

ORRILA. If he does, your conscience will at least be free from the pain of thinking, that when you might have gladdened an helpless woman's heart, you broke it.

HERMAN. Aye, Hugo, and whatever you do, keep on good terms with your conscience. Remember, when your little grandson left you to go to sea, his last words were, "While I've a good conscience, I can look on danger undaunted."

HUGO. Did he say so? The good boy! I warrant in last night's storm he felt the truth of that remark. Well! well! I hope he'll come back to me safe and sound: and, till then, Heaven watch over thee, my gallant sailor!

## GLEE.

HUGO, ORRILA, HERMAN, AND MAURICE.

SAILOR-BOY! sailor-boy! sleep, my sweet fellow,  
O'er your rock'd vessel though thunder-bolts roll:  
Wild though the ocean raves, loud though winds bellow,  
Calm be your bosom, for pure is your soul.  
Hushaby! Hushaby! poor sailor-boy!  
Let not the tempest your slumbers destroy;  
No terrors of conscience your bosom annoy,  
Then Hushaby! Hushaby! poor sailor boy!

2.

Sailor-boy! sailor-boy! Danger not bringing  
Home to your thoughts crimes committed before,  
Toft on rough seas, in a narrow cot fwinging,  
Safer you sleep than a villain on shore.

Hushaby! &amp;c.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE

## SCENE V.

*A magnificent Gothic Hall.—The Windows of painted  
Glas are lighted by the rising Sun.*

*Enter ULRIC, much agitated.*

ULRIC. The body is concealed—no search can find it. Even should Lodowick possess my secret—want of proofs—the improbability of his tale—Calm, calm, my bosom! Yet, to make all secure, Adelmorn's fate shall be hastened. The scaffold is prepared—'tis already morning—the death bell shall be sounded instantly—[going.]

BRENNO [without]. This way, traitor!

HUGO [without]. Piano, good master Brenno! Pianissimo, if you please.

ULRIC. How now? What noise?

*Enter BRENNO, dragging in HUGO.*

BRENNO. This way, I say. Nay, no struggling! Good, my Lord, hasten to the Duke's apartment. Adelmorn's wife is no other than the Princess Innogen, long believed dead. At this moment she kneels at Sigismund's feet, and pleads for her husband.

ULRIC. Hell and furies! How got she entrance?

BRENNO. Hugo having the key of a private door—

ULRIC [sizing Hugo]. You too, wretch!—you leagued against me!

HUGO [*kneeling*]. Mercy, my Lord! mercy!

[*singing*.] "See me kneeling!  
Tear drops stealing....."

ULRIC [*throwing him from him*]. Silence, old Brawler!

HUGO [*aside*]. Brawler?—What taste!

BRENNO. Nay, my Lord, waste not your time with this driveller. The Duke's fortitude is shaken; his daughter weeps on his neck; the domestics kneel; the groans of your vassals pierce to his chamber!

ULRIC. I need but name his oath, and their efforts must prove vain. But I hasten to him.—You, Brenno, speed to Adelmorn's prison; to the block with him this moment!—[*to Hugo*] Out of my way! [*Exit.*]

BRENNO. As for you, old dotard, if you meddle in this business again, your bones shall be broken with your own fiddle-stick. Look to that, master Scraper! look to that! [*Exit.*]

HUGO. Get you gone, master Bluff! Get you gone, for an unmusical monster! To treat a man of my years so roughly! Why, his heart must be harder than a sonata in seven sharps!

*Enter ORRILA.*

ORRILA. Well, Hugo.....

HUGO. Nay, truly it's very ill, Orrila.

ORRILA. You let the lady in?

HUGO. Yes; and in consequence they turned me out. Brenno was in the Duke's room when we entered; and, as he could not in decency take the princess by the ears, he thought the next best thing was to lay hold of mine. I protest they've  
not

not suffered so much since the day when I heard that confounded Scotch bag-piper!

*Enter HERMAN from the Duke's Chamber.*

ORRILA. Now, what news?

HERMAN. Alas! the Duke's oath prevents him from yielding to his daughter's tears, and Ulric has ordered Adelmorn to the scaffold. See! see, they come!

*Enter SIGISMUND, followed by INNOGEN, ULRIC, MAURICE, and ATTENDANTS.*

SIGISMUND. Oh! leave me, cruel girl! Why still solicit what I cannot grant?

INNOGEN. Leave you? Never!—Still will I thus hang round you! still thus shriek in tones of despair!—"Mercy, my father! mercy, mercy!"—

SIGISMUND. Take her from me, Ulric; she tortures me!

ULRIC. Lady, the Duke's oath.....

INNOGEN. Oh! peace, peace! That oath was suggested by his darker angel! 'tis registered in the catalogue of his offences: to break it will be virtue!

ULRIC. Most impious! Hear her not, my Lord.....

INNOGEN. How? Not hear me? He bids the father not listen to his child! Now, when he pleads to thee for mercy, hear him not, Heaven! But my father will not heed this cruel one! He cannot with a heart unmoved see that his child's is breaking!—cannot, when thus I throw me at his feet, and bathe them thus with tears of anguish..... [*The Bell tolls: she starts from the ground with*

*with a dreadful shriek*—Hark!—God! 'tis the knell of death!—*[She sinks upon Sigismund's bosom: the Bell continues to toll.—Solemn Music.—A procession of Guards; Friars, and Nuns with lighted tapers, Choristers, &c. enter, conducting Adelmorn in deep mourning.]*

## CHORUS.

HARK! the bell tolls! the finner's course is ending!  
Sad swells the hymn, and tears obscure the fight!  
Rise, pious pray'rs! pure sighs to Heav'n ascending  
Waft the repentant soul to realms of light.

ADELMORN [*to Innogen, who hangs weeping on his bosom*]. Be calm, my beloved! While thus you rest on my bosom, let its fortitude spread to thine.—Look on me, Innogen! Does my cheek lose its colour when I speak of the grave? Does my hand tremble while I say that Death's soon must clasp it?

INNOGEN. Oh! no, nor need it! You feel not for yourself what I feel for you.—And you leave me, Adelmorn; you leave me and can be calm!

ADELMORN. I leave you for a moment; when next we meet our union will be eternal. Innogen, last night I heard not my uncle's spirit shriek for vengeance! I saw him in my dreams, and he smiled on me forgiveness. Think on this, my only-one! and for my sake, for your own.....*[the Bell tolls]*—Hark! I am summoned—Sweet, farewell!—*[embracing her.]*

INNOGEN. Friend!—Husband!—All!—Oh! yet one moment.....

ADELMORN. Farewell!—Duke Sigismund, receive from me a daughter, who never erred, but in her love for me—and who, for that single error,

woe

woe is me! has suffered most severely! Be her friend, her comforter! and, should ever the memory of her fault call to your lips reproaches, repress them, when you look on this—*[giving him a ring.]*

SIGISMUND. Ha!—Merciful Heavens! 'Tis the same!—*[clasping his hands in agony]*—'Tis he! 'Tis the man to whom I owed my life but yesterday, and my orders doom him to the block!

ADELMORN [*to Innogen, who is absorbed in grief*]. Nay, sweet Innogen!—Speak, noble Sigismund! Shall my request be granted?

SIGISMUND. Granted?—Oh! that my life could purchase.....that my heart's best blood.....Vain, vain wishes!—Sovereigns, be warned by what I suffer, how ye make laws which exclude mercy!

ADELMORN. Receive then your daughter, and with her the gratitude of a dying man! Now to you, Ulric!—We have long been foes; be in my grave, our enmity forgotten!—Your hand—*[extending his hand—Ulric motions to take it, but starts back in horror, and hides his face in his cloak]*—You will not? You know not how to pardon?—Heaven, amidst all my sufferings I thank thee that my heart never felt like Ulric's!—I am ready—Guards, lead on!

[*Going.*]

INNOGEN [*awakening from her stupor, clasps his hand, and draws him towards Sigismund*]. He leaves me! Father, he leaves me!

SIGISMUND [*in a stifled voice*]. Innogen, you break my heart!

INNOGEN [*frantic*]. He goes to death! Heard you that? to death! [*supplicating*] My father, will you not bid him stay?

N 2

SIGISMUND.

SIGISMOND. Heaven knows, I cannot!

INNOGEN. Heaven can! Heaven will!—  
[*throwing herself on her knees, and clasping her hands*]  
—Man deserts me! Fountain of mercy, do not  
thou desert me too! 'Tis before thee that now  
I kneel, a poor heart-broken creature!—'Tis to  
thy mercy, that now with shrieks I call for.....

LODOWICK [*putting his head in at an upper  
window*]. A ladder, good people! A ladder, for  
the love of St. Barbara\*!

ALL [*except Lodowick*] *looking up*. What's  
that?

HUGO. I protest a man's at yonder high win-  
dow! What are you doing there in alto?

ORRILA. Let me die if it isn't Lodowick!

ALL [*except Ulric, Lodowick, and Orrila*].  
Lodowick?

ULRIC. Confusion!

LODOWICK. Ha! 'Tis the Duke!—Oh! my  
Lord! I'm so glad to see you! I've been in search  
of you these two hours! Good your Highness!  
order a ladder in all haste! I've such things to  
tell you.....

ULRIC [*recovering himself*]. Lead on the pri-  
soner!

LODOWICK. The prisoner?—Don't stir a step!  
[*descending the ladder.*]

ADELMORN. Lodowick, what means.....

ULRIC [*violently*]. To the scaffold, I say!

LODOWICK [*rushes forwards*]. To the scaffold?  
Hold! hold! My Lord the Duke, as I hope for

\* I must again request the reader to observe, that wherever  
Lodowick's speeches appear ludicrous, he is never supposed to  
intend them to produce that effect.

mercy

mercy hereafter, the Baron is innocent! Ulric was  
Count Roderic's murderer!

ALL [*except Ulric and Lodowick*]. How?

INNOGEN. Innocent?—Oh! listen, father!  
listen!

ULRIC. My lord, this is the very fellow who  
procured Adelmorn's escape from prison: Surely  
you'll not attend to.....

LODOWICK. Hear me, my dear Highness!  
On my knees I beseech you only hear a plain  
story.—Cyprian....you remember Cyprian, my  
Lord?.....Let me see.....Oh! Cyprian was  
wounded....Count Roderic was murdered....upon  
which Ulric came....the thunder knocked down  
the wall....I got out of the window....Ulric locked  
up the door....then I....then Ulric....then Cy-  
prian....No, no, no!....Then Cyprian....Psha!  
Ulric....No, I....I protest I'm so agitated that I  
can't make the story quite clear; but the long  
and short of it is, that Adelmorn is innocent, the  
Count guilty, and I hope that your Highness will  
order Ulric to be executed without delay!

ORRILA. Well said, Lodowick!

SIGISMOND. Friend, though I gladly would  
understand you, 'tis in vain that.....

ULRIC [*passionately*]. And in vain will ever  
be! Surely, my Lord, this incoherent rhapsody,  
this charge to destitute of proofs.....

LODOWICK. Proofs? Thank you, 'tis the very  
thing.—Look, your Highness, here's a positive  
avowal of Ulric's guilt in his own writing.

ULRIC [*aside*]. Hell and fiends!

LODOWICK. Look, Sir, look! Is this your  
hand?

ULRIC [*seizing the paper and tearing it*]. This  
is my hand, and thus it treats the forgery!

ALL



ALL [*except* Ulric]. Hold! hold!

SIGISMOND. Count, this passion.....

ULRIC. Who can be calm, when charges so infamous, when falsehoods so gross.....

LODOWICK [*almost choaked with agitation*]. Falsehood? falsehood? Orrila, give me that cross! Quick, quick, my dear little soul!—[*kneeling.*]

\*As I have hopes of happiness hereafter, by all that is holy in Heaven, by all that is fearful in Hell, I swear, that Ulric's dagger caused Count Roderic's death!—[*to Ulric*] You have heard me assert your guilt: Dare you as solemnly assert your innocence?

ULRIC. I dare, but.....

LODOWICK. Swear then.

ULRIC. To need such a test, is.....

LODOWICK. Swear, I say!

INNOGEN. He hesitates!—He dares not swear!  
—Oh! then forgive him, Heaven †!

SIGISMOND. Count, if you refuse.....

ULRIC [*taking the Cross*]. Refuse?—Be patient! I obey.

ALL [*except* Ulric]. Silence!—[*a dead pause.*]

ULRIC. As I have hopes of happiness hereafter, by all that is holy in Heaven, by all that is fearful in Hell, I swear that.....[*as he proceeds, the Ghost*

\* This adjuration was very justly thought too solemn in the representation: it was altered on the second performance; but as the same objection does not appear to me to hold against its refusal, I have ventured to print it; especially as I know well, that, were I to omit a single line, there would not be wanting some good-natured Critic to supply the omission, and, by additions of his own, to swell a mole-hill of imprudence into a mountain of impiety.

† This speech, which never failed to produce great effect, was supplied by Mrs. Jordan.

rises slowly with a flaming dagger in his hand, and stands opposite to Ulric, who stops and remains gazing upon him for some time without motion.]

SIGISMOND. Why stop you?

ULRIC [*motionless*]. My Lord!

SIGISMOND. What gaze you at?

ULRIC. My Lord!

SIGISMOND. Proceed.

ULRIC. He cannot be a witness in his own cause.

SIGISMOND. Who?

ULRIC. He!—He!—My uncle—See you not my dagger?—Flames curl round it!—Lo! how he points to his bleeding bosom!—But 'tis false—'tis false!—The wound I gave him was not half so deep!—[*All utter a cry of mingled joy and horror.*]

INNOGEN [*wild with joy*]. Heard ye that, heard ye that?—Oh! father, heard ye that? [*Embracing Sigismond.*]

ADELMORN. They are Ulric's lips, but the voice is Heaven's!

ULRIC. Look off me! I cannot bear thy glance!—Flames shoot from thine eye-balls, and fire my brain!—Oh! look off me!

SIGISMOND. Mark, how passion shakes him.

ULRIC [*frantic*]. Thy grave was deep, why hast thou left it? To save thy darling? To drag me to the block prepared for him? This prevents it!—[*Drawing his dagger, and rushing towards the Ghost, who till now has remained fixed like a statue, but on his approach raises his arm with a terrible look, and motions to stab him. Ulric utters a cry of horror.*] Mercy!—I am guilty, but not fit to die. [*He falls on the ground, while the Ghost sinks.*]

SIGISMOND. He owns his guilt! Long live Adelmorn,

Adelmorn, the rightful Lord of Bergen! [*Taking off Adelmorn's chains*].

ALL THE ATTENDANTS. Huzza!

SIGISMOND. My preserver!

INNOGEN. My love! Oh! is this true? are you indeed mine again?

ADELMORN. Thine! thine, and for ever!

SIGISMOND. The wretch recovers; bear him away, and confine him closely.

ULRIC [*Struggling to break from the guards, who raise him*]. Whither would you drag me? What is my crime? Softly! softly!—I cannot be betrayed—Cyprian's safe—Die, Adelmorn! die, and with you die my fears! My foe is at the block! See, see, see, the axe glitters!—it falls!—the blood covers me! Oh! God! 'tis scalding! [*Sinks into the arms of the guards, and is borne off.*]

INNOGEN. Horrible fight!

ADELMORN. Turn from it, my love, and view only our happiness. Yet by what means that happiness is ours....

LODOWICK. That, my Lord, I can explain, but not at present: I'm too much overjoyed at finding my dear Lord innocent, and my fair Lady faithful. [*Embracing Orrila.*]

INNOGEN. Whatever be its unravelling, my love, may the world learn from your story, that to judge the conduct of others with candour, is frequently not more *kind* than *just*! Many a faulty act has sprung from honest but mistaken principles; many a fair deed has been crowned with glory, whose secret cause its author would have blushed to avow. Then, while appearances are so deceitful, and human reason is so easily deceived, how shall we judge? By this indulgent rule:

When

When an action seems *right*, let us consider only the *effect*, in order to preserve the whole of the merit: when an action seems *wrong*, let us always inquire into the cause, in hopes of finding there some apology for the error.

### FINALE.

HERMAN.

THE storm is o'er, the sky is clear,  
And past our consternation,  
Our hero now has nought to fear  
But your disapprobation.  
The Outlaw trembling waits to hear  
What sentence ye will give, sirs:  
Decree his death, or set him clear;  
Say, shall he die or live, sirs?

CHORUS.

The Outlaw, &c.

ORRILA.

Ye married dames, who grace the house,  
A wondrous tale I'll tell ye:  
Though left three years without my spouse,  
I liv'd like chaste Penelly.  
Then, all ye wives your lords who love,  
To me be well-intention'd;  
So clap your hands like mad, and prove  
Ye all are . . . what I mention'd.

CHORUS.

The Outlaw, &c.

LODOWICK.

That storm came mighty à-propos:  
But now the play is ended,  
I hope, around, above, below,  
To find the weather mended:

O

For

For thunder in this atmosphere  
Great consternation causes,  
Save when from hand and voice we hear  
A thunder of applauses.

CHORUS.

The Outlaw, &c.

HERMAN [to HUGO].

Now try your skill, my fiddling friend,  
Well pleas'd our guest-dismissing,  
Or else, I fear, they'll fore offend  
Your tender ears with hissing:  
Say, clap of hands, red, white, or brown,  
A most melodious noise is,  
And hope, there'll be, the curtain down,  
Heard no discordant voices.

CHORUS.

The Outlaw, &c.

HUGO.

Good lack!—I scarce know what to say,  
Not being over-wordy,  
And rather through a summer's day  
Would grind a hurdy-gurdy:  
Still to your wishes I'll submit,  
And, since I must get through it,  
I'll say...I'll say...I'll say, when I've a Benefit  
I hope you'll all come to it.

CHORUS.

The Outlaw, once escaped from death,  
Again for pardon prays, sirs!  
His second life hangs on your breath,  
Oh! grant him length of days, sirs.

EPI-

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

SINCE Solomon's time (he who lived with such glee  
In a nest full of wives, like a kind of king-bee)  
To the days of King George, undisputed has run  
This maxim—"There's nothing new under the sun!"—  
Our Bard (who, no more than myself, as I'm told,  
Likes a foolish thing better because the thing's old)  
Was resolved that this proverb to-night he'd derange,  
And produce something singular, novel, and strange;  
So painted a Wife, who with sentiment true  
Dreads the death of her husband—I'm sure now, that's  
new.

But if any dispute it, I beg them to name  
What part of this audience can furnish the same.

The Boxes?—I'll try what their circles afford.  
Yonder sits Lady Fickle—But where sits my Lord?  
Yon groupe of gay Damsels, so showy and fair,  
Perhaps they can tell me...Oh! Ho! sir! You're there?  
I see you! I'll 'peach!—'Tis in vain that before ye  
Miss Dash spreads her fan, for I'll tell your whole story.  
Nay, don't be afraid, for your lady can't hear—  
Your best friend has his nose in her ladyship's ear.  
No novel-bred nonsense, of sympathy rare,  
And resistless attachment united this pair;  
For when Francis Lord Fickle espoused Polly Plumb,  
The head pronounced—"Budget!"—The heart answered  
—"Mum \*!"—

'Twas not wanton affection which gained him her voice;  
No, a Coronet made him—"The man of her choice!"—  
His eyes were not caught by her skin's red and white,

\* Merry Wives of Windsor.

More



More lasting the beauties which dazzled his sight :  
 An estate in fee-simple flew straight to his heart ;  
 India-bonds and post-obits gave wings to the dart ;  
 Its barb was a rich banking-shop in Pall-Mall,  
 And 'twas fixed by twelve shares in the Grand Trunk Canal.  
 Hear him pleading his passion : Oh ! say, does he vow  
 His love shall for ever be ardent as now ?  
 No : he vows more sincerely, while squeezing her hand,  
 He hopes all her fortune's not vested in land ;  
 Swears, his happiness rests on her being his mate,  
 To relieve....from a mortgage his Cornish estate ;  
 And begs she'll disclose, while his soul he unlocks,  
 Not the state of her heart, but the state of the stocks.

Now what can be hoped ? From espousals like these  
 What pleasures can spring ? Oh ! the pleasure *to teaze*.  
 This, this they enjoy in its fullest extent :  
 They squabble and sneer, contradict and torment,  
 While their whole conversation's—" You can !" and " I  
 can't,"  
 And " I will," and " I won't," and " you shall," and " I  
 shan't"—

When my Lord tells my Lady, " You must not," she just  
 Replies in the sweetest of accents—" I must ;"—  
 And when she assures him—" You shall not,"—he still  
 Obligingly pops out his answer—" I will."—  
 Thus, like players at Commerce, of both 'tis the aim  
 To mar, if they can, the antagonist's game,  
 Each content with bad cards, if the foe holds the worst,  
 And the point in discussion, whose life shall go first.

Now, leaving the palace, we'll ask if their lot  
 Is better, whom Hymen unites in the cot.  
 Alas ! my stewed friends in those regions above  
 (Where the Jew, and the Barber, the Tar, and his Love,

The Taylor, the Prentice, the Cook, and the Clerk  
 Sit jumbled pell-mell like the beasts in the Ark)  
 I fear, ye have seen in the course of your lives  
 Some wives hate their husbands, some husbands their wives.

When first they were linked in the conjugal state,  
 Oh ! who was so happy as Jack with his Kate ;  
 When first as her husband he gave her a smack,  
 Oh ! who looked so smirking as Kate on her Jack !  
 But alas ! ere they witnessed the honey-moon's flight,  
 (With sorrow I tell the conclusion) one night  
 It chanced at the ale-house that Bacchus stepp'd in,  
 And Cupid was drown'd....in twelve-pen'worth of gin !  
 See Jack home returning : how greets him his mate ?  
 Oh ! Jack is half drunk, and quite sulky is Kate.  
 She tells him he's tipsy ; he swears that he's not ;  
 Jack calls Kate a gill-flirt ; Kate calls Jack a sot :  
 Jack curses the day Kate enticed him to wed ;  
 Kate consoles him by throwing a dish at Jack's head ;  
 Venus screams at the scuffle, the Graces all fly,  
 And the hard fist of Hymen gives Love a black eye !

But censure must cease, while I own that we boast  
 A Princess (by Hymen conferred on our coast)  
 Who gilds with true glory the title of Wife,  
 The friend of her comfort, the balm of his life,  
 Who, distinguished in worth as distinguished in place,  
 But uses the station she holds with such grace  
 As an height, from whose brow she can see with more ease  
 The wants of the poor, and relieves all she sees.  
 Should any suspect, while this picture I draw,  
 That a woman so perfect no mortal e'er saw,  
 In feeling so tender, in action so bright—  
 If they seek her at *Oatlands*, they'll own that I'm right.

