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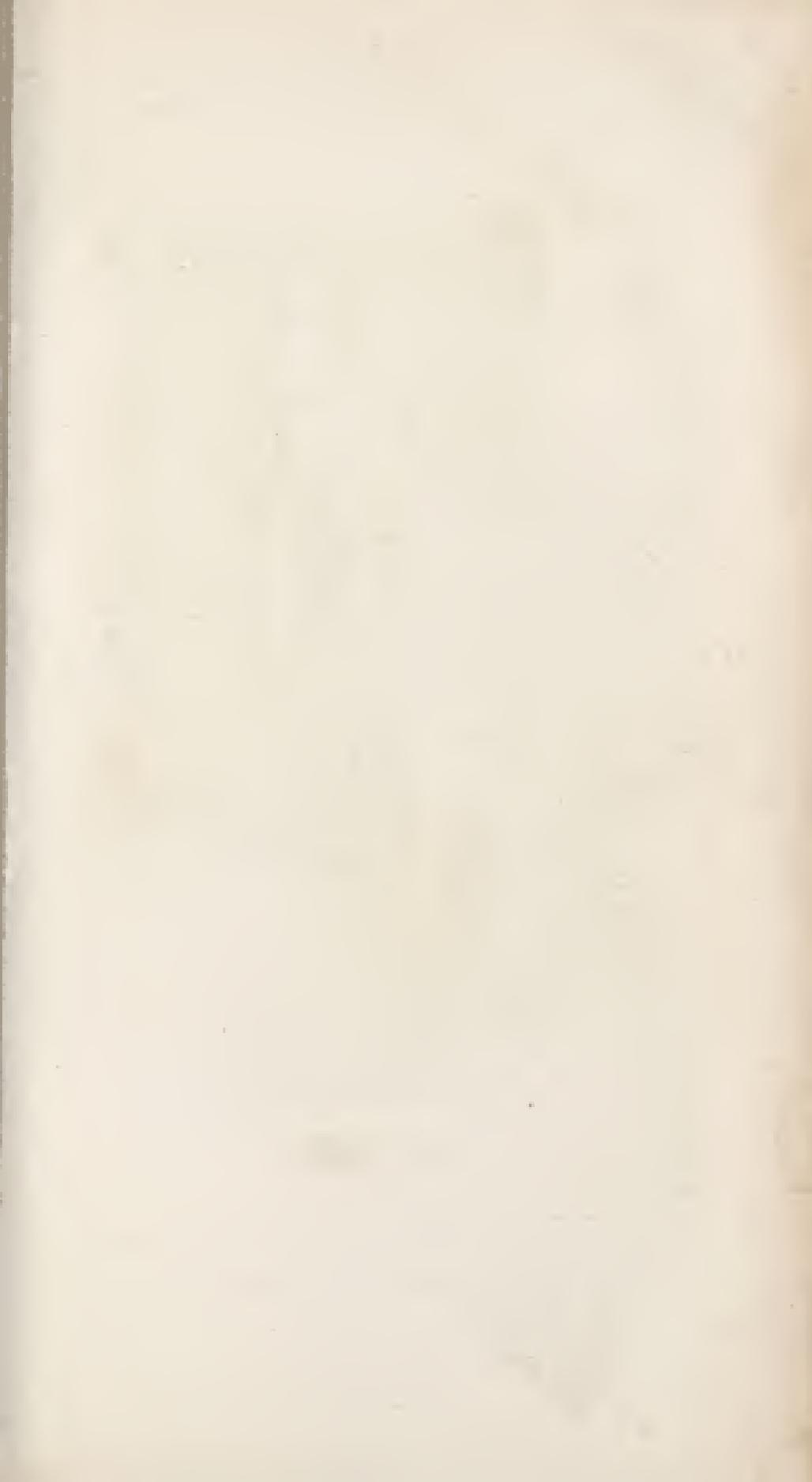
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CHARLES II.

EDINBURGH PUBLISHED BY JOHN ANDERSON JUNR.

FEVERIL OF THE PEAK

OR

THE DAYS OF CHARLES III.

AS PERFORMED AT

The Theatre Royal

EDINBURGH.



Feversham Castle, Derbyshire.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN ANDERSON JUNR 66 NORTH BRIDGE STREET

EDINBURGH.

1825.



TO

MISS S. BOOTH,

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF FENELLA,

THIS DRAMA

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Edinburgh, 25th July 1823.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—[*Curtain rises to Music.*]—*Romantic View on the Shore of the Isle of Man.*

Enter several FISHERMEN with their Wives.

1st Fish. But, neighbours, take my word, there's mischief afloat. All's astir up at the Castle, yonder. The guards are doubled; and they talk of some plot to murder the old Countess of Derby, here, in her very kingdom, the Isle of Man.

2d Fish. Ay, blow up the island, and set fire to the sea—eh, neighbour Wiseman? No matter; troubled waters are good for the fisherman,—so ready with your nets, and let the word be—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, boys.

CHORUS.

Farewell, merry maidens, to laugh, song, and reel,
 We must dance on the wave with the porpoise and seal :
 The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
 And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits by.

We'll sing when we bait, and we'll sing when we haul,
 For the deeps of the ocean have plenty for all ;
 There's turbot for gentles and skate for the carle,
 And wealth for bold Derby, both Countess and Earl.

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter JULIAN with a Fishing-Rod in his hand,
 followed by DEBORAH DEBBITCH.*

Deb. Ay, ay, Master Julian Peveril ; but, as
 Friar Bacon said :—Time is, time was, and time
 past. You are no longer a pretty boy, nor Alice
 Bridgenorth a little girl ; and though you might
 romp together, when children, I can allow no romping
 now : so go your ways, and come to Black-foam
 no more.

Jul. Nay, Deborah ; but where is Alice ?

Deb. Safe from your hook, Master Julian : she
 fish elsewhere—you catch not Mistress Alice. You
 be the death of me. Should it be known I encour-
 aged a young man to visit here, my character would
 suffer.

Jul. That's impossible, good Deborah ! Nay,
 nay, be not unkind. When I first landed on this
 island, did not you renew the intimacy which, in our
 earliest years, had subsisted between Alice and my-
 self ?

Deb. Yes ; but I didn't desire you to fall in love
 and talk of marriage.

Jul. Why not ? Have you not said a thousand
 times, we were born for each other ?

Deb. No, no, no,—positively no. I may have
 said the estates were born for each other. But then
 your fathers are ready to cut each other's throats, for

the good of their country; and then, to mend the matter, here are you, page to the Countess of Derby,—the very woman who shot Colonel Christian, the very uncle of Alice. No, no; these are matters not to be forgiven: So linger not here—'tis dangerous.

Jul. Be not so hasty. Thou wert ever the kindest, prettiest nurse in the world; and, ere I go, shall accept of this ring:—Nay; refuse me not—I will place it on your hand myself.—(*Placing it on her hand, which he kisses.*)—There, Deborah! wear it in memory of Julian, whom you once loved; and who—Oh, Deborah!—(*Kisses her.*)

Deb. (*Embracing him.*) Oh, Thou wert ever a sweet boy! But what signifies my consenting, when Alice herself refuses to see you?

Jul. I ask but one more interview, ere I leave this place for ever. Alice no longer loves me; and—

Deb. Nonsense! How a little coyness puts you men in the dumps. Take my word for it:—a girl never loves more truly than when she is taking the greatest pains to deny it. By my faith, I know these things! So loiter here awhile, and I'll see what can be done. She loves you, I'll be sworn—so never mind her glooms or her frowns, but mind the angler's adage,—“When clouds are lowering the fish bites.” [*Exit.*]

Jul. May Heaven speed you! Oh, Alice! let me gain your love, and, blessed with such a prize, what should withstand my youthful ardour?

SONG.

For, if no faithless action stain
Thy true and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er were known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Black-Fort.*

Enter ALICE.

Alice. How vainly we oppose the dictates of affection! Again have I consented to see Julian. Alas! how dangerous, how useless these repeated interviews! For, spite of Deborah's assertions,—That fortune will one day bless us,—when I reflect on the opposite principles of our parents, I feel convinced 'tis vain to cherish hopes which must eventually not only wreck my happiness but Julian's peace.

SONG.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
When hope shall be for ever flown,
No sullen murmur shall reveal—
No selfish murmurs ever own.

Nor will I, through life's weary way,
Like a pale drooping mourner move,
While I can think my secret tears
Will wound the heart of him I love.

Enter Julian.

Jul. Dearest Alice! why this reserve? What! am I doomed to supplicate admittance, where hitherto I have been ever welcome?

Alice. Consistently with my duty, we have met too often. We must endeavour, if we would avoid eternal wretchedness, to remember each other only as friends.

Jul. Beloved Alice! you over-rate the difficulties which lie betwixt us. They must—they shall give way. Inveterate as my father's notions are against the religious and political sentiments of Major Bridgenorth, I have a mother, whose influence—

Alice. Yes, Julian; but my father's prejudices are as strong as Sir Geoffry's; and who shall inter-

me for me? Alas, I have no mother! No, no! is impossible. My father is a man of sorrows; and I will never encourage a passion which may increase them.

Jul. My mother has ever spoken of Major Bridgenorth as a worthy, a most estimable man. Direct me to him, and fear not I will plead my cause.

Alice. The information you require, Julian, I cannot give. My father rarely visits this seclusion—his steps are secret, and his arrival ever unlooked for.

Jul. Then, by heaven! I will watch his arrival on the island; and in this house, and ere he has locked you in his arms, he shall answer me on the subject nearest to my heart.

MAJOR BRIDGENORTH *has entered as JULIAN commenced his speech, and now comes down between them.*

Major B. Demand that answer now.

Alice. (*Sinking at his feet.*) Father, father! I am not to blame.

Major B. (*Raising her kindly.*) I do believe thee. But now, my child, retire to your apartment; I have that to say to this youth which will not endure your presence.

Alice. (*Throwing her arms around her father.*) Oh, do him no injury! for he has meant no wrong.

Major B. Go to thy chamber—compose thine own passions—Learn to rule there, and leave me to deal with this youth.—(*He conducts Alice to the door, as Julian continues to gaze upon them.*)—You seemed but now, Sir, anxious to know where I could be found?

Jul. Such was my—my wish; and, therefore, I applied to Alice.

Major B. Now known to you for the first time. Am I so to understand you?

Jul. By no means. I have been known to your daughter for many years; and—

Major B. And have been long attached to her?

Jul. Sir!

Major B. Think you, young man, the father of an only child,—the last fond pledge of a departed wife,—would place that child in this secluded spot without the surest knowledge of her actions?

Jul. Then, if my passion has been so long known to you, may I hope your approbation?

Major B. Had I deemed your visits here of dangerous tendency, my child, ere this, had been removed.

Jul. Then, may I dare?—

Major B. Young man, hear me:—You doubtless know, that, in the Protector's time, I was the antagonist of your father's principles, though not the enemy of his person.

Jul. I have heard you were my father's friend and neighbour.

Major B. Ay; when he was in affliction, and in prosperity, my services—my property, were at his command. He repaid me, by shielding from my resentment the cruel Countess of Derby; at whose command the brother of my beloved wife was, as a traitor, shot to death within the courts of Holm Pead Castle. Chance placed the murderess in my grasp. It was your father, Julian, whose weapon gleamed against my throat, and saved her from my vengeance.

Jul. Had she thrown herself before him for protection?

Major B. Julian; it is not in the bitterness of heart I now recal your father's conduct, but to prove

w utterly impossible, in worldly eyes, would be the union you desire. Yet, for thy mother's sake—

Jul. My mother!

Major B. Julian; but for thy mother I had been childless. One by one,—a prey to fell consumption,—did my babes sink to the grave; and, to complete my misery, in giving birth to Alice, perished the faithful partner of my sorrows. In my distraction I refused to see the infant—feeling that she, a victim to the same disease, would be quickly torn from me; but your mother, Julian—your honoured mother, who smoothed the dying pillow of my wife,—took home the little Alice; and to Lady Peveril's fostering care am I indebted for my child.

Jul. Then, dear Sir! will not the mother's kindness atone for what—

Major B. The protection Sir Geoffry afforded to the Lady Derby determined me to take my Alice from your father's roof. I secretly dispatched her here, where many of her mother's relatives have long resided; but little thinking that the proud Peveril of the Peak would send his only hope to dance attendance as a page in Holm Peel Castle.

Jul. As little thought I,—when first I sought the stream which ripples round these walls, to cast my angle in the water,—to find again the lost companion of my infancy. Surely, Sir, since heaven decreed the meeting, you will not refuse to sanction my affection?

Major B. Son of Margaret Peveril, I have dealt candidly with thee. The sentiments of thy house and mine are now too wide asunder—thy religion and thy politics too much unlike my own; yet, if you truly love Alice Bridgenorth, and will deserve her at her father's hands, it may not be impossible—*(Julian is about to reply.)*—Reply not now—but

go—and, for thy mother's sake, may peace go with you.—[*Exit Julian.*—] My heart yearns towards that young man; and, if he bears the trial, my Alice shall be his.

Enter DEBORAH with a Letter.

Deb. (*Giving it to Major B.*) Some rude fellow, who wouldn't answer a single question I asked him, left this for you,—an unmannerly brute. Neither his name, business, whence he came, nor where he was going, could I learn. What are such tongueless blocks fit for, I wonder?

Major B. To be trusted. Follow his example—rule your tongue—or you abide not here.—Leave me.

Deb. Brute!—Rule my tongue indeed. 'Tis ever thus with your great patriots,—they'll let nobody have freedom of speech but themselves. [*Exit.*]

Major B. What's this?—From Christian!—“Our plans have failed. Bertram has suffered himself to be surprised, and is now a prisoner in Holm Peel Castle. Look to your safety, and prepare to leave the island.” Unfortunate reverse! Should the papers entrusted to Bertram's care have fallen into the Countess of Derby's hands, I fear indeed that all is lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Front Hall in Holm Peel Castle.*

*Loud shouts of “Bring him along!—the villain!
—the traitor!”*

Enter a mixed assemblage of Servants and Soldiers dragging in BERTRAM.—They are preceded by SAMPSON the Steward.

Samp. Bring the fratricide before me! A pretty knave indeed! to be found plotting against our do-

ole lady. But you shall swing for't, be assured, most villanous! Drag him along—Stay!—here comes Mistress Fenella, our lady's favourite.

Enter FENELLA.—She starts and appears much agitated at the sight of Bertram, who eyes her attentively.

Samp. Ay, mistress Fenella—saw you ever such a hang-dog? There is murder in the glance of his left eye—felony at the tip of his nose—and perjury in every twist of that rascally mouth: In short, his face is a pocket edition of the Newgate Calendar.

Enter an OFFICER.

Offi. Master Sampson, confine the prisoner in the western tower. The papers found upon him are most important; therefore look to him well.

(During this speech Fenella passes behind the attendants, and, drawing near Bertram, appears to hold communication with him by signs.)

Samp. Mistress Fenella, no tampering with the prisoner. Lord! I forgot the helpless animal was deaf and dumb—poor wretched dependant upon my lady's bounty.

(Fenella eyes him with strong contempt, and, once more glancing significantly at Bertram, leaves the apartment.)

That girl's the devil!—So much mystery—so much gloom. She hasn't a smile for any soul in the house but Master Julian. Well, well—all's well that ends well. So bring my knight of the ugly mug along with you. Oh, you diabolical-looking miscreant!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Holm Peel Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS OF DERBY with Papers, preceded by a Servant and an Officer.

Coun. Sirrah ! Bid them look well to the north bastion, and hasten its repairs—[*Exit Servant*].—while you, good captain, dispose the night-watch early. There are some within the island who bear us no good will, and need your vigilance—Look to it, captain.—[*Captain bows, and exit.*].—Will the persecutors ne'er be stilled—ne'er slacken their endeavours to avenge the death of that unhallowed traitor, whose name and infamy should both have been extinguished in his blood ? Well, let them rage—here's that will crush their malice. These papers, so happily discovered, teach me the plot I feared, is not confined to this poor island, but, spreading through the realm, purposes to force, upon the royal councils, those stern and ruthless men who lorded it in Cromwell's time ; and, as a leader in this bold conspiracy, stands foremost my proud foe, his Grace of Buckingham.

FENELLA enters unobserved, and, during the following lines of the Countess's speech, appears to listen attentively, expressing delight at the agitation of her manner.

Christian, too, an agent of his Grace !—Bridgenorth concerned ! These papers must to court. This foul conspiracy once known, and the imaginary plot, which now disturbs the realm, invented by these wily knaves to cloak their own design, will fall at once ; and—(*Observing Fenella*)—Who's there ?—Slave—hast thou dared—psha ! I forgot—She hears me not, and cannot betray.

(Fenella lays her hand upon her heart, and, bowing low, points to the wing.)

Coun. 'Tis Julian comes.—*(Waves her hand to Fenella.)*

JULIAN enters, whom Fenella regards with deep interest, and forgetfully remains gazing upon him.—The Countess, irritated at her inattention, stamps violently, and proudly motions her to leave the room.

Coun. Retire.

(For a moment Fenella appears indignant at the manner of the Countess; but, upon Julian taking her hand, and mildly requesting her absence, she hastily leaves the apartment—vainly endeavouring to subdue those emotions his kindness has evidently excited.)

Jul. Madam, you desired to speak with me?

Coun. Julian; you perceive changes in the Castle since you left it.

Jul. I perceive, Madam, that the guards are doubled and preparations making for defence—I have also heard of a conspiracy upon the island. Is it possible that aught can threaten danger to you, lady?

Coun. Danger, boy!—Danger has tracked my steps for years. Yes, Julian; when all England had submitted to the Protector's power, I alone, a hapless widow, still waved the royal standard from these towers: Nor had it ever been torn down but for a villain who had eaten of our bread and drank of our cup from childhood,—the traitor Christian.

Jul. Were you betrayed through him?

Coun. Through him was I seven years a captive in the dungeons of this very castle; and would have perished there sooner than relinquish the right of my son. But heaven had revenge in store. The islanders

groaned beneath the yoke of their new masters; and, on the restoration of our monarch, they burst my bonds.

Jul. And Christian—This decided act drew, as I hear, displeasure from the king.

Conn. The king was new in the royal chair; and, fearing less to wrong his friends than to offend his enemies, issued a disgraceful warrant for my apprehension, induced, I doubt not, by his Grace of Buckingham, who thirsted for our power and estates. I flew for shelter to your father's house, who preserving me from the fury of one Bridgenorth,—a relation of the traitor Christian. The king was pleased at length to mitigate my persecution to the payment of a heavy fine.

Jul. An ill reward for your distinguished service.

Conn. My rewards end not here:—Some plot, real or fictitious, has been discovered among those of our persuasion; and our friend at court has kindly added the name of Derby to the list of the conspirators. My son, indignant at the accusation, resolves to visit London, and, as a peer of England, demand justice for the insult thrown upon his house by base and perjured witnesses. Alas! when once they have him in the toils, he will but share his noble father's fate.

Jul. Madam, your fears are just. Your enemies are powerful; and, with the rumours here of insurrection, your son must not be absent. Let me then go; and trust your Julian's duty and affection.

Conn. Know you the risk?

Jul. Shall I think of risk when your fortunes are in danger?

Conn. Brave boy! I have not firmness to refuse your offer:—But yet conceal your purpose from my son. This night Fenella shall conduct you, by a secret outlet of the Castle, to a boat which shall at-

and you. Upon your road you can visit the residence of your father, whose advice may benefit our plans. Go, then, my son. While I get ready my dispatches, prepare for your departure; and may the blessings of a widowed mother prosper your enterprise. [Exit.

Jul. Ere I depart, I must contrive some interview with Alice. The night draws on; yet I cannot leave the island without seeing her.

Enter a SERVANT, who gives a Note to Julian, and retires.—FENELLA enters at the back of the stage at the same time.

From Alice!—"I fear I am going to do wrong—I must see you. Meet me as soon as possible at Goddard Cooven's Stone." Kind Providence! thus you anticipate my wishes. Yes, dear Alice! I will see you instantly—(*Fenella comes forward*)—Fenella here!

(*As Julian prepares to leave the stage, at the same time Fenella interposes, and prevents his departure.*)

How Fenella!—Oppose my departure! What can be her motive?

(*Fenella takes out a tablet, and, writing on it, gives it to Julian.*)

Jul. (*Reads.*) "Danger is around the Countess; but more danger in what you propose." How can she, who is insensible of sound and utterance, know my purpose?

(*Fenella lays her hand upon her brow, then sketches on the tablets, and presents them to Julian.*)

A sketch of Goddard's Stone—"Not meet Alice." What power can have imparted to Fenella my design? Is this sorcery?—Not meet Alice!—Not all the subtilities of man or demon shall oppose me.

(*Fenella again endeavours to prevent his going.*

—He throws her hastily round, but instantly repents his harshness, kisses her hand, and rushes out.—She looks after him a moment, then shading her eyes with her hand, as if to conceal her tears, slowly leaves the stage.)

SCENE V.—*A Romantic Pass by Moonlight.*—*Goddard's Stone in the centre of the Stage.*

Enter ALICE.

Alice. Surely he will not fail to come. My heart trembles at its own audacity. Should my absence be discovered! Who's there?—Julian!

Enter JULIAN.

Jul. Your own devoted Julian.

Alice. Alas! I scarcely know how to excuse myself for demanding such an interview; but it was necessary to your peace. Julian, your intercourse with my father is dangerous.

Jul. Alice, impossible!

Alice. By your love for me, he would effect that vengeance which he considers due to your parents and the Lady Derby. He would pervert your notions to his own purposes—turn your heart from the principles in which it has been taught to beat—and I am to be the reward.

Jul. Holds he a thought so base?

Alice. Alas! Worked upon by my uncle,—the brother of the murdered Christian, he holds it just, by any means, to compass his revenge. Once more,—avoid my father!

Jul. Nay, once more, I must behold him. I am about to leave the island, and wish to warn him there is danger in his stay. The Countess is not ignorant of his presence, any more than she is of his determined hate.

Alice. My uncle Christian is too well acquaint-

with all that passes in the Castle. Over his actions the Countess holds no true authority. The snow he meditates will not fall individually; therefore I rejoice in your departure. Julian, we may never meet again; but remember,—if ever you betray your honour, from that moment resign all thoughts of Alice.

DUETT—ALICE AND JULIAN.

Julian.—At ev'ning when the setting sun
Illumes the vale,

Alice.—O do ocean's waves repose beneath
The moonlight pale.

Julian.—There, as the wild bird's lay
Soothes the sigh of parting day,
Or hails the moon's soft ray,
Remember me.

Alice.—There, as the wild bird's lay, &c.
When sorrow, with her iron fangs,
Destroys thy rest;
Or stern affliction's mighty pangs
Assail thy breast;

Then think of one, whose love
Not fate itself can move,
But will ever constant prove,—
And remember me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter SAMPSON reading a Paper, followed by FENNELLA bearing a Lamp.

Samp. 'Tis strange this!—Resign my keys!—
Yet 'tis the Countess's order, and I must obey. Re-
sign my keys for the night—and to Fenella too!
There's always mischief in the wind when that lit-
tle devil's concerned.

(*Fenella advances towards Sampson, and, in
action, demands the keys.*)

Well, well—bless me! how hasty you ladies are!
There are the keys which unlock the outposts.—

(Giving Fenella a bunch of keys.)—These which secure the dungeons I shall retain. My knight of the halter was consigned to my care, and the Countess's order alludes not to him.

(Here Sampson accidentally drops the dungeon-keys, and Fenella, stooping to pick them up, presents him with her bunch, unperceived by the old man.)

Thank ye, Dumbie—you are of some use, however and if you could talk—but we are never satisfied and are always railing at women's tongues, till we miss their pretty little prattle. But how's this, maiden, you have given me the wrong bunch?

(Fenella has, during these lines, unlocked a door in the back scene; but upon finding that Sampson has discovered the change of keys, comes lightly forward, and stands on his elbow.)

Here, here! these are the keys you want—Those belong to me.—*(He takes the keys from Fenella—returning those he first gave her.)*—There! Good night; and take care of them. But she don't hear me, poor animal. [Exit]

(Fenella watches Sampson off, then gently taps at the door she has unlocked, from which enters a man muffled in a large cloak (CHRISTIAN;) he is about to speak, but footsteps are heard, and he rapidly leaves the stage on one side as Julian enters on the other.)

Jul. Ah! my poor Fenella waits to conduct me. I have received my papers from the Countess; and now for England.

(Julian motions to Fenella that he is ready to attend her. Fenella shows him the keys, takes the lamp, and precedes him.)

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*Half-Dark.*—*A Cavern below Holm Peel Castle, opening on the shore.—A Vessel seen in the distance.—On one side an arched door, as from the Castle, conducting down to the stage by a flight of narrow steps.—Moonlight.*

Enter CHRISTIAN and BERTRAM.

Chris. By whose aid did you escape the toils your ignorance had plunged you in?

Ber. By your little deaf and dumb agent, Fenella. Hush! are we not observed?

Chris. Coward! 'tis but the boatmen waiting for young Julian who bears dispatches; which, if they reach their destination, we are lost. In this disguise bear him company; and, on the way, must ease the youth of part of his commission. Leave me.—*(Bertram retires towards the back of the stage.)*

—I hate this Peveril: in every way he does obstruct my plans; but, long ere this, had ceased to do so, but that Fenella, with romantic madness, loves him, and vows disclosure of my schemes, if once the hand of harm is raised against him. The pious Bridgworth, too, affects the youth, and half inclines to give his daughter to him. No, no; the union likes not me, nor my designs; she must to court, where, if she meets our merry monarch's eye, and finds his favour, unbounded influence, wealth, and honours, crown our faction; and then, proud murderess of my brother, shall you find the vengeance that has dogged your steps, though slow—was certain.

Ber. *(Comes forward.)* Hark! footsteps!

Chris. The door unbars! 'Tis Julian!

(As Christian and Bertram retire, enter Fenella from the arched door. She is followed by Julian, whom she lights down the steps;

and, leaving him in the front of the stage, goes through the opening of the cave to look for the boat.)

Jul. Yes, it shall be so! I will stay at Martindale Castle; and, softening my father's resentment for Major Bridgenorth, gain his consent to my union with his daughter.

(Fenella returns, followed by the boatmen, who drag the boat to the centre of the stage. Fenella comes forward, and motions to the boat. Julian takes leave of her, but she expresses a wish to accompany him.)

Jul. She wishes to follow me to England.— Strange being! what can be her motive? The countess cannot be acquainted with it.

(He begs her to return to the castle; she refuses; takes his hand, kisses it, and, placing it upon her heart, again points to the boat.)

Jul. Surely the interest she takes in my departure seems unusual. Can my kindness have been misconceived? If so, unfortunate Fenella, Julian cannot return thy esteem.

(Julian again begs Fenella to return to the Castle, and leads her to the foot of the steps they have descended. She appears lost, and remains fixed, while Julian goes on board the boat. The noise recalls her, she rushes frantically towards the boat, when one of the boatmen interposing, withdraws a cloak which had obscured his countenance, and shows to her the features of Christian, and, in a low, determined voice, says, "Fenella, beware!" She shrieks, and falls senseless upon the stage. The characters form a picture, and the drop falls.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of the Peveril Arms.*

MATHEW and BERTRAM discovered Drinking.

Song—MATHEW.

Ye thought in the world there was no power to tame ye—
 So you tippled and drabbed till the saints overcame ye—
 So my poor Cavaliers the Roundheads did shame ye—

Which nobody can deny;

No—nobody can deny.

There was bluff old Sir Geoffry loved brandy and rum well,
 And to see a beer glass turned over the thumb well;

But he fled like the wind before Fairfax and Cromwell;

Which nobody can deny;

No—nobody can deny.

Enter DAME.

Dame. (To Bertram.) I fear me, your master will be ill-pleas'd with these revels; the lady with him, seems sorely tired.

Ber. Fear not, hostess,—long journeys make sound sleepers—but prythee, Master Mathew, what wanted these troopers up at the Castle who lately left us?

Mat. Why, they are after Sir Geoffry of the Peak, who, it is shrewdly thought, is at the bottom of this same plot which now turns the wisest heads in England topsyturvy.

Ber. What is this plot that every body's talking of?

Mat. What is it! It is the most horrible, the most damnable blood-thirsty beast of a plot—it's a plot that—but, first and foremost, ere I proceed, you must grant me this—that you believe in the plot.

Ber. Certainly, as far as a man can believe what he don't understand.

Mat. Understand! Heaven forbid that any body

should pretend to understand it. His worship the justice don't understand it, as he said when he committed Giles Clodpate for a share in it last week. But, thank heaven, this is a free country, and we all have a right to believe though we mayn't understand.

Ber. Undoubtedly.

Mat. Ay, ay, it will soon be over with the pole-star of Peveril.

Ber. The pole-star of Peveril! what mean you?

Mat. A beacon which is nightly kindled on the Warder's Turret, and burns till sun-rise; never being omitted save during the space intervening between the death of a lord of the castle and his interment. But, if Sir Geoffry be found plotting against the state, good night to his bonfire—they'll soon clap an extinguisher upon his candlestick.

(A knocking at the door.)

Dame. *(Going to the door.)* Who's there?

Jul. *(Without.)* It is I, Dame! I—Julian Peveril. Tell your husband to come to me directly.

(When Bertram hears Julian announce himself, he rises, and, cautiously going towards the door, listens attentively to what passes.)

Dame. Now, Mat, counsel me, an ye be a man. Here's Master Julian's own self, calling about him, as in the olden time, when the Peveril ruled all.

Mat. Let him be jogging while his boots are green. This is no world to scald our fingers in other folks' broth. So drop latch, draw bolt, and let him tramp—*(Going to the door.)*—We undo no doors at this hour of the night. Martindale Castle lies straight before you, and you know the road as well as we do.

(Bertram leaves the Stage unnoticed by Matthew and his wife.)

Jul. *(Without.)* And I know you for a rascally,

ungrateful knave, whom, on the first occasion, I will cudgel to a mummy.

Mat. The gentleman grows warm; but there is that without that will cool him. So, Master Bertram—hey! what! gone? Well, 'tis time to follow. Dame, do as you list; so good night to you.

[*Exit.*

(*The Dame, watching her husband off, goes softly to the door, and opens it.*)

Hist! hist! Master Julian! Are you gone?

Enter JULIAN.

Jul. Not yet, Dame: though it seems my stay is unwelcome.

Dame. Troth, I was sorry; but Mat—

Jul. Well, well—no excuses, Daine. But tell me what has happened at Martindale Tower? I see the beacon is extinguished.

Dame. Goodness be gracious to us! then good Sir Geoffry is gone to heaven along with my late husband, Roger Raine.

Jul. Sacred heaven! when was my father taken ill?

Dame. Never, as I know of. But, about three hours since, arrived a party at the Castle, with buff-coats and bandeliers, and one of the Parliament folks, like in Oliver's time. They refreshed themselves here; and sent for Major Bridgenorth, that is just arrived at Moultrassie Hall: And so they went up to the Castle.

Immediately upon Julian's entrance, BERTRAM re-enters, followed by a man muffled in a large hat and cloak—(CHRISTIAN).—They observe Julian attentively.

Jul. Dear Dame! for love or gold, let me have a horse to make for the Castle.

Dame. A horse! Lord help you! What with the plot they talk of, and expresses hurrying hither and thither, and guards and prisoners riding to and fro again, we have not a beast left; and you must not think of going without some refreshment.

(She now turns towards the table, as if to prepare something for Julian, and observes Bertram and the Stranger at the back of the stage.—The Stranger, perceiving he is discovered, hastily quits the cottage.—Bertram comes forward.)

Ber. Look not surprised, hostess. Business calls my master suddenly away. He has left the reckoning with me; and, at day-break, I shall conduct the lady to Major Bridgenorth.

Jul. To Major Bridgenorth! What lady speak you of?

Ber. Your pardon, Sir; but these are no times to prattle in. Hostess, send your husband to me.

[Exit

Dame. I fear mischief, Master Julian. Haste to the Castle; but pace not the high road—take the bye-way through the woods—and beware of trepanners.

Mat. (Without.) Dame, Dame! Why stay ye Dame—Haste, haste!

Jul. Farewell! And many thanks for your kindness.

*[Exeunt, { Julian at the door ;
{ Dame into the house*

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter JULIAN.

Jul. I fear my compliance with the Dame's advice, of following the forest-track, will lead me in error. The night is dark, and one path so closely resembles another that I have lost the true way.

The Stranger (CHRISTIAN) has entered, following Julian.

Stran. (Coming forward.) Two men keep it in these troublous times! Nay, start not! You know my voice, and have seen me frequently.

Jul. I have. But I cannot guess the motive that leads you thus repeatedly to cross my path. You know not me, and to me you are totally unknown; yet, throughout my journey, have you followed as my shadow. I like not mystery—and do desire we may continue strangers.

Stran. You are like the old Romans, who held that *hostes* meant both a stranger and an enemy; I will therefore be no longer a stranger:—My name is Ganlesse, a Roman Catholic priest, travelling here in dread of my life—and glad to have you for a companion.

Jul. Master Ganlesse, keep your own road, and I will keep mine. I desire not your company, and would be private.

Stran. Well, then, I'll strike another key. No longer Ganlesse, the seminary priest, behold me Simon Canter, a preacher of the word. What say you now, Sir? is my company more welcome?

Jul. Not a whit, Sir. Your versatility is admirable, but I prefer sincerity.

Stran. Sincerity! A child's whistle with but two notes in it,—yea, yea, and nay, nay. An you wish to thrive, renounce it, man, and, in its stead, adopt that gallant recorder, called hypocrisy, that is something like sincerity in form, but of much greater compass, and combines the whole gamut.

Jul. I wish you good night, Sir. My business cries haste; and our sentiments differ widely. The times are perilous; and a man's life may depend on the society in which he travels.

Stran. True : But you have incurred the danger—you have been seen in my company often enough to devise a handsome branch of the plot. How will you look, when you see come forth, in comely folio form, the Narrative of Simon Canter, otherwise called Stephen Ganlesse, concerning the horrid conspiracy for the murder of the King : setting forth, how far Julian Peveril, the younger, of Martindale Castle, is concerned in carrying on the same.

Jul. How, Sir !—my name !—You know me, then ?

Stran. Young man, when the pestilence is diffused through the air of a city, it is in vain men would avoid the disease by seeking solitude and shunning the company of their follow-sufferers.

Jul. In what, then, consists their safety ?

Stran. In following the counsels of wise physicians ? Julian ; your father is a prisoner, charged with participating in the plot, the dread of which now shakes the country. Think you his son will aid his cause by being the bearer of secret dispatches from the suspected Countess of Derby. Nay, stare not ! I know you better than you know yourself. Look yonder, upon the dark towers of your ancestors : the pale moon-beam alone lights that turret from which the bright beacon of the Peveril was wont to flare proudly on the evening sky. Think you, young man, your present conduct will relume the blaze ?

Jul. What mean you ?—Of what am I suspected ?

Stran. You bear dispatches from the suspected and detested woman of Derby.

Jul. One word more against that honoured lady and your life—

Stran. My life ! Your own is in far greater dan-

ger. Mark me. Resign those papers which you bear, and you secure your father's safety;—deny them, and, ere long, his death-groan bursts upon your ear.

Jul. Whatever be the charge I bear about me, with life alone will I resign it. A Peveril never proved traitor to his trust; nor am I the first so to debase the name.

Stran. Unthinking fool! You have destroyed yourself. For the proud lady you obey, she hath betaken herself to her rock, and sits, as she thinks, in security, like the eagle reposing after his bloody banquet;—but the arrow of the fowler may yet reach her: The shaft is whetted, the bow is bended, and the life-blood shall follow. As yet ye fear me not; but when, like the storm-cloud, my thunders burst around you, you shall know me for the man who rules your father's fate and that of Alice Bridgenorth. [Exit.

Jul. Stay! stay, one moment, I implore you! What! what of Alice?—He's gone! Mysterious being! My every action, every feeling of my heart, seems known to him. Alice, let me banish these feelings,—they unman me. Is not my father in the toils of his persecutors? Away, every delusive thought! Let me not, in the feelings of the lover, forget the duties of the son. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*An Antique Parlour in Martindale Castle.*

MAJOR BRIDGENORTH discovered writing. TOPHAM attending upon him. SIR GEOFFRY opposite to the Major. LADY PEVERIL in tears, leaning upon her husband.

Major B. Sir Geoffry, I have already told you that with you I will hold no argument, for to you

I am not accountable for any of my actions. I am a magistrate, and do but execute a warrant addressed to me by the first authority in the state.

Sir G. You a magistrate! As much a magistrate as old Noble was a king. But there never was turmoil in the state but knaves had their 'vantage by it—Never pot boiled but the scum was uppermost.

Top. Why? how now, thou rebel of the first order? Have we not proofs of thy connexion with this abhorred plot? Are not there books up stairs written in a vile, unintelligible, heathenish language, which none of us can decipher. And think you, like me, whose business it is to understand acts of Parliament, could be puzzled by any thing that's written legally, and in our native vulgar tongue—you traitor, you?

Sir G. Traitor! You rascally, ignorant round-head—'Sdeath! could I reach those ears of thine—

Top. Treasonous regicide! wouldst thou touch the ears of an Usher of the Black Rod? Seize him, and bear him to—

The centre doors are thrown open, and JULIAN, rushing down, liberates his father from the grasp of the two guards, and places himself on guard before him.

Jul. Villains! unhand him.

Lady P. My son! Then our misery is complete.

Sir G. My son, thou art come in the right time. Julian, strike me one good blow—cleave me that traitorous thief, from the crown to the brisket; and that done, I care not what follows.

Top. Upon him, guards!

(The guards rush upon Julian. Topham conceals himself under the table. During the scuffle Major Bridgenorth wrests Julian's

sword from him, who, turning hastily round, discharges a pistol at the Major's head, who sinks into a chair. The Soldiers, relieved from Julian's attack, are rushing upon Sir Geoffry, but are prevented by Lady Peveril, who interposes herself between them and her husband.)

Major B. Young man, you have reason to bless heaven for thus escaping the commission of a great crime.

Sir G. Bless the devil! you crop-eared knave: For nothing but the father of mischief saved your brains from being blown about like the rinsings of Beelzebub's porridge-pot.

Lady P. For heaven's sake! dearest husband, cease this wild talk: It can but incense Master Bridgenorth, who might otherwise consider that in charity—

Sir G. Hold your peace, housewife. Incense him, truly! The cowardly knave has ever had too much favour at my hands. Had I cudgelled the cur soundly, when he first bayed at me, the mongrel had been now crouching at my feet, instead of flying at my throat. But if I get through this action, as I have through worse weather, I will pay off old scores, as far as tough crab-tree and old iron will bear me out.

Major B. Gentlemen,—To you I assign the charge of Sir Geoffry and Lady Peveril; but this young man must stand committed, upon a warrant which I will presently sign, of having assaulted me while in discharge of my duty as a magistrate, for the rescue of a person legally attached.

Top. (*From under the table.*) I will swear to the assault. Shall this young fellow go along with his parents, or will you keep him for re-examination?

Lady P. Major Bridgenorth, if ever you knew

what it was to love one of the many children you have lost, or that dear girl who is now left to you, do not pursue your vengeance to the blood of my poor boy—do not involve him in our common ruin. Let the destruction of the father and the mother—let the ruin of our ancient house, satisfy your resentment. Believe that, if your ears are shut against the cry of a despairing mother, those which are open to the cry of all who sorrow will hear my petition and your answer.

Major B. Madam, I would I had the means of relieving your distress; but your husband must to London, there to be dealt with as the laws decide. Your son, for the present, shall remain a prisoner with me.

Jul. I know not if this separation be well or ill meant on your part, Master Bridgenorth; but, on mine, I am only desirous to share the fate of my dear parents.

Lady P. Do not say so, Julian; abide with Master Bridgenorth. My mind tells me he cannot mean so ill by us, as his rough conduct would now lead us to infer.

Sir G. And I know, that, between the doors of my father's house and the gates of Beelzebub, there steps not such a villain on the ground. And now they may do their worst, for I will not utter a word more while I am in the company of such knaves.

Major B. Perhaps, Sir Geoffry, you would better have consulted your own safety had you adopted that resolution a little earlier. You, Master Julian, will please to follow me, and without remonstrance or resistance; for you must be aware that I have the means of compelling.

Jul. Sir, in obedience to a mother's wishes, I obey you. Yet, ere I go, dearest and beloved father, grant me your blessing.

Sir G. Heaven bless thee, boy! and keep thee good and true to thy king and country, whatever wind should bring foul weather.

(Bridgenorth and Julian exeunt on one side, while Sir Geoffry and Lady Peveril, conducted by Topham and Dangerfield, and followed by the Soldiers, exeunt through the folding-doors.)

SCENE IV.—*Interior of Dame's Ellismere's Cottage.*

A Knocking at the Door heard.

Lance. *(Without.)* Naunty, Naunty! 'Tis your nephew, Lance Outram.

Enter DAME ELLISMERE.

Dame. Lance, is it thou, boy? *(Opens the door.)*

LANCE *enters.*

Welcome, lad; 'tis a rough night. Welcome to a clean fireside and a good rasher of bacon.

Lance. A rasher of bacon! A slice of venison, and a cup of home-brewed; or I'll know the reason why—a man is not gamekeeper to Sir Geoffry for nothing.

Dame. Well, boy, come lend a hand—it's all ready.

(They bring on a table neatly covered for a cottage supper. As they seat themselves, and commence their meal, knocking is heard at the door.)

Deb. *(Without.)* Who's within?

Lance. Nobody, and be hanged to you. Never trust me, if it isn't old Dummerat: He's as quick a nose to venison—

Deb. (*Without.*) Pray admit me, good people. It's a lady in want of shelter and refreshment.

Lance. Ods-flesh! away with the venison; bring the bacon—and now open the door, Naunty: Perhaps some visitor to the Castle, who has lost her road in the dark.

Dame Ellismere opens the door, and DEBORAH enters. Dame Ellismere keeps curtsying, and Lance, with great respect, offers her a chair.

Dame. Your ladyship is truly welcome to the shelter of our humble roof.

Lance. Will your ladyship condescend to pick a morsel?

Deb. I am faint with walking, so I'll try and force down a glass of your home-brewed and a slice or two of your venison.

Lance. A slice or two of our venison, i'fackins! Her ladyship has as sharp a nose as his reverence. Oh, certainly!—Here, Naunty.

(They busy themselves in re-covering the table.)

Deb. How greatly a few years must have improved me. They have not the least remembrance of me, poor wretches!

Dame. (*Comes forward, and curtsseys.*) Supper's ready, my lady.

Lance. Here's the home-brewed, an please your ladyship.

Deb. Ay, give me the precious beverage. (*She drinks deep.*)

Lance. How like his reverence her ladyship is, in regard to venison and home-brewed.

Deb. Lance, my man, here's to you.—(*Drinks again.*)

Lance. Ods my heart, her ladyship will get muzzled. So please your ladyship—

Deb. Come, come, Lance Outram—ladyship me no ladyship. Have you forgot your old friend, Deborah Debbitch?

Lance. Deb!—So it is! as sure as the devil's in London. Why, Debby, thou'rt fatter than old Toby the butler.

Dame. (*Putting on her spectacles.*) Lord, Lord, woman! how old a few years have made thee look! But never mind: Handsome is as handsome does; so sit down, my woman.

Lance. Ay; squat, old girl.

Deb. Squat, old girl!—the low-lived wretches; but there's no making a muslin gown out of a towel: so I must e'en submit.

Dame. And live ye still with the Major, my woman? I heard say he had just arrived at the old Hall.

Deb. Oh, I must leave him! the old gentleman's so full of vagaries. After whisking me and Miss Alice, over here, at a moment's notice, he's now away to the Castle, with a party, to attack Sir Geoffry.

Dame and Lance. What sayest thou?

Deb. True, on my word. Sir Geoffry has been found guilty, and will shortly be tried, as partner in the horrid plot of blowing up the King and making a bonfire of the Parliament.

Dame. Bridgenorth to brave Peveril of the Peak! Lance, make out, an thou be'st a man, and see what's stirring at the Castle.

Lance. (*Seizes his bow and arrows.*) Say no more, Naunty. I've eat the bread of his prosperity, and I'll not fly him in the day of his trouble.—(*Rushes out.*)

Deb. Heaven help me! If any thing should happen to Lance, I shall never forgive myself.

Dame. Hush thee! he returns.

Re-enter LANCE in dismay.

Lance. Naunt, I doubt it's true what she says. The beacon tower is as black as my belt. No polestar of Peveril. What does that betoken?

Dame. Death, ruin, and captivity. Make for the Castle, thou knave—thrust in thy fat carcass—strike for the house that fed thee and bred thee; and, if thou art buried under the ruins, thou diest a man's death.

Lance. You shall not find me slack, Naunt.—
(*Noise heard without.*)—But here comes folk that I warrant can tell us more on't.

Enter CICELY and MARIAN running.

Cic. Oh, Lance! fine work up at the Castle.

Mar. They've carried off Sir Geoffry and my lady.

Cic. And my young master.

Mar. With his feet tied under the belly of the nag.

Dame. A shameful sight to be seen—

Cic. In one so well born—

Mar. And so handsome.

Enter NELL running.

Nell. And they have carried off all my lady's linnen.

Lance. Heaven be merciful to me! One at a time. Lord save us! campaigning's not in my line; but, dang me, if old Sir Geoffry shall go to the wall without a knock for it. Here, you—Nell;—but no—you hav'n't the heart of a cat. Cis, my girl, you are a stout-hearted wench, and know a buck from a bullfinch: Hark thee, Cis, as you hope to be married, get up to Castle again—climb the walls,—you know where,—see my lady, she's a head worth twen-

ty of ours:—If I am to gather force, light up the beacon for a signal. And harkye, say to my lady, I am gone down to the miners at Bonadventure—Run, Cis, run—your legs are long enough.

Cic. Whether they are or not, you know nothing of the matter; Master Lance, she shall do your errand, for love of the old knight and his lady.—(*Runs off.*)

Lance. That's a mettled wench. Now Naunt, give me the old broadsword—its over the bed. Marian, give me my wood-knife—Nell, give me my cap—Debby, give me a kiss—There;—now I am equipped: so now for the miners.

Dame. The miners! Lord help you! They were all grumbling for their wages but yesterday.

Lance. Then they'll be ready for the more mischief to-day. Now lasses, away with you to the Castle. Naunt, look sharp to the house.

Deb. And what's to become of me?

Lance. Look sharp to yourself, my dear, as the donkey said when he danced among the chickens.

Exeunt, { *Lance at the Cottage door.*
 { *Deborah and Dame retire into Cottage.*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in Moultrassie Hall.*

An ordinary pallet bed, two chairs, and a small stone table form the only furniture of the room. A large window in the back of the scene, through which, by the moonlight, is seen Martindale Castle; there are also folding-doors at the back.

Enter MAJOR BRIDGENORTH with a lamp, conducting JULIAN.

Major B. (*Placing the lamp on the table.*) Your bed is not of the softest; but innocence sleeps as sound upon straw as upon down.

Jul. Sorrow, Master Bridgenorth, finds little rest on either. Tell me, I beseech you, what is to be the fate of my parents, and why you separate me from them?

Major B. Julian Peveril, for thy mother's sake did I take thee from the grasp of those who thirsted for thee—For her sake have I brought thee a prisoner here, but to aid thy flight—a secret passage from this room secures thy safety; and, with the means I will provide, lose not a moment—make for Liverpool; and, for the present, fly a kingdom which—

Jul. Major Bridgenorth, your pardon for this interruption, but I will not deceive thee:—Were I to accept your offer, it would be to attend my parents; they are in sorrow, and in danger—I am their only child—their only hope—and I will aid or perish with them.

Major B. Aid them thou canst not—perish with them thou mayest, and e'en accelerate their ruin, by being proved the accredited agent of Charlotte of Derby.

Jul. What reason have you for such an allegation?

Major B. Let this suffice. Hear me repeat the last words of that woman, when you left her castle. Thus she spoke:—"I am a forlorn woman whom sorrow has made selfish."

Jul. By what mysterious means you have procured your information I know not; but I do defy it, as far as it attaches guilt to me or to that noble Countess.

Major B. Perish then in thine obstinacy. For the preserver of my Alice, your good mother, I would have saved thee: But share the folly of thy father, and die the death. [Exit.

Jul. For what am I reserved? Oh, dearest Alice!

my spirits fail when I contemplate the scene of wretchedness before me, and, to secure my father's safety and thy hand, resign those fatal papers which have involved me in such misery.—(*A lute heard.*)
—What sounds are these?

(*Alice sings the last verse of the duett in which she bound Julian to abide by her lady, in the first act.*)

Yes, fairest maid, I understand. You then still watch over the fortunes of your faithful Julian; and but with life will I desert my duty.

A Voice. (*Fenella's*) *is heard behind which says,*
—There are others who watch over the safety of Julian.

Jul. What witchery is this! 'Tis the voice of a female, but resembles not the tones of Alice.

Voice. Are no tones welcome to the ears of Julian but those of Alice? Swear to renounce that maid—Your liberty shall be secured, and your parents' lives, together with your fidelity to the noble Countess of Derby, preserved inviolate.

Jul. I cannot purchase liberty at such a price.

Voice. Then die in your obstinacy; for Alice and Julian shall never be united.

Jul. How?—Never!

Voice. Never! Thy refusal of my terms has placed Alice Bridgenorth in the power of one who hates thee and thine so deeply, that, to secure thy misery, her doom is sealed.

Jul. My senses grow bewildered! Is this a plot to aid the projects of my jailer; or do, in truth, the spirits of another world hold converse with us? 'Tis said, that, in an hour like this, the evil one has tempted—has subdued. Alice, let thy pure influence watch over and preserve me from every thought of basely yielding to my enemies.

The Stranger (CHRISTIAN,) enters from a sliding panel at the back of the stage, and advances towards Julian during his last speech.

Stran. By my faith, Master Peveril! your vanity must be extreme. Cannot the mighty interests of your family be arranged, but you must summon spirits from the vasty deep?

Jul. You here! By what means are you thus enabled to follow, e'en as my shadow?

Stran. Your shadow! Wrong not my kindness; your shadow waits but on the sunny gleams of your prosperity; I, more constant, track the path of your adversity. The consequences are in your choice:—Comply with my demands,—I reinstate your father, and give you Alice Bridgenorth—Deny me,—he dies, and she is lost to thee for ever.

Jul. Master Ganlesse, or by whatever name you please to be addressed, these mighty promises you made before. At liberty, and ere I knew the ruin of my house, I spurned your offers; and now, though in captivity, I will not purchase freedom by a desertion of my trust. I have pledged my word, and when was a Peveril known to break it?

Stran. Ay, a Peveril—a Peveril of the Peak. A name which has sounded like a war-trumpet in the land, but which has now sounded its last note. Look, young man, on the darksome turrets of your house, which uplift themselves on the brow of the hill, as their owners raised themselves above the sons of their people. Think on your father,—a captive—your light quenched—your glory abased—your fortune wrecked. Think that Providence has subjected the race of Peveril to one whom, in their pride of power, they held as a plebeian upstart—Think, ere you again reject my terms. Here I am master. Nay, start not. Weak and worthless as

you deem me, Bridgenorth will not refuse my bidding; and force shall make me master of those papers you refuse.

Jul. I dare the worst. My father's house has not stood unhonoured, nor will it fall,—if fall it must,—unmourned. Forbear then, if you are a man, to revel in the misery of others: If the light of our house be quenched, heaven can, in its good time, rekindle it.

(At this time the beacon is rekindled upon the distant turrets of Martindale Castle, and illumines the landscape seen from the window.)

Merciful Powers! Look there! Behold! Again the star of Peveril blazes! See! from the warder's turret it sends defiance to our foes.

(Distant shouts, and cries of "A Peveril—a Peveril!")

And hark! the distant war-cry of our house.

Chris. The war-cry be it then. Julian, you know not the import of the papers which you bear: they are fraught with death to Alice Bridgenorth, and all who own her. Resign them, or with my poniard—

(Loud shouts are again heard, with cries of "A Peveril—a Peveril!" Doors are heard giving way to the crash of hammers, and the reflection of flames lightens the apartment. ALICE rushes between Julian and Christian.)

Alice. Julian, Julian! preserve my father. The vassals of your house are murdering him.

(Clashing of swords heard.)

BRIDGENORTH, attended by a few Servants, is driven into the apartment, followed by LANCE OUTRAM and a large body of Miners. Christian ranges himself on the Major's side.

Lance. Give us our young master, you canting

old rascal, or we'll lay the chimney of your house as low as the foundation. Burn, burn, and destroy.—

(Julian rushes between them.)

(Loud shouts of "a Peveril—a Peveril!"—)

Three cheers from the Miners.

Jul. Then, friends, your Julian must burn with the rest. For, being bound by parole of honour to Major Bridgenorth, I will not leave the house till lawfully dismissed. Deeply do I feel your gallantry; but you, brave men, would scorn the Peveril that betrayed his word.

(The Miners all shout.)

Lance. Well, then, Mr Bridgenorth, since our young lord will not quit without your leave, give it him freely, and like a gentleman; or we'll knock all your heads off for you.

Alice. Dearest father! grant their request—Let Julian go.

Major B. Peace, child! Think you I fear a parcel of boors, whom a few shots will scatter as the chaff before the wind.

Lance. What say you? On them, lads!

(The Miners shout, and prepare to renew the attack.)

Jul. *(Again interposes.)* The violence I have suffered in your house, from one now ranked beside you, might well excuse my leaving you without more circumstance. His threats have levelled at my life; but, holding you no party to his violence, from your lips I wait my sentence.

Major B. If aught of violence has here been offered you, I do acquit you of your promise. Go—say to your mother,—In thus restoring to her arms her much-lov'd son, I have repaid the debt I owed her. But, from this time, no more must pass between us. Depart—you have seen your last of Bridgenorth and his daughter.

Chris. So say not I—we meet again.

Jul. Where you shall lament the insults you have offered to our house. Now for the Peak.

(Bridgenorth, Alice, Christian, and their Servants exeunt on one side, while Julian, Lance Outram, and the Miners leave the stage by the entrance at which they came on, singing the following)

CHORUS.

Hey for Cavaliers! Ho for Cavaliers!
Pray for Cavaliers—rub a dub, dub.
Charge brave Cavaliers—Forward Cavaliers—
Have at old Beelzebub—rub a dub, dub.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A splendid Apartment in the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM'S Hotel.*

Enter the DUKE and JERNINGHAM from folding doors.

Duke. 'Sdeath, fool! have you lived with me so long, and cannot discover that the eclat of an intrigue is, with me, worth all the rest?

Jer. But yet, your grace—

Duke. Peace, fool! Your dwarfish spirit cannot measure the scope of mine. I would have the course of my life a torrent: I am weary of easy achievements, and wish for obstacles that I can sweep before my irresistible course.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. I humbly crave your Grace's pardon, but Master Christian grows so importunate that—

Duke. Tell him to call some three hours hence. Damn his politic pate, that would make all men dance after his pipe:

Chris. (*Entering the apartment as his Grace concludes.*) I thank you for the compliment, my lord. It is precisely my present object to pipe to you, and you may dance to your own profit if you will.

Duke. You use but little ceremony, Master Christian. At present, matters of importance—some love passages, Jerningham—

Chris. (*Coolly seating himself.*) I will wait your Grace's leisure.

Duke. Sir, as the evil must be endured, the sooner it concludes the better:—so proceed.

Chris. What I have to say must be between ourselves.

Duke. Jerningham, retire. Look to those matters that I spoke of. Also, my George, order my equipage.—(*Jerningham exit.*)—And now, Master Christian, may I crave your pleasure?

Chris. (*Looking intently upon the Duke.*) Your Grace can guess the purpose of my visit.

Duke. State it at once, and save my Grace the toil of guessing.

Chris. Our plot for the destruction of the woman of Derby has failed; and certain papers of your lordship's have, most untowardly, come into her possession.

Duke. What say you? it cannot be!

Chris. Nay more: those papers are in London; and, unless a swift preventive is devised, may meet the eyes of a fair French lady, whose influence with his Majesty is seldom favourable to your Grace's views.

Duke. The devil speed her, a mercenary jade! If she gains possession of those letters, she shakes my interest to the centre; and shall the crest of Buck-

ingham bend to the artifices of a wanton? Never, Christian,—devise what means you please—try my power to the uttermost—it shall not fail you.

Chris. I have the means to chase, for ever, from the king's affection the high-plumed duchess who now thwarts your Grace;—grant but my terms.

Duke. Name them, and doubt me not.

Chris. First, then, the destruction of the house of Derby, in vengeance for my brother's death.

Duke. 'Tis decreed, most christian Christian.—What more?

Chris. Your Grace must stand between the king and one Sir Geoffry Peveril, now in hold, as partner in the plot against the government, and must use your interest for the quick arrestment of his son on the same charge.

Duke. What? Peveril of the Peak! the very heart of loyalty! I will not aid his ruin;—and for what? the plot forsooth,—the fabrication of villains and of spies. They must be lashed off such scents, and will be when the country wakes and sees the folly of its present fears.

Chris. Sir, you speak well; but, if it chanced this Julian Peveril should bear those papers that I spake of; and if, moreover, his interest with a certain maiden should cross our plans upon her Grace of Portsmouth,—how would your lordship then decide?

Duke. 'Sdeath, you have me in the toils. Let me but see that harlot crushed, and the vile party who support her grovelling at my feet; and gratify thy vengeance as thou listest. Some trusty followers shall secure this Julian; meanwhile, Christian, I must behold this beauteous engine by which such wonders are to be effected.

Chris. Under your lordship's favour, that cannot be.

Duke. Why, thou suspicious fool, think'st thou I would spoil a plan so much to my own advantage.

Chris. My lord, I know your grace as well, or better, haply, than you know yourself. To spoil a well-digested plot, by some cross-sally of your own, would better please you than its success effected by the schemes of others. But Shaftesbury, and all who hate the present measures of this French duchess and her minions, are resolved; and, should you fail us, we have, within the city, friends who—

Duke. The city too! By my faith, Christian, your rule seems absolute. I marvel that the sober inmates of the city would e'er pollute themselves by intercourse with one so strictly virtuous as thyself.

Chris. This is a wide world; and, let a man but rule his tongue, he may wear various forms, yet 'scape detection; and, should it follow, let him be bold and useful to his cause and party, zeal will hide as many faults as e'er did charity.

Duke. Christian, not to flatter thee, thou art the most barefaced knave who ever breathed.

Chris. Of a commoner I may be. Flattery, my lord, suits neither of us. My lord, your most humble slave and servant. [Exit Christian.

Duke. Farewell, most christian Christian; and go thy ways for a profligate, designing villain. I'll find out this girl at all events. The knave shall be dogged. Sail by thy compass, truly!—No, Buckingham must keep his own steerage through shoal and through weather. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Park.*

Enter JULIAN and LANCE OUTRAM.

Jul. Now, Lance, while I deliver these dispatches, according to the direction of the Countess, haste and

discover where my unhappy mother is concealed, and then rejoin me at our inn.

Lance. That I will, most noble master. Lord, what would Naunty and Deborah say, to see Lance Outram transformed into a gentleman's gentleman.

Jul. Haste thee, man—fly.

Lance. Like an arrow. [Exit.

Jul. Alas! what will be the result of these unhappy times, when no man's integrity can insure him from the triumphs of bad men. My gentle Alice, too, confided to this Ganlesse, a man devoid of every principle; her father must be mad to trust his daughter in such hands. A thousand thoughts distract me.

(As Julian is leaving the stage, Fenella suddenly enters, and stands before him.)

Fenella in London! Can it be possible? Has she any commission from the countess?

(Places his hand on his heart, and points to a distance.—Fenella smiles, and motions him not to go away.)

She expects some one to meet me here—perhaps the countess.

(Fenella points off the stage, as if announcing some person's approach, then hastily draws Julian aside.)

Enter the KING, ORMOND, EMPSON, and COURTIER.

King. By my honour, lords, this bracing morning suits well with our spirits, and renders us almost as blythe as if we had the felicity of being a subject. We'll sit down and enjoy the breezes, while Empsom repeats the strain we heard last night. Come, quick—quick, man—out with your music.

(The King having seated himself, Fenella makes signs to Peveril, throws off her cloak,

and begins a fantastic movement, to the air played by Empsom on the flageolet. All observe her with surprise; at length, as the air changes, she assumes a more languid motion, and concludes, bowing, as an Eastern, to the King.

King. By my honour, she trips it lightly! Which of you gentlemen has contrived this morning's pastime? Are you master of the show, friend? We thank thee for this pleasure;—my lord, pray satisfy the youth.

Selby. (*Advancing towards Julian.*) So please you, from the king.

Jul. The king! Sire, I have no title to be benefited by this young person's performance.

King. And who art thou, then, friend? and, above all, who is this dancing nymph?

Jul. A retainer in the Countess of Derby's family—my name is Julian Peveril, son of Peveril of the Peak, now wrongfully imprisoned in the Tower, on suspicion of aiding in a plot against your majesty.

King. Ods fish! This is a dance to another tune! That damn'd plot—I can scarce escape suspicion of it myself. Sir Geoffry accused! Ods fish, man, I'll do him rights;—so now depart. I'll do him right, I say.

(*During this speech, Fenella has written on her tablets, and gives them to Julian, who, upon reading them, immediately kneels and presents some papers to the King.*)

Jul. Sire, permit me to place within your hands papers relating to my mistress, the Countess of Derby, and which, I trust, will prove the innocence of the writer.

King. It is no safe office you have undertaken, young man. A messenger has sometimes his throat

out for the sake of his dispatches. Ormond, place seal on them, and lay them before the council.

(ALICE rushes down the stage, her hair disordered, and her whole appearance bearing evident marks of the greatest agitation.—She is followed by BUCKINGHAM and JERNINGHAM, who, upon seeing his Majesty and attendants, draw back, and escape unobserved.—Alice throws herself at the feet of the King, looking fearfully behind her.)

King. A plague on it—some evil spirit is abroad this morning, and the wenches are all bewitched, I think. What's the matter, maiden?

Ormond. Speak out, and fear not, lady,—'tis the king.

Alice. The king! then he will defend me from insult. He is the father of his people.

Ormond. Of a great many of them.

Jul. Alice! dearest Alice!

Alice. Oh, Julian! Heaven has sent you to my aid.—(Turning to the King.)—Suffer me, I beseech you, to return to my father.

King. Some of my people shall conduct you.

Alice. I need no other escort than Master Julian Peveril. On him I rely, so please you.

(Buckingham, who has been seen giving directions to Jerningham, and frequently pointing to Alice and Julian, now retires.)

King. Well, then, my peremptory damsel, so be it,—to your charge, Peveril, I commit her; though I should have thought your own affairs sufficient for your heeding. The duty of conducting all strayed damsels into the right path is a weighty matter for your youth and inexperience. But no matter—you may retire.

[Exit Julian and Alice.

(Fenella who, since the entrance of Alice, has remained closely attentive to Julian's motions,

remains in the centre of the stage, and, looking for a moment after Julian, bursts into tears at his leaving her so unnoticed.

King. Why, surely this Peveril is a perfect pattern of successful perfidy. He has not only succeeded, at first sight, in carrying off this queen of Amazons, but has left us, I think, a disconsolate Ariadne in her place. But weep not, my princess, of pretty movements. If we cannot recal your Adonis, we have those within our court who may supply the loss.

(The King takes her hand, which she hastily withdraws; then recollecting her abruptness, bends respectfully to his Majesty, and rushes from the stage, following Julian.)

King. Ods fish, my lords! this young spark might teach the best of us how to manage the fair sex. I have had my own experience, but never could contrive to win or lose them with so little ceremony. But come, my Lord of Ormond, we must to the council—those papers must be looked to.

[Exeunt King and his Attendants.]

JERNINGHAM advances from the back of the stage followed by two CAVALIERS and some Servants armed.

Jer. Now, gentlemen, you have heard his Grace of Buckingham's commands. While some provoke this Julian to a quarrel, the rest must hurry off the girl—she wrapped in the purple mantle and dark veil—dog them to the river—prepare a boat—they attack the youngster—while I will prepare the means to execute this warrant, and lodge this gallant, with his father, in the Tower. Away, lads; strike as freely as his lordship pays, and the battle's won.

[Exit JERNINGHAM on one side; and the CAVALIERS, with the Servants, exeunt on the other.]

SCENE III.—*A Retired Place near the River.*

A Noise of Fighting heard without, and cries of
 “ Well done, tall fellow—pink him—Well done,
 grey jerkin—One at a time.”

Enter LANCE OUTRAM, leading in ALICE.

Alice. Heavens! what is become of Julian? He will be overpowered by numbers.

Lance. Ay, the cowardly hinds. But there's no time for talking: let me place you in safety, and then, fair play and Old England for ever.—(*Shouts repeated without.*)—Look, look, my lady! he has pinked one of the rascals. One's down—there goes another. Huzza, huzza!—Egad I'll have a touch.

Noise of Fighting continues. FENELLA rushes on, and, stopping Lance, motions him to be silent. She strips the cloak and veil from Alice, throws them over Lance, and drags Alice off. Lance is instantly surrounded by Buckingham's party, and borne off, as JULIAN enters, followed by the mob, shouting.)

Jul. The lady, you scoundrels!—the lady?

1st Water. Which?—For there was a pair of them.

Jul. Both, both!—But first the taller?

1st Water. Oh! She who screamed, when—

Jul. When, what?

1st Water. Nay, my master—no more, without you tip.

2d Water. Oh, you mean fellow!—you want to gammon the gentleman.

1st Water. Gammon!—None of your sauce.* The lady's up river by this time—wind and tide behind her.

Jul. Gracious heaven ! And I stand here.

1st Water. Because you wont take a boat.

All gather round Julian, offering their services.

JERNINGHAM enters, followed by a Constable, and four armed men.

Jer. Master Julian Peveril, we arrest you at the charge of his Grace of Buckingham, with being privy to a plot against the state. You have moreover, as I learn, killed one of his men, and carried off a lady.

Jul: But hear me ?

(Julian in vain endeavours to be heard, and is borne off by the Officers—the mob following, and exclaiming against him for a conspirator.)

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Hotel of the Duke of Buckingham.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM, preceded by a Servant.

Duke of B. Let Master Christian attend me here.—*[Exit Servant.]*—He has doubtless heard of my visit to his fair niece, and comes to demand of me the place of her concealment. By this time my servants must have secured this scornful beauty ; and Jerningham, aided by his warrant, has doubtless lodged her gay protector in a prison. So now, my polite Christian, baulk my adventure if you can.

Enter CHRISTIAN:

Welcome, thou prince of plotters.

Chris. My Lord, I come on serious business. Has your Grace had late notice of your Duchess's health ?

Duke of B. Why do you ask ?

Chris. She is no more : She died in Yorkshire, eight-and-forty hours since.

Duke. Doest thou deal with the devil?—I have heard the news but three hours myself.

Chris. And have already made proposals for the Lady Anne, second daughter to the Duke of York, which proposals have been with scorn rejected.

Duke. (*Seizing him by the collar.*) Death and distraction, villain!—Who hath told thee that?

Chris. Take your hand from my throat, my Lord Duke, and I may answer you : I abide not the imposition of hands ; take off your grasp from my cloak, or I will find means to make you unpoose it. (*The Duke retires from Christian.*) Soli ! being at liberty, we speak on equal terms : I come not to insult your Grace, but to offer you vengeance for the insult you have received.

Duke. Vengeance!—I thirst for vengeance—hunger for it—would die to insure vengeance—Death ! my disgrace is known, and to thee, Ned Christian.—But say, what vengeance can you offer?—speak, man—would I could read what damnable villainy thou hast to propose in thy countenance, without the need of words.

Chris. Your Grace can but try.

Duke. No ; thou art so deeply dyed an hypocrite, that thy fixed features, and clear dark eye, are as likely to conceal treason as any petty scheme of theft or larceny.

Chris. Treason!—You guess well, my Lord, I honour your penetration.—Aye ; treason, vengeance, call it what you will—revenge on all who have opposed your interests with the King. On Arlington—on Ormond ; nay, Charles himself.

Duke. Upon the King!—never.

Chris. Nobly spoken ; your Lordship's delicacy

then declines what Shaftesbury and Monmouth will accept.

Duke. Scoundrel! think you to carry on an enterprise I have refused? Hark you, Christian, I will crush you on the spot. I will, by gods and devils, and carry you to unravel your plots at Whitehall.

Chris. Where my first words will be to direct the Privy Council, where to find certain letters of your Lordship's, strongly confirming some papers from the Isle of Man, now in the royal hands.

Duke. Those papers with the King!—'Sdeath, villain, you have me at advantage: why do I forbear to poniard you where you stand?

Chris. Pshaw, my Lord! you deal with a man of sense and courage, and you talk to him as if he were a child and a coward: I have enow at my back to carry Whitehall, this very night, and make all within it prisoners.

Duke. This night, say you?

Chris. Aye, ere the clock strikes one—we have no time to lose. Ere now the King has read the dispatches from the Lady Derby, and knows our plot, with the share your Lordship had in it; so grant us the use of Colonel Blood, and your Grace's people, and the deed is done—till when, your Grace need not appear. Then come, trample on Arlington, Ormond, and all the tribe of courtly sycophants who have opposed you, and be hailed as King—I crave your pardon, as Lord Protector, or Lieutenant, at your Grace's pleasure.

Duke. Now will I tell you why you thus headlong drive me to rebellion. The Countess of Derby is this day arrived. She attends the court this evening, and 'midst the tumult may be surprised. Said I not right, Master Christian? you who offer me revenge, know its exquisite sweetness.

Chris. I would not presume to offer your Grace a dish, without acting as your taster and purveyor; and as Julian Peveril, her Ladyship's page, gave the dispatches to the King, so dangerous to your interest, you have no great cause to wish him well.

Duke. The devil speed him—that youngster crosses us at every turn—but for him, Alice had ere this been—

Chris. Alice! your Grace's pardon, but what of Alice?

Duke. 'Sdeath! I shall betray myself!—To be honest with you, Christian, your niece has fled from Chiffinch's under the protection of this Julian.

Chris. Can this be true—which way took they?

Duke. To Derbyshire, I should presume;—she spoke as if paternal protection would be preferable even to yours, most virtuous Christian.

Chris. By which I understand your Grace has seen her, and doubtless induced the flight you now reveal. Now Heaven send, that, unconscious of her father's arrival in London, she may have fled for Derbyshire; for should they meet ere the blow be struck, we shall lose Bridgenorth and all his sect. This event must hasten the revolt.

Duke. Give Blood this ring; he knows it, and how to obey him that bears it. The old scheme of the German music may be resorted to. But remember, old Rowley must be safe. By Heaven! I will burn and hang on all sides, if but a hair of his black periwig be singed.

Chris. You have my word: be ready with your friends; and when you hear that we are up, and doing, come to the palace, and be the saviour of your monarch's life.

Duke. I conceive you, and will be ready.

Chris. The idle pageant of a sceptre shall remain with Charles, while Buckingham's shall be the hand that wields it—be but constant, and the day is ours.

Duke. Fear not—when shall we meet again?

Chris. (*Bowing profoundly.*) When your Grace is Lord Lieutenant of the kingdom. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Should I have done this—should I not hasten to the Court, and reveal the treason?—I will, by Heaven! fall at his feet—and, what—be spurned—aye, spurned from his footstool as when I asked the Lady Anne in marriage?—to be by Ormond and the rest, branded as a traitor?—No, by Heaven! His life is safe, but bitterly shall his minions rue their insolent defiance of my power. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A Plain Apartment.*

Enter BRIDGENORTH and CHRISTIAN.

Chris. To what purpose would'st thou see Alice? Have you not confessed the excess of the affection which you bear for her has been a snare for you, and drawn you from those great designs which Heaven and man demand from us? Do the deed which frees her, and then reclaim your daughter as the prize.

Major. Thou speakest justly—and I will trust thee in this matter. And now tell me what progress there is in the great work on hand?

Chris. All speeds as we could wish. This night my brother's fate shall be avenged, and his destroyer find, that neither the lapse of years, nor powerful friends, nor the proud name of Stanley, nor the sovereignty of Man, shall stop the course of the pursuer of blood: her name shall be struck from the noble, and her heritage be that of another.

Major. Christian, thy vengeance is too keen.

Chris. No, Bridgenorth, I esteem this purpose of revenge holy—I account it a propitiatory sacrifice for what may have been evil in my life. I have submitted to be spurned by the haughty, I have humbled myself to be even as a servant; but in my breast was the proud thought, I who do this—do it, that I may avenge my brother's blood.

Major. I cannot carry my revenge so far as thou dost, Christian; but fare thee well—to thy cause thou shalt ever find me true; and to prove my faith in thee, I will not ask, though it may grieve a father's heart, with whom or where thou hast placed my child:—But, Christian, mark me, if thou doest deal otherwise than prudently and honestly in this matter, it is what Heaven and man will require at thy hands.

Chris. Fear me not. Do I deserve so little confidence?—The lady with whom Alice stays—But why these repeated questions? Am I suspected?—I here avow, by all that is most sacred, that no where can your daughter be more safe than with her present guardian. (*The folding doors open, and Fenella appears with Alice, who, at the last line of Christian's speech, rushes into the arms of Bridgenorth, exclaiming—*)

Alice. My father!

Major. My dear, dear child!

Chris. (*Apart.*) Confusion!—What cursed chance has crossed my plans?—Alice, why have you left the asylum where I placed—

Alice. Asylum!—think you it was just and proper I should harbour in a scene of infamy?

Major. What says my child!—Christian, beware,—if thou hast dealt unjustly, beware, I say.

Alice. Father, withdraw with me, and all shall be revealed. Uncle, with what intent you placed

me in that woman's house from which I have escaped, I know not; nor if the baseness of her character be known to you,—Nay, father, speak not now—I fear he has dealt hardly with me, though for my dead mother's sake I pardon him.

[*Exeunt Major and Alice.*]

Chris. What fiend can thus have led her hither, and destroyed my hopes?

Fen. (*Coming forward.*) Behold her!

Chris. 'Sdeath! Traitress, say not thy perfidy has thus defeated me—or I will rend thee piece-meal. What! at the very moment when triumph dawned upon me, shalt thou, my slave, dare to traverse and overturn the projects of thy master?

Fen. Master! While you seemed but a demon of vengeance, you commanded terror; but the foul fiend thou hast of late betrayed thyself, so base a trickster, a sordid, grovelling villain, can claim nothing but scorn from a soul like mine.

Chris. Gallantly mouthed, and with good emphasis.

Fen. Yes, I can speak, or can be silent, as no one better knows than you.

Chris. Away, your wits are turned; and all for the love of one who cares not for thee.

Fen. It matters not he loves another; there is none, no, none, who ever did, or can love him so well.

Chris. I pity you indeed: you have endured what woman never before endured,—insolence without notice, admiration without answer, and sarcasm without reply.

Fen. But not without revenge. E'en as a serpent have I been within the bosom of that woman who destroyed my father.—She sauced her charities with taunts, she thought I heard not,—and menials scorned because their lady scorned.—But

there was one who ne'er despised; one, whose generous feelings could treat the poor dumb girl even as his sister,—who ne'er spake word, but to excuse, or to defend her; and say you, I must not love him, and it is madness to love him? I will be mad then, for I will love him till the latest breath of life.

Chris. Ingrate! do you owe me nothing?—nothing to him, who, rescuing you from a cruel task-master, placed you in ease and affluence—taught you to avenge your father's fall?

Fen. Your benefits to me, such as they were, were selfish every one,—and for your own ends conferred. Accuse not me of treachery—'tis you are false. Did you not swear to me that Julian should be safe? And how have you fulfilled your oath? have you not dogged his every footstep; hung like a pestilence around him; and now, at last, betrayed him to base informers, who thirst but for his blood? Your brother's child you would have sold to misery and shame: I saved that child, and will preserve my Julian, or perish in the enterprise.

Chris. Silence, or tremble!

Fen. Tremble! at thee! Thy reign is o'er: but till of late I bent to your powers of mind—your invincible command of passion—the intellectual force by which I saw you triumph over all—all, from the bigot Bridgenorth to the voluptuous Buckingham; then, indeed, I recognized my master.

Chris. Then know him still. Think you those powers have left me? Thou shalt see me rend the strongest meshes that the laws e'er wove to curb the natural dignity of man, like the poor spider's web. You say, o'er all I've triumphed,—and truly say; thyself amidst the rest. Thou hast obeyed my dark behest, sunk to the meanest offices a spy could act, degraded and despised by those who fed

thee ; and for what—to pleasure me, thy lord—for know, Christian was not thy father.

Fen. Beware ! nor drive me to distraction, lest in my madness I destroy thee.

Chris. Peace ! and know thy station. Thy mother, a poor Indian, who for bread sold thee to cheats and mountebanks. I saw you—you served my purpose,—believed yourself the daughter of my murdered brother, and, but for thy accursed love for Julian Peveril, the wild romance of thy bewildered brain might have secured my purpose. But now, hence to thy haunt, nor dare to cross my path, or tremble for the safety of thy minion. This night the murderess of my brother dies, and crowns my vengeance. [*Exit Christian.*]

Fen. Christian not my father !—then have I been but the poor mean degraded tool of this arch villain !—Not to revenge a father's death, but forward his base schemes, have I forfeited my own respect, betrayed all trusts that are held sacred, and as a menial bent before the man who else might have——Away with these reflections, and let me think but of revenge.—Footsteps approach. Deceiver, you forget the serpents of my burning country ne'er bite so deadly, as when they writhe in the oppressor's grasp. [*Exit.*]

(*Noise without.—Enter the CUTLER, SIR GEOFFRY PEVERIL, and JULIAN.*)

Cut. You are heartily welcome to abide in this chamber till the rabble be dispersed.

Sir Geof. Why did you drag me away, boy ?—I would have pricked half a score of the knaves ! To assault honest gentlemen in the streets !

Cut. How came this affair, gentlemen ?

Sir Geof. Why, Sir, thus it comes : My son and myself, together with another gentleman, having

been charged with aiding in the plot with which the rascally informers are turning every body's head, were, to the king's credit, honourably discharged; and while returning peaceably to our lodgings, a set of pricked-eared curs assaulted us in the street, and, but for your friendly shelter, would have made minced meat of us.

Cut. You are safe here for the present: I'll look out, and inform you when the danger is past.

[Exit.]

Jul. I marvel what is become of our little friend Sir Jeffrey Hudson, who, by the royal mandate, was liberated with us.

Sir Geof. I set him on the top of the door: No wonder fellows like ourselves were suspected of high-treason, when this king of the pigmies was important enough for a state-prisoner; I wonder he didn't make his escape through the key-hole.—How's this—the door locked!

Jul. Locked—'tis singular! but hark!

SIR JEFFREY HUDSON *looks in at the window.*

Hud. Hush! or by my valour we are lost. Help me down, young knight: don't be afraid; if they enter, I'll protect you.

(Julian assists the Dwarf into the chamber).

I haven't fought so since I charged at the head of my own company of horse at Wigan Lane.—But come, gentlemen, be not dismayed,—what staggers ye?

Sir Geof. Julian, we must break open this door.

Hud. Stay!—while I was on the cutler's door, I saw a beautiful lady, who told me to enter into this room, and tarry in safety till she could see me. Such eyes, Sir Geoffrey!—such a form, you dog!—Confound me, but they set my heart in a blaze.

Sir Geof. Psha! I am not to be gulled into my ruin by a fair face.—So here goes.

(As he kicks at the door Bridgenorth enters.—

Sir Geoffry Peveril starts back, enraged, and drawing his sword, is upon the point of attacking the Major, but is prevented by Julian. The Dwarf hides himself under the table.)

Sir Geof. Bridgenorth, I have sworn to pay all scores between us—so, come on.

Jul. Father, pray hold!

Major. As I, when a younger man, refused your challenge, it is not likely I should accept it now you are in my power.

Sir Geof. Coward! in your power—do you design to murder us?

Major. Sir Geoffry Peveril, you know me not: I have never sought your ruin, though circumstances led you to believe so; nor had I power to secure your freedom, which you now owe to the influence of his Grace the Duke of Ormond.—But, to your lady,—there will you learn the efforts I have made to expose the tricks and falsehoods of the bloodhounds who arrested you. And if, during the anxious period of your captivity, I have relieved the troubles of the wife or mother, think not I was induced by hatred of your house to do so.

Sir Geof. *(much affected.)* Major! Major! Bridgenorth!—Old friend, your hand. *(They shake hands.)* How shall I return such kindness?

Major. Your son has repaid me more than a thousand fold, in preserving my Alice from the snares of a villain. In return, let me save yours and Julian's life, which are in danger.

Jul. Danger, Sir!

Sir Geof. Nay, nay, we'll have many a merry day at Martindale Castle.

Major. You will do well to seek that place immediately, and intermix not thy hand with what ere long must happen. Disgusted with the treachery of Christian, I will not betray, but never more will I behold him: therefore, ere I retire from the world, I would to thee confide the care of all I prize. Come with me, for time is precious, and blood will be shed ere long.

Jul. Dearest sir, we follow you: Then must hasten to the court to attend the private orders of the King.

Major. Come, then; and may Heaven prosper the preserver of my child.

[*Exeunt Major Bridgenorth and the Peverils.*]

Sir J. Hudson, (*from below the table*). By my valour, but they have left me to die by myself. Soho!

FENELLA enters; HUDSON draws back under the table.

Fen. Gracious powers!—Julian then attends the court to-night, and will fall amongst the rest. By Heaven, he shall not, while his fond though scorned Fenella can preserve him.—Hark! footsteps!—Already the conspirators assemble. Where is the dwarf I bid remain within the chamber?

Huds. (*Lifting up the table cover.*) Here! bright divinity.

Fen. This is no time for fooling. The safety of your King, your country, depends upon your daring. Come, come with me. (*She impatiently drags the dwarf from under the table, and pulls him off the stage, he exclaiming*)—

Huds. Most lovely, though powerful creature, stay!—Bright-eyed constellation, &c.

SCENE VI. AND LAST.—*A magnificent apartment in Whitehall, with an orchestra filled with musicians.*

A dance is performed, after which the KING comes forward, attended by ORMOND, the COUNTESS OF DERBY, SIR GEOFFRY PEVERIL, JULIAN, and Courtiers.

King. Madam, the paper Julian has presented to me relieves your house from the suspicions cast upon it; but they impeach his Grace of Buckingham of actions which I own surprise me. That Villars should ally himself with stern fanatics and seeking to constrain our royal will, force on our councils men whom we detest, is such ingratitude that, without further proof, I cannot give it credence. Sir Geoffry, we have a masque to-night and desire your stay: I have also sent for Lady Peveril's company.—Ormond, where are those foreign musicians recommended to our Court by Buckingham? Come, we must hear them.

Ormond. From some neglect, Sir, the instruments of the performers have not yet arrived.—Here they are, I suppose!

(*TWO ATTENDANTS enter, bearing a large violoncello case, which they put down;—it opens, and Sir Jeffrey Hudson comes out and kneels before the King.*)

King. Hudson! my little friend, I am not sorry to see you: Though Buckingham, who, I suppose, is purveyor of this jest, has served us up but a stale one.

Huds. Will your Majesty honour me with moment's attention?

King. Speak thy pleasure, man, in prose or poetry. We hear you.

Huds. Then, in plain prose, I attach Villars Duke of Buckingham of high-treason.

King. Psha! This is some jest of the facetious Duke! (*all smile.*)

Huds. Gentlemen, you need not smile, when I, Jeffrey Hudson, Knight, once more attach his Grace of high-treason. I pray your Majesty, peruse this paper.

King. Assuredly.—(*Reads.*)—What do I see! “Conspiracy!—immediate assault upon our person!” Ormond, look here: (*gives Ormond the paper.*) Selby, double the sentinels; and let no one in or out of these apartments, without my orders.

(A general agitation pervades the company, and several officers pass to and fro, as if conveying orders to the military.)

Now, Sir Jeffrey, how came you in that case, and how got you possession of this paper?

Huds. From a damsel who waits without, and told me I should save your Highness by so doing. I met her in a house where I sought shelter, after having defended Sir Geoffry Peveril, and his son, against the multitude.

Sir Geo. The dwarf says true, my Liege. We did take shelter in a house under such circumstances; and I remember little Sir Jeffrey was left behind.

Huds. Little Sir Jeffrey! My size has saved my country; and as I was once baked in a pie to please your royal mother, so, in *this case*, have I preserved your Majesty.

King. Let the writer of this paper be called before us. Can Buckingham's unruly passions

have so far misled him? Let him be sought for ere his madness hurries on a deed which shuts out pardon.—Order the guards to be in readiness.

Huds. Be that my charge.—(*Leaves the room pompously.*)

FENELLA is led on by TOPHAM.

King. And is it to you, maiden, we owe our safety? how shall we reward you?

(*Fenella, in turning to the King, perceives the Countess, trembles, and assumes her appearance of being deaf and dumb.*)

Count. Fenella!—my poor dumb girl!

King. Dumb!—And do you, madam, understand her mode of communication?

(*During the following speech of the Countess the King whispers Ormond, who, with Julia and Sir Geoffry Peveril, leaves the apartment.*)

Count. Sire, I have some means of habitual conversation with one who has served several years about my person, and only quitted me when Julian Peveril came to London.

King. Indeed!—Ladies, we must, for a time, beg your absence. His Grace of Buckingham's jests are not always safe ones.—My Lady Derby let me request your stay with your dependant. From what you have said, and what I have seen, I think young Peveril has the most direct key to her heart.

Count. My cousin Julian ill deserves this sarcasm, so please you—a servant——

King. Forgive me: I have studied the sex long and am much mistaken if this little maiden has not the faculty of speech as well as I have.

Count. Impossible!

King. Possible, and most true : I will convince you.

(A noise is heard without ;—cries of " Murder—secure the villain !"—and Ormond rushes in apparently much agitated.)

My Lord of Ormond, what means this tumult ?

Orm. My gracious Liege, a horrid deed has been committed—Young Peveril's murdered !

(Fenella utters a wild scream, and rushes across the King—Falls at the feet of the Duke of Ormond.)

Fen. Oh no ! it is impossible—For mercy's sake, say that he lives !

Count. Fenella !

Fen. Aye ! stare and wonder at the guilty hypocrite, who has for years lain in your bosom, but to sting you to the heart ! who leagued with fiends to shed your blood, and give your castle to the flames. For all my guilt I asked but one return—that Julian should be safe : They have destroyed him, the bond is cracked ; and now, while sense remains, let me have vengeance.—Secure those traitors !

Orm. Obey her orders.

(The officers seize the musicians in the orchestra, and, tearing open their dresses, discover that they are armed. Christian is amongst them, and advances to the front.)

Fen. Behold the assassin, who but waited the moment of revolt to murder you, as he already has the lost unhappy Julian.

Chris. 'Tis false !—King, we wanted not your life, but to purge your council of men whose principles are adverse to the rightful cause.

Orm. Insolent villain !

Chris. Aye, threaten, good my lord; for a moment you are safe; and if you thirst for blood, delay not, but strike—for time flies swiftly, and the gallant hearts are now at work who will seal your ruin.

(The Bell strikes One. A distant drum is heard beating to arms, and a trumpet sounding a call for the cavalry.)

Hark!—hark, the chase is up; and led by noble Buckingham are those who will avenge my death.

(A noise is heard without; SELBY enters, bearing a letter.)

Selby. My Liege, this paper from his Grace of Buckingham.

KING (Reads.)

“Receive, most noble master, the confessions
“of one, who madly forgot your royal bounties
“and leagued himself with traitorous villains:—
“all the atonement in my power I have offered
“but nothing can expiate the base ingratitude of
“the wretched George Villars.”

Selby. My Liege, all danger's over. By the Duke's instructions we have secured those bands who waited but the appointed signal to rush upon the palace.

Chris. False, traitorous villain!—Fickle to the last!

King. Conduct that villain to his dungeon.

Chris. By your leave one word.—Fenella, for an idle passion you have betrayed me to bonds and death; but know, when by your evidence my life is forfeited—the daughter murders the father!

Fen. Gracious Heaven! what say you?

Chris. My child thou art; and tell the Lady of Derby, that if the daughter of Edward Christian

the niece of her murdered victim, served her as a denial, it was for the purposes of vengeance: Tell her, that if your father has destroyed his child, and wrecked his every prospect here and hereafter, it was, that ere this hand should tremble in the agonies of death, it should strike the deep, deep blow of retribution; as now it does—

(Christian darts forward to stab the Countess, but Fenella interposes and receives the blow; she screams, and falls senseless on the stage. Julian and Sir Geoffry rush on to her assistance from one side, and Lady Peveril and Alice on the other.)

King. Great powers! the villain has destroyed his child—away with him.

Chris. Baffled in all!—yes, lead me to your dungeons. One moment had made me even with that proud woman; and though now I sink into perdition, branded with the names of traitor and murderer, I die lamenting only that she lives to triumph.—*(Gazing intently on the senseless form of Fenella.)*—Unhappy girl,—the child of crime! How deeply have you avenged your mother's wrongs!—*(He draws his hand across his eyes.)*—Away; they shall not revel in my pains, nor see the swelling tear that dims my eye. Lead to my prison.

[Exeunt Christian, Selby, and four soldiers.]

Fen. *(Slowly recovering.)* I am justly punished, for I heeded not the pangs of others.—What do I behold!—'tis he!—'tis Julian!—Heaven, heaven bless thee, Julian; and may your Alice love you long and tenderly!—But she can never love thee as I have done;—never love thee like the lost, the guilty, the abused Fenella. Alice, art thou there?—Julian Peveril, give me your hand: I have been

guilty of stinging, like a viper, the breast that cherished me—I have been a wretch—but may this, in some degree, atone for it.

(She joins their hands; then fixing her eyes earnestly upon Julian Peveril, exclaims, "JULIAN! JULIAN!" and falls dead upon the stage. The characters form a tableau, and the Curtain falls to slow music.)

FINIS.

