

DUO.

My pride shall be, while life remains,
To wear, and kiss thy roseate chains.

Love makes my heart with anguish beat,
Yet still, poor heart, be Love's retreat,
In hopes one day his smiles to meet,
Whose very frowns I find so sweet.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.—*A Dungeon.*—[*A violent Storm.**]

LODOWICK is discovered seated on an heap of stones
in a melancholy posture.

LODOWICK. [*singing.*]

" Oh! the roast beef of Old England,
" And oh! the Old English roast beef!"

Bless me, how hungry I am! Count Ulric has
certainly forgotten that I am locked up in this
Tower,

* I publish this scene as originally written, though the disapprobation which it met with on the first night obliged it to be altered on the second. The effect which I meant to produce was the same with that produced by the last scene of the Children in the Wood; in which, though nothing can be more serious or affecting than Walter's situation, the manner in which he expresses his feelings never fails to excite a degree of laughter; but which, instead of diminishing, only serves to increase the interest of the situation. In the following scene, I by no means intended Lodowick to endeavour at being witty, either on the subject of the Friar's sufferings, or his own hunger—both of them very serious subjects, and both of which I meant him to feel great anxiety to alleviate; but as he had hitherto been represented as a ludicrous personage, I thought it natural that he should involuntarily express that anxiety in a ludicrous manner. A ridiculous person, though he might do an heroic action, would

Tower, and I warrant I shall be starved to death over night, and not have the luck to live to be hanged to-morrow morning. Orrila must be mightily puzzled to know what is become of me. Poor little soul! I warrant she's gone to bed weeping, and by this time has cried herself to sleep. I wonder what she had for supper. Still my appetite increases. If it grows much more violent, I must e'en fall to upon myself; and when the Count opens my prison to-morrow, he'll find that one-half of me has eat up the other. Oh me! Oh me! How melancholy are my prospects! Starvation in the fore-ground, and a gallows in perspective!

SONG.

LODOWICK.

MY grief and my hunger I fain would impart;
But, ye walls, I want language to tell ye

do it in a ridiculous way; and I judged, that to make Lodowick serious and sentimental in the third act, would be totally departing from his character in the two first. The audience, however, mistook my intention. They supposed that I meant to represent Lodowick as quite unconcerned at the Friar's agonies; thought it very unfeeling in him to satisfy his hunger instead of his curiosity, and hissed him in this scene from beginning to end, as also every thing which had a comic turn in the concluding scene of the Piece. In consequence I was compelled to expunge from his part in the third act every thing which had the most distant resemblance to a joke. Now, though I am willing to acknowledge that these same jokes were very wretched attempts at the ludicrous, (and though I am now so thoroughly convinced of my possessing no talents for humorous writing, that I shall desist from any further endeavours,) yet I cannot help thinking, had they been endured, they would have given some little life to the latter part of the Drama. As it was, every thing comic was expunged from the last act; and in consequence, of all the last acts that ever were performed on the English stage, I here challenge the Theatre to produce a duller.

L. S.

How

How full of affliction I feel my poor heart,
 How empty of food my poor belly!
 Oh deign, some kind angel, to bring me relief!
 Descend in the shape of a round of salt beef,
 Well garnish'd with cabbage and carrot!
 And if for my woes, from your eyelids divine,
 Tears should fall, be the drops not of water, but wine,
 And weep me a bottle of Claret.

2.

Thin ghosts of fat Abbots, be mov'd by my pray'r,
 And pity my starving condition!
 I vow what I ask is no mighty affair,
 So I hope that you'll grant my petition.
 I sue not in flames as a martyr to die,
 And sure as a faint to be perch'd up on high
 Would be glory too great for a sinner:
 I only request, my dear ghosts! just to go,
 With a stomach well lin'd, to the regions below,
 And, previous to death, go to dinner.

Flesh and blood, thy patience is exhausted! If I
 could make myself heard—Halloo! halloo!—
 Hang the thunder, it makes as much noise as if it
 were starving too!—Halloo! Do, good Some-
 body, take pity on poor Lodowick, and bring him
 something eatable!

[A voice within.] Lodowick!

LODOWICK. Hark! Did a voice—Poh! it
 was but an echo.

THE VOICE. If you are Lodowick, approach
 the wall.

LODOWICK. The wall! Somebody's confined
 in the next dungeon. Oh! if I can but get to
 him! Poor unfortunate man! Who knows but
 he may have something good to eat! Let me see!
 Is there no door that—[A tremendous burst of thun-
 der—part of the wall, struck by lightning, falls down,
 and

and another dungeon is seen, as also a window, much
 shattered, through which the lightning is frequently
 seen flashing. Lodowick, who has been struck down
 by the falling stones, recovers in a few minutes.]—
 A tolerable hard thump—Could I contrive—
 Ha! What do I see! Huzza! Yonder hole is
 big enough to creep through, and I can easily—
 St. Barbara, what have we here?—[As he approaches
 the chasm, Father Cyprian, a tall emaciated figure,
 appears with a lamp in his hand, supporting himself,
 as he advances, by the fragments of the wall.]

FATHER CYPRIAN. My failing eyes seek you
 in vain—where are you, Lodowick?

LODOWICK [approaching him.] How! He
 knows me!

FATHER CYPRIAN. Oh! too well! And
 know you not Father Cyprian?

LODOWICK. What? Count Ulric's preceptor
 and friend?

FATHER CYPRIAN. Count Ulric's victim!—
 Alas! I faint.

LODOWICK. Here! here! lean on me.—[He
 seats him on the heap of stones.] Bless my soul,
 Father! Why, what have you done with all your
 flesh? You used to be as plump and as rosy! I
 warrant Ulric found you too under a table, and has
 been starving you in consequence.

FATHER CYPRIAN. Alas! good Lodowick, I
 am faint and weak, for long have my lips refused
 to admit food.—My provisions left for three days
 untasted.—

LODOWICK. What? Provisions untasted?

FATHER CYPRIAN. Illness permitted not—

LODOWICK. Oh! pray make no apologies!—
 But as you didn't eat them, perhaps they're yonder
 still.

FATHER

FATHER CYPRIAN. They are.

LODOWICK. Huzza! [*snatching up the lamp.*]

FATHER CYPRIAN. Stay, oh! stay!

LODOWICK. I'll be with you again in the cutting up of a turkey*.

[*Exeunt into the inner cavern.*]

FATHER CYPRIAN. My eye-strings break!—
Oh! let me not die, dear Heaven; ere I disclose
my dreadful secret!

Lodowick returns with a lamp and basket.

LODOWICK [*eating as he enters*]. Here's
chicken—here's tongue! and wine, by the beards
of my ancestors! Lord, Lord! Father, how
could you be ill with wine so near you?

FATHER CYPRIAN. Draw near, my son! My
moments are few and precious—waste them not:
and first, answer me, Does Adelmorn still live?

LODOWICK. He does. We'll drink his health,
if you please.

FATHER CYPRIAN. Heaven, I thank thee!—
Haste to him, my son! Tell him that he is inno-
cent—that Ulric is his Uncle's murderer—that
with my aid—

LODOWICK [*dropping the bottle, and starting up
eagerly.*] How? Innocent? On, Father, on!

FATHER CYPRIAN. Not Count Roderic, but
I was the concealed assassin, suborned by Ulric to
murder Adelmorn.

LODOWICK. You were? Oh you villain! On,
Father, on!

* I beg my readers to observe, that hitherto Lodowick has no
reason to believe Cyprian to be dying, and consequently to delay
satisfying the hunger which torments him.

FATHER

FATHER CYPRIAN. Your Master slightly
wounded my arm, and I fled to tell Ulric that my
attempt had failed. His crafty brain straight
turned my adventure to account. We hastened to
Count Roderic's chamber—and while I stifled the
old man's cries—Ulric plunged his dagger.....
Dreadful remembrance!—I cannot proceed—

LODOWICK. His eyes close! Don't die, Fa-
ther! Whatever you do, don't die now. This
is the very cream of your story*!

FATHER CYPRIAN. Oh, for the breath of a few
moments!—The murder once accomplished, I re-
coiled from it with horror. Ulric perceived my
confusion; and fearing lest my wound should lead
others to suspect the truth, he persuaded me for a
while to lie concealed in yon dungeon, whose en-
trance was a secret to all, except himself. Now
mark the gratitude of villains! I followed him
hither—he closed the door, when he left me—

LODOWICK. I guess!—and, fearing lest you
should betray him, never opened the door again!

FATHER CYPRIAN. Even so.

* By this speech, I merely meant Lodowick (without hav-
ing the design to utter any thing ludicrous) to express his ex-
treme terror, lest death should prevent the Friar from enabling
him to substantiate his Master's innocence. The speech, how-
ever, was mistaken for an attempt at a joke; and the last ex-
pression in particular gave great offence, as being low, and ill-
suited to so serious a situation. I certainly could have made
Mr. Bannister exclaim most heroically in blank verse—

“ His eye-lids close! Hold, fatal Sisters! hold,

“ Nor cut with unrelenting shears the thread

“ On which depends at once his life and story”——

It would have been very easy to have made Lodowick say this;
but, in my opinion, not very natural, as I never yet heard that
an illiterate person, on being thrown into a serious situation, im-
mediately found his language refined, and his ideas elevated.

LODOWICK.

LODOWICK. The scoundrel! Oh! how I long to unmask—But, good-lack! that I'm not likely to do. I'm shut up here as well as yourself, Father; and even were I free, having no proofs—

FATHER CYPRIAN [*taking a letter from his bosom*]. Receive the strongest—

LODOWICK. What? that dirty bit of paper?

FATHER CYPRIAN. 'Tis Ulric's writing.—Soon after my confinement, he passed it through the wicket by which I received my food.

LODOWICK. Let me see—it's a terrible cramp hand.—“Adelmorn pays the penance of our crime; the blow which wounded your arm is supposed to have pierced my Uncle's heart. I am now the Lord of Bergen—But, dear as you are to me, (dearer now than ever) ill-starred Cyprian, you must not share my prosperity. Your alarm in that important moment convinced me that my life depends on your absence from the world.—The secret of my crime must be buried in your dungeon—you never shall quit it more. Be patient—nothing shall be denied you, save liberty.”—Huzza! huzza! my Lord's innocence is evident. I never read any thing that I liked half so much.

FATHER CYPRIAN. This paper will establish Adelmorn's innocence. Convey it to the Duke, and—Oh mercy! mercy!

LODOWICK [*changing his joy into terror, and hastening to him*]. Ha! he's dying. Look up, Father—Pardon may yet—

FATHER CYPRIAN. I need but Heaven's!—Oh! sick at heart—at heart!

LODOWICK. His hand grows cold! What can I do? How can I help him?

FATHER CYPRIAN. To die thus unabsolved! Unforgiven!

LODOWICK,

LODOWICK. Father! father!

FATHER CYPRIAN. Roderic's blood yet staining my hands—Powers of mercy, look where he stands!.....[*The Old Man, who appeared in Adelmorn's vision, enters with a slow step and majestic air. Cyprian sinks on his knees before him*]

LODOWICK. What's the matter?

FATHER CYPRIAN. Look there! look there!

LODOWICK. What? Where?

FATHER CYPRIAN. Thou art fearful, but thine eye looks mild! My heart-strings are yielding.—Ere they break, have mercy! Stretch forth thy hand—bless me—bid me sleep in peace!—[*The Spectre's lips move; he raises his hands to heaven, and sinks into the earth.*]—He forgave me.—Heaven, be thou as merciful!—[*He falls back and dies.*]

LODOWICK. Father! father!.....'tis over! Poor wretched man! Great as your crimes, have been your sorrows: May Heaven pity you as I do!—But now, what's to be done? If Ulric finds me here with Cyprian's corpse, he'll guess that I know his secret—then all's at an end. Ha! the storm has forced the grating from yonder window. Suppose I attempted.....My English diet has made me rather too fat for climbing; but to your care I commit myself, sweet St. Barbara! If, being somewhat clumsy, I should stick by the way, deign, kindest of Saints, to lend me a little of your assistance! Now then to business.—[*Takes the lamp, and enters the interior cavern.*]

[*The door is unlocked.—ULRIC enters with a torch.*]

ULRIC. What ho!—Lodowick—He replies not!—How! gone!—the wall too fallen! Should
M my

my fears be true——If they should, he dies.——
[*Draws his sword, and rushes through the chasm.*]

LODOWICK *appears above at the window.*

LODOWICK. Here I am!—St. Barbara, I am obliged to you. So! this lets me out, I see, upon the Castle leads. I'll away, and the first window I find open, I'll in, though it be the Duke's. Look sharp about ye, St. Barbara——'tis to you that I commit myself, and, if I tumble, remember you'll bear the blame of it. Now then away. Farewell, dungeon!
[*Exit through the window.*]

Re-enter ULRIC hastily.

ULRIC. The Monk too is missing.—How have they escaped? What must be done? Thus bewildered—distracted!—Ha!—a man!—cold!—
[*Raises Cyprian, and looks him in the face*]—My friend! my victim!—Oh! insupportable!—[*He sinks upon the body—the scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber.*

Enter ORRILA.

ORRILA. At length 'tis morning! The poor lady has done nothing but weep all night, and sigh for the hour when she might plead to the Duke for her dear unhappy husband! Mercy on me, what plagues men are! A woman never meddles with the roads, but she suffers for it; and that my sister Jutta found, when she savéd her lamb, and lost her heart to Casper.

BALLAD.

BALLAD *.

ORRILA.

A WOLF while Jutta slept had made
Her favourite lamb his prize;
Young Casper flew to give his aid,
Who heard the trembler's cries.
He drove the wolf from off the green,
But claim'd a kifs for pay;
Ah! Jutta, better 'twould have been,
Had Casper staid away.

2.

While grateful feelings warm'd her breast,
She own'd she lov'd the swain;
The youth eternal love profess'd,
And kifs'd and kifs'd again.
A fonder pair was never seen;
They toy'd the live-long day:
Ah! Jutta, better 'twould have been,
Had Casper staid away.

3.

At length the sun his beams withdrew;
And, night inviting sleep,
Fond Jutta rose, and bade adieu,
Then homewards drove her sheep:
Alack! her thoughts were chang'd, I ween,
For thus they heard her say:
—“ Ah! Jutta, better 'twould have been,
“ Had Casper staid away.”——

* The idea of this Ballad is taken from one in a French opera called “*Les Femmes et Le Secret.*”

Enter HERMAN.

HERMAN. Help us, Orrila, or the poor lady will never get a sight of the Duke. His apartment is guarded by Count Ulric's orders, and no one is suffered to approach it.

ORRILA. But how can I—

HERMAN. Hugo has the key to a private door of the Duke's apartment, but refuses to trust me with it. You have more influence over the old jangler than any one else; and if you'll try—
So, here he comes.

Enter HUGO, followed by MAURICE.

HUGO. Don't tease me, fellow! It's to no purpose, I tell you.

MAURICE. Nay—but, Hugo—

HUGO. Hold your tongue, I say. I have heard all your arguments, and take my word for't, they won't bear a Da Capo. Dear, dear! I do wonder why people will talk who hav'n't good voices!

ORRILA. Very true, Hugo. Fie on you, Maurice! how could you hope to get a favour granted, when you ask it in accents so unharmonious?

HUGO. Aye, how could you? Orrila, may I never be encored again, if he has'n't ruffled my temper more than an imperfect rehearsal! His voice is worse to me than the twang of a cracked Jew's harp, and he is in fact nothing better than a great walking discord trussed up in a pair of trunk breeches.

MAURICE. Why, you faucy scraping—

HUGO.

HUGO. There now! there! Did you ever hear any thing so out of tune?

ORRILA. Never. Oh! your refusal is entirely his own fault; and I'm sure, when I ask you to open the private door of the Duke's chamber, you'll do it without saying another word.

HUGO. I shall do no such thing. What! risk my life for a person I don't care half a bar about? Why, Orrila, you must certainly take me to be A natural!

ORRILA. I take you to be too good-natured, Hugo, to see a pretty woman's tears without emotion.

HUGO. Poh! poh!

HERMAN. And too fond of music to break the heart of so capital a performer.

HUGO. Performer? Hey? What! she plays and sings, does she?

HERMAN. Sings! Why, Baron Adelmorn only married her for her quaver.

HUGO. Nay, I must say it, the boy had always excellent sense.

HERMAN. And then she plays—

HUGO. On what instrument?

HERMAN. On the—on the double bass.

HUGO. On the double bass! Why, Orrila, a woman who plays on the double bass must be a perfect treasure!

HERMAN. Oh! if you had but heard her rattle through the last movement of your favourite concerto! It was quite a charm to hear her!

HUGO. Ods me! Herman, she must be a rare person; and if seeing the Duke is of such consequence to her—But then if Count Ulric should discover—

ORRILA.