



ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

THE
**PURITAN'S
DAUGHTER:**

A Grand Romantic Opera,
IN THREE ACTS,

THE MUSIC BY

M. W. BALFE,

THE WORDS BY

J. V. BRIDGEMAN,

FIRST PRODUCED AT

THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

MISS LOUISA PYNE AND MR. W. HARRISON,

SOLE LESSEES,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1861.

THE OPERA REPRODUCED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF
MR. LEIGH MURRAY.

The whole of the Music published by ADDISON, HOLDBR & LUCAS, 210, Regent Street, W.

SECOND EDITION.

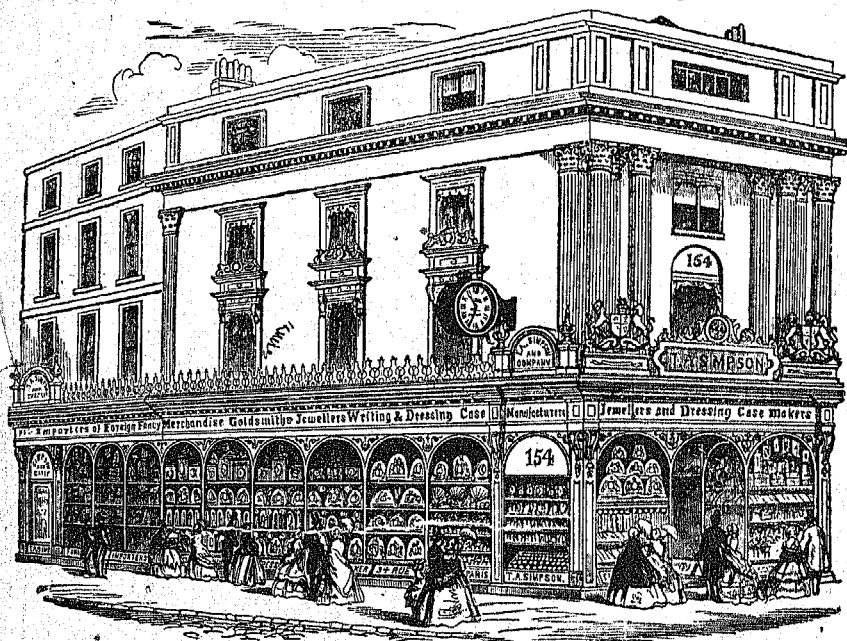
PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

Copyright.

T. A. SIMPSON, & CO.,
GOLDSMITHS, SILVERSMITHS, JEWELLERS,
WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS,
 Dressing Case Makers, and Importers of every description of Fancy
 Novelties, and Articles of Vertu and Utility.



T. A. SIMPSON & Co. beg to solicit the honour of a visit from their numerous Patrons, to inspect their present Stock, which is in every respect unrivalled, comprising Jewellery in all its Branches, Watches, French Drawing and Dining Room and Library Clocks, Garnitures de Cheminée, Jewel and Scent Casket Elm Cases, Medieval Mounted Envelope and Blotting Cases and Inkstands en suite in "Thuya Impériale" and other choice woods. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases with Silver, Silver Gilt and Plated Fittings, Travelling Dressing Bags fitted complete. Vehicle and Carriage Bags, Dispatch Boxes Travelling and Tourists' Writing Cases, besides a large variety of other Articles too numerous to specify, suitable for presentation.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co. invite particular attention to their application of the New Algerian Wood, "Thuya Impériale," in the Manufacture of Envelope Cases. Blotting Books and Ornaments for the Table generally. This wood is of the most beautiful figure, surpassing even Tortoiseshell or the choicest Walnut Wood, and has been extensively used in fitting up the Boudoir of the EMPRESS EUGENIE at the Palace of St. Cloud. T. A. SIMPSON & Co. are the only importers of "Thuya Impériale," of which there is but a limited supply.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO.,
 Regent Street, and 8, Beak Street, W., and Rue
 de Rivoli, Paris.

THE
PURITAN'S DAUGHTER:

A Grand Romantic Opera,

IN THREE ACTS.

COMPOSED BY

M. W. B A L F E,

THE WORDS BY

J. V. B R I D G E M A N,

FIRST PRODUCED AT

THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

MISS LOUISA PYNE AND MR. W. HARRISON,

SOLE LESSEES,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 30TH, 1861.

THE OPERA PRODUCED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF

MR. LEIGH MURRAY.

THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC PUBLISHED BY

ADDISON, HOLLIER, & LUCAS, 210, REGENT STREET, W.

Copyright.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

FR. NIC. MANSKOPFSCHES
MUSIKHISTORISCHES
MUSEUM. FRANKFURT A. M.

Dramatis Personæ.

| | | | |
|--|---|-------------------------|--------------------|
| CHARLES II. (<i>King of England</i>) | ... | ... | MR. PATEY. |
| JOHN WILMOT (<i>Earl of Rochester</i>) | ... | ... | MR. W. HARRISON. |
| CLIFFORD (<i>A Young Cavalier</i>) | ... | ... | MR. SANTLEY. |
| COLONEL WOLF... | { (<i>A Puritan—formerly of Cromwell's Regiment of "Ironsides"</i>) } | | MR. H. CORRI. |
| EPHRAIM FLEETWOOD | } | ... (<i>Puritans</i>) | MR. C. LYALL. |
| HEZEKIAH BRIGGS | | | MR. T. DISTIN. |
| SEYMOUR (<i>A Buccaneer of the Spanish Main</i>) | | | MR. A. ST. ALBYN. |
| RALPH (<i>A Serving Man</i>) | ... | ... | MR. GEORGE HONEY. |
| SPIGGOTT (<i>Landlord of the Royal Oak</i>) | ... | ... | MR. EUGENE DUSSEK. |
| JESSIE (<i>Daughter to Spiggott</i>)... | ... | ... | MISS SUSAN PYNE. |

AND

MARY WOLF (*The Puritan's Daughter*) ... MISS LOUISA PYNE.

PURITANS, SAILORS, SOLDIERS, SERVANTS, VILLAGE-GIRLS, &c.

PERIOD—1665.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.

MISS LOUISA PYNE and MR. W. HARRISON having purchased this Opera, with the exclusive acting and singing right, all applications must be made to them in writing for permission to perform or sing the same, or any part thereof.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA,

November 30th, 1861.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Sea Coast near Middleton Castle. At the side, a small rustic Inn, with the sign of “The Royal Oak.”

[At the rising of the Curtain, SAILORS and VILLAGE-GIRLS are discovered.—The SAILORS are drinking and toying with the VILLAGE-GIRLS.]

CHORUS.

SAILORS. (*with drinking-horns in their hands*)

Here's to wine, and here's to beauty !
Bright twin stars which light our track
On life's voyage, to that haven,
Whence no vessel e'er sails back.

Wine and beauty ! You shall hear
Why we hold them both so dear.

GIRLS. Wine and beauty ! We shall hear
Why they hold them both so dear.

SAILORS. When the thunder wildly crashes
O'er the ocean white with spray,
And the lightnings' lurid flashes
Round the lab'ring vessel play ;
When the wind—now roaring madly
Like Death's herald—rushes past,
Now exhausted, eddies sadly—
As in pity—round the mast,
There's one thought
With pleasure fraught :
If we die, we've done our duty,
If we live, then wine and beauty—

GIRLS. (*curtseying and kissing their hands to the SAILORS*)

Thanks for beauty :

Here's our duty.

SAILORS. With new zest from dangers o'er,
Grow more precious than before !
Wine and beauty. You now hear
Why we hold them both so dear.

[At the conclusion of the Chorus, several of the SAILORS exclaim :
"The Captain, the Captain !"]

[SEYMOUR and DRAKE appear in a boat at the back, and jump ashore.

SEY. Now, my men, your liberty is at end. Off to the well, and fill the ship's casks. We sail to-morrow with the dawn—perhaps sooner.

SAILORS. Ay, ay, Sir.

[Exeunt at back.

JESSIE. (*who has entered as SEYMOUR utters the above words. To VILLAGE-GIRLS*) And you, girls, do not forget. 'Tis Mary Wolf's birthday. Quick to the fields to gather the flowers for the nosegays we mean to present to her.

[VILLAGE-GIRLS exeunt. JESSIE goes up to tables, collects drinking-horns, and exit into the Inn. During this time SEYMOUR and DRAKE have advanced to front of Stage.

SEY. Yes, Mary Wolf will soon be mine. One would have imagined that, at the death of Oliver Cromwell, these round-headed dogs of Puritans would have abandoned their cause as lost. Far from it, however. A number of them have received information that the king, whom they never designate otherwise than as "the Man, Charles Stuart," was to set out, two days ago, attended only by a feeble escort, from London to Dover. They have determined to fall upon the escort, cut it to pieces, and carry off the person of the king. It is for this Wolf needs my vessel, and the price he pays is his daughter's hand. What if she

does not? I shall find plenty to console me for her coolness. It is not love, but hate, which prompts me to marry her. I once really loved her! A rival crossed my path. (*With bitterness*) Dearly shall he rue it! My favour'd rival! Master Clifford, the royalist. The mansion hard by belongs to Sir Everard Middleton. Wolf and he were friends as boys. On the Revolution breaking out, they embraced opposite sides. At the Restoration, Wolf had not a roof to cover his head, so the General allowed him to reside in the old building yonder. This Clifford is the General's secretary. I am to await Wolf here, and accompany him to the ruined chapel. It is there these Roundheads meet for the last time. (*Solus. Goes up to the inn, and knocks on a table in front of it.*) House! house!

Enter SPIGGOTT.

SPI. Anon, anon.

SEY. Have you any liquor fit for a christian?

SPI. Ay, your honour. I can give you a cup of as good sack, or a flask of as genuine Xeres as——

SEY. I'll taste your wine; if it poison me——

SPI. (*showing him in*) No fear of that, captain.

[Exit SEYMOUR into inn, SPIGGOTT preceding, and bowing obsequiously. Enter RALPH cautiously, from upper entrance.

RAL. (*looking after SPIGGOTT*) Ay, there he goes, a hard hearted old hunk! He's as civil and cringing as needs be to anyone with a well-lined purse, while to me he is a good deal more surly than the dancing bear that came to the Hall t'other day. He suspects I'm in love with Jessie. I wish *she* did, or I wish I could pluck up courage to tell her. Yet, at times I fancy——but no! To think he should be her father! It makes me wish she had never had a father. Why will he be so brutal towards me? Though I'm poor, I mean well, but somehow or other I can't speak out to people, not even to Jessie. Now, why can't I walk in yonder (*points to inn*) and call for a cup of liquor? I have got the

Jacobus Master Clifford gave me the last time he was here. I will
(going up to inn). Perhaps *(stops)* I had better not. I mean well,
 but it might incense the old monster. I—I think, I had better
 not remain. I wish I could see Jessie, though. Hem, hem!
(coughs) If she could only hear me. Hem, hem! *(coughs)*

[JESSIE appears at door of inn.]

RAL. *(aside)* Oh, Gemini! There she is. *(going)*

JES. *(Aside, with a disappointed air)* Why, he's going! *(Comes
 down rapidly. Aloud)* Good evening Ralph. Who would have
 thought of seeing you?

RAL. If you are angry, I will go.

[Going.]

JES. Angry? Not I. What—what were you doing? *(Looking
 down)* Were you waiting for anyone?

RAL. I felt rather lonely-like at the Hall, so I thought I would
 just step down and see a little company.

JES. And that is why you stopped out here, all by yourself, eh?
 Why did you not come in?

RAL. I—I mean, well—

JES. *(bashfully)* I am sure you do.

RAL. Yes; I do. But your father—I thought your father
 might object—

JES. Why should he? He would be as glad of your money as
 of any other person's—unless *(looking down and coyly)* there is
 any reason, why—

RAL. No—no—not the slightest.

JES. *(aside)* Why will he not speak? It makes one lose all
 patience. *(Aloud)* Oh, I thought there might be.

RAL. No—only—*(Aside)* Why can't I tell her? I mean,
 well—*(Aloud)* Only—

JES. *(aside)* At last! *(Aloud)* only?

RAL. I would ask a question,

If I did not fear

That it's mere suggestion

Might p'rhaps cost me dear.

JES. (*half-bashfully*)

What can be the question,
Which thus makes you fear
That it's mere suggestion
Might p'rhaps cost you dear?

RAL. If I ask, will you reply?

JES. (*coquettishly*)

That you'll find out bye-and-bye—
Ask me first.

RAL.

You're so unkind,
That (*hesitating*) I think I'll change my mind,
And my secret keep concealed
In my bosom, unrevealed.

JES. What! a secret? tell me, pray!

RAL. (*irresolutely*)

No, not now; some other day.

JES. (*pouting*) Would you, then, so churlish be,

Thus to keep it, sir, from me?
I would quickly tell it *you*.

RAL.

Ay, of course, as most girls do,
Who must always gad about,
Blurting ev'ry secret out.

JES. (*indignantly*)

Very good, sir, very good—
I wouldn't know it, if I could.

RAL.

There, you're angry. Don't look black—

JES.

I shall leave you—(*Aside and going*)—But come back!

RAL.

You'll come back?

JES.

What, that you may thus deride me?

RAL.

No—that I—but do not chide me.

(*Taking her hand*) How you tremble?

JES. (*naively*)

So do you.

RAL.

Well, I frankly own I do.

BOTH.

What's the reason of your fright?

I'm not frightened. (*Aside*) 'Tis delight.

Ah me! in turn,
 I freeze and burn.
 One moment ice—
 The other fire ;
 The feeling's nice,
 'Twould never tire.

JES. (*making a feeble effort to disengage her hand*)

Come—

RAL.

Where to ?

JES.

I mean, let go ;

You must not detain me so.

RAL.

Ere you leave, my question hear.

JES.

Well, what is it?

RAL.

Jessie, dear,

Tell me why,

I feel so shy,

Whenever you draw near ;

And why my tongue,

As though unstrung,

Is paraly's'd by fear!

JES.

I can't say why,

You feel so shy,

Whenever I draw near ;

And why your tongue,

As though unstrung,

Is paraly's'd by fear.

RAL.

You can't tell why?

JES.

No, no, not I.

RAL.

The reason is not plain.

I think I've guess'd,

But tremble lest

JES.

I should have guess'd in vain.

RAL.

Pray what's your guess?

I lay no stress

On what I have surmis'd;
 But if love's dart
 Had pierc'd my heart——

JES. (*cogly*)

I should not be surpris'd.

RAL. (*rapturously, and putting his arm round her waist*)

Then to' wed me you consent?

JES. (*turning away her head*)

I ne'er said so——

But——

RAL.

I see, though,
 That is plainly what you meant.

JES. (*aside*)

Yes, to wed him I consent.

I ne'er said so,

But I feel, though,

That's exactly what I meant.

RAL.

Ah, Jessie dear, what joy, what bliss!

Oh, let me steal a fond first kiss.

[Offers to kiss her.]

JES. (*repelling him, and demurely*)

No : stealing is a sin.

RAL.

Then save me from the sin, sweet elf;

Give me a kiss, your darling self.

In either way I win.

[JESSIE hesitates a moment, and then holds out her cheek, which he kisses.]

BOTH.

Oh, how pleasant

Is the present!

May the future prove so more.

RAL.

Though o'erjoyed,

I'm annoyed,

I ne'er spake my mind before.

JES. (*aside.*)

Though o'erjoyed,

I'm annoyed,

He ne'er spake his mind before.

[At the conclusion of these lines, SPIGGOTT, who has entered some time previously, comes down between RALPH and JESSIE, who start back in affright.]

SPIG. Nice goings on i' faith! (*To RALPH*) Well, my young swashbuckler, what have you to say for yourself?

RAL. I—I mean, well—

SPIG. Mean well; do you fancy my wench is for the like of you—a poor beggarly varlet not worth a groat? Why, what would you do with a wife?

RAL. I do not know, but (*growing more confused*) I—I suppose what other people do—at any rate, I mean well.

JES. Father!

SPIG. Hold your tongue, you jade. (*To RALPH*) If you had money, I do not say I should object to you, for you are fool enough to make a tolerable husband; but, till you are in a condition to keep the girl, do not let me hear any more of this nonsense. She is going to spend a short time with Mary Wolf, up at the Hall yonder. Now, if you dare—

SEY. (*inside the Inn.*) Landlord!

SPIG. (*going up towards the Inn.*) Anon, anon. (*To JESSIE*) Come here, you baggage.

JES. (*aside to RALPH, as she passes him.*) Do not go away. I will steal out again.

SPIG. What are you muttering?

[JESSIE goes up to Inn, and exit. SPIGGOTT is about to follow, when SEYMOUR appears on the threshold. SPIGGOTT bows, and exit. The stage gets gradually darker and darker.]

SEY. Wolf is behind the appointed hour. Ah, yonder he comes.

[Enter WOLF.]

WOLF. Good evening, Seymour!

SEY. Good evening. But why not call me "Son."

WOLF. You are not so yet.

SEY. But soon shall be.

WOLF. Are you still determined to lend your vessel on no other terms?

SEY. I am.

WOLF. You are aware she loves Clifford?

SEY. I am. What of that?

WOLF. Seymour, I love my child ; I would not willingly render her unhappy. Who knows—perhaps, Clifford might be brought to embrace my principles—

SEY. Why not tell me this before ? It would have spared me the trouble of coming hither. [Going.

WOLF. Stay !

SEY. (*aside*) How the poor fish struggles on the hook.

WOLF. (*after an inward struggle*) You shall have her. (*Hides his face an instant with his hands, and then resumes*) Forgive me this momentary weakness, it is past, even as the rushing of a strong wind. She is yours. And your vessel—

SEY. (*pointing to the sea at back*) Lies yonder at anchor. But come, let us join the other conspirators (*laying a malicious stress on the last word*).

WOLF. (*proudly*) Our fellow-patriots, you mean.

SEY. We will not quarrel about a word.

[RALPH is perceived at the back of the stage, as if about to come down. On beholding WOLF and SEYMOUR, he stops and listens.

WOLF. Go on—I will follow. We meet an hour hence in the ruined chapel.

SEY. Ay, I will not fail. The ruined chapel ! for will not my reward be the priceless, the inestimable treasure I so much covet !

[Exeunt WOLF and SEYMOUR. RALPH comes down from back, cautiously looking about him.

Enter JESSIE from Inn.

JES. (*running up to RALPH*) Ah, Ralph ; my father—

RAL. (*joyfully*) A murrain on your father !

JES. (*reprovingly*) Ralph !

RAL. No ; I express myself badly, though I mean well. Can you keep a secret ?

JES. Did I ever tell you till to-day (*looking down*) that—

RAL. Well, then, we shall soon be married. I have found out that in the ruined chapel—

JES. In the ruined chapel?

RAL. There is a vast treasure hid—

JES. A vast treasure?

RAL. Ay, and—

SPIG. (*inside the Inn*) Jessie!

JES. There's my father.

RAL. I will tell you more when we meet again. [Goes up stage. Oh, there's one thing I forgot.

JES. What is it?

RAL. I wished to—

[Bends forward, kisses her, and runs off.

JES. I'm perfectly astounded—(*aside, going up stage*)—but I suppose, poor fellow, he means well.

[Exit JESSIE.

SCENE II.—The ruined Chapel attached to Middleton Hall.

Enter RALPH, looking cautiously round.

RAL. I am here before them; that is all right—at least, I hope it is. I—I—Suppose they should discover me; perhaps I had better—(*going, but stops*). I wonder whether they will be long; I hope not, for if they are, I think I shall go. I—I am afraid of catching cold. (*Looks out.*) It is so dark, I can't see. Ah! now I can. There they are; but (*rubbing his eyes*) there are three—four—of them! What can—(*runs and looks out*). Why, yonder come as many more; or, rather, twice as many! What does this signify? I mean well; but I dare say they would not be particular about that. Where can I hide? Ah!

[Climbs up to a niche and conceals himself behind the statue of a saint. PURITANS now appear, noiselessly and mysteriously, from all parts of the ruins. As they perceive each other, they grasp one another's hand, but without speaking, and gather together in various groups. WOLF and SEYMOUR come down from back. WOLF takes up his position in the centre of the Stage, while SEYMOUR places himself at the first entrance. PURITANS now range themselves in a semicircle round WOLF.

WOLF. My brethren, I greet you! You are still determined?

PUR. (*solemnly*) We are!

WOLF. By earth and by air,

PUR. By the waters as well,

We solemnly swear

On the swords we now bare,

[They draw their swords and extend them.

With courage to dare

All the powers of hell.

Undaunted to brave,

The block and the grave;

Nor ever to cease,

Until we release

Our country and race

From the bonds which disgrace;

From the despot whose name

Is a bye-word of shame!

[Suddenly extending their swords.

This we swear!

May a curse and a blight

On the traitor alight,

Who shall ever disclose

Our plans to our foes,

Or prove false to his trust.

He no longer should live!

We would never forgive,

Or take heed of his prayer,

We would smite and not spare!

[Again extending their swords.

This we swear!

[At the conclusion of the oath, a movement is perceptible among the PURITANS, who for a moment assume an attitude of defence, which however they relinquish on recognising FLEETWOOD, who hurries in covered with dust, and bearing other signs of having just come off a long journey.

WOLF & PUR. Fleetwood!

FLE. Ay! I followed the escort of the Man as far as Canterbury.

WOLF. (*triumphantly*) It setteth out again to morrow morning.

FLE. Of what avail is that? Charles Stuart cometh not with it.

WOLF & PURITANS. Cometh not with it?

FLE. From certain information, I know that, on reaching his sleeping apartment at Canterbury, the tyrant found on the table a letter in a woman's handwriting. After having read it, he rode off, no one knows whither, accompanied only by his creature John, whom the Gentiles call the Earl of Rochester.

WOLF. The Man has escaped us!

[The PURITANS converse together in groups.

SEY. (*aside*) The fools will be dispirited and renounce their enterprise. I must prevent this, or Wolf may still refuse me his daughter. (*Turns to the PURITANS. Aloud*) Do not, my brethren, be cast down. Can you not perceive the letter was from some one or other of his painted Jezebels, concealed somewhere in these parts? I will discover the place of her retreat, and then we can carry off the tyrant without risk. What matters it if he have already left? Will he not return? Ay, as surely as the drunkard to his sotting.

PUR. Ay, he is right.

SEY. Let *me* but have the guidance of this affair?

PUR. You shall—you shall.

[At this moment a noise is heard at the secret door.

WOLF. Heard you not a noise?

SEY. Ay, behind yonder door. By heaven, we are betrayed!

PUR. Death to the traitor!

[Some take their pistols out of their belts, and cock them others draw their swords. SERMOUR dashes in the door with the butt-end of his pistol, and rushes through the doorway, returning the next moment with MARY WOLF.

PUR. What do we see? 'Tis Mary Wolf!

WOLF.

My child!

MARY. (*glancing round her with a terrified air.*)

Who are these men with looks so dark and wild ?

Father !

[Rushes up to WOLF.

WOLF. (*sternly*) What brought thee here ? Tell me ? Reply ?

MARY. (*hesitating*)

What brought me here ?

WOLF.

What brought thee ?

MARY.

Father—I—

WOLF. Thou hast heard all ?

MARY.

Oh, mercy !

PUR.

Stern, relentless, we pursue

That great aim we have in view ;

To it we have brac'd each nerve,

From it we will never swerve.

SEY.

Why, Mary, was't thou there ? I'll tell you why.

Thou can'st to listen and disclose our plans——

MARY.

To whom ?

SEY.

To Clifford. To the Royalist.

MARY.

What, and endanger my dear father's life !

[Taking WOLF's hand, and addressing her words to him.

It was not so. It was not, on my soul.

SEY.

Then, I repeat, say wherefore was't thou there ?

PUR.

To his question, girl, reply.

Answer truly ; tell us why ?

MARY.

I—I was there by chance—by chance alone.

SEY.

That's scarcely probable.

[Turning to PURITANS.

Am I not right ?

PUR.

Have a care, girl, have a care ;

Answer truly, or beware.

SEY.

Yon passage has a secret outlet.

MARY.

True !

Roaming, at night, through a deserted room

Of the old mansion, I discover'd it.

Anxious to know whither the passage led,

I entered and proceeded till I heard

A hum of voices. Prompted by a wish
To find out whence it came, I still went on
Until I reach'd yon door, and there—(*hesitates*)

SEY. And there

You heard enough to cost us all our lives.

PUR. He is right. As he has said :

On what hang our lives ? A thread.

WOLF. If such has been the maiden's plan, fear naught.

Your lives are safe. From tenderness to her,

(*To SEYMOUR*) I hesitated giving you her hand.

I hesitate no more. Take her ; she's yours.

To-morrow shall she be your wife.

MARY.

Oh, father !

[During the following duet, SEYMOUR is engaged in an animated conversation with the PURITANS, who seem to approve of what he says.]

MARY.

Oh, reflect, 'ere you decide ;

Think on what you do.

Never can I be his bride ;

Ne'er prove fond and true.

WOLF. (*aside*) Sorely is my poor heart tried,

When her grief I view ;

Darling child ! my hope, my pride,

I need pity too.

MARY.

Father spare

The child you cherish.

WOLF.

Hush ! forbear.

MARY.

Would'st see me perish ?

Would'st see her you dearly prize

Pine and languish 'fore your eyes,

Till a speedy death should close

O'er her bosom's bitter woes ?

Nay, not even then would rest

Calmly soothe my aching breast.

In the next world, as in this,

I should know nor peace nor bliss

If, before the altar bow'd,
 With a guilty tongue I vow'd
 Love for one I loathe and fear !
 Hear me, Father, hear me—hear !
 In your dreadful purpose pause,
 Listen to my cry ;
 Outrage not kind Nature's laws,
 Or I surely die.

WOLF. (*aside, and endeavouring to stifle his emotion*)

'Tis our holy, sacred cause
 Makes me spurn her cry ;
 Trampling on kind Nature's laws.
 Rending each fond tie.

MARY. Oh ! pity, pity !

BRI. Foolish maid, forbear ;
 Learn that this Clifford thou wilt never wed ;
 But, if his life is dear to thee, forget him ;
 For just as surely as the sun shall shine
 To-morrow on the world, so sure it is
 That Clifford dies, if you refuse to wed
 Our brother Seymour.

MARY. (*horror-struck*) Clifford dies ?

BRI. In truth,
 Thy tongue has said it.

FLE. We have vow'd a vow :
 Unless thou'rt Seymour's ere to-morrow night,
 This Clifford's days are number'd—he is dead.

PUR. Yes ; wherever he may be,
 We will find him. On the sea,
 In the valley, on the hill,
 Death shall dog his footsteps still---
 Death shall follow in his wake,
 Over fell and over flood,
 Till our burning hate we slake
 In the current of his blood.

MARY. Oh, gracious powers! do I hear aright?

SEY. (*aside to her, in a mocking voice*)

Shall I repeat?

MARY.

Oh, may you never know

One half the bitter pain you thus inflict

On me!

[Endeavours, but in vain, several times to give him her hand; at length she succeeds, shuddering with irrepressible aversion the while.

There! there—there is my hand; my heart
Is bursting with its weary load of grief.

SEY. Thou now must swear—

MARY.

I will do aught you wish—

I've nothing more to live for.

SEY.

Thou must swear

Ne'er to reveal what thou hast this night heard—

(*Aside to her*) Our marriage, sweet one, I, of course
except.

You cannot publish that too soon.

MARY.

I swear.

PUR.

Swear, as you would deserve

Pardon and bliss above,

Our secret to preserve.

MARY.

I swear, by all I love,

I never will reveal,

By token, look, or word,

But truly will conceal

What I have this night heard.

SEY. And now, you—

MARY. (*stammers*)

Now; oh, gracious powers!

WOLF. (*with great emotion, half-suppressed*)

She faints!

MARY. (*with effort*) No; it is nothing.—'twas a passing pang;

Yet suffer me to leave you.

PUR. Go, in peace.

[MARY totters out through secret door WOLF looks after her with intense and ill-disguised agony; at length he collects himself.

WOLF. Brethren, to-morrow let us meet again
At this same hour.

PUR. Ay, we will; so be it.

SEY. (*with an assumed air of piety*)
Heaven will smile upon our enterprise.
Have we not had a token that it is so?

PUR. We have, we have!

SEY. Then farewell, till to-morrow.

PUR. Stern, relentless, we pursue
That great aim we have in view;
To it we have brac'd each nerve,
From it we will never swerve!

WOLF (*aside.*) Oh, my country! I'll pursue
That great aim I have in view;
May no human eye observe,
What grief racks each throbbing nerve!

SEY. (*aside.*) Mad fanatics! they pursue
But a bubble. I've in view
Something else. I strain each nerve
For the payment in reserve.

[The scene closes in as the PURITANS exeunt in various directions.

SCENE III.—A room in Middleton Hall. Folding doors at back. Doors
E. and L.

Enter MARY WOLF.

MARY. I am alone. Oh! how shall I tell him I can never be his, I cannot, oh! I cannot. Yet for his sake I must. Yes! my love itself shall teach me to love no more. His last letter, too, was so full of hope and joy. (*Takes letter out of her bosom.*) But let me read it once more, the last I shall ever receive. (*Reads*) "I

shall be with you in a few days but those days will appear to me as ages." (*Speaks*) What then will be my life? (*Reads*) "I have obtained a colonel's commission in the service of France. I might have done so long since, had I not imagined Charles II. could be grateful—that he would not forget the son of him who sacrificed for *his* father life and lands. But why"—(*Speaks*) I hear footsteps. My father or the hateful Seymour! Let me conceal this letter.

[She hastily hides the letter in her bosom, as CLIFFORD enters at folding-doors back.

CLIF. (*rushing up to her*) Mary!

MARY. Clifford!

CLIF. At length do I clasp you once more in my arms.

MARY. (*with difficulty restraining her tears*) Clifford! dear, dear Clifford!

CLIF. Oh! how happy am I now. But, Mary, you are sad—what does this mean?

MARY. I—I—Clifford! Do you love me?

CLIF. Do I love you? Can you not read my answer in every word, in every look, in every action of my life? I would die this very instant—I would suffer all the tortures, all the torments, ever devised by the cruelty of man, if by so doing, I could render you happier.

MARY. Clifford, you must do more than all this!

RECITATIVE.

CLIF. More; gracious powers! What can I then do more?

MARY. You must—

CLIF. (*interrupting her*) Stay; I feel a dead chill come over me: your words have struck terror into my very soul! At present speak! let me know the worst!

MARY. (*with a supreme effort*) You must cease to love me

CLIF. (*as if stunned by the blow*) Cease to love you!

FINALE.

- MARY. Yes ; thou must cease to love me !
 Henceforth we must part,
 Thou must pluck my image,
 Clifford, from thy heart.
- CLIF. What ! I e'er cease to love thee ?
 Ever from thee part ?
 Not while life shall vibrate
 Mary, through my heart.
 Ask something I can do, but ask not this.
 To love—to worship thee is all my bliss !
 Oh, say it was a jest ; oh, say
 Thy tongue betray'd its trust,
 My love for thee will sway my heart,
 Until that heart be dust.
- MARY. My father will not have me thine ;
 He never will consent.
- CLIF. Soft pity still may move his heart—
 He will—he must relent.
- MARY. Ah, little dost thou know him.
- CLIF. Be it so.
 Dids't thou not say that, if he still refused,
 Thou would'st flee with me ? In a few short days
 All will be ready, dearest, for our flight.
- MARY. (*aside*)
 In a few days : and ere to-morrow-eve
 I shall be Seymour's.
 (*Aloud*) No, it cannot be ;
 Our plan will be discovered.
- CLIF. Mary, listen :
 I know not what to think ; this hesitation—
- MARY. (*as if seeking some pretext*) Can I, my father, Clifford, thus
 abandon ?

- CLIF. Yes ; when he forfeits all right to the title,
 Oh, just as thou didst test *my* love,
 So will I now test thine.
 'Twixt sire and lover must thou choose—
 Be wholly his or mine.
- MARY. (*aside*) Oh, dared I speak, my lips had, long
 Ere this, the truth reveal'd.
 But, oh, my vow—my fearful vow !
 My lips, alas, are sealed.
 (*Aloud*) Ah, thou must cease to love me :
 Henceforth we must part—
 Thou must pluck my image,
 Clifford, from thy heart.
- CLIF. What ! I e'er cease to love thee—
 Ever from thee part ?
 Not while life shall vibrate,
 Mary, through my heart.
 Once more I ask thee : Wilt remain or fly ?
- MARY. Oh, leave me—leave me, Clifford, I entreat,
- CLIF. For the last time, I ask : Wilt follow me ?
- MARY. No, never—never. [*Sinks, senseless, on a chair.*]
- CLIF. (*rushing up to her*) Gracious powers, she's dead.
- MARY. (*in a broken voice*) Nay ; mis'ry is the worm that dieth not.
 Promise me one thing, and I tell thee all.
 Dost promise ?
- CLIF. Yes ; I promise all you wish ;
 I'm maddened—reckless.
- MARY. Thou wilt never raise
 Thy hand 'gainst him I am about—Oh, heavens !—
 About to—
- CLIF. Well.
- MARY. (*with a supernatural effort*) Whom I'm about to wed !
- CLIF. (*drawing his sword, and speaking with the most concentrated
 rage*) To wed—to wed ?
- MARY. (*falling at his feet*) Oh, recollect thy promise.

CLIF. (*wildly*) His name—his name ?

MARY. (*aside*) I dare not tell it him ;

If he harm Seymour, *his* life will be forfeit.

(*Aloud*) Say : if I tell his name, thou'lt promise me—

CLIF. (*throwing away his sword*) Yes—yes ; I will ; but do not kill me thus.

His name—his name ?

MARY. Before I tell his name,

Let me once more embrace thee, as of old—

While without guilt I can—for soon, too soon,

Thou must look on me as one dead—ay, dead,

Since dead tow'rd's thee I must be.

[Embraces him, sobbing violently the while.

CLIF. And thy choice ?

MARY. My choice ? No, not my choice—I would say

I wed Charles Seymour ?

CLIF. Seymour ! Gracious powers !

Oh, would that I had died 'ere now,

For then I had not felt

The bitter pang, the crushing blow,

Thy cruel words have dealt.

I've but one solace ; Heav'n grant

It cheer me to the last.

'Tis sad, fond Mem'ry, faithful still

To bliss for ever past.

But no ; but no ; not one poor ray

Of comfort will be mine ;

No gleam of hope, however faint,

Will through my sorrow shine.

That sorrow is so sharp, so great ;

It's pow'r so deep, so vast ;

That e'en the *Mem'ry* will it crush

Of bliss for ever past.

But no, I have not heard aright ;

Say, Mary, I am wrong.

MARY.

Oh, leave me ; leave me ; for to thee

I never can belong.

CLIF. (*half maddened by despair*)

And is it really—truly so ?

Wilt thou another wed ?

My soul is faint, my sight grows dim,

My heart, my heart is dead !

[CLIFFORD sinks stupefied on a chair.

MARY (*looking at him with intense agony—aside*)

Alas ! it is for *him*—for *him*—

That I another wed !

Oh, soon may I, when he is saved,

Sleep calmly with the dead !

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

—o—

SCENE I.—Another apartment in Middleton Hall. CLIFFORD discovered, pacing hastily up and down the stage. Thunder.

Enter RALPH. He appears a prey to great terror, which he vainly attempts to conceal.

CLIF. What now?

RAL. Two horsemen, all array'd in black
And bound by oaths too frightful to repeat—

CLIF. (*looking at him with surprise*)
Array'd in black, and bound by oaths?—

RAL. No! No!

I don't mean that! That was a legend told me
Last ev'ning by our gard'ner.—No; two horsemen
Who've lost their way among the ruins—no—
I mean—I mean (*Aside*) I scarce know what I mean.
My terror will betray me—

CLIF. Well—proceed!

You say—

RAL. Two horsemen, who have lost their way,
Ask shelter for the night.

CLIF. Admit them straight.

[Exit RALPH.]

I would not turn even a dog away,
On such a rough and boist'rous night as this!

Enter KING CHARLES II. and ROCHESTER, preceded by RALPH.
The latter bows and exit.

CHA. By the tempest overtaken,
By the darkness led astray,
Drench'd and jaded, tir'd and weary,
Gentle sir, we've lost our way.

ROC. We were fearful fate had doom'd us
 In the fields to pass the night,
 When a lamp in this old mansion,
 Through the darkness cast its light.

CHA. Guided by it we came hither,
 Seeking shelter—

ROC. (*eagerly*) Food and rest.

CLIF. Say no more ; with heartfelt pleasure,
 I accede to your request ;
 All you want with frankness tell me,
 And your wishes I'll obey ;
 You're my masters ; I'm your servant,
 While within these walls you stay.

CLIF. (*aside*) When gladness has flown,
 And left the poor heart,
 There's one thought that still
 Can comfort impart :
 A kind act of ours
 O'er others may shed
 A ray of the joy
 For us long since dead.

CHA. and ROC. } (*aside*) I frankly must own
 He plays well his part—
 A true cavalier
 In word, look, and heart.
 'Twas lucky for us
 The lamp its flame shed,
 And guided our steps
 As hither we sped.

[CLIFFORD exit.]

CHA. We might have gone farther and fared worse.
 ROC. Egad, we might. At one moment I had very serious
 apprehensions his most gracious Majesty, Charles II., Defender of
 the Faith, and King of Great Britain and Ireland, in company

with his most faithful squire, John, Earl of Rochester, would have had to pass the night *sub Jove frigido*, as Horace says.

CHA. Hush! Recollect I have left my "majesty" behind me at Whitehall. I—I have no wish to be recognised in this plight. Besides, as a private individual, I shall have an opportunity of studying the manners of the inmates here, which as the father of my people —

ROC. Of a good many of them, at least.

CHA. (*with dignity.*) You forget.

ROC. On the contrary, I recollect. I think, for instance, what brought us hither?

CHA. Well, Sir!

ROC. And, if my memory does not quite deceive me, I have an idea that it was the fact of your Majesty finding, at Canterbury, a certain little perfumed billet, from a certain charming French Duchess, who writes to say she has taken up her quarters at a little house between Canterbury and Dover, and I have, further, a faint recollection that it was in our search after the said little house that we lost our way, our temper, and our time.

CHA. Od's fish! there's something in what you say—but hush, here comes our host.

[CLIFFORD re-enters.]

CLIF. I have given the necessary directions. This chamber and that (*pointing to door L.*) are at your service. In the latter I have ordered supper to be served up. (*CHARLES and ROCHESTER bow their thanks.*) May I have the pleasure of knowing who are the cavaliers whose acquaintance I have been fortunate enough to make?

CHA. Certainly—(*Drawing himself up*)—I am the—(*ROCHESTER treads on his foot as if accidentally*)—Od's fish, what are you about?

ROC. (*aside to the king*) You were on the point of betraying yourself. (*Aloud*) Yes, as my friend was observing, he is—that is, his name is Charles Stanley, and mine is—hem—hem—(*trying to think*)

of a name)—is—really—what an awful night—is—we ought indeed to be thankful we are under cover—is John Rummell—both poor lieutenants in his Majesty's service.

CHA. (*rubbing his foot, and aside to ROCHESTER*) You need not have trod so devilishly hard if we are.

CLIF. (*smiling*) And the pay? They say that in this particular his Majesty's service is not one of the most desirable.

CHA. Oh! I have no cause to complain on that score. Although but—but—

ROC. Poor lieutenants—

CHA. I really believe his Majesty would as soon think of seeing his gracious self in arrears as me.

CLIF. Would I could give him so good a character!

CHA. Has he then ever done you wrong?

CLIF. He has! But we will not further pursue a subject, which cannot possibly interest you.

CHA. On the contrary—

CLIF. (*bowing*) You will excuse me, Cavaliers, if I now retire. But, to say truth, I—I am not quite well—fatigued from a long journey. May a good meal, and a hearty sleep cause you to forget the hardship you have undergone.

[CLIFFORD again bows, and exit.]

CHA. There are some men, Rochester, whom we require only to see once in order to like. Such a one is our host. But what the devil could he mean by saying I had wronged him. I don't remember—

ROC. That is very natural. Your majesty has so many things to think of—the cares of state (*with mock dignity*) politics—public morals—by the way, perhaps it was some wife or sister, whom your Majesty had—hem—hem—qualified for admission into your gallery of pictures by Sir Peter Lely, and the poor fool, instead of taking it as a favour, looks upon it as a wrong. There are some people so immensely behind the civilisation of the age.

CHA. Nonsense, nonsense. Ah! (*sitting down*) it often strikes me the life I lead is not the most virtuous.

ROC. (*with mock astonishment*) Your Majesty astounds me!

CHA. I sometimes think profoundly of reformation. (*Musingly*) After all, what are the pleasures we so eagerly pursue? Variegated bubbles, which burst at the slightest touch of the hand of possession.

ROC. (*aside*) How moral a man may become when he is damnably fatigued!

CHA. I take no credit for the change. I have become indifferent. The same thing over and over again. I love; I declare my love, and the object of it throws herself, without more ado, into my arms.

ROC. And to what, may I presume to ask, does your Majesty attribute this never-failing success?

CHA. (*arranging his costume*) Hem—hem—I am not vain, I flatter myself—but the effects of a good figure—a pleasing address—
—a—

ROC. Together with the all-powerful title of “King of England.”

CHA. You don't mean to say—

ROC. With all imaginable respect, that you possess a powerful auxiliary in your rank.

CHA. Od's fish, man, you are deceived, deceived, but—(*relapsing into his former melancholy*)—it matters nothing. I will never be led astray again.

ROC. (*musingly*) That is unfortunate.

CHA. Why?

ROC. I just now saw such a beautiful girl.

CHA. (*eagerly*) Where — where? — (*recollecting himself*) —
Indeed!

[Hums a tune and endeavours to appear unconcerned.]

ROC. Such eyes—such a mouth—a neck as fair as alabaster—and her figure—oh, ye gods!

CHA. This might have interested me some time since, but, at present—where did you see her? not that I am anxious to know:

ROC. Of course not. I met her, with her maid, as we entered the hall. She appeared in tears.

CHA. In tears, that alters the case! I must see her. She is unhappy. I must console her.

ROC. (*aside*) Console her! (*Aloud*) I was thinking—but why speak more on the subject? Your Majesty is resolved.

CHA. Certainly, but I can still hear what you have to say.

ROC. It struck me, then, this would be a most admirable opportunity of proving whether I am wrong. You are here incognito.

CHA. Well!

ROC. If, without revealing your rank, you could—

CHA. I see it all! Gain the affections of this beauty—

ROC. Exactly, but your resolution prevents your undertaking the enterprise.

CHA. Certainly, certainly it does. Is she very pretty?

ROC. Very.

CHA. (*coughing*) Hem, hem!

ROC. And her demeanour is so imposing. I am sure a man would not dare ——

CHA. Not dare?

ROC. Not dare!

CHA. Do you defy me?

ROC. (*with mock humility*) My duty as a subject would not permit me to ——

CHA. To the devil with your duty, you hypocritical rascal! Come, I will lay you a wager that, ere this time to-morrow evening, I will, without having revealed my rank, prevail on this girl to leave the house with me. A thousand pounds?

ROC. My exchequer is rather sickly, and I was at a loss to cure the consumption under which it laboured. I accept the offer with gratitude. (*Half-aside*) Let me see, I shall be able to pay ——

CHA. The money is not yet won. But let us go and do credit to our host's hospitality, and at table I will arraigne my plans; I have no time to lose.

Enter COLONEL WOLF.

WOLF. My welcome, also, to this roof,
I gladly come to bring.

(*Aside, starting*) What do I see ?

CHA. (*bowing*) We thank you, sir.

WOLF. (*aside*) 'Tis he they call the king !

CHA. The master of this ancient pile,
Do we behold ?

WOLF. In me
Know Colonel Wolf, his oldest friend,
Who welcomes you. (*Aside*) 'Tis he !
(*Aloud*) Your evening meal is all prepar'd ;
The board is ready laid !

ROC. (*aside to the KING, and pointing to door*)
Your majesty, behold her !

CHA. (*aside to ROCHESTER*) Where ?

[ROCHESTER still points to door. CHARLES turns his head in that direction.

CHA. (*aside*) Od's fish, a comely maid !
Around her, ere the morning rise,
My nets I'll surely twine :
What girl has e'er withstood my tongue ?
The thousand pounds are mine.

ROC. (*aside*) I'll pay—let's see—my tailor's bill ;
Egad, the joke is fine.
The varlet's wonder will be great,
Though not so great as mine.

WOLF. (*aside*) The tumult raging in my breast,
No words can e'er define.
Once more upon our holy cause
Does heav'n deign to shine.

[CHARLES II. bows to COLONEL WOLF, and hurries off through door. ROCHESTER also bows to WOLF, and follows the KING.

WOLF. (*solus and greatly agitated*)

Can it be? do I dream?

No, 'tis he, surely he!

And my country at length

Shall be happy and free!

'Tis Charles Stuart, the man

Whom the Gentiles call King:

With the noise of his fall

Shall the nations soon ring.

[Falling on his knees.

Gracious heav'n, thy aid

On my knees I invoke,

To humble the idol,

To cast off the yoke

That so long on the necks

Of the Faithful has weigh'd.

For this moment I've lived,

For this moment I've pray'd.

The great aim of my life

Will at length be achiev'd.

By no false mocking dream

Are my senses deceiv'd,

For as sure as I live

It is he; yes, 'tis he!

And my country, once more,

Shall be happy and free.

Enter FLEETWOOD.

WOLF. (*starting up, and looking around*) Ha! who is there?

FLE. I, thy friend!

WOLF. Heaven has sent us a token and a wonder—the Man Charles Stuart is here—under this roof!

FLE. Then one small pressure of the finger (*fiercely, and putting his hand on his pistol*)—

WOLF. No ; we will judge him duly and fairly, even as his father was judged. If he can justify himself—well ; if not, he shall die the death. I will hasten to the different quarters of our brethren, whom I will summon hither.

FLE. But in the meantime the Man may escape.

WOLF. Not so ; thou wilt remain and see that no one leaves the house, with the exception of Clifford, and the sooner he does so the better, for while he is here we cannot be so sure of the serving-men ; he has told me, however, that in half-an-hour he will have left, and for ever. Follow me, and I will give thee further instructions.

[Exeunt.

Enter RALPH. He comes half-way down the stage, and then suddenly stops.

RAL. Wait ! Where am I going ? I can't say. What was I sent for ? I—I have clean forgot. I do not know what I am about, I am so terrified. While laying the supper for the two strange cavaliers, I spoilt so many wholesome viands, and broke so many trenchers, that old Margery, the cook, got as spiteful as she is fat ; but, when I put the paste in the chair, and then sat in it, she vowed she would have me turned out neck and crop. I wish she would. I dare not stay, and yet I can't go. Oh ! Jessie, how I dread meeting you. I dare not tell her about what I saw in the Chap—ap—apel, for if it were known I was there, I should be mur—Ah !

Enter JESSIE.

JES. (*running up to him*) Ah ! Ralph. Did you discover the treasure ?

RAL. (*trying to conceal his terror*) Hush !

JES. There's no one here. Did you find it ?

RAL. No—not exactly—I—I did not go.

JES. (*reproachfully*) What ! when our whole happiness, perhaps, depended on it ?

RAL. That is to say—not—not at a good time. It was so dark, that—

JES. Why, the moon was shining brilliantly.

RAL. Yes—but there was so many of them.

JES. (*in amazement*) Many of them—moons?

RAL. (*aside*) I'm talking nonsense. (*Aloud*) No, of the Colonel and his friend—I mean well—but in fact there is nothing to tell, and it is not safe for you to know it.

JES. (*looking fixedly at him*) There's some secret. Tell it me, like a dear good Ralph.

RAL. Secret, pooh, there is no secret—besides, I should have half a-dozen of them down upon me.

JES. Half a-dozen of whom? secrets?

RAL. Of—of the Colonel and his friend, of course, as I've already told you. (*Aside*) I mean well, but I'm getting into the mire deeper and deeper every moment.

JES. (*aside*) There is a secret. What can it be? I will know it. (*Coquettishly*) I've been told jealousy is sometimes a good thing. I'll try. (*Aloud*) So, you will not tell me. Every one would not be so unkind. Why, one of the cavaliers who came here to-night said he would refuse me nothing.

RAL. Did he?

JES. Yes, and (*looking down*) he gave me a kiss.

RAL. The deuce! What was that for?

JES. (*maliciously*) He was so wet and cold, poor fellow! He said it was to warm him. Talking of that, I'm sure he must want something. I'll go and see.

[Runs off, laughing and shaking her finger at RALPH, aside.

RAL. (*calling after her*) Jessie, Jessie! Gone! This is pleasant. He gave her a kiss, to—and now she's off, perhaps, to warm him again. What shall I do I'll make some excuse and—yes, that I will.

[Runs off after her.

SCENE II.—Another apartment. In a panel in the wall, a full-length portrait of a cavalier.

Enter ROCHESTER and JESSIE.

Roc. Nay, do not run away. Come back, you little jade, and

put your rosy lips to a glass of punch. Foregad, 'tis the best I have ever tasted. (*Aside*) It has half flustered me already. (*Aloud*) I wanted to see you.

JES. Why?

ROC. To tell you I love—adore you.

JES. Ah, you town gallants, I've heard, court every poor girl you meet.

ROC. Well, 'tis not our fault if we do.

JES. But I could never love any one who was not faithful to me alone. (*Looking round. Aside*) Surely, Ralph will come.

ROC. (*aside*) Pastoral simplicity. (*Aloud*) Then—I—I will be faithful to you alone. From the first moment I clapped my eyes on you I felt my destiny was ir—irr—irrevocably linked with yours. (*Aside*) By old Nick or old Noll, that punch is potent! (*Aloud*) What proof shall I give of my sincerity? Shall I promise to marry you?

JES. Would you marry a poor girl like me? (*Aside*) I wish Ralph would come.

ROC. If you knew me you would not ask that question. (*Aside*) Of that I'll take my oath.

[At this moment RALPH appears at back. In his hands he bears a salver with a bottle on it. He stops and listens.

JES. (*aside*) He is there; thank goodness. I was getting afraid.

ROC. No; I am indeed, madly, fondly in love. I know I am, because, for the first time in my life, I feel so bashful, so timid—

[He puts his arm about her waist, and is about to kiss her.

RAL. (*as if petrified*) Oh! (*lets the salver fall.*)

JES. Ah, there's Ralph (*runs out*).

ROC. (*turns round and looks at him*) Who sent for you?

RAL. I—I—meant well. I thought you might like a bottle of Schiedam, and—and—

ROC. And so I should. 'Tis a taste I acquired among our friends the Dutch; so pick up yonder pieces and bring me another bottle.

[Exit.

RAL. (*stares after him in abject astonishment*) Well ; if he is bashful ! Oh, Jessie ! (*picking up the pieces of the bottle*) if I did not love you so, I would never see you again. But I cannot leave you. Oh, what fools love makes of us all ! Yes, Jessie, I— but as for you (*shaking his fist as if at ROCHESTER*) I—I would—I would—I—I can't express myself, but I mean well.

[Exit.

Enter CHARLES II. and MARY WOLF, through door at back.

CHA. Forgive me. My excuse must be, I was not acquainted with your noble soul. But continue your story.

MARY. To what good ? I would not judge harshly, but King Charles must have a bad—a wicked heart.

CHA. (*aside*) Confound it ; what have I been doing now ?

MARY. Hear me, sir. Sir Richard Clifford lost life and lands in the cause of his royal master, Charles I. His sister, Lady Mary Clifford, braved the executioner's axe, by affording Charles Stuart, the son, a shelter from the pursuit of the Puritans. He swore, on leaving her house, he would never forget her kindness.

CHA. No more he does (*recollecting himself*). That is to say, I am sure he cannot.

MARY. You judge of him by yourself !

CHA. Well, I must own I do.

MARY. You are wrong.

CHA. But suppose the King, who, I am sure, has never received any of Clifford's petitions, were at length to do so—

MARY. (*eagerly*) Yes ! yes !

CHA. He would say, "I have been remiss"—

MARY. "I must repair my neglect"—

CHA. "I must restore him the estates"—

MARY. "And the title of which his father was deprived for his attachment to the royal cause."

CHA. Yes, "Sir Henry Clifford," we should continue—

MARY. Ah! that would indeed be acting in a manner worthy of a king!

[She laughs, but her laugh changes imperceptibly into a low sobbing.]

CHA. Thou weepest, gentle girl? Dost grieve
That fortune smiles at last?

Smile thou, like her; restrain thy tears;
All cause for grief is past.

MARY. Oh, if 'twere thus, then, then, indeed,

My tears I might restrain,
And smile at last; but now I know

I ne'er shall smile again!
The picture thy kind heart just drew

Brings tears, but not relief!
Its brightness throws out all the more,

My sad, my sombre grief!

CHA. Nay, speak not thus; a happier day may dawn,
And Truth surpass the picture Hope has drawn.

MARY. Oh! never, never!

CHA. But—

MARY. It cannot be!

CHA. It can, and shall, if thou'lt but trust in me.

(with dignity)

Charles Stuart, Mary, pledges you his word,
It shall be so—dost doubt?

MARY. (looking at him with incredulous amazement) .

What have I heard?

I dream; Charles Stuart! what would you imply?

CHA. (drawing himself up to his full height)

Know, gentle maiden, that the king am I.

MARY. (sinking on one knee)

The king! O, pardon.

CHA. (raising her)

Nay, thou must not bend—

Forget the king, and see in me—the friend.

MARY. (*with an outburst of delight*)

What joy and gladness do my poor heart fill ;
 Can happiness, like sorrow ever kill ?
 Oh ! are there pleasures, then, so great, so rare,
 As to prove more than human strength can bear ?

No more shall anguish,
 Barb'd like a dart,
 Poisoned and ruthless,
 Rack my poor heart :

Morning has risen ;
 Past is the night ;
 Where all was darkness,
 Now all is light.

Let not mortals e'er despair ;
 Let them bravely bide and bear,

Till life's span is o'er ;
 Who can say ?

The Future may
 Still have bliss in store.

Cheerless and dreary,
 Shrouded in gloom,

Each day but led me
 Nearer the tomb :

Now all around me
 Flowers spring fast ;

Under their blossoms,
 Hiding the Past.

Let not mortals e'er despair
 Let them bravely bide and bear,

Till life's span is o'er ;
 Who can say ?

The Future may
 Still have bliss in stor

MARY. How altered will be Clifford's thoughts—how changed ;

[Takes CLIFFORD'S letter out of her bosom, and gives it to the KING.

See what he wrote, by cold neglect estranged.

CHA. (*glancing over the letter*)

His words are bitter, but I fear they're true !

Lend me this letter, Mary.

MAR. Lend it you ?

CHA. Yes ! Till I ask if he still thinks the same,

The day I render him his rank and name.

MARY. I lend it freely, but to none beside

Would I so great a treasure e'er confide.

CHA. (*smiling, as he places the letter in his pocket*)

A treasure ! Lovers will be lovers still !

There's yet another wish you must fulfil :

Let not a word escape your lips to him

Of who I am. 'Tis a caprice—a whim—

I fain would have him learn from me alone

That rank and fortune are again his own.

Say, Mary, wilt thou grant me this request ?

Dost promise me, fair beauty ?

MARY. You but jest !

Can I refuse ? I promise—

[Suddenly and aside, growing every moment more and more agitated.

Pow'rs above !

I had forgotten all, except my love !

All, all, save Clifford ! Ah ! my brain swims round,

When I recall the oath by which I'm bound

(*Aloud*) You, too, must promise !

CHA. Promise ! what !

MARY. To quit this house—to leave this spot.

CHA. (*surprised*) To quit this house ?

MARY. Without delay

You can—you must—no longer stay.

Seek not to know the reason why;

By all that you hold sacred—fly!

(*Aside*) Ah! how little does he think

Death would quickly claim him here!

Aid me, Heaven, or I sink,

Crush'd, oppress'd, by chilling fear.

CHA. (*aside*)

Faith! I know not what to think,

One thing, though, od's fish, is clear:

'Tis a fact I cannot blink,

She would have me gone from here.

Where could I now a shelter find?

Surely this is most unkind;

Thy father's welcome was more free;

A frank and courteous host is he.

CHA. But, Mary, tell me—

MARY.

Do not hesitate—

My reasons, I will freely, frankly state

Some future day—to this I pledge my word!

CHA. (*half irresolutely*)

That pledge decides me. Though it seem absurd,

I can't resist thy wishes—

MARY (*eagerly*)

You consent?

CHA. Well—(*suddenly*)

Yes, I think I do! Art now content?

MARY (*kisses his hand with uncontrollable gratitude*)

Await me here an instant, while I go

To see your horses saddled.

CHA.

Be it so!

[MARY hurries off.]

CHA. (*solus*) What can all this mean? To-night is, indeed, a night of adventures. To what ups and downs are we not subject.

[As he utters these last words, ROCHESTER enters in pursuit of JESSIE, who escapes across the stage. ROCHESTER then runs up against the KING and knocks him into a chair.]

ROC. (*tipsy, and taking the KING's hand*) My dear little Hebe!
(*the KING pushes him good-humouredly away*). What strength
these country wenches possess. It is because the air is so bracing;
but (*hicups*) you don't escape me, my darling.

CHA. Rochester!

ROC. Why, how extraordinary! I—I imagined you were—but
I hope your Majesty enter—enter—entertains no malice?

CHA. Certainly not (*laughing*).

ROC. You're a—you're a—fine fellow—that's my opinion—a
very fine fellow; and whoever asserts the contrary had better
look to himself—that's all. I don't suppose he—anybody—will—
but if he does—you know: anybody—he'd better mind. (*solemnly*)
That's my advice as a friend. I—I like you, Charles.

CHA. (*laughing and aside*) Easy, at any rate.

ROC. Give me your royal fist.

CHA. Why, Rochester, what is the matter?

ROC. Fatigued—fatigued. This d—d hard riding—it weakens
the limbs so.

CHA. And the punch.

ROC. (*with drunken gravity*) Yo—yo—your Majesty does not
mean to insinuate that I'm drunk?

CHA. Of course not.

ROC. Of course not. John Wi—ilmot, Earl of Rochester, has
many faults, but that of drunkenness cannot be counted among the
number.

CHA. (*aside*) No; he is drunk so often, that all counting is out
of the question.

ROC. Charles, that is a devilish pretty girl. I have been taw-
aw-king to her. Mum's the word. Like monarch, like man.
She's a sensible girl, for she's go-o-ing to marry a fool! It's a
pity she escaped. I will console myself with another glass of
punch.

CHA. You must immediately leave the house with me.

ROC. No; hang me if I do.

CHA. But I command you !

ROC. Oh, then, of course—for I respect the throne, of which the members of our family have alwa-w-ays been the—you know—stead-ed-ediest bulwarks (*staggers*). But I leave on one condition alone—and to that condition I will stand as firm as a rock,

[Gives a lurch backward into a chair.

CHA. And that is—

ROC. You must let me take the pu-u-nch-bowl. Charles, you must allow me this mark of your royal favour, as you value my unswerving adherence to you (*staggers*).

CHA. Well, well. (*Aside*) But here comes Mary Wolf.

Enter MARY.

CHA. Well—

MARY. I—I have at present changed my opinion. You must remain. (*Aside*) Every avenue to the house is guarded; they cannot escape.

ROC. I'm glad to hear it, for hang me if I know how I should keep my saddle—I'm so fatigued—

CHA. Look ye, Mary, what does all this mean ?

MARY. It means—that—that—that—the truth is—my future husband is so jealous, that, were he to find you here, at such an hour, he might—he might—

ROC. (*with an air of solemn acquiescence*) He cer-er-tainly might, that I grant—but then, if he were so jealous without a reason, I would take d—d good care soon to give him one.

MARY. And so—ah, heaven be praised ! You see your picture ?

[Pointing to the Portrait of the Cavalier.

ROC. Allow me—which one ? I see—one—two—three—a whole gallery of them ; and they are all dancing the devil's minuet !

MARY. This old building is intersected in all directions by secret passages. Look ! (*presses a spring ; the Picture of the Cavalier flies back.*) This picture conceals one leading beyond the outer wall of

the mansion. I will serve as your guide ; follow me ! Once outside, stop for nothing ; fly !

[ROCHESTER makes a movement as if to leave the stage.

CHA. Where are you going, Rochester ?

ROC. I am going to fetch the punch-bowl.

CHA. And our horses ?

MARY. You must fly on foot.

ROC. That's a despicable idea ; and I so fatigued.

MARY. (*appealing to him*) For heav'n sake, haste !

ROC. What ! reduce myself to the level of an old doublet, or—a—a—badger, and stow myself away in a hole like that ? (*with drunken dignity*) Never ! I scor-or-orn the action !

MARY. Your Majesty, 'tis folly, madness, losing time. (*To ROCHESTER*) If asked after the King, you must say he has long since left the house. Come, your majesty.

[Exit with the KING into the secret passage. The portrait closes on them.

ROC. (*solus, with drunken gravity*) Oh, oh ! I understand ! She knows who he is. I—I—I pity her lover, for I am not naturally bad. No-o-o, John Wilmot, you are not naturally bad ; in fact, on the contrary, you are—not naturally bad (*striking his breast impressively*). But I'll say anything you like. Why the deuce, though, should she wish to entrap me, too ? Ah ! a female Turk in her taste, perhaps (*sits himself in a chair*). Well, no matter ; (*after a pause*) I'm very unhappy. I'm a miserably wrong'd man—and some one—I'm so fatigued, my poor legs will scarcely carry me. But for the punch, I should have been completely knocked up ! Ah, punch, glorious drink !

Let others sing the praise of wine,

Tol de lol ;

Their taste is not the same as mine,

Tol de rol.

Give me of steaming punch a bowl,

Tol de lol ;

To warm the heart and cheer the soul,
Tol de rol.

There's truth in wine, and truth, I think,
Tol de lol,

Proves sometimes very bitter drink,
Tol de rol.

I deem it, therefore, more discreet,
Tol de lol ;

To stick to punch—made strong and sweet,
Tol de rol.

ROC. Yes, punch is the liquor for a peer—and I—would take another glass if I cou—ould only catch that confoun-oun-ounded door. (*After many preparatory efforts he at length bolts through door, exclaiming.*) I've done it.

Re-enter MARY, followed by the KING, through secret door.

CHA. Well, Mary, now we have found the outlet closed, what must I do ?

MARY. I—I—(*Aside*) My reason is leaving me. (*Aloud*) I—I—Hark ! footsteps ! Conceal yourself, at least, for the present. Quick, quick !

[MARY drags the KING towards the secret passage, almost thrusts him in, shuts the door hurriedly upon him, and sinks into a chair just as CLIFFORD enters.

CLIF. (*After gazing steadfastly for a moment at MARY, who in vain endeavours to conceal her emotion*)

Mary, thou see'st me for the last time here ;
If thou dost still refuse to fly with me.

To night I leave this house—this land—for ever

MARY. (*in a faint voice*)

And whither wilt thou go ?

CLIF.

Why should I tell thee ?

I cannot think my fate would interest thee.

MARY. Oh ! if thou knew'st the motives of my conduct
Thou'dst not speak thus.

CLIF. What are those motives, say !
(*Suddenly changing his manner and speaking with the
greatest tenderness*)

Ah, Mary, it is hard to part for ever
From her we hold most dear. See, at thy feet,
Once more I kneel ; an humble suppliant.

[He kneels.

MARY. Think how I have loved—how I love thee still.
(*aside*)
I'm doom'd to drain the cup of bitterness
Down to the very dregs.

CLIF. Dost not remember
That happy night I first disclosed my love ?

MARY. How well I recollect the night
We strolled along the dell,
While, chaste and pure, the moon's pale light
O'er tree and flowret fell ;
Our glances left this dull, cold, earth
To gaze on heaven above,
We felt 'twas there our thoughts had birth ;
We felt 'twas thence comes love.

Between us now the tide of woe
Its murky waves may roll ;
It may divide us here below,
But not part soul from soul.
Most surely shall we meet again,
In yon blue heav'n above,
And find—life's weary trials o'er—
The Paradise of love.

CLIF. We'll not part, even here. Didst thou not promise
Never to wed another ? If thy words
Were, as I thought them, truth—not base deceit—
Again I beg, entreat thee, fly with me !

MARY. Dear Clifford !

[Flinging herself into his arms.]

CLIF. (*joyously*) Ah, you will, you will !

MARY. (*disengaging herself from him*) I cannot.

CLIF. (*bitterly*) Thou cans't not ?

MARY. No !

CLIF. Dost think me still thy dupe ?

I see it all ; 'tis clear as noonday light !

You marry Seymour, whom you hate, abhor ?

(*With withering scorn*)

This marriage is a blind.

MARY. What do you mean

CLIF. Oh, nothing ; but no more
 Shall I be dup'd, deceiv'd,
 By her whom pure and true
 I fondly once believ'd.
 No ! time at last has torn
 The mask from off thy brow ;
 I see thee as thou art,
 In thy true colours now.

MARY. (*aside*) And 'tis for him I sacrifice
 Far more than life !

CLIF. How could I ever think to take
 Thee as my wife ?
 The trick of these two travellers
 I now see through ;
 'Twas a mere stratagem to gain
 An interview.

The elder is thy minion !

[MARY starts with outraged dignity.]

Ay !

'Tis but too true ;
 As I travers'd the hall but now,
 Unseen by you,
 His arm around your form was cast !

MARY. (*starting and aside*)

Oh my poor brain !

(*Aloud*) But he asked pardon afterwards.

CLIF. (*bitterly*) And not in vain.

Thy anger must most speedily

Have been allay'd,

For, spite of all his boldness, still

With him you stay'd.

Would you have done so, had you felt

Disdain, distrust ?

And now I recollect, say what

Was that you thrust

Into your boddice, when I first

Came here to-night ?

I heeded not the action then,

For clear and bright

Faith shone upon my soul, but now—

MARY (*joyfully*) Now—now—at last,

Can I refute the cruel doubt

Thus on me cast !

It was your letter I conceal'd

In anxious haste :

The last fond letter, by your hand—

Your dear hand—trac'd.

CLIF. (*after a few moments' consideration*)

My letter ?

MARY. Yes !

CLIF. (*looking fixedly at her*) Indeed ! Then show it me.

MARY. Ay, that I will.

[Raises her hand to her bosom, and suddenly starts with dismay.

I—I—

CLIF. You hesitate.

MARY. I have it not. 'Tis lost.

CLIF. (*with bitter sarcasm*) She has it not !

MARY. Oh! speak not thus with chilling scorn;

My words, believe, are true—
It *was* your letter—but 'tis lost.

CLIF. Lost!

MARY. Ay, indeed!

CLIF. By *you*!

Is this a proof how much you prize
Whatever comes from me?
There was a time I little thought
That this could ever be.
But let *him*, too, be on his guard;
Ere flowers now green shall fade,
His hopes, like mine, may be deceiv'd,
His confidence betray'd!

MARY. (*aside*)

How can I re-assure him.

(*Aloud*) Clifford, learn

That he is gone; gone never to return.

CLIF. And is not this another damning proof
Of conscious guilt? Why should he quit this roof
In such a boist'rous night—at such an hour!

MARY. (*aside*) What I shall say? Oh? aid me, heavenly pow'r.

CLIF. But I will follow his example, though
He be my rival. I, like him, will go—
Go, never to return—

[*Going.*]

MARY. Oh! leave me not

In anger thus. Oh! render not my lot
Sadder and harder than it was before.

[*Detaining him.*]

Oh! let us part as friends, at least—for more
We ne'er can be—or as a sister—

CLIF. (*excited to the highest pitch*) Say

What means all this? False wanton! hence, away!

[CLIFFORD flings MARY from him, and is about to leave the room, when CHARLES steps out from the secret passage.]

CHA. One moment!

CLIF. Ah! *you* here?
(*Turning to MARY*) Is this forsooth

Another instance of your loving truth?

CLIF. What man worthy of the name,
What man with a heart to dare,
E'er can be so vile, so tame,

CHA. Wrong as great as this to bear?
That she's pure and free from blame,
I will boldly, truly swear,

Ne'er could queen or high-born dame
Boast of innocence more rare!

MARY. (*aside*) Thou alone cans't clear my fame,
Ruler of the earth and air;

Let me not, with tarnish'd name,

Fall a victim to despair!

CLIF. (*to the KING*) Draw, traitor, draw!

[Draws his sword.]

CHA. But hear me!

Draw, I say.

CLIF.

CHA. One word. The letter!

What of that?

CLIF.

CHA. (*producing the letter*)

Is here!

She gave it me, in order—

CLIF.

Gave it you?

Can this be really so? Draw, I repeat,

Or I will cut you down, there where you stand.

[Rushes on the KING.]

CHA. (*drawing his sword*) Since you oblige me—

[CLIFFORD and the KING engage. MARY rushes frantically
between them.]

MARY.

Clifford, on your life,

Advance not one step farther. 'Tis your King!

CLIF. (*lowering his sword*) My King?

CHA.

In me you see him. Tell me now,

Are you convinced of Mary's innocence?

CLIF. No, I am *not*.

CHA. You are not?

CLIF. I have said it.

[CLIFFORD turns to leave as RALPH rushes in, exhibiting all the marks of abject terror.

RAL. (*falling on his knees before CLIFFORD*)

Oh! Master Clifford, stay!

Hear what I have to say.

CLIF. What is it you desire?

RAL. (*getting up off his knees*)

Just now—

[Looks round him with affright, and stops an instant.

—but I'll retire.

(*Aside*) Yes, after all, 'tis best

The secret still should rest

Within my bosom lock'd.

CLIF. What ails thee?

RAL. I've been shocked—

I mean—no—yes—no—scared—

(*Aside*) Oh! if I only dar'd!—

They'll tear me limb from limb.

[Aloud, and pointing to the KING.

I wish to speak to him,

But know not what to do;

I mean well, it is true,

But, if I say a word,

They'll murder me!—I've heard

Such awful things—

CHA. 'Tis plain

He's mad.

RAL. I'm not!

CLIF. Explain!

RAL. (*aside*) Oh! how my poor heart knocks

Against my ribs;

[Fumbles in his pocket, and at length pulls out a gold snuff-box, looking around, as he does so, with a terrified glance.

- (Aloud) This box
I found just now—
CHA. (*taking the box*) 'Tis mine !
RAL. Then you are lost !
CLIF. In fine,
What Mystery lies hid
Beneath your words ?
RAL. (*looking at the KING and pointing to the box*)
The lid
Bears two initials plac'd
Beneath a crown !
CHA. Why waste
More breath about the thing ?
RAL. I own it ! I'm the King !
That's just—wha—at I fear'd,
And why—I—I've appeared.
CLIF. What do your words imply ?
RAL. I'm doom'd, perhaps, to die
For what I now reveal ;
But fly the murd'ers' steel
That here hangs o'er your head.
CHA. Od's fish ! I think you said
The murd'ers' steel—
RAL. A plot
I heard—near—near—this spot.
CLIF. (*suddenly interrupting him, as though struck by an unexpected
thought*)
Enough, I see it all, at last !
Oh, Mary ! pardon what has pass'd ;
You, too, knew this ! Some fearful vow—
MARY (*clasping her hands and raising them towards Heaven, as if
in the deepest gratitude*)
Ah, Clifford !
CLIF. Yes, I see it now,
Oh, that I ever was so blind.

So cruel to thee, so unkind !

MARY. Thus much at least may I disclose :
Ere long the house will fill with those
Who never lov' the King. Nay, more,
Thou—thou alone can'st pass the door !

CLIF. (*aside*)

I—I—alone !

CHA.

Od's fish, 'tis plain
I ne'er shall see Whitehall again—
At least, I fear not.

MARY.

He is lost.

CLIF. (*with emphasis*)

No ; for I'll save him
(Aside) Though it cost,
My life to do so.

(To MARY) But, dear maid,
You're tir'd, fatigued ; too long you've stay'd :
Go rest awhile ; leave all to me.

MARY. You no more think me guilty ?

CLIF.

See !

[CLIFFORD opens his arms. MARY rushes towards him and flings herself on his breast. RALPH comes down from the back of the stage, where he has been anxiously keeping watch.

CLIF. (*aside*)

Ere long, Death, p'rhaps, shall lay me low !
No nobler fate I crave.
'Tis Treason deals the dastard blow ;
'Tis Honour digs my grave !

CHA. (*aside*)

My future gratitude shall show—
However courts deprave—
I still love virtue here below,
And still respect the brave !

MARY. (*aside*)

Of Him from whom all blessings flow,

With humble heart I crave:
O shield the King from ev'ry foe,
His life, great Heaven, save!

RAL. (*aside*)

Great courage is not mine, I know,
I'm but a low-born knave;
Yet freely should my life-blood flow,
If that my King could save!

[CLIFFORD makes a sign and the KING follows him through door. MARY hurries off. RALPH, also, is about to leave, when he meets FLEETWOOD and SERVANTS.

FLE. (*to SERVANTS*)

You've heard my orders. Not a soul must pass,
Save Clifford only. See his horse be saddled.

RAL. (*as if struck by a sudden inspiration*)

Ay, that will I. I'll go and lead it round.

[FLEETWOOD makes a sign of assent. RALPH exit quickly through door at back. FLEETWOOD seems about to address the SERVANTS, when the door of room opens, and CHARLES II. appears dressed in CLIFFORD's hat and cloak. The hat is slouched deeply over his face. He passes through the midst of the SERVANTS, saluting them with his hand.

FLE. Clifford, good night?

CHA.

Good night!

[Exit.

FLE. (*to SERVANTS*)

Go, see him off.

[SERVANTS exeunt followed by FLEETWOOD. Enter CLIFFORD, cautiously, in KING CHARLES' hat and cloak.

CLIF.

They have notic'd nothing!—no!

Hark, his horse's hoofs resound

O'er the hard and stony ground—

Faint and fainter still they grow!

[Runs to the window.

(*With great energy*)

Gracious heav'n, he's saved!—and I
Proudly for my King will die.

[At this moment MARY and ROCHESTER, enter. On perceiving them, CLIFFORD draws his cloak more closely around him, and pulls his hat further over his brow.

CLIF. (*aside*) Ah, Mary here! be firm, my heart,
Thy secret bravely keep;
Spare, spare her feelings while thou canst;
She's time enough to weep.

MARY. (*aside*) The king not gone! Ere long will Death
A ghastly revel keep—
The King is lost; ere morning dawn
He'll sleep his last long sleep.

ROC. (*aside*) What, Charles still here! I'm so fatigued,
I think I'll go and sleep.
There's still some punch, but punch, we know,
When not all drunk, will keep.

[MARY, as if she had lost all hope, turns and exit slowly, casting a look of unutterable anguish at CLIFFORD. ROCHESTER staggers off. CLIFFORD sits. The curtain drops slowly.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

Another large apartment in Middleton Hall.

[At the rising of the curtain, ROCHESTER is discovered asleep in a chair. He appears to be dreaming. Suddenly, he nods forward and is nearly falling off his chair. With the effort to save himself, he awakes, rubs his eyes, and looks round with astonishment.

Roc. Holloa! where am I? Ah! I recollect!
 It strikes me strongly I have been asleep!
 Asleep!—Upon the edge of that abyss
 No mortal ever fathom'd, but down which
 We all must plunge. Foregad! full soon my couch
 May change into a tomb? And if it does,
 What will it matter? Death is sleep, no more;
 And, pillowed upon hope, my soul would lie
 As softly as my body stretched on down.

Hail, gentle sleep, both prince and slave
 Obey thy balmy reign;
 With magic pow'r thy healing hand
 Can soothe the throes of pain;
 Thou, thou alone, can'st stop the tears
 Which sorrow else would weep;
 Hail, friend of poor and rich alike,
 Our second mother, sleep!

Whene'er the dreaded hour shall come
 For clay to turn to clay,
 I fear it not, for death, like night,
 But heralds in the day.
 Reposing in the silent tomb
 Or 'neath the surging deep,
 What cause have we to fear—since death
 Is but our long, last sleep!

[Resuming his usual manner.

But I am afraid I am getting serious, and that would not mend matters. No more of that.

[Enter CLIFFORD.]

ROC. I found, my dear sir, all your information correct. There is not an outlet, not a crevice, large enough for the charity of a miser, or the virtue of a court lady to creep through. One fact, however, surprises me more than aught else. Before you told me the state of things, I was so fatigued—

CLIF. (*smiling*) Fatigued!

ROC. Whereas now—but what must I do? To save my sovereign's life I would not hesitate to endanger my own; as you, however, have so generously sacrificed yours—besides, now I think of it, I have for to-morrow week a large bet that my game-cock, Tom, beats Sedley's Trueblue; the match to come off in the Cock-pit, Whitehall, and then I have a second bet with His Majesty—but—hem!—(*stopping himself*)—that's of a private nature.

CLIF. You've still a chance. Return to the other apartment. I'll say you followed the king disguised as my groom, and thus escaped.

ROC. A good idea! But why, in the devil's name, did you not think of it sooner? Well, what's done cannot be undone. I will go and take a little more repose, for I have not quite overcome my fatigue. Should those psalm-singing gentlemen require my presence, they must give themselves the trouble of waking me. They could not get a life much cheaper. D—n them, for a canting, puritanical set of scoundrels. But, spite of them all, we will yet cry: "God save King Charles!"

[Exit.]

CLIF. (*looking after him*) What a compound of courage and profligacy! Brave as a lion, careless as—Rochester. *He* does not make an inevitable evil greater by brooding over it. Oh, would I could follow his example; but that is impossible! Were I alone concerned—but Mary, Mary!

[Sinks upon a chair near table.]

Enter SEYMOUR quickly.

SEY. (*aside*) The King!

CLIF. (*perceiving SEYMOUR, aside*)

Al, Seymour here !

[Pulls his hat further over his eyes.

Alone !

SEY. (*aside*)

'Tis all I could desire.

Now, fortune, aid me !

[Steps up quickly and resolutely to CLIFFORD.

(*Aloud*) Sire !—

CLIF. (*disguising his voice*) What did I hear ?

Your Majesty is known.

SEY.

What !

CLIF.

Treason, like a serpent, has keen eyes.

SEY.

Listen to me, if life you prize.

Ere many minutes more have pass'd

Your lot in this world will be cast.

A band of Puritans have sworn

To capture you. If once you're borne

On board their vessel, never more

Will eye of yours behold the shore.

CLIF. (*aside*) What can his object be ?

(*Aloud*) But why ?

SEY.

One, sire, of those on board will die

Before the bark again shall ride

At anchor on the surging tide.

[Suddenly, and with great emphasis.

That one is *you* !

But only do

As I suggest ;

Grant my request,

And you shall live.

What would you ?

CLIF.

Give

SEY.

Your word as King,

That if I bring

Succour and aid,

You'll see me paid

A sun I'll name ;
 And, for the same,
 I'll save you now.

CLIF.

But how, but how ?

SEY.

When once on board the gallant bark,

Where I alone hold sway,

I hardly need express a wish

Before my crew obey.

I'll lure these Puritans below,

And there secure the band ;

Then quickly turn the vessel's prow,

And carry them to land.

CLIF. (*aside*)

To this wretch's greed

What may I not owe ?

I may yet be freed—

Freed, too, by my foe.

SEY. (*aside*)

From my daring deed

Wealth will surely flow ;

In his abject need,

He will not say no.

CLIF.

Say : cannot I escape by instant flight ?

SEY.

Impossible. Had I my crew, you might ;

But, ere they could be here, 't would be too late ;

Your foes would have arriv'd, and scal'd your fate.

CLIF.

Disguise is useless, then !

SEY. (*astonished*)

Disguise ?

CLIF. (*suddenly changing his manner, and throwing off his hat and cloak*)

Ay ; see :

The King needs not *your* help ; he's sav'd by *me*.

SEY. (*starting back*) Ah, Clifford ?

CLIF.

Yes ; now, damnèd villain, say :

How think you that the friends you would betray

Will greet you, when I tell your treach'rous plot ?

SEY. (*with sarcastic contempt*)

Poor fool ! they'll not believe thee.

CLIF.

And why not ?

SEY. Whatever you may say or do,
 They place more faith in me than you ;
 Your threats, your menaces, I spurn—
 Your scorn with greater scorn return.
 I fear you not !
 (*With taunting exultation*) Your very bride
 I've taken, weeping, from your side ;
 Though, mayhap, you would ne'er divine
 'Twas love for *you* that made her *mine*.

CLIF. What !

SEY. Yes ; (*with sarcastic emphasis*) it was to save
your life

She promised to become *my* wife.

Oh, Mary ! pure as fair,
 What bitter shame is mine,
 That I should ever dare
 To doubt such love as thine.

SEY. (*aside*) The deeper his despair
 The greater triumph 's mine ;
 Vain hopes and sick'ning care
 To rack his soul combine.

CLIF. (*with great anguish*) Oh, Mary, Mary !

Ay ; you've cause

SEY. (*mockingly*) So sweet a girl to mourn :
 So fond—so loving—

CLIF. (*exasperated to the utmost*) Demon—slave !

Thus I requite your scorn.

[Draws his sword and rushes upon SEYMOUR. At this moment,
 WOLF and the other PURITANS appear at door at back.]

SEY. (*perceiving the PURITANS, drawing his sword, and putting him-
 self on his guard*) Retain your gold ; I never will comply.

CLIF. (*in the greatest astonishment*) Retain my gold !

Ere you escape, I die.

SEY.

[PURITANS advance and overpower CLIFFORD, who has not ob-
 served them enter.]

WOLF. (*advancing and starting with surprise*)

'Tis not Charles Stuart !

- PUR. What was that he said ?
 Our ears deceiv'd us.
- CLIF. No ; the king has fled,
 And I have sav'd him.
- PUR. You have sav'd him ?
- CLIF. Ay ;
 And calmly, boldly, all your threats defy.
- PUR. Our hopes are baffled once again ;
 Our plans for freedom are in vain ;
 But dearly shall the traitor pay
 Who thus has robb'd us of our prey.
 (*To WOLF*) Your daughter has betray'd us,
 And warn'd the king : if so,
 In vain she pleads for mercy.
- WOLF (*with deep emotion, which he is unable to disguise. To PURITANS*)
 Quick ; fetch her hither ; go.
 [Two or three PURITANS exeunt hurriedly.]
- PUR. Our hopes are baffled once again ;
 Our plans for freedom are in vain ;
 But dearly shall the traitor pay
 Who thus has robb'd us of our prey.
- CLIF. Strike, if you will ; I ask you not to spare ;
 But if you seek a traitor—
 [With great emphasis, and pointing to SEYMOUR.
 See one there,
 Supposing me the king,
 He promis'd to betray
 Your lives into my hands.
 Is't not so, villain ?
- SEY. Nay,
 'Twas you who offer'd gold
 If I would let you go.
 Your bribes I proudly spurn'd.
- PUR. He speaks the truth, we know.
 (*To SEYMOUR*) We heard you do as you declare.
- SEY. (*with feigned astonishment*)
 You heard me ?

PUR.

Yes.

(*Pointing to door at back*) For we were there.

SEY. (*with assumed humility*)

That Heav'n its servants ne'er deserts, is clear.

CLIF.

No; nor the devil his, it would appear!

PUR.

Our hopes are baffled once again;

Our plans for freedom are in vain;

But dearly shall the traitor pay,

Who thus hath robb'd us of our prey.

WOLF. (*aside*)

What agony and dead'ning pain,

Convulse my soul and rack my brain;

With humble heart to heav'n I pray

This bitter grief may pass away.

CLIF. (*aside*)

I scorn to murmur or complain,

I feel I have not liv'd in vain.

My doom is fix'd, but, come what may,

I've robb'd these villains of their prey.

SEY. (*aside*)

I did not vow revenge in vain!

My object I shall soon attain,

And make my rival rue the day

On which he dar'd to cross my way.

MARY.

[MARY and ROCHESTER are brought in, escorted by PURITANS.

Ah, Clifford! and the King—

CLIF.

Is sav'd?

MARY.

But you?

CLIF. (*calmly*) Have done my duty.

ROC. (*who 's held fast by two PURITANS, looking round*)

What a crop-ear'd crew.

Good ev'ning, gentlemen.

1ST PUR. (*who has hold of him*)

Be silent!

ROC.

Pray

Don't bawl so loudly, monster!

CLIF.

Mary, say;

Can you forgive me? now at last I know,

From yonder villain (*pointing to SEYMOUR*),

All the debt I owe

To your devotion!

- MARY. Clifford ! though the smart
Of your suspicion wrung my very heart,
I still found comfort in my helpless lot ;
Had you not doubted, you had lov'd me not !
- Roc. Ingenious ! most ingenious, I declare.
What hermit, or wild Indian can compare
With constant lovers, for the pretty knack
Of stretching all their feelings on the rack ?
[Since MARY and ROCHESTER have been brought in, the PURI-
TANS have been consulting with each other, with the
exception of the two who are holding ROCHESTER prisoner.
They now all advance.
- WOLF. Despite the solemn oath you've taken,
Our projects you've revealed.
- MARY. I have not ! all I overheard
I carefully conceal'd.
- FLEET. In vain your treason you disown,
From whom else could the Man have known
That he had ought to dread ?
Why should he take to sudden flight,
At such an hour, in such a night ?
Why should he thus have fled ?
- MARY. Doubt if you will, I speak no more,
Henceforth my lips are mute.
- FLEET. This stubborn silence thou'lt deplore,
We'll make thee speak !
- ROCH. The brute !
- PUR. Thus to resist,
Maiden forbear,
No longer persist
Our vengeance to dare.
- [They advance menacingly towards her. During this scene,
RALPH has entered unobserved, and remained at the back,
apparently a prey to conflicting emotions, among which a
regard for his own personal safety seems to play a conspicuous
part. When the PURITANS menace MARY, however, RALPH
suddenly advances.
- RAL. Stop, I mean—believe me—well !
Pray don't press her thus to tell.

PUR. (*turning towards him*) Wherefore not?

RAL. (*greatly agitated and confused*) Because, you see,

Perhaps she might endanger me.

FLEET. What have you to do with her?

RAL. Nothing! that is, gentle sir,
Ne'er must I stand tamely by
While her life is threatened.

PUR

Why?

RAL. (*gradually working himself up*)

She has not betray'd a word—
No, not one—of what she heard,
I was in the chapel too!

PUR. (*starting*) You were in the chapel? You?

RAL. Ay, and to the King reveal'd
All your plot!

PUR.

Your fate is seal'd.

RAL. (*with comic despair*)

So I fear'd, but never mind:
One so gentle, good and kind,
Wrong or harm shall never know,
Pain or sorrow, grief or woe,
Such a lout as I to spare—
Sooner will I die first

[With great emphasis.

There!

WOLF. (*aside to him*)

To thank thee, Ralph, mere words are far too weak,
Let *thy* heart think what *mine* in vain would speak.

ROC. Most noble rustic, I would fain salute you,

But I am held so fast.

[To 1ST PURITAN, who has hold of him.

Oh, when I'm free—

1ST PUR. That will be never.

ROC.

All the worse—

1ST PUR.

For thee.

ROC. You close-cropp'd, drawling, sanctified, big brute, you!

From off my shoulder take your hand, at least.

Look at my collar, how it's crumpled—creased.

I think my friend here—

[Pointing to 1ST PURITAN.

With the cheerful face,
Has not the slightest notion of point-lacc.

[PURITANS, who have again been deliberating, advance once more.

- FLEET. Thus, Mary Wolf, do we decree—
As far, at least, as touches thee—
Although thy acts grave doubts inspire,
We spare the daughter for the sire ;
But, ere the morn dispel the night,
Thou'lt leave this place to share our flight,
For here we dare no more remain.
- ROC. I can't say that I feel much pain
To hear you're going. Truth to tell,
Your company is very well ;
But still I've not the slightest doubt
That I can somehow do without.
- WOLF. Unhappy men, give ear !
Your sentence learn.
- ROC. We're all attention, sir !
It's now our turn.
- PUR. Man is but as summer grass,
Dead and wither'd in a day ;
Full of life and hope at morn,
But, ere ev'ning, past away.
Prepare for death !
- WOLF. }
CLIF. }
ROC. }
RAL. }
MARY. }
WOLF. }
RAL. (*aside*) } They almost take away one's breath
Before they kill.
- ROC. You said " Prepare."
Egad, we've not much time to spare.
- 1st PUR. A brave man's always ready.
- ROC. True !
Though spoken by a cur like you.
- WOLF. To make your peace with heav'n, you've left

MARY. Five minutes still.
Am I bereft
Of sense, or do I dream. (*To WOLF*) You'd try
Their courage. You but joke.

WOLF & PUR. They die!

MARY. "Oh, crush not thus thy daughter's heart!
Oh, hear me, I implore!

Grant me his life, and, while I breathe,
I'll never see him more.

PUR. Man is but as summer grass,
Dead and wither'd in a day;
Full of hope and life at morn,
But ere ev'ning past away.

WOLF & PUR. 'Tis all in vain you pray"

MARY. Hear, father, what I say:

Thy child would not deceive thee—
Thou wilt—thou must—believe me.
My word once pledg'd, I ne'er have broken;
Henceforth, no sign of love, no token,
Shall pass between us. He shall be
As though he ne'er had been for me.

WOLF and PUR. No more, no more.

CLIF. Give o'er, give o'er.

You but unman me, Mary, dear.

MARY. (*anxiously scanning WOLF's countenance*).

You're moved. I see the trickling tear
Glide slowly down your cheek.
You grant my pray'r, oh, father, speak.
You do! I have not pray'd in vain,
We shall be happy once again,
As happy as when, free from cure,
My childish pastimes you would share,
And, hand in hand, with me would rove
The grassy mead and perfum'd grove,
Smiling away the gladsome hours,
That, like the earth, seem'd crown'd with flow'rs.
Oh! (*pointing to CLIFFORD and ROCHESTER*)

Spare them, nor my sorrow spurn,
 And those bright hours may yet return.
 My father, dear ! though years whirl by,
 Like leaves upon the blast,
 And Hope's bare, shatter'd stem alone
 Remains to mark the Past ;
 There's still one spot whence life's young spring
 Will never more depart,
 Where joy still lives, for ever green :
 A loving daughter's heart !
 Each smile of thine, each gentle word
 Pronounced in happier times,
 Has there struck root, and liv'd and grown
 Like flowers in eastern climes.
 Thus age itself need never fear
 Bleak winter's icy dart :
 'Twill always find eternal spring
 Within a daughter's heart.

(*To the PURITANS*)

Release your pris'ners, 'tis my father's will !

(*To WOLF*)

Is't not so ? .Speak ! what, silent still—
 Alas, alas, my heart is breaking,
 My reason is her throne forsaking !

ROC. (*to 1st PURITAN*)

[*Wringing her hands.*]

Let go my hand an instant,

1st PUR.

Why ?

ROC.

I've something—d——n you—in my eye.

[*1st PURITAN lets go of ROCHESTER'S hand, which ROCHESTER passes over his eyes. Two or three PURITANS lead MARY to a distance.*]

WOLF.

Pris'ners, your time has come !

FLEET.

Let us cast lots

SEY.

To see who carries out the sentence.

Nay,

I will do that ! My aim is sure and true :

'Tis mercy nerves my arm, and lends it strength.

ROC. What! Mercy! I had rather be without it:

(To PURITANS)

Send for a tiger, while you are about it.

[CLIFFORD takes up his position at the extreme corner of the stage, L., and SEYMOUR his at the extreme front corner, R.

WOLF. Kneel, Clifford, kneel.

CLIF.

I kneel to Heav'n alone.

ROC. That's nobly said---

(To PURITANS) As even you must own.

1st PUR. Silence, I say.

ROC.

What, crier, there again.

[One of the PURITANS is about to bandage CLIFFORD's eyes with a handkerchief.

CLIF. Do not insult me, prithee, sir! Refrain!

A soldier meets death boldly, face to face;

Slay, if you choose, but spare me this disgrace.

Give me the 'kerchief. When I let it fall—

You know the rest.

[PURITAN gives him the handkerchief.

MARY. (*rushing from where she is held, and covering CLIFFORD with her body*)

Now fire! The fatal ball

Shall pierce *my* bosom first; transfix *my* heart.

CLIF. (*gently disengaging himself*)

Unman me not, sweet girl. Here we must part,

To meet, though, in a brighter, happier sphere.

ROCH. May I be with you there, as I am here.

[MARY is led away by two PURITANS. She buries her face in her hands, and appears a prey to the most intense grief. CLIFFORD gives the signal by letting the handkerchief fall. SEYMOUR raises his pistol, but, at the instant he is about to fire, a shot from the window levels him with the ground, and KING CHARLES II., followed by DRAKE and a number of sailors, all armed, leaps through. Other SAILORS and a number of MUSKETEERS break through the folding doors at back. MARY, on hearing the shot, falls senseless. WOLF starts, and hides his face in his hands. The PURITANS, after a short struggle, are overpowered.

CHA. Traitorous knaves, surrender!
 Stern Fate has sealed your doom—
 The scaffold and the headsman,
 The axe and blood-stained tomb!

PUR. Think not, though we surrender,
 We fear to meet our doom!
 The way to heav'nly glory
 Lies through the patriot's tomb!

[The PURITANS are led away. The KING, ROCHESTER, and CLIFFORD rush to MARY and raise her up. MARY gradually recovers. She looks wildly about her—seems to collect her thoughts—rushes to where CLIFFORD stood, and then to where SEYMOUR lies—turns, and runs to CLIFFORD.

MARY (*ecstatically*). Clifford, dear Clifford, you are sav'd!

[Throws herself on his neck. JESSIE, followed by VILLAGE-GIRLS, enters at door, back. She hastens to RALPH.

SAT., JES., & VIL.-GIRLS.

Dark anguish and fear
 Have at last pass'd away,
 And yielded to gladness,
 As night yields to day.

CHA. All I have promis'd, Mary, I will do,
 And even spare your father's life for you.

MARY. With emotion past all telling,
 Madly is my bosom swelling,
 Throbbing high, beyond control.
 In the place of grief and sadness,
 Joy ecstastic, bliss and gladness,
 Fill my heart and fire my soul!

ALL. Dark anguish and fear
 Have at last pass'd away,
 And yielded to gladness,
 As night yields to day!

THE END.

54.421.508

SEASONABLE PRESENTS

For all who court the **GAY** and **FESTIVE SCENES** at this Happy Period
of the Year.

UNDER THE
PATRONAGE OF
ROYALTY



AND THE
ARISTOCRACY
OF EUROPE.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Is a delightfully Fragrant and Transparent Preparation for the Hair, and as an Invigorator and Beautifier beyond all Precedent.

In dressing the Hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering it so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, and imparting a transcendent lustre. Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., equal to four small, and 21s. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION,

Is unequalled for the Radiant Bloom it imparts to the Cheek, the Softness and Delicacy which it induces of the Hands and Arms, and for its capability of Soothing Irritation, and removing Cutaneous Defects, Discolorations, and all unsightly appearances. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,

For Preserving and Imparting a Pearl-like Whiteness to the Teeth, Strengthening the Gums, and for giving a Delicate Fragrance to the Breath. Price 2s. 6d. per box.
Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 29, Hatton Garden, and by Chemists, and Perfumers.
Ask for "ROWLANDS'" Articles.

TEETH.

BY HER
ROYAL LETTERS



MAJESTY'S
PATENT.

Just Published, Post Free, Three Stamps.



"GABRIEL'S SELF-ADHESIVE TEETH and FLEXIBLE CORALITE GUMS, adapted without Springs, Wires, or any Painful Operation, on the Principle of Self-Adhesion and Capillary Attraction combined, stand unrivalled for their efficiency in MASTICATION and ARTICULATION."—
Vide MORNING HERALD, June, 1860.

Purest Materials and First Class Workmanship only employed,
and supplied at half the usual cost.

MESSRS. GABRIEL'S SURGEON-DENTIST'S DIPLOMA, 1815.

LONDON:

27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square; and 38 and 34, Ludgate Hill, City
LIVERPOOL: 134, Duke Street. BIRMINGHAM: 65, New Street.

DOUBLE VIOLET
COMPLEXION
POWDER.

FROM
H. BREIDENBACH,
 Perfumer & Distiller of Flowers
 TO THE QUEEN,
 157^b,
 New Bond Street, London.

BREIDENBACH'S
Uly Collet Powder,
 FOR
THE COMPLEXION.
 Price 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s., 20s. the Box.

PREPARED ONLY BY
H. BREIDENBACH,
 PERFUMER TO THE QUEEN.
 157^b, New Bond Street.

BREIDENBACH'S
LAST NEW PERFUME,
 DISTILLED BY
H. BREIDENBACH,
 Perfumer and Distiller of Flowers
 TO THE QUEEN,
 157^b, New Bond Street, London.

ANTACID
BORAX SOAP
 FOR THE
TEETH & GUMS.

MADE BY
H. BREIDENBACH,
 Perfumer and Distiller of Eau de Cologne,
 to Her Majesty, Prince Alfred,
 Duchesses Kent, Cambridge, &c.,
 157^b, NEW BOND ST.,
 LONDON.

FORGET-ME-NOT.
 A DELICIOUS & VERY LASTING ESSENCE,
 COMPOSED BY
BREIDENBACH,
 Perfumer and Distiller of Flowers
 TO THE QUEEN,
 157^b, New Bond Street, London.

BREIDENBACH'S
AMANDINE,
 For the Hands,
 Price 2s. 6d.

The Genuine Amandine is made only by
H. BREIDENBACH,
 Perfumer and Distiller of
 Flowers to The Queen.
 157^b, NEW BOND STREET
 LONDON.

DOUBLE
WOOD VIOLET
POMADE.

MADE ONLY BY
H. BREIDENBACH,
 Perfumer and Distiller of Flowers
 to Her Majesty, Prince Con-
 sort, Duchesses of Kent,
 Cambridge, &c.
 157^b, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

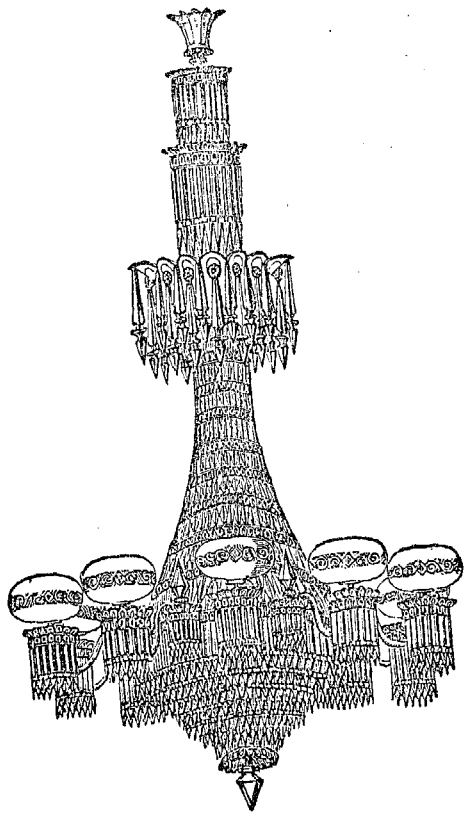
COLD
CREAM OF ROSES

MADE BY
H. BREIDENBACH,
 PERFUMER TO
 THE QUEEN.
 157^b, NEW BOND STREET.

THE MAGNIFICENT CENTRE
CRYSTAL CHANDELIER

OF THE
ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,
Was entirely Designed and Manufactured by the Eminent Firm of

MESSRS. DEFRIES & SONS,
OF
LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM,



PRINCIPAL WHOLESALE LONDON DEPÔT,
147, HOUNDSDITCH.

Nearly all the Chandeliers and Lighting, &c., of the London and Provincial Theatres and Music Halls have been entrusted to the above well-known Firm. Their extensive **SHOW ROOMS**, containing the largest and most varied Assortment of **CRYSTAL** and **BRASS CHANDELIERS**, **STAR LIGHTS**, &c., &c., in the world, will be found worthy a visit.

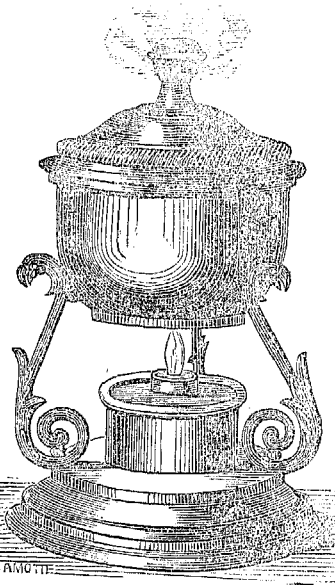
BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.
R I M M E L ' S
PERFUME VAPORIZER,
 FOR DIFFUSING A DELIGHTFUL FRAGRANCE

IN APARTMENTS, BALL ROOMS, THEATRES, &c.,
And for purifying the air and removing all unpleasant odours.

PRICES OF THE APPARATUS,
As represented in the annexed Engraving.

- No. 1.**
 6½ in. by 3½ in.
 Bronze . . . 6s.
 Silver Plated. 12s.
- No. 2.**
 10 in. by 5 in.
 Bronze . . . 16s.
 Silver Plated. £1. 4s.
- No. 3.**
 11½ in. by 7 in.
 Bronze . . . £1
 Silver Plated. £1. 12s.
- No. 4.**
 13 in. by 8½ in.
 Bronze . . . £1. 12s.
 Silver Plated. £2. 8s.

Fancy Patterns from 2 to 20 Guineas.
 Nos. 2, 3, & 4 being provided with a water bath, their action is much more efficacious, especially in large places.



PRICES OF THE PERFUMES.
Prepared specially for using in the Vaporizer.

- ORDINARY PERFUMES.**
 Toilet Vinegar, Eau de Cologne, Lavender Water, Sweet Briar, Magnolia or Aromatic Herbs.
 5 oz. flat bottles 2/6
 10 do. do. 4/6
 20 do. do. 8/6

- BEST PERFUMES.**
Distilled from Flowers.
 Violet, Rose, Jasmine, Sweet Pea, Heliotrope, New Mown Hay, &c.
 5 oz. stopd. btl. 3/6
 10 do. do. 6/6
 20 do. do. 12/6

Prepared Spirits for burning in the lamp.
 Half-pint bottles 1s.

Dr. Letheby, Dr. Hassall, Dr. Goldsborough, and other eminent medical men, have expressed their high opinions of the merits of the Vaporizer in a sanitary point of view; it has been used successfully for disinfecting purposes at the Royal College of Surgeons, and at some of the London Hospitals. It has also been introduced at Her Majesty's Theatre, St. James's Hall, Lyceum Theatre, Hanover Square Rooms, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul's Entertainment, Mr. Woodin's Cabinet of Curiosities, &c., and has given the greatest satisfaction to the public.

It was likewise found of great service on board of her Majesty's Royal Yacht during her late visit to Ireland, to counteract the unpleasant smell proceeding from the Engines; in short, it is as useful as it is agreeable.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

- "Mr. Rimmel's Vaporizer has been found of eminent service at the Royal College of Surgeons, in counteracting the effluvia of decomposition and creating the gratifying and refreshing fragrance of summer flowers."—*Times*.
- "A simple apparatus capable of being made very useful as a sanitary agent, as well as for the diffusion of merely pleasant odours through apartments, hospitals, halls, theatres, &c."—*Builder*.
- "We understand Mr. Rimmel is preparing a series of Perfume Vaporizers for private use, which, on account of the many useful purposes for which they are adapted, will assuredly meet with great success."—*Morning Post*.
- "This ingenious contrivance will soon become a universal requisite at all balls and parties."—*Sunday Times*.

Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists.
E. RIMMEL,
 Perfumer, 96, Strand, and 24, Cornhill, London.

ANOTHER NOVELTY:—SCENTED GEMS.

Curiosity is excited to know how these Gems are capable of yielding fragrance like a natural flower, and from what country they come.

As they are moved about in the *petit boit* which contains them, we see the beauty of the Kaleidoscope, and smell the most delightful odour.

A Liberal Allowance to Merchants and Shippers.

PIESSE & LUBIN,
Retail and Export Perfumery Factors,
2, NEW BOND STREET, PICCADILLY.

WORKS BY SEPTIMUS PIESSE, ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

1. **THE ART OF PERFUMERY**, with the Methods of obtaining the Odours of Plants. Crown 8vo., 50 Wood Engravings, 8s. 6d.
2. **CHEMICAL, NATURAL, AND PHYSICAL MAGIC.** Crown 8vo., 30 Wood Engravings, 3s. 6d.
3. **THE LABORATORY OF CHEMICAL WONDERS.** Crown 8vo., Illustrated, 5s. 6d.

LONGMAN, GREEN, and Co., Paternoster Row; and of the AUTHOR,
2, New Bond Street.

BEDDING **FURNITURE** **CARRIAGE** **CARPETS**

FREE

To ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND.

RICHARD LOADER & Co.,
MANUFACTURING CABINET MAKERS, CARPET WAREHOUSEMEN,
AND GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHERS,
28 & 24, PATERNOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, LONDON. E.C.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES GRATIS & POST FREE.

C. NOSOTTI,
CARVER & GILDER,
LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER,
INTERIOR DECORATOR & HOUSE PAINTER
 ESTABLISHED 1822,
FOR SUPERIOR QUALITY & BEST WORKMANSHIP ONLY.
398 & 399, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S
PESTACHIO NUT

SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER.

THIS Toilet Powder imparts to the Skin a natural whiteness, youthful delicacy, and softness, attainable by no other means.

Brownness of the Neck or Arms, undue Redness of the Face and Hands, are obviated by one application of this exquisite discovery. For personal appearance at Court, the Ball, or Concert, it is indispensable, especially as it represses the unpleasantness of sensible perspiration, and its disagreeable accompaniments. Travellers and residents in warm climates will highly appreciate this simple appendage to the Toilet.

PIESSE & LUBIN,
RETAIL & EXPORT PERFUMERY FACTORS,
2, NEW BOND STREET, PICCADILLY.

MACON

at 24s., and First-growth Maçon at 30s. per doz., are the CHEAPEST
and BEST FRENCH WINES imported.

SHERRY.

Good Dinner Wine at 24s. and 30s. per doz.
Very Superior Sherries at 36s., 42s., and 48s. per doz.

CLARET.

Pure and Good, 18s., 21s., 24s., and 30s. per doz.

PORT.

Good Sound Old Wine, 36s. and 42s. per doz.
Very Fine Old Wines, 48s., 60s., and 72s. per doz.

CHAMPAGNE.

Good quality, Sparkling, 42s. and 48s. per doz.
First-growths (Vintage 1857), 60s. and 72s. per doz.

FINE OLD FRENCH BRANDY,

4s., 5s., and 6s. per bottle.

FINEST OLD

IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEY,

3s. 6d. per bottle; 21s. per gallon.

OLD SCHIEDAM HOLLANDS,

3s. per bottle; 36s. per doz. case.

BEST LONDON GIN,

2s. 6d. per bottle; 15s. per gallon.

W. S. MARSHALL,

(PURVEYOR TO THE QUEEN),

IMPORTER OF WINES AND SPIRITS,

20, STRAND, W.C.