilt die here, and thy heir will build thee a monument, and I shall pass by the marble mausoleum, and read the graven lie of all thy virtues—merits—charities;—yes, doubtless the unblushing stone will laud thee to the skies, but still some truth 'twill tell—you died!—ha! ha!—you died!—

[*Exit above.*]

Ruth. [*rushes down.*] Piers Talbot lives!—Catherine, awake!—be free!

[*Catherine comes forward, and rushes into the arms of Leolyn.*]

Cath. Leolyn!

Leo. Once more we owe our lives to you!

Ruth. You owe me nothing. [*noise above as of removing bolts.*] Ha! we must be speedy!—he returns,—

follow me!—this range of caverns lead to life and liberty!

Leo. My benefactress—

Ruth. Away!—you to the desolate bridge repair,—I'll to the cavalier encampment.—Alive, said he—alive?

Quick! let us fly

For life, new happiness, and liberty!

[*Exeunt omnes by the range of lower caverns, R. S. E.*]

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A rocky and precipitous landscape, near the desolate bridge.*

Enter STEPHEN, R.

Step. What could induce that hammering Hal to go back to the cave?—some purpose of his own, I warrant.—Well, to-morrow I'm a gentleman, and am off to London. I'll speak to the man who manufactures them by dozens—I mean the tailor;—aye, and treat him, too, in the genteelest fashion—kick him down stairs when he calls for his money! By Mercury! here comes the constable, as I'm a heathen!

Enter GOLIAH GOODBODY, SEN., and GOLIAH GOODBODY, JUN., L.

Well! am I wanted?

Gol. Sen. No, verily;—we are looking for rogues, but for lesser ones than thee!—greater we cannot hope to gaze upon, for verily in size thou art of sin a mountain!

Step. And thou in iniquity a weasel! and your son a mouse!

Gol. Sen. Verily! we will smite thee!

[*Goliah Junior raises his staff.*]

Step. Out upon ye, you young cockle-fish!

Gol. Jun. Out upon ye, you old land shark!

Gol. Sen. Stay thy hand, Goliah, my son, and knock him not to the ground,—we have no warrant.

Gol. Jun. No! or if we had, I warrant you we would.

Gol. Sen. Have you seen the persons of John Horner and Joseph Stokes?

Gol. Jun. Have you seen the fools?

Step. No!—yourself and your father are the only ones I've met with on the common.

Gol. Jun. What!

Gol. Sen. The Philistine derideth us! but smite him not!—he will be hanged yet, and we shall live to see it!

Gol. Jun. Then pr'ythee be executed here, for father is the hangman of these parts—that your doublet may come to him, for we are goodly men, and a goodly work 'twould be to do it. [*Exeunt Goliah, Jun. and Sen., R.*]

Enter ELKANAH, L.

Elk. Where is your comrade?

Step. He returned to the cave, and bade me wait him here—I know not why!—let him answer that himself, for here he comes to do it.

Enter HAL, L.

Hal. We are lost!

Elk. Lost!—what mean you?—come you from the cave?

Hal. Yes!

Elk. And you left it?

Hal. Empty.

Elk. What, neither Leolyn or Catherine Grey?

Hal. They have fled by the cavern outlet,—their evidence will be our ruin, and the gibbet our end.

Elk. Hold! hold!—ah, I have it!—they must pass the bridge of the Desolate Valley:—'tis insecure—remove the propping—make it so frail that a hunted hare would scarcely pass and live;—once in the centre, down will it fall in ruin! and their grave will be the valley. Hence to Ralph Gayton,—give him this gold to aid you;—I'll to the cave—secure the treasure;—after the deed, be that our meeting-place, and then adieu for ever to this spot. For London then, my masters we, where villains prosper, and rogues live royally!—For London!—for London!

[*he rushes off, R.—Stephen and Hal, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Bridge of the Desolate Valley;—a rough unhewn plank stretching across a chasm, with an under prop or two of mountain fir or timber, to make it more secure.—RALPH GAYTON discovered placing a jug of wine on a ledge of the rock.*

Ralph. Yes—wine they will want, for 'tis the trick of fools to cloud their faculties when they would have them brightest. I hear no step over the rock—I see no step up the winding-way;—yet will Elkanah come, for the knave

is sure, and his blood hounds staunch and true:—hark!
 [drum without.] 'twas nothing but the cavalier drum!—I
 would that Colonel Leolyn could once be found—that I
 could see him once again in the hall of his fathers—ha!
 ha! old heart, there's human feeling in ye still,—yes!
 bad as I am, I think the sight would give me joy!—yes,
 I love him!—to him I can be grateful,—I owe him much
 —he is my creditor—I'd pay the balance with my life!

Step. and Hal. [without.] Hilli ho!

Ralph. They come!—how now?

Enter STEPHEN and HAL, L.

Where is your master?—where Elkanah?

Step. Off to the Druid's Cave, and sends us here to
 you on a special mission;—but you have wine, it seems,
 and that will give us courage, for I'm a cup too low for
 the business I am sent upon.

Ralph. If 'tis important, drink not 'till 'tis over.

Step. There was ever reason about you, Ralph Gay-
 ton, and I like you the better for it—though a rambling
 dog myself. Hal, have you brought the axe?

Hal. Aye, and have sharpened its edge on the lap
 stone as we passed along;—our wit must be sharp, as
 well as our weapon.

Ralph. What dost mean?

Step. Why that we three are knaves, and are about to
 do a deed to prove it. There's your salary, old man, be-
 fore you've earned it;—ours is to be forthcoming. Hal,
 take the axe and level the propping.

Ralph. Stay!—why in such haste?

Hal. 'Tis right we lose no time.

Ralph. I see your plan;—that some one with the
 bridge should fall.

Step. Some one—nay, two, I'm loth to say the word,
 —one is a woman.

Ralph. Take back the money—I'm almost tired of
 blood and gain;—take back your gold, I say, and tell
 me who are your victims?

Step. The first, that wandering sailor—the other, Ca-
 therine Grey.

Ralph. Of Greville Cross?—are ye men?

Hal. We shan't be long, if she die not,—we shall be
 hanged!

Ralph. That's strange!

Step. Yes! and most strange this mariner should prove to be Launce Leolyn.

Ralph. Launce Leolyn. [*he dashes down the purse.*] Take back your gold—I'd harm him not, to be made an emperor!

Step. Are you mad?

Ralph. Are you men?—Look upon me—listen to me—*I am old—very old;—the sands of my hour-glass are near expended,—for me the grave yawns deep and perilous, to you it may be distant;—but do as I would have you;—you know that I am rich, and you shall be my heirs.*

Hal. What should we do?

Ralph. Save Catherine Grey—save this man's life!

Step. We cannot!—our words are pledged—our lives or theirs!

Ralph. [*aside.*] What's to be done?—I must dissimulate—"their lives, or—"—yes, they must perish!—*[aloud.]* Comrades, forgive me that I spoke thus;—if our lives be in peril—our lives must be preserved;—give me the purse! [*to Hal.*] I must be crafty here;—now, [*to Stephen.*] now give me the wine.

Hal. I will,—'twill give ye courage!

[*Stephen gives Ralph the jug,—after drinking he takes, unseen by them, the phial from his vest, and empties the contents into the remainder.*

Ralph. [*aside.*] Poison be speedy!—their lives for his—it must be so!

Step. Is it your will we drink?—or is it not?

Ralph. It is my will! [*he gives them the jug, and is going.*

Step. Where art thou going?

Ralph. To mark their coming. [*Exit, l.*

Hal. How the old miser hugged his gold;—at times he is as mad as Ruth herself. One deep draught, and then to business.

[*Hal drinks, then retires, and with a blow or two strikes down the propping, which is seen to fall into the valley;—Stephen drinking, and finishing the contents during the operation.*

Step. Hal, a thought strikes me:—dost think the old man means us fair?

Hal. I do suspect him.

Step. He said we should be his heirs.

Hal. He did!—let's slay him—then rifle his coffers that he may keep his word.

Step. Stand by me.

Hal. Hand and glove.

Enter RALPH, L.

Ralph. They are coming—I hear them,—they are not the bridge—[*aside.*] and the poison has not done its work—what's to be done?

Hal. This!

Step. This! [they stab him—he falls.]

Ralph. You have slain me!—was this well?

Hal. We feared you would turn traitor!

Ralph. I am a traitor;—false to the bad cause—true to the good.

Step. Where is your wealth?

Ralph. Ha, ha! you murdered me to be my heirs!—you, who stand there with the livery of death upon each cheek;—your drink was drugged!—your swords robbed me of life—I poisoned you!

Leo. [without.] This way, dear Catherine—bear up.

Step. Ha! if we perish, they perish too!

Ralph. They perish not!—Oh for the wrestler's strength! once more, limbs, do your office.

[he staggers towards the bridge.]

Hal. What do you mean?

Ralph. They shall not perish!

Leo. [without.] This way, dear Catherine.

LEOLYN and CATHERINE enter, R.— and are almost on the point of stepping on the bridge.

Step. Who will prevent it?

Ralph. I! [he is by this time on a level with the surface.]

Step. How, traitor?—how?

Ralph. Thus, villains!—thus!

[He rushes to the centre of the bridge—it gives way with a crash;—Stephen falls to the ground in despair;—Hal rends his hair;—the old man is precipitated into the valley below, and Catherine and Leolyn complete the tableau.]

SCENE III.—Coldinghame Copse.

Enter JACKY, L.— beating a drum, and in uniform.

Jac. Come, I get on finely;—I can beat the rogues' march already;—I must learn the retreat next, in case there should be a battle. If Solomon Lob had done the same, he might have been alive now,—but Solomon Lob was a booby.

SONG.—JACKEY.

(Music composed by J. Blewitt, Esq.)

Solomon Lob was a ploughman stout, and a ranting cavalier,
 And when the civil wars broke out, it quickly did appear
 That Solomon Lob was six feet high, and fit for a grenadier :
 So Solomon Lob marched boldly forth, to the sound of bugle horns,
 And a weary march had Solomon Lob, for Solomon Lob had horns.

Ran-te-ra-ra, row-de dow,
 Oh ! what a warlike story !

Solomon Lob, he lost his nob, and all for martial glory

Solomon Lob marched boldly forth, and loud the drums did roll,
 For Solomon Lob was a hero born, and with a hero's soul :
 The fight began, the Roundheads fought like devils on that day,
 The cavaliers cried " charge," and he—he charged another way ;
 For Solomon Lob no reason knew why Solomon Lob should stay.

Ran-te-ra-ra, &c.

Now Solomon Lob, though a martial man, still life to him was dear,
 So he thought he might as well avoid a Roundhead bombardier,
 Who had resolved with carbine long to do a spiteful job,
 And with his shot to send to pot the nob of Solomon Lob,
 The powder blazed—the bullet flew, right to the mark it hied,
 So Solomon Lob the bucket kicked, and Solomon Lob he died !

Ran-te-ra-ra, &c.

[noise without of " follow ! follow !"

Ha ! what's all this ?—Tilly vally ! here comes my man
 Joey, in double quick time ;—I wonder what's the matter.

Enter JOEY, L.— with his drum on his shoulders.

Joey. Oh, Measter Jackey, here be two constables
 sent after us by ould measter—one for you, for stealing
 the liquor, and another for I, for being an apprentice.

Jac. Two constables !—only two ?—I'll pulverize
 them, Joey, as sure as I'm a bombardier !—I dare say,
 indeed, they'll arrest two officers of the 79th.

Joey. Ees, but they wool though.

Jac. If they do, they'll treat us like gentlemen.

Joey. Ees, if it be gentleman-like to be ducked first
 and put into the stocks afterwards. *[noise without.]* You
 do as you like Measter Jackey, but I'm for running away,
 so down goes my drum. *[puts down his drum.*

*Enter GOLIAH GOODBODY, Sen., R.— and GOLIAH
 GOODBODY, Jun., L.*

Gol. Sen. Yield, in the king's name.

Jac. Yield! and to whom? you animated eel-skin!

Gol. Sen. To me—Goliah Goodbody!—that you may be ducked in the neighbouring pool, and then put into the stocks.

Jac. Duck me!—if you do, call me a goose!

Gol. Jun. Yield to the officers of justice!

Joey. You had better yield, Measter Jackey.

Gol. Sen. Aye, and to be tried by a justice.

Jac. I'm a military man, and I'll be tried by a court martial.

Gol. Jun. Lo! I am irritated—I am fiery—I am—

Jac. Tilly vally! you tom-tit!—I'll extinguish you.

[*He snatches up the drum of Joey, and puts it over the head of young Goliah, who by this means is prevented from seeing;—then snatches the stave from his father, and beats him with it, assisted by Joey.*]

Gol. Sen. Prithee lay not on so lustily,—help! help!

Enter Mob, L.—they seize on Jackey and Joey, and bear them off, followed by Goliah, Jun. and Sen., exclaiming “to the pool with them!”—Enter HAVERIL HORNER, LEOLYN, and CATHERINE GREY.

Cath. From whence proceed those cries?

Horn. From some poor unhappy wretch, no doubt, who has broken the law;—but this is indeed of importance, an attested confession from the lip of Stephen Poy-net, who died by poison.

Leo. Catherine, I must leave you,—I burn to press to my heart again my friend, Piers Talbot,—see him united to poor Ruth, and thus repay the debt of gratitude I owe to her exalted generosity! [*Exit, R.*]

Enter JACKEY and JOEY, L.—in a lamentable plight, having been ducked, &c.

Jac. Dear! dear! here's a situation for one of his majesty's bombardiers!—here's treatment for an officer of the 79th.

Joey. And here be a situation for I,—the cauld water have given me the shivers!

Horn. What! John, my son!

Cath. My dear cousin!

Jac. The old gentleman and cousin Kitty!—this is worse than all—I shall never hear the end of this!—Bolt,

Joey, bolt!—go back to the Silver Lamb,—go any where,
—go to the devil, and Doctor Dunderhead!

[*they rush off, L.*]

Cath. My poor cousin!

Horn. Pity him not;—the termination of his wild frolic will teach him caution;—in early life, the lessons we con in bitterness by age are remembered with pleasure, and no truth can come more home to the heart than that experience teaches wisdom!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Druid's Stone, by sunset.*—PIERS TALBOT discovered.

Piers. Ruth I have not yet encountered;—would that I could the vile Elkanah, for he it seems it is, under this prophet's guise, who turned her brain!—Thus much is learnt from the tale of Stephen Poyntet;—he named this spot as being the villain's lair, and would have given a clearer clue, if death had not prevented. I am alone, 'tis true, but I am armed, and before I quit this spot I'll search it narrowly.

[*He retires for that purpose, in flat, when Elkanah raises a trap-door, and ascends carrying gold.*]

Elk. 'Tis strange they come not!—they cannot have miscarried,—no! our plan was too secure, and here I'll wait their arrival. Home of my guilt, farewell for ever! [*to the stone.*] The prophet bids thee a long, long adieu! A cloud is on my brain—my thoughts are dark, as dark as when I doomed Ruth Gayton to her fate, and told the maid she should commit a murder!

[*Piers Talbot rushes on.*]

Piers. Thou, then, art the juggling prophet!—thou art Elkanah!

Elk. Ha! Piers Talbot!

Piers. To thy confusion, villain! to thy death!

Elk. Have a care—tempt me not!

Piers. I defy! and only one step can save thee!—revoke your prophecy made to Ruth Gayton!

Elk. Revoke!—no!—I have said, and it will be fulfilled, as sure as you are prostrate on the ground, [*suddenly rushes upon him, wrenches his sword from him, and raises it to strike.*] and this sword raised to pierce your heart!

[As he raises his arm, a pistol shot strikes it—the sword falls from his grasp, and he encounters Ruth, R.]

Ruth. It is fulfilled—fulfilled on thee!—I am a murderer!—witness thou!

[He rushes towards her, when she fires the other pistol, and he falls at the same moment.]

Enter LEOLYN, and a troop of CAVALIERS, on rocks, with the Stuart banners.—Ruth and Talbot embrace.

Leo. Behold him on the ground!—why fell he not by my sword?—Ruth Gayton! you have robbed me of a great revenge!

Elk. [starting up.] Revenge!—who spoke that word? Launce Leolyn, and alive!—then cover me, earth!—heap on thy giant mountains, and hide me from the sun!—Piers Talbot, Ruth Gayton! or are ye fiends who take their shapes?—no, ye are real!—the fiends are here—their home my heart!—drag me not down!—doom me not as others I have doomed!—ye are inflexible—your breath is fire!—touch me not,—mercy!—too late!—too late!

[Dies.—The Cavalier banners, grouped with peasantry among the stones, form tableau.—Curtain falls.]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Leolyn. Catherine. Elkanah. Officer. Ruth. Piers.
R. L.

THE END.

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