

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.**Enter HERMAN, followed by ORRILA.*

ORRILA.

BUT hear me, Herman!

HERMAN. I carry a message to Lodowick? I invite my rival to a rendezvous? I shall do no such a thing, I assure you.

ORRILA [*taking his hand*]. And you really refuse to oblige me, Herman?

HERMAN. Oh! if I stir a step towards the forest, I'll be....

ORRILA [*dropping his hand*]. Very well, Sir! very well! Holy Fathers! To see how one may be mistaken! I've sorrows enough, Heaven knows, but I little thought you would increase their number.

HERMAN. Orrila!

ORRILA [*crying*]. I always said, "I've one friend in the world at least; Herman loves me, and let what will happen, he never will forsake me!"—

HERMAN. Orrila!—She's crying!

ORRILA [*laughing aside*]. Foolish boy! I have him!—But I was mistaken! He proves like the rest, fickle and hard-hearted! I've lost my only friend, and now there's no creature on earth who pities poor Orrila!

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HERMAN.

HERMAN. I can bear it no longer! Orrila! my dear Orrila! Nay, weep not! I'll instantly to the wood! I'll bear your message! I'll lay down my life for you, for my life is not worth one of your tears!

ORRILA. To be sure 'tis not, and didn't I tell you so before? Didn't I advise you to do the thing handsomely at first, for that do it at last you must, and should?

HERMAN. Hey! then you've not been crying?

ORRILA. Crying? I've been laughing at your having the vanity to suppose you could forbear doing what I ordered. Heaven help you! You wise lords of the creation fancy yourselves mighty persons, but you are in fact mere playthings invented for our amusement; and I, little I, simple as I stand here, could manage a dozen of you to my own share, without the least inconvenience. But now, away to the forest: tell Lodowick to be at the foot of the western tower as soon as 'tis night, and when you come back I may possibly give you....

HERMAN. What, dear Orrila?

ORRILA. Another commission to execute: 'tis the only thing such boys are good for—Come, come; away, Sir, and return speedily.

HERMAN. But, Orrila....

ORRILA [*impatiently*]. What now?

HERMAN. Are we friends again?

ORRILA. Yes, yes!

HERMAN. I'm afraid you bear malice!

ORRILA. I protest by all the saints in the calendar....

HERMAN. Ah! if you would but confirm my pardon with a kiss....

ORRILA.

ORRILA. A kiss, you little reprobate? I should never have thought of such a thing—Go along, or I'll convince you....

Enter MAURICE.

ORRILA. Well, Maurice! How is Count Ulric now?

MAURICE. Better: He sleeps.

HERMAN. Ah! Maurice, what a striking proof is he, that riches weigh light in the balance of happiness. If wealth or power could bless, how enviable would be Ulric! But his frame worn by disease, his mind tortured by anxiety, he fights in vain for health of body and repose of mind, those guests so common in the peasant's cottage!

GLEE.

ORRILA, HERMAN, MAURICE.

WHY, Fortune, still do mortals pour
Their fervent vows thy shrine before,
So vain, so weak thy power?
Not all thy honours, all thy wealth
Can give the cheek one blush of health,
Or buy one peaceful hour!

Still, Fortune, still thy gifts withhold,
Thy flattering smiles, and cup of gold
From me who fear thy favour:
Those flattering smiles bring cares and woes;
That cup of gold with tears o'erflows,
And bitter is their flavour!

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE

SCENE II:

The Forest [as before].

DAME BEDRA, and BRENNO *[enter from the Cave]*.

BRENNO. Yes, yes! Though surpris'd at his venturing so near the Castle, I'm convinced this stranger must be Adelmorn.

DAME. And what do you now intend to do?

BRENNO. Give him up to Count Ulric, and claim the promised reward.

DAME. I don't like your design then.

BRENNO. Why, woman, I shall get a thousand ducats by it!

DAME. *You* will get! Ayé, but what shall *I* get?

BRENNO. Umph! That's true.

DAME. No, Brenno; my principles are too good, my gratitude too strong, to permit my doing a bad action gratis; and therefore my conscience obliges me to apprise Adelmorn of his danger directly.

BRENNO. Stay, stay! I warrant fifty ducats will stop the mouth of your conscience effectually.

DAME. Fifty ducats indeed? No, Sir; I'm not to be bribed out of my gratitude at this rate. My conscience cannot take less than five hundred.

BRENNO. Five hundred!.....

DAME. Hush! hush! Here comes the servant.

BRENNO. Good! Detain him for a moment, while I step aside and observe him. *[Retires.]*

Enter LODOWICK [with a bundle].

LODOWICK. Here, Goody, I've brought back
F your

your rags and tatters, though you'll find they've suffered a little in the wars.

DAME. How so?

LODOWICK. Why, as I left the Castle, I was seized by the house-dog, and fain to purchase my escape with the fore-part of my petticoat.

DAME. But you got away undiscovered?

LODOWICK. With much difficulty, I assure you. The elegance of my figure excited much admiration, and a numerous attendance insisted upon seeing me safe home. To save my admirers this trouble, I took to my heels, and they most obligingly expressed their unwillingness to lose my company by pelting me the whole length of the village.

DAME. Oh! Lord! And I warrant to-morrow they will pay me the same compliment!

LODOWICK. Count Ulric has taken care of that; for, in a short but interesting conversation, he informed me, that, for the future, he would suffer no gipsies in his domains; and that, if you honoured him by remaining here two days longer, he should have your skin stuffed, and stick you up in his cabinet of curiosities.

DAME [*alarmed*]. How? Surely you're not serious?

LODOWICK. Certainly not serious; for my part, I think stuffing your skin an uncommonly good joke: don't you?

DAME. No, truly don't I!

BRENNO [*examining a paper*]. Five feet nine—stout make—hanging look—

DAME. But what said you to this?

LODOWICK. I told him in the most insinuating manner possible, that his domains were as disagreeable as himself, and then swam out of the room with one of my best dancing courtesies.

DAME.

DAME. The devil you did! Out upon you, villain! You've ruined and undone me.

LODOWICK. I?—My dear child, I wouldn't ruin you, if you'd pay me for it.

DAME. But are you in earnest? Must I indeed be gone?

LODOWICK. Brownest of beauties, in all haste. So pack up your baggage—Though, now I think on't, you may as well let that alone: wherever you are, there'll always be baggage enough.

DAME. Aye, aye, laugh now! Your tone shall be changed to-morrow. I'll soon gain the Count's good graces, to your cost and your shifting master's, both of whom I pray Heaven speedily to confound, Amen! [*Exit into the Cave*]

LODOWICK. Pious soul! Oh! how devout this world would be, if every one prayed with but half the sincerity that this good lady curses!

BRENNO*. This must be Lodowick; I'll accost him—Friend, I'm your servant.

LODOWICK [*eyeing him with suspicion*]. Indeed?—Well; I'm glad you're not my master.

BRENNO. Your master? I hope you've a better than I should be.

LODOWICK. Thank you, I can't have a worse.

BRENNO. Neither can I say that till you know me, and I know your master. Pray, who is he?

LODOWICK. My master?

BRENNO. Aye.

LODOWICK. He's....He's a gentleman.

BRENNO. Umph! I didn't suppose he was a

* This scene between Brenno and Lodowick was found to bear so close a resemblance to one in "The Stranger," that it was omitted in the representation.

lady. But, do tell me, now, what can make him hide himself in this forest?

LODOWICK. To let you into a secret...Does nobody hear?

BRENNO. No, no!

LODOWICK. Why, then, he hides himself in order to remain concealed.

BRENNO. Ha! The reason's a good one, but yet I suppose he has another. Now I suspect that he's a fugitive....

LODOWICK. From his wife: 'tis very likely.

BRENNO. And has committed a murder....

LODOWICK. On the bodies of several hares, and sundry partridges: do you know, I've often suspected as much myself.

BRENNO. In short, I take him to be no other than....

LODOWICK. The wandering Jew: many people say so, but 'tis certain that I saw him dine upon a fucking-pig last Friday. Now that, you know...

BRENNO. Come, come, no evasions. Your master's anxiety to keep concealed makes it evident that he wishes to escape....

LODOWICK. From people who ask impertinent questions: in that he takes after me, and so, good evening!

BRENNO [*in a terrible voice, while he seizes him by the arm, and draws a dagger*].—Stay, rascal! know you whom I am?

LODOWICK [*terrified*]. Not I, truly, Sir! Who....who are you?

BRENNO [*with a low bow*].—Your very humble servant.

LODOWICK. Oh! sweet Sir, ever yours! The dog has put me into such a heat! Marry, to die just now would be mighty inconvenient; I should

go to Old Nick so sure as this nose is mine; for, with my ample cargo of faults and frailties, I fancy the gentlefolks above-stairs wouldn't greatly care for my company.

Enter HERMAN.

HERMAN. Friend, can you tell me.....Ha! to judge by your person, you must be the man.

LODOWICK. Yes; and to judge by your chin, you must be the boy.

HERMAN. Your name is Lodowick.

LODOWICK. Is it? Thank you for the information! There's nothing I like so much as news.

HERMAN. Will you listen? A friend of yours sends me to you.....

LODOWICK. Then he sends me no great things: pray, take the little present back again.

HERMAN. Little indeed! Farewel, coxcomb! You shall learn to govern your flippant tongue before I bring you another message from Orrila.

LODOWICK. Orrila? Stay, stay, my dear little fellow!

HERMAN [*indignantly*]. Little fellow?

LODOWICK. Did I say little? What could I be thinking of? Pray, sir, may I ask your age?

HERMAN. I'm going sixteen.

LODOWICK. Sixteen? Ods me! you're a giant, and a fine fellow of your inches besides: I should have guessed six-and-twenty. But now, what says my dear little Orrila? I hope I may call *her* little without offence?

HERMAN. Ah! I wish you called her any thing except your wife.

LODOWICK. Thank you! thank you! How grateful many a husband would be for such a wish! But the message! the message!

HERMAN,

HERMAN. Orrila desires you, as soon as 'tis dark, to bring a ladder to the foot of the Western Tower. A light in one of the windows will apprise you where to place it; and, as soon as she hears the casement struck by a pebble, she'll hasten to admit you.

LODOWICK. Huza! But as soon as 'tis dark, say you? 'Tis almost so now.

HERMAN. Therefore you've no time to lose.

LODOWICK. I'll away then. Farewell! and thank you, my good fellow. When you're in love may such messages be brought you as you've now brought me! and, whenever you get into a house by the window at night, may you find within as pretty a girl as Orrila! Huza! huza! Now for the Western Tower. [Exit.

HERMAN. I in love? Oh! I shall never be in love again! The world has but one Orrila, and Herman had but one heart. Ah! when I first perceived that no other damsel had eyes so bright, voice so sweet, and cheeks so rosy, I fancied love to be all pleasure, but find that 'tis all pain. Had I suspected Cupid's tyranny, would I have suffered him to assume the empire of my bosom? I'd have seen him hanged first!

SONG*.

HERMAN.

I.

HIS wings in terror clapping,
A little bird, last May,
Against my window flapping,
For shelter seem'd to pray.
For shelter seem'd to pray.
With pity touch'd, I granted
The little bird's request;
It trembled, flutter'd, parted!
I sooth'd it on my breast.

* This Song is imitated from the German.

2. Well

2.

Well pleas'd it seem'd to eye me:
I lov'd the pretty thing:
To keep it ever nigh me
I clipp'd each little wing.
But yet I thought, sincerely
To go it would be griev'd:
It seem'd to love me dearly:
And oh! too well deceiv'd,

3.

Its wings by me neglected,
Again their feathers grew,
And ere I aught suspected
One morn away it flew,
Crying—"That yours the blame is,
Poor youth, too late you learn;
So sure as Love my name is
I never will return!"

[Exit.

[During this Song Night comes on, and at the conclusion the Stage is totally dark: soon after a Light appears in the Cottage Window.]

ADELMORN enters, a Hunting-spear in his hand.

ADELMORN. 'Tis late, and cold!—Hark! how the bleak wind sighs through the forest! Methinks this is my way, but the night's gloom..... No moon! no stars! all dark, all comfortless, like the murderer's bosom! What, if as I wander thus alone my uncle's spirit should glide before me?—What, if while his icy hand grasped mine—Oh! no, no, no! let it not be so, All-merciful! let not my senses quite forsake me! I would pray to thee, All-merciful! that it may not be so; but the murderer must not, dares not pray.

LUDOLF.