

ning about the world! You must needs wear breeches.

ORRILA. With all my heart: I'm not ashamed of my legs.

LODOWICK. You've no occasion—but then you know you must cut off all this long fine hair.

ORRILA. I care not: I shall make a very smart crop.

LODOWICK. Suppose in our rambles we meet men who are rude to you?

ORRILA. I'll be as rude to them.

LODOWICK. Say, they offer to fight you?

ORRILA. I'll do like you; swear and run away.

LODOWICK. And when we meet with naughty women.....

ORRILA. There I'll keep a sharp eye over *you*.

LODOWICK. If I should fall in love with one of them.....

ORRILA. Ods my life! I'd tear the slut's eyes out, and throw the house out of the window!

LODOWICK. Faith! she's a girl of spirit! though truly her answers are not quite what I expected.

ORRILA. Are your objections answered?

LODOWICK. Perfectly: and now, when will you quit the Castle?

ORRILA. Oh! the ladder which brought you here can take me away; it waits there patiently at the window, and I warrant can carry double. Stay one moment while I collect what few valuables I possess; then away, my good Lodowick! and I'll follow you through the world.

DUET.

## DUET.

[The Words by George Colman, Esq.]

ORRILA AND LODOWICK.

Foul, fair,  
Orrila willingly

Round the world with  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{you} \\ \text{me} \end{array} \right\}$  will ride;

O rare!

You will  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \\ \text{I shall} \end{array} \right\}$  look killingly

On a post-horse by your side.

LODOWICK.

Whip, crack!

Spurring and cantering

We shall thro' the mud be dash'd;

Good lack!

I shall be bantering

When two pretty legs are splash'd.

ORRILA.

Fie, fie, Lodowick!

That's a faucy trick,

Nought shall part us though,

LODOWICK.

No,—no,—no.

ORRILA.

In spite of weather then

We'll together then—

BOTH.

Bantering,  
Cantering,  
Splattering,  
Clattering.

BOTH.

Foul, fair, &c. &c.

H 2

ORRILA.

ORRILA.

Heigho!  
Drearily, wearily,  
We shall reach our Inn at night.

LODOWICK.

If so,  
Merrily, cheerily,  
We can sup by candle-light.

ORRILA.

Rooms full; bedding will fail us—then

LODOWICK.

In these arms you'll sleep at ease;

ORRILA.

Meat gone—What's to regale us then?

LODOWICK.

Kisses sweet and bread and cheese.

ORRILA.

Fie, fie, faucy man!  
That's a silly plan,  
Nought shall part us though, &c.

LODOWICK. Now then away! but make haste;  
I fear Lady Innogen already blames my long absence.

ORRILA. Innogen? Why, Lord, she's dead!

LODOWICK. Not she, truly. She escaped from  
the Convent, joined my Lord in Britain, and married him there.

ORRILA. The report then of her death .....

LODOWICK. Was a story invented by the Lady  
Abbess to shield herself from the Duke's resentment.

ORRILA. I'm glad of it, with all my heart!  
Farewel for a moment!—[going.]

LODOWICK,

LODOWICK. Stay! Are you sure nobody will  
come here during your absence?

ORRILA. You may be certain of that: 'tis the  
chamber in which Count Roderic died, and few  
people dare to enter it at night.

LODOWICK [alarmed]. Why so?

ORRILA. 'Tis said that noises are heard, lights  
seen.....But I must away.

LODOWICK. But you.....you're taking away the  
lamp.

ORRILA. Taking the lamp?

LODOWICK. Yes; and.....and being in the dark  
.....I.....

ORRILA. "Being in the dark, I....." Oh!  
you coward!

LODOWICK. Coward? Ridiculous! I'm afraid;  
that's all!

ORRILA. Dear! dear! What is worth the  
trouble of being afraid? The worst that can hap-  
pen is to lose one's life; and I'm sure, my good  
fellow, to die at once must be far less painful, than,  
through fear of being on the point of dying, to be  
always on the point of dying through fear\*!

[Exit:

LODOWICK. 'Faith! that's true; and if I could  
but take her advice.....What hinders me? I've  
a heart in my bosom; I'm made like other people;  
and I never heard that Cæsar or Alexander had  
more arms or legs than I have. Why, then,  
shouldn't I be as dauntless, as heroic, as much.....

[Stumbling against the table, he overturns it, and falls  
himself.]—Damn the table! I've hurt my leg.—

\* I think I have read something like this elsewhere, but  
in what book I forget.

[Lifting

[*Lifting up the table, he places one of the legs upon his cloak*].—To see how a man may be mistaken! I fancied myself up two pair of stairs, but I find I am still upon the ground-floor. Now, if Orrila .....Ha! how now? Something pins me to the floor! I can't get up!—Oh! Lord!—If I dared only.....Ugh! It feels as cold!.....It's as thin as a skeleton, and seems.....curse it! 'tis only the leg of the table!—[*rising*].—Oh! Lodowick! Lodowick! thou'lt never make an Alexander! Surely Orrila is slow. I know her room, and if I can find it.....I think this leads.....[*he goes off groping his way, but returns hastily*].—He follows me! I saw him by his lamp! What shall I do? The ladder....What, and leave Orrila?—Ha! well thought of!—[*getting under the table*].—Hush! the Count!

*Enter ULRIC with a Lamp. A Basket hangs on his arm.*

ULRIC. Will this dread never quit me? When I enter this room, still must my blood run cold? 'Twas here he died! In that chair he sat reading, when I rushed upon him, and, while Cyprian stifled his shrieks, plunged my dagger in his bosom. Foolish terrors! Whom I despised while living, why should I fear when dead?

LODOWICK. What says he?

ULRIC. I must resolve my doubts—[*unlocking a door*].—Last night Cyprian spoke not! I tremble to ascend the stairs!

LODOWICK. What does he mutter?

ULRIC. No father ever felt for his son more love than Cyprian felt for me. He seemed to exist

exit but for my service; he dared even be guilty for my sake—And now when I open his prison, should I find him dead....Another dead through me....I sicken at the thought! my brain turns round! [*Sinks into a chair, and leans his head on the table.*]

*Enter ORRILA with a Casket.*

ORRILA. I'm ready, and now, my dear fellow... [*throwing her arms round ULRIC's neck.*]

ULRIC. How now?

ORRILA. Oh! Lord protect me! [*Exit.*]

ULRIC. 'Twas Orrila! What could bring her here?

BRENNO [*without*]. This way, say you?

ORRILA [*without*]. Yes! yes! he's there.

ULRIC. Brenno's voice?

*Enter BRENNO hastily.*

BRENNO. Pardon me, my Lord! I bring important tidings.

LODOWICK. My new acquaintance!

BRENNO. Adelmorn is found.

ULRIC. Where? Speak!

BRENNO. In the forest.

ULRIC. Best of friends!

LODOWICK. If I can but warn my Lord in time!

ULRIC. Yet in the forest? Impossible!

BRENNO. My life upon the fact!

ULRIC. Brenno! Brenno! should you deceive me....

BRENNO. Follow me, and be convinced.

ULRIC. Make me but that, and command me. Oh! let Adelmorn but once be in my power! [*Rising,*

*he pushes back the table.]* A man concealed! Villain.... Ha! I've seen this face before.

LODOWICK. Yes, Sir; and I hope you'll see it very often again.

ULRIC. Lodowick, by all my hopes!

LODOWICK. The same, Sir; and quite happy to see you look so well.

BRENNO. Now doubt you my truth?

ULRIC. 'Tis confirmed, and with it my happiness. Let us away, and seize....

BRENNO. What? and leave this fellow at liberty to warn his master?

ULRIC. True, true! Bewildered with joy, I forgot....but leave him to me.—Haste, Brenno, to alarm the Castle; summon my vassals together, nor will I delay to join them. Speed, speed, good fellow!— *[Exit Brenno.]*

ULRIC. Ascend those stairs.

LODOWICK. My Lord, I....

ULRIC. Obey!

LODOWICK. I can't think of going before your...

ULRIC *[seizing him by the collar]*. Mifcreant! this instant, or...

LODOWICK. Help! help!....

ULRIC *[placing a dagger at his throat]*. One word more, and 'tis your last! Follow, and be dumb! *[Exeunt by the private door.]*

#### SCENE IV.—*The Inside of a Cottage.*

INNOGEN *sitting by a Lamp.*

'Tis late, yet he returns not! Alas! what can detain him? The wood was thronged with hunters; and perhaps discovered, dragged to the Castle, condemned

condemned:—No, no, no! I will not believe that Heaven could deal with me so harshly!—*[Moving to the window, and opening it]* Methinks the storm increases. Ha! see where the blue flame glimmers, which the foresters say burns nightly on yonder hill, at whose foot poor Minna lies buried. There the peasant-maids still meet upon Sundays, deck her grave with flowers, and sing how Minna died because her love was faithless! The ballad is mournful, simple, but most sweet! Stay!—How runs it?

#### BALLAD.

INNOGEN.

“THE wind it blows cold, and the night it is drear.

“Oh! porter, tell Gondibert Minna is here.”—

—“Away, thou fond wench, nor excite these alarms:

“A bride sleeps to-night in Sir Gondibert's arms.”—

—“And was it for this...*[speaking]*. Hark!—No! he comes not!

—“And was it for this, from my parents I fled?

“Then, porter, tell Gondibert Minna is dead;

“And tell him, though grief for his loss caus'd her  
“death,

“While blessing his name; that she pour'd her last  
“breath.”—

And now the gay morning bade Gondibert rise:

Oh! soon a sad object afflicted his eyes!

Poor Minna lay breathless his castle before;

He sank on her bosom, and never rose more.

—*[A loud knocking]* How now!—Speak!—Who knocks?

ADELMORN *[without]*. Open! open!

INNOGEN *[opening the door]*. 'Tis he! My love!

I

ADELMORN



ADELMORN *enters hastily, and fastens the door.*

ADELMORN. Quick! quick, before they enter!  
[*sinks breathless into a chair.*]

INNOGEN. Adelmorn!—Why this confusion?  
—Why thus pale?—Speak! oh! speak!

ADELMORN. I am discovered!—pursued!—  
They will soon be here!

INNOGEN. Heavenly powers!

VOICES [*within*]. What—ho! Open, in the  
Duke's name!

ADELMORN [*starting up*]. Hark! Oh! I am  
lost!

INNOGEN. Silence! silence! To your conceal-  
ment!

ADELMORN. The house will be watched....

INNOGEN. No matter; this will shelter you for  
the present. [*Pushing back a pannel of the wainscot*].  
Delay not! oh! delay not!

VOICES [*within*]. Open! open!

ADELMORN. Oh! Innogen, to be guilty, and  
to die!...

INNOGEN. No more! no more! Away, for  
heaven's sake! [*Adelmorn conceals himself.*]

VOICES [*within*]. Burst the door!

INNOGEN. One moment, and I come! [*Opening  
the door.*] Protect us now, good angels! This hour  
decides our fate!

*Enter* ULRIC, BRENNO, MAURICE, HERMAN,  
SERVANTS, &c.

ULRIC. How now? Where is your husband?

INNOGEN. What would you with him?

ULRIC. Where is your husband, woman?

INNOGEN. I know not; perhaps he wanders in  
the forest.

BRENNO.

BRENNO. 'Tis false; even now we pursued him  
to this cottage.

INNOGEN. Yet here, you see, he is not.

ULRIC. Answer, where is he?

INNOGEN. I hope, beyond the reach of your  
pursuit.

ULRIC. Woman, I command you....

INNOGEN. You? and by what right? I know  
you not, nor why you seek my husband.

ULRIC. You shall soon know it, wretched  
woman! Shall know, that Count Ulric's ven-  
geance....

INNOGEN. Ha! Count Ulric?

ULRIC. You know that name, it seems?

BRENNO. Nay, delay not here, my Lord.  
Perhaps the rooms above....

ULRIC. I hasten to explore them—While some  
follow me, let the rest guard the cottage-door.  
Lead on, good Brenno!

[*Exit with Brenno and Servants.*]

INNOGEN. 'Tis Adelmorn's inveterate foe! Even  
in childhood Ulric gave marks of that enmity  
with which he still pursues his unfortunate kinf-  
man—Hark!—Where are they now?

HERMAN. Is she his wife, Maurice?

MAURICE. So I understand.

HERMAN. How anxiously she turns her eyes  
towards the stairs! And very fine eyes they are,  
let me tell you.

MAURICE. What a sweet and mournful coun-  
tenance!

HERMAN. Aye, Maurice; and what a pretty  
little foot, besides!

INNOGEN. They return! I hear them on the  
stairs! This suspense is dreadful!—Adelmorn, I

I 2

repine

repine not at sufferings endured for thee, but oh! those sufferings are cruel.

*Re-enter* ULRIC, BRENNO, *and* SERVANTS.

ULRIC [*to* Brenno, *as he enters*]. I'll take your counsel, but be wary!

BRENNO. Fear not me.

ULRIC [*to* Innogen]. My search has to-night been fruitless, but hope not again to elude my vigilance. I shall return to-morrow, raze this hovel to the ground, and, dragging from amidst the ruins the lurking murderer, force him to the scaffold, which too long has thirsted for his blood.

INNOGEN. Oh! that the shedding mine could save him!

ULRIC. Brenno, let the wood be strictly guarded, and every avenue barred against escape. Myself with a chosen band will again examine every thicket, glen, and cavern. Yes, hated rival! 'tis in vain that you fly me; ere sun-set to-morrow your head shall rest upon the block!

[*Exit with Brenno, &c.*]

INNOGEN [*alone*]. They leave me! I breathe again! Yet the respite is short: the forest will be watched, and to escape, I fear, impossible! Hark! All is silent. They are gone. Oh! let me use these precious moments to devise with my love, if possible, some means of flight!—[*Going to close the door, Brenno meets her.*] Ha! whom seek you?

BRENNO. You.

INNOGEN. What would you of me?

BRENNO. Love!

INNOGEN. Insolent! leave me.

BRENNO.

BRENNO [*ironically*]. And leave you thus unprotected? Alas! 'tis fearful weather; the wind howls, lightning flashes, thunder roars! And shall I leave so delicate a frame exposed to solitude amidst the terrors of such a night?

INNOGEN. I feel no terrors, but what your presence creates.

BRENNO. I feel no terrors, while I gaze on your beauty.

INNOGEN. None, while you think on my husband's sword?

BRENNO. Your husband's? He wanders in the forest! You know not where he is! He, good man! he hears not, when I swear by all those charms I see, by all those still greater which I guess, that I love you!

INNOGEN. Love? And from you? Know you to whom you speak?

BRENNO. To the Outlaw's wife.

INNOGEN. Wretch! [*Going, he seizes her roughly by the arm.*]

BRENNO. Hold! You fly not! That passion burns in my veins, which if you refuse to satisfy, force shall compel.

INNOGEN. Force!

BRENNO. Think on your situation....

INNOGEN. Unhand me....

BRENNO. You are alone....

INNOGEN. Monster!....

BRENNO. Your cries will be unheard....

INNOGEN. Oh! Heavens!....

BRENNO. Nay, this struggling....

INNOGEN. Help! help! Oh! Adelmorn....

ADELMORN [*rushing from his concealment*]. What shrieks.... Villain desert, or.....[*Brenno with one hand applies a whistle to his mouth, while he still detains*

*tains*

tains Innogen with the other. *The whistle is answered by a shout from without.*]

INNOGEN. God!

ADELMORN. Caught in the snare! Your life shall pay.....*[rushing with his drawn sword upon Brenno.]*

BRENNO *[putting Innogen between them]*. Strike then through her! *[Adelmorn throws away his sword in despair.]*

*Enter* ULRIC, MAURICE, HERMAN, &c.

INNOGEN. Ulric! Oh! lost for ever *[She faints.]*

ADELMORN *[as she falls, receives her in his arms]*. She dies!

ULRIC. 'Tis he! Vengeance, thou art now mine own! We are met again, my fugitive!

ADELMORN *[attentive only to Innogen]*. Look up, my love! Speak to me once more! Let me hear thy voice bless me for the last time!

ULRIC. Bear him to the Castle.

ADELMORN *[to the attendants, who offer to seize him]*. What, and leave her dying?—Away! away!—Stab me, tear me, cut me piece-meal! Ere she revives, I stir not from this place.

HERMAN. Hark! She sighs!

MAURICE. Leave her, my Lord, in pity! spare her the pain of parting!

HERMAN. To bid you farewell would now be too much for her. Good my Lord, leave her, while still insensible.

ADELMORN *[resigning her to Maurice and Herman]*. You say well, I will be ruled. To your care then I commit her, the best! the sweetest! Oh! when she wakes, when she looks round, and misses me, tell her that my last sigh shall breathe

her name, and bless it! Tell her, whatever faults I had to others, I had none to her; that she was all that I loved in life, that she is all that I regret in dying!

ULRIC. Force him away!

ADELMORN. One moment....

ULRIC. I wait no longer.

ADELMORN. This last kiss....

HERMAN. Her eyes open.

ADELMORN *[springing up]*. I go then! *[Stopping at the door]* Oh! farewell!

*[Exit with Ulric, Brenno, &c.]*

*Manent* MAURICE, HERMAN, and SERVANTS, who surround INNOGEN with an air of interest.

MAURICE. Alas! poor soul! My heart bleeds for her.

HERMAN. Mine always does for any thing so unfortunate and so pretty!

INNOGEN. 'Twas a fearful dream! Methought a villain....Ha! who are these? Is it all true then? Is he indeed forced from me? Oh! speak, speak!

MAURICE. Be comforted! Your Lord is indeed carried to the Castle, but yet....

INNOGEN. To the Castle? I hasten thither.

MAURICE. You must not now. The storm....

INNOGEN. A fiercer rages in my bosom! Nay, hold me not! I must to my husband's dungeon: my heart is breaking, it must break against his!

MAURICE. Be patient! Perhaps it may yet be possible to save your Lord. The Duke, who fortunately is now at the Castle....

INNOGEN. The Duke? Say! What Duke?

MAURICE. Our Sovereign, Sigismond.

INNOGEN. Oh! blessed, blessed tidings! A ray

of hope breaks in upon me! Away to the Castle!  
Let me throw myself at his feet; let me plead to him  
for a life dearer than that he gave me.—And yet...  
his oath! his fatal oath!

MAURICE. Nay, despond not! We will all  
support you...

HERMAN. All plead for you.

SERVANTS. All! All!

CHORUS.

OH! raise that drooping head!—restrain thy sorrow!  
Thine evil star shall set for aye to-morrow:  
With mercy must the Duke thine anguish view;  
For none unmoved hear weeping beauty sue.

TRIO.

MAURICE, HERMAN, ELLA.

Thou, in whom alone our trust is,  
Mercy! hear the mourner's prayer;  
Blunt the lifted axe of Justice,  
Bid the stern-one feel, and spare.

[Thunder].

CHORUS.

Though o'er the frightened world now tempests hover,  
Soon will the skies their wonted calm recover:  
So may to-morrow soothe thy tortured breast,  
Smooth thy sad brow, and lull thy cares to rest.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A Dungeon.*

ADELMORN is discovered in chains.

ADELMORN:

MY fate then is decreed!—the thunder-bolt has  
fallen, so long brandished—it has fallen and crushed  
me!—I have no more to hope, no more to fear!—  
and methinks again my soul feels resigned and  
tranquil. Oh! is this calm but the calm of de-  
spair? This seeming resignation of the mind; this  
indifference with which I look on life—is it no more  
than the body's stupor, foreboding and foretun-  
ning dissolution? No—nor so! Let me not wrong  
thee, best of all blessings, last of all comforts, my  
uncorrupted heart! My eye need not sink beneath  
my Judge's; my breast need not shrink from the  
searcher's probe. One tear of mercy can cleanse  
my hand from blood, and the blessings of mourn-  
ers, whose wounds I healed, shall drown the voice  
of my accuser. E'en thou, sad spirit! whose bleed-  
ing form I saw in every object, whose dying shriek  
I heard in every breeze, when thy murderer meets  
thee

K