

HAROLD HAWK

OR

THE CONVICT'S VENGEANCE

AN ORIGINAL DOMESTIC DRAMA

IN

T W O A C T S

BY

CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AUTHOR OF

Captain Stevens—A Day in Paris—Unfinished Gentleman—An Hour in Seville—Catching an Heiress—Married Rake—Widow's Victim—Rifle Brigade—Tutor's Assistant—Jacques Strop—Hunting a Turtle—Dancing Barber—King's Gardener—Fairy Lake—Lord Bateman—Behind the Scenes—New Footman—Marceline—Lady and Gentleman in a Peculiarly Perplexing Predicament—Boots at the Swan—King Richard ye Third—Rival Pages—Peggy Green—Mysterious Stranger—Valêt de Sham—Irish Dragoon—Lioness of the North—Taming a Tartar—Phantom Breakfast—White Sergeants—Hotel Charges—Antony and Cleopatra—Antony and Cleopatra Married and Settled—Taken In and Done For—Chamber Practice—Witch of Windermere—Fire Eater—Ask no Questions—Judgment of Paris—Out on the Sly—The Elves, or the Statue Bride—My Friend the Major—Robert Macaire—Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials—Drapery Question—Last of the Pigtails—Bonnie Fish Wife—My Aunt's Husband, &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

909833

*First performed at the Royal Surrey Theatre,
On Monday, 27th September, 1858.*

(Copy of Original Bill.)

Act First, - - - ENGLAND.

Vice and Dissipation.

Leonard Lincoln .. (a Young Soldier, beloved by Jessie) .. Mr. FERNANDEZ.
Joe Lobkins .. (a Boy with a Giant's Heart) .. Mr. H. WIDDICOMB.
Harold Hawk (the Dissipated—the Scamp of the Village) Mr. SHEPHERD.
Leveret } Poachers and Companions { Mr. PERFITT.
Lurcher } of Harold { Mr. BUTLER.
Countrymen, Constables, &c., &c.

Jessie Gray .. (the Village Maiden) .. Mrs. HUDSON KIRBY.
Mrs. Gray (her Aunt) .. Mrs. ATKINS.

Becky Dimple { Maid of All Work at the Wheatsheaf, } Miss CUTHBERT.
the Beloved of Joe }

EXTERIOR OF THE WHEATSHEAF!

The Lonely Fields and Miller's Copse! Part of Woodlands Dell!

A Lapse of Four Years is supposed to take place between the Acts.

Act Second, - - AUSTRALIA.

The Bushranger and the Emigrant's Wife.

Leonard Lincoln .. (a Wealthy Australian Farmer) .. Mr. FERNANDEZ.
Joe Lobkins .. (a Married Man) .. Mr. H. WIDDICOMB.
Harold Hawk .. (a Bushranger and Escaped Convict) .. Mr. SHEPHERD.
Serjeant Howth Mr. DAVY. Soldiers, &c.

Mrs. Lincoln (Formerly Jessie Gray—the Emigrant's Wife) Mrs. HUDSON KIRBY.
Becky .. (Joe's Better-half) .. Miss CUTHBERT.

THE FARM HOUSE OF LEONARD LINCOLN IN AUSTRALIA!

COSTUMES.

LEONARD LINCOLN.—Blue military trousers, with a red stripe down the seams, red cavalry shell jacket, forage cap. **2nd dress.**—Light fustian coat and waistcoat, leather leggings and breeches, drab felt hat.

JOE LOBKINS.—Short corduroy trousers, red striped waistcoat, short-tailed blue jacket, scrubby light hair, and small wideawake hat, grey worsted stockings, and thick ankle boots. **2nd dress.**—A long green smock frock and a fur cap.

HAROLD HAWK.—Green velveteen shooting jacket, corduroy breeches, flowered waistcoat, blue and white spotted neckcloth, long leather gaiters, broad brimmed black hat, red hair, and large whiskers. **2nd dress.**—“Rags and tatters”—the

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remains of a convict's yellow jacket, with a number on the left arm, a checked shirt, flesh body seen through it, grey frieze trousers, torn to ribbons, fleshings seen through, large shoes, tied on with string, long hair, beard and whiskers, face pale and ferocious.

LEVERET AND LURCHER.—Fustian coats, leggings, and wideawake hats.
MRS. GREY.—Brown stuff modern farmer's wife's gown, white apron and cap.

JESSIE GREY.—Chintz gown, white petticoat, short blue cloak, straw hat—for 2nd scene. 2nd dress.—Dove coloured stuff modern gown, cap with pink ribbon.

BECKY DIMPLE.—Brown gown, with a large coarse canvas apron tied behind, grey worsted stockings, and thick laced boots, long red hair, and night cap. 2nd dress.—A man's drab driving coat, with capes, a man's hat, worn over a night cap.

HAROLD HAWK;

OR,

THE CONVICT'S VENGEANCE.

A C T I.

SCENE 1.—*The Interior of a roadside Inn, r. (2nd grooves), with the sign of the "Wheatsheaf" hanging over it.*

LURCHER and LEVERET discovered, seated at a table under a tree near the house, drinking ale in mugs.

LEVERET. Well, Master Lurcher, we'd better be jogging; we've a deal of work afore us, you know. (*looking round*) Halloa! where's Harold?

LURCHER. Oh, he's in the house—the love-sick donkey—trying to wheedle himself into the good graces of pretty Jessie Grey, the "Wheatsheaf's" daughter.

LEVERET. Bah! she's no mate for him; young Leonard Lincoln's the favourite there.

LURCHER. Of course! everybody knows that; but, you see, Leonard's away with his regiment, and that silly fool, Harold, thinks that he'll be able to cut him out. (*pointing through window of house*) Look at him! There he sits, staring at her with eyes goggling like an owl, and drinking glass after glass, till he's as drunk as a piper.

LEVERET. We must have him out—it's getting late, and the long-tails are waiting for us. (*rising, and calling at house door*) Halloa! halloa! Harold! we're going.

HAWK. (*without*) Halloa! stop a minute—stop a minute—must finish my glass.

LEVERET. No, no, come directly, or we'll go without you.

HAWK. (*without.*) Now that's unfriendly—

HAWK enters from house, drunk, with a glass in his hand.

Very unfriendly! Where's your hurry? why can't you be sociable and wait a bit? I won't keep you five minutes. (reeling back to house) I just want to—

LEVERET. No, no, not another instant; come along, or we'll leave you. (going, L.)

HAWK. (with drunken gravity) Very well, very well, gentlemen, then go; I don't choose to be dictated to, nor fettered by anybody! I wish to stay five minutes, and I'll stay five minutes, and no man shall dare to tell me I shan't stay five minutes—so, if you won't wait five minutes, you may go! Good evening! good evening!

LEVERET. Oh, good evening! good evening!—pleasant walk across the forest—good evening!

Exeunt LEVERET and LURCHER, L.

HAWK. Good evening! Confound the forest! what do I care for the forest? I'm not afraid of the forest—no, no—(getting a little alarmed) I rather like to walk through it at night—it's so still, and the trees wave so—pleasantly—and the wind howls so charmingly, and the chains of the murderer's gibbet clank so musically—no, no, I'm not afraid of the forest—no, no, damme! what made those cowards think so? (calling) More brandy, there! (sits at table, sullenly, musing, and showing symptoms of increasing drunkenness) She doesn't care for me—no, no, she hates—she detests me! (striking table, and calling loudly) Are you bringing that brandy?

Enter BECKY DIMPLE from the house, with a glass of brandy and water, which she places on table.

BECKY. What a hurry you be in, surely; you don't give a body time to turn oneself round.

HAWK. (angrily, striking the table.) Be off!

BECKY. The money first, if you please?

HAWK. (throwing down a shilling) Ough! there, you harpy! Begone!

BECKY. Come, I say, don't 'ee call names! Harpy yourself—though I don't know what it means, but I'm sure it's something bad, or you wouldn't say it. (with great contempt) You come courting Miss Jessie! You! Do you think she'd ever demean herself by looking at such a low fellow? Harpy! am I? (in a great rage) You—you drunken hedgehog! I'll find a man to teach you manners!

Exit into house.

HAWK. (drinking) She despises me! Yes, yes, I see it in every look—feel it in every word—and why? Am I old? am I ill-looking?—no, no—then why should she refuse to listen to

me—why should she treat me with such scorn, such detestation? Because I'm fond of drink?—(*violently*) because I've lost my friends?—because I'm poor?—no, no, it's that smooth-tongued Leonard Lincoln! (*furiously—drinking*) he's the cause of my being rejected—but (*ferociously*) I'll settle with him—yes, yes, he shall pay dearly for crossing me—he shall—he shall!

JOE LOBKINS. (*without, L., singing*) Tol lol de rol de riddle de! News—news—glorious news!

Enter JOE LOBKINS, L., in great joy, dancing and singing.

Second edition! News—news—glorious news!

HAWK. Halloa, Joe! what's the matter?

JOE. (*dancing up to him*) News—news—glorious news! (*calling at door*) Missus! Miss Jessie! Becky! the cat, the parrot, and all the establishment! News—news—glorious news! (*dancing and singing*) Tol lol, &c.

Enter MRS. GREY, JESSIE, and BECKY, from the house—

HAWK conceals himself behind the tree.

MRS. G. Heyday Joe! what's the matter?

JOE. News—news—glorious news! Oh, missus! oh, Miss Jessie! oh, Becky! (*singing and dancing*) Tol lol, &c.

BECKY. Drat the boy, he's betwattled! (*holding him*) Keep still, wal 'ee?

JESSIE. What is it, Joe? Any tidings of Leonard?

JOE. Yes, Miss Jessie, yes. Oh, such news—such glorious news! (*beginning to sing and dance*)

BECKY. (*holding him*) Be quiet, you fuile! if thee dances again, I'll fettle thy legs wi' the rolling pin. Out wi' the news at once; don't 'ee see we are all three of us ready to faint away with curiosity?

JOE. Well, then, Miss Jessie, Leonard's got his discharge from the regiment, and is coming home. Ain't that glorious news, eh, Becky? (*dancing and singing*) Tol lol, &c.

BECKY. Yes, Joe, yes; I don't mind thee singing now. (*taking his hand, dancing and singing with him.*)

JESSIE. Oh, my dear aunt, this is, indeed, happiness! But how did you learn it, Joe?

JOE. Why, you see, miss, I went to the post office, over at town, to inquire for letters—when who should come up, just at the moment, a-horseback, but Leonard's captain, Sir James—well, he knew me directly, and he sung out—"Halloa! you young shaver, come here." Of course I took off my hat, and went. "You're Mrs. Grey's boy?" says he. "Yes, Sir James," says I, making my best bow, "I are." "I thought so," says he, a-gunning me all over, from my highlows to my wide awake.

"Well, and how is Mrs. Grey?" says he. "Pretty middlingish, Sir James," says I, scraping my leg, in my mannerish way, "thank you for asking—so is Miss Jessie and Becky, and the—" "That will do," says he, cutting me short with a quick nod, and a flick o' his whip. "Certainly, Sir James," says I. "Well," says he, a-feeling in his pockets, "I've got a letter for your young missus." "Have you, Sir James," says I—"who from?" "What's that to you, you booby?" says he. "No offence, Sir James," says I. "Confound it!" says he, a-fumbling in all his pockets, "what have I done with it? I'm sure I had it somewhere." "Take your time, Sir James," says I, "I'm in no hurry." "Deuce take it," says he, "I must have left it at home—never mind, tell Miss Jessie, with my compliments, that I've got Leonard his discharge from the service, and he's now on his way home." There, Miss Jessie, isn't that glorious news? and moreover, there's a letter I got from the post to comfort you till you get the captain's.

JESSIE. Dear Leonard! (*kissing letter and reading it hastily*) See, see, dear Aunt, he will be here to-morrow. (*reading*) "My dearest Jessie—my letter—"

JOE. Yes, miss, go on—we're all attention—

JESSIE. Well, well, you shall share my happiness.

JOE. Thank you, miss—listen, Becky, it's just the sort o' letter that I'd send to thee.

BECKY. Go along wi' ee, and be a man first.

JESSIE. (*reading*) "My letter by Sir James—"

JOE. Which you won't get till to-morrow—because—

BECKY. Hold thee noise, do!

JESSIE. "Informed you of my good fortune, in obtaining my discharge—

JOE. It didn't do nought o' sort, cause you didn't get it.

BECKY. If thee opens thy ugly mouth again I'll—Go on miss—

JESSIE. "The necessary forms have been completed sooner than I expected, and with my heart almost bursting with joy, I write these few lines to inform you that I shall be with you, dearest Jessie, to-morrow morning, never, never to part again."

JOE. Hurrah! tol lol, lol, de riddle de! (*singing and dancing*) —BECKY joins him, and they foot it joyfully) that's something like a love letter—Eh, Becky? like me—short and sweet. (*kissing her*)

BECKY. Drat'ee, if thee does that again I'll make'ee remember it.

JESSIE. My dear aunt—Oh, I'm so happy!

JOE. So am I miss, and so is Becky, and so is everybody—

ha, ha, ha! (*joyfully rubbing his hands.*) Between Sir James and me, and the post, we haven't had a bad innings to-day—eh, Becky, (*poking her in the ribs*) my lass?

BECKY. Once for all I warn 'ee. I don't stand no nonsense from imperious boys. (*goes up with JOE*)

JESSIE. I must run over to the mill, and tell my dear friend, Ellen, the good news. Fetch me my cloak and bonnet, Becky.

BECKY. Yes, miss. (*going*)

JOE. And I'll come and keep 'ee company.

Goes off with BECKY into house.

MRS. G. No, no dear Jessie, wait till the morning—it's too late to cross the fields alone.

JESSIE. Psha! it's only a step, and Ellen will be so delighted.

Enter BECKY with cloak and bonnet.

BECKY. Here be cloak and bonnet, miss. (*assists her to put them on.*)

JOE. (*calling without*) Becky! oh, oh! come here! here's summat wrong in cellar—make haste!

BECKY. Drat the boy! I dare say he's upset the mash tub. Oh, you fuile! (*runs into house*)

MRS. G. Pray don't think of going, Jessie! it's highly dangerous for yon to cross the fields without company.

JESSIE. (*laughing*) What should I fear; everybody knows me, and I am sure no one would dream of harming me.

MRS. G. Don't be too certain of that. There have been some ugly stories flying about lately—of robberies and house-breakings, and all sorts of dreadful things. Don't go, dear Jessie, pray don't.

JESSIE. Psha! you frightened goose! I've left here later than this. Many and many's the moonlit flit I've had across those meadows, and no one has ever met me, nor followed me, nor thought of me. Good bye, dear aunt—I shall soon be back—good bye—good bye!

Runs off, L.

MRS. G. Silly girl, silly girl! I'm very nervous about those fields—but psha! I'm alarming myself for nothing—there's no danger.

Exit into house.

HAWK. (*advancing*) Alone—crossing the fields! Suppose I—no, no—yet, shall I see her the wife of Leonard—damnation! No, no, proud girl, you shall scorn me no longer.

Exit, L.

Re-enter MRS. GREY, from house.

MRS. G. I don't somehow feel easy about that girl's crossing those fields by herself. I'll send Joe after her. (*calling at house*) here! Joe! Joe! where are you? I want you!

JOE. (*without, in the cellar*) Hollo! what's the matter? I'm busy in the cellar, and can't come!

MRS. G. You must! Get your hat and stick, and come here directly.

JOE. I can't! The tap's out of the ale barrel, and I'm stopping it with my thumb!

MRS. G. Silly blockhead! tilt it up, and come here directly.

JOE. Well, if the beer's lost, its your fault. Lend me a hand here, Becky. Heave ho—yo, ho—there, it's all right. I'll get my hat.

MRS. G. It's true, he's but a boy; but anything will be a protection.

Re-enter JOE, with his hat and a thick stick.

JOE. Here I be misses. What be I to do?

MRS. G. Run as fast as you can after Jessie, and tell her I've sent you to see her safe home. Run! there's a good boy!

JOE. Like a lapwing, misses. I love Miss Jessie, for she's so civil and kind to me. I'll see that no harm comes to her. My stick's a man if I'm not, and (*striking his heart*) here's something that's as big and as strong as a ten foot giant. Don't be afraid, misses, I'll take care of her. *Exit, L.*

MRS. G. Good boy—good boy! Now my mind's easy, I'll go and look after the supper. *Exit into house.*

SCENE 2.—*The Fields—a hedge and stile cross the stage, L.—landscape at back. The moon is seen struggling with the clouds, and the stage grows gradually dark.*

Music—JESSIE appears at back, from R., and crosses the stile—at this moment a flash of lightning and a roll of thunder.

JESSIE. Dear me! there's a storm coming on—and how dark it is! I almost wish I hadn't come. (*getting alarmed*) Psha! what should I fear? there's nothing to harm me. (*a low whistle is heard, L.*) Eh? (*starting*) What's that? (*the whistle is answered, R.*) Ah! (*terrified*) there are people about! These fields are very lonely and—(*looking off, L.*)—Ah! what is that creeping along the hedge?—a man! (*going, R.—recoils*) Another! (*crouches down by the stile*) Heaven protect me!

Music—Enter LURCHER, L. creeping cautiously, and whistling a low note, which is answered by LEVERET, who enters, R., with a quantity of pheasants and hares.

LUCHER. All right, Jem?

LEVERET. Yes—but I've had a hard job to dodge the keepers—they were down upon me at my last fire, and I was obliged

to leave them a brace of long tails, and hook it as fast as a railroad.

LURCHER. Curse 'em! they're always hindering on us. Some of these odd days, I'll have a long shot at some of the varments, and pay off old scores. But what's become of Harold? He was to have met us here, to settle about the breaking in at the parsonage to-night.

JESSIE. (*aside*) Harold the associate of poachers and house-breakers!

LEVERET. Oh, the cur! he's still at the "Wheatsheaf," I suppose, getting drunker and drunker, wasting his time after that girl; mark my word, Ned, he'll split on us one of these fine mornings, see if he dont!

LURCHER. No he won't, for on the first symptom of his doubling upon us, I'll (*showing knife*) stop his cackling—but come, the van will be here directly, and old Turner don't like to be kept waiting for his chickabiddies. (*Music—going towards stile, sees Jessie*) Eh! what's that a listener! (*presenting gun*) Come forward, or I'll fire.

JESSIE. (*advancing*) No, no, Leveret, you've nothing to fear, from me.

LEVERET. }
LURCHER. } Jessie Grey!

LEVERET. How came you here?

JESSIE. I was crossing the fields to go home, when I heard you whistle, and, being frightened—I—I—thought I would hide in the hedge till you had passed.

LURCHER. Then you've heard all we said.

JESSIE. Yes, but by all that's good, I'll not say a word—you both know me, and when I make a promise it is sacred.

LURCHER. Pie crust! (*moodily cocking his gun*) We never trust to nobody's honour—look out, Leveret, I'll make all sure.

LEVERET. (*stopping him*) No, no, I know her better than you; I'd take her bare word against a heap of parsons sworn affadavys; if she says she won't say nothing, she won't—I'll be bail for her—so let her go.

LURCHER Well, you know I'm *naturally* tender hearted, Ned, specially when women's concerned—all right my girl—keep dark, and no harm will come; but mind if you let's out even a feather of what you've seen and heard, you'll repent it; and thank your good character, that your mother hasn't to go into mourning for you. Come, Jem. *Exit over stile, L.*

LEVERET. Good night, Miss Jessie. I know you'll keep your word, but take a fool's advice, get home as soon as you can, and don't be out again o' nights; there's other fellows about that arn't so easy to be choked off as me and my pal;

good night—mind I does this because I knows you has a kind heart, and don't, because you are good yourself, think it your Christian dooty to have no pity nor mercy for them as is druv by poverty to do wrong.

Exit over stile, L.

JESSIE. Oh how frightened I am ! I shall never have strength to reach home. Oh, why did I not take my aunt's advice ? It is dreadful to be alone in this desolate place.

Enter HAWK, over the stile, R., he advances stealthily, R.

I tremble so, I cannot move ! what will become of me ?

HAWK. (*advancing, R.*) Let me be your protector, pretty Jessie.

JESSIE. (*starting with a suppressed scream*) Ah ! Harold ! (*aside*) Oh, this is terrible ! (*trying to appear courageous*) What brings you here, Harold ?

HAWK. (*doggedly*) You—I saw you leave the “ Wheatsheaf,” and I followed, thinking you would need protection in your lonely walk across these fields.

JESSIE. But I need no protection—I am close at the mill, and (*trying to smile*) our neighbourhood has always been famous for its honesty. Besides, I dare say the miller, or one of his men is on the way to meet me; good night. (*trying to pass him, he stops her*)

HAWK. Stay, Jessie ; there's no chance of the miller or any of his people coming for you—I know you are not expected there to-night—so I'm not to be scared that way ; and as to the honesty of the neighbourhood, perhaps you are a little out in your reckoning there too—but that's another matter. Now I have a few words to say to you about myself. (*seizing her arm, and speaking in an under tone of mingled passion and ferocity*) A few words which you *must* listen to, however you may despise and detest me.

JESSIE. (*with firmness*) For your own sake, let me pass—the course you are taking—

HAWK. Is the desperate resource of a man driven mad by your rejection of his love. Oh, Jessie, Jessie, before I met you I was the most industrious, sober, and prosperous lad in the village—everybody respected me, everybody was my friend. What have you made me ? an idler, a drunkard, a penniless, homeless, friendless vagabond—with everybody's heart, everybody's hand—and everybody's door shut against me.

JESSIE. No, no, Harold, you must not blame me—I told you from the first, that my affections were engaged—that Leonard—

HAWK. (*violently*) Leonard ! Curse him ! he has been my rock-a-head through life—crossing me at every turn—but

fortune has at last been kind—he shall not always triumph over me. (*wildly*) Jessie, you must, you *shall* be mine—I have perilled my life for this meeting—there's no help at hand—pledge me your solemn word you will take me for your husband, or—(*seizing her*) force—

JESSIE. Oh, Harold, Harold—do not, I implore you, stay me—I cannot make that promise. (*frantically struggling*) Let me go! Oh, heaven! is there no help? (*screaming*) Help, help, help! (*Music.*)

LEONARD. (*without, l. u. e.*) A woman calling for help!

Enters, and jumps over stile.

Hollo, villain! I'll give you better employment.

(*he rushes forward, strikes down Hawk, and stands over him.*)

JESSIE. (*with a scream of joy, embracing Leonard.*) Leonard!

LEONARD. Jessie! and who's this scoundrel? Harold! you cowardly miscreant! I've a great mind to save the hangman the trouble of finishing you.

HAWK. Baffled again! damnation! (*putting a whistle to his mouth and blowing a shrill blast*) I'll have another try. (*a whistle is heard without*) Ah, then I win! (*shouting*) Here lads, here.

Music.—LEVERET and LURCHER appear, and jump over the stile.

LEVERET. } Halloa, halloa! What's the matter?

LURCHER. }

LEONARD. More villains! Don't cling to me, Jessie, leave my arms free.

HAWK. Now, Leonard, we'll settle accounts. Help, my lads—drop him, while I seize the girl.

(*Music.—LEVERET and LURCHER level their guns—HAWK crosses behind to seize JESSIE—as he passes the stile, JOE LOBKINS rises from behind the hedge, and strikes him down with his stick—he then dashes forward, strikes up the guns of LEVERET and LURCHER, and belabours them—Leveret's gun falls—LEONARD rushes on LURCHER and endeavours to wrest his gun from him—JOE continues beating LEVERET—HAWK recovers from the blow, rises, and is advancing to seize JESSIE, who picks up the gun dropped by Leveret, and presents it at him—LEONARD, in the mean time, overcomes LURCHER, and JOE, LEVERET.—Tableau.*)

JOE. (*dancing, and flourishing stick*) Who's a man now? Hurrah! if I'm a boy, I'm a whopping one—Eh, old fellows? be off you cowardly varmints, or I'll give you another taste of the tooth-pick.

HAWK. We shall meet again, Leonard—(*with ferocity*) then look to it! Your life or mine.

Exit over stile, followed by LEVERET and LURCHER.

JOE. (*with much respect*) Good evening, gentlemen, good evening! sorry you can't oblige us with a longer stay. (*flourishing stick*) Doctor Twig would like to show you a little more civility.

JESSIE. My dear Leonard, to what lucky chance do I owe this happiness?

LEONARD. Anxious to see you, dear Jessie, I could not wait till the morning, so made my journey on foot; on passing the copse yonder, I heard what no *man* ever heard in vain, a woman's cry for help! to leap the hedge, and hasten to the sound was a natural impulse; little did I think it was Jessie who needed my protection. Dear love, how came you here so late, and with that villain?

JESSIE. I was going to the mill, to tell my friend Ellen that you were expected—he followed, and waylaid me. Oh, Leonard! dear Leonard! had you not been at hand—

JOE. There was another *man*, who would have supplied his place. Your aunt sent me after you, to take care of you. I was running ready to break my neck, overing the hedges and ditches, when I heard your cry, a cry, as Leonard says, no *man* ever hears in vain. I put on more steam and got up to the stile just in time to give master Harold a topper—ha, ha, ha! We astonished the vagabonds above a bit—eh, Leonard? ha, ha, ha! They won't forget Doctor Twig, or their lobster salad in a hurry.

JESSIE. Good boy, good boy! your courage and fidelity shall be rewarded.

JOE. Nay, nay, don't 'ee talk of reward, Miss Jessie, I ha' got it already in seeing you safe. Just stick up this little job against the good you and Mr. Leonard has done for me, often and often, and see on which side's the obligation. Lord bless you! I'd a done it for fun—just to try my manliness.

LEONARD. Well, well, my good fellow, we'll find a way to show our gratitude. Come, Jessie, let us get home; you must need repose after your fright. No fear of your being waylaid again; (*taking her hand*) from this time you have two protectors.

JOE. (*showing stick.*) Three! and I flatter myself, that with such brothers in arms, you'd whop the world. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.—*A Front Wood.*

Enter HAROLD, LEVERET, and LURCHER, L.

HAWK. Curses on him—to foil me at such a moment; but I'll have a terrible revenge.

LEVERET. Pooh, pooh! you'll only make matters worse. Why didn't you stick to your poaching and housebreaking like other honest tradesmen, and not waste your time in waylaying girls, and getting yourself and your pals into unnecessary scrapes? Look at my gun—that's gone—so is Lurcher's; and worse than all, there are three witnesses to swear to us.

LURCHER. Yes, you infernal idiot! all through your cursed poaching on your own account; besides which, the girl overheard us talk about the crack at the parson's to-night, so our little game that way is blown.

HAWK. What! does she know that I am concerned in that?

LURCHER. Of course; we let out the whole business before we seed her.

HAWK. Then we are lost.

LEVERET. No, no; there's no fear of her betraying us. She has given her solemn promise to be silent, and I know that nothing could tempt her to break her word; but the other business is serious—we must bolt at once, or the police will have us.

HAWK. There is but one way to secure ourselves.

LURCHER. What is that?

HAWK. To remove the evidence.

LURCHER. What, (making action of cutting a throat.) Knifing 'em?

HAWK. Yes; the "Wheatsheaf" is easily entered—we should catch them asleep—and (with a ferocious smile.) then who's to swear?

LURCHER. A capital thought! I'm ready for one.

LEVERET. But suppose they should wake and resist?

HAWK. No fear of that; we'll wait till they are all fast; but if, by any chance, the first attack should fail, their bare hands will stand no chance with our knives.

LEVERET. I don't much mind the man and the boy, but the girl—

HAWK. Chicken-hearted fool! leave her to me; besides, we can do a little business in our regular line—the old woman's cash box is always well lined, so you see we can kill four birds with one stone.

LURCHER. To be sure; and perhaps pick up a watch, or a

stray spoon or two, and a few other small trifles. Oh, it's a capital game—worth a dozen of the parson's job.

HAWK. Come, then, let's get our masks and tools, and a drop of brandy to put determination into us, and to work. Now, Master Leonard, we'll see who'll win this time.

Exeunt, R.

SCENE 4.—*The Interior of the "Wheatsheaf." A staircase leading to chambers, R. C.—large window, and door in flat, L.*

Music.—JESSIE, LEONARD, and MRS. GREY discovered at supper, seated at table, c., BECKY attending—JOE sits on a stool with a knife and a large hunk of bread and meat.

MRS. G. A lucky escape, my child—in the morning I shall set the police to work, and the villains shall be taken and punished.

JESSIE. No, no, dear mother, I'm safe; and Harold will never again attempt.

MRS. G. I don't know that—a man who can act as he has done should not be suffered to be at large—it's my duty to have him apprehended.

JOE. (*with his mouth full*) Certainly, certainly, missus; and if you can't find a constable plucky enough to collar him, here's a man who will undertake the job wi' a deal of pleasure.

BECKY. Oh, goodness gracious, what a long tail our cat's got, all of a sudden—to hear thee talk one would think thee was the Dooke o' Wellington. Thee collar Harold! thee must eat a good bit more puddin' fust.

JOE. Never mind! I've done well enough wi' dumplings. Only let him tempt to towse thee, that's all—see if I wouldn't smasheat him. (*cutting meat furiously.*) Oh! I'se chopped off a piece of my finger.

BECKY. Oh, you ninnyhammer! thee's always doing something stoopid—here let me tie it up for you.

(retires up with JOE, and binds his finger with a strip of her apron.)

MRS. G. (*rising from table, and advancing*) Now, children! it's getting late, we'd better go to bed. Leonard, you shall go with me to the magistrate's in the morning—and, at the same time you can settle your own little business—eh, Jessie?

LEONARD. Yes, dear mother! (*taking JESSIE's hand*) the first use I make of my liberty will be to—

MRS. G. (*laughing*) Fetter yourself for life—well, well! it's pleasant slavery, after all, and will never be abolished, let the old maids and bachelors rail against it as they will.

JOE. That's exactly my opinion, missus. The old maids and bachelors, with all their bouncing of the advantages of singleness, must feel very cold and uncomfortable on winter nights—I know I do, for one—I se froze to death, and looks at a flannel petticoat with weneration.

BECKY. Oh, thou guise! don't thee talk improper! What does thee know about petticoats?

JOE. (*sentimentally*) Why that they're man's greatest comforts! I never sees one hanging up to dry but I take off my hat to it.

MRS. G. Good night, Leonard! to-morrow's market, so we must start early. Good night, my love! (*kisses JESSIE*) Good night, Joe and Becky! I'll see you to your room, Leonard—clear away, and see everything safe. (*going up stairs*)

LEONARD. Good night, dear Jessie! Oh! three weeks more, and then—

MRS. G. Now, Leonard, are you coming?

LEONARD. Yes, yes—good night! Heaven bless you!

Goes up stairs and exits with MRS. GREY.

JESSIE. Good night, dear Leonard!

LEONARD. (*returning*) Good night, dear.

MRS. G. (*pulling him off*) Come along with thee, do! Oh, you simpletons—you'll soon be cured of this foolishness.

(pulls him off.)

JESSIE. (*looking after LEONARD*) Dear, dear Leonard!

JOE. There, Becky, look at those two turtle doves, and take a lesson in building and coodling.

(trying to put his arm round her.)

BECKY. (*pushing him away*) Go along wi' ee! thee's always a-hindering me wi' some nonsense or other. Fasten the shutters, while I rake out the fire. (*pushing him*) Quick! quick!

Music—JOE fastens the shutters—BECKY rakes out the fire—JESSIE clears the table, and puts cloth, &c., into closet.

BECKY. (*speaking through music*) The trouble I have wi' him, Miss Jessie's, enough to drive me into being a nunnery. (*to JOE, taking away chairs*) Let those things alone, do! I se no peace wi' him from morning till night.

JOE. (*speaking through music—running about to assist BECKY*) Lor' bless you, miss! the boot's on t'other leg; she's always a-haggravating me to take her before parson—she wouldn't be a nunnery for t'world.

JESSIE. Now all's right—good night!

JOE. Good night, miss—(*lighting a stable lantern.*)—good night, Becky! (*showing lantern*) It's cold comfort for a young fellar as is dying for connuberality to sleep in the stable wi' nothing but a truss o' hay for a feather bed. (*sighing comically*)

(exited)

HAROLD HAWK.
HAROLD HAWK.

Sc. 4.

Oh, if thee don't take pity on me soon, I shall go, and be a mormon, or keep a turnpike gate. *Exit, door in flat.*

JESSIE. (*laughing*) Poor Joe—he seems very fond of you, Becky.

BECKY. (*vainly*) Yes, miss, pretty well—though of course I pretend that I don't see his partiality, and never let him suspect that I care a button for him, (*affectionately*) though dear little fellow, if he knew how much I—(*taking candle*) Shall I light you to your room, miss?

JESSIE. No; I shall sit up a little to get ready for the market to-morrow. Good night—be up early.

BECKY. Yes, miss—good night! (*going up stairs—looking after JOE and sighing*.) dear Joe— *Exit.*

JESSIE. (*sitting at table*.) What an eventful night this has been—Leonard's return—my escape—our marriage settled. Oh, so much happiness bewilders me. Dear Leonard! what a contrast between him and Harold! (*shuddering*) a drunkard—a profligate—the associate of poachers and housebreakers. (*rising*) Ah! great powers! I had forgot—those men spoke of a burglary at the parsonage to-night. Oh, if I could give Mr. Wentworth warning of his danger! yet, my promise! no, no, that is sacred—I cannot break my word—yet, my duty to society—my obligations to our good rector—the danger he may be in of losing his life. I must speak—yet, my promise! It was nothing but my known good character on that point saved me from assassination. Shall I, then, forfeit my good name? no, no, I must be dumb. (*greatly excited*) If to-morrow I hear that all the family have been murdered—what shall I say? what shall I do? how can I live? I should feel—ay, and by every law human and divine would be the accomplice of the villains! Oh, Heaven direct me—I cannot be such a fiend. I must—I will save them—I have sworn not to speak, but I have not sworn that I will not be at hand to thwart their plans. I'll go to the parsonage—(*hastily putting on cloak and bonnet*) arouse the family—save them from the threatened danger, and yet not break my word. It is late, and the way is lonely, but a good cause gives me courage, and I'll do my duty. (*Music.—She unlocks the door and is going out, when she suddenly draws back and fastens the door in great alarm*) Ah! three men in masks and frocks lurking round the house! what can they want here? (*Music.—The door is seen to shake*) Ah! they are trying the door! (*Music.—A sound is heard like a pick introduced into a lock*) They are picking the lock! what shall I do? call Leonard and my mother! (*Music.—Going up stairs, nearly falls with fright—the window shutters are seen to move*) Ah! they are trying the shutters. (*calling in terror, faintly*) Leonard!

Leonard! (*Music.*—*The sound of a centre bit is heard—a piece of wood falls, and a hand is seen feeling for the bolt.*) They have found the bolt, they open the shutters. (*frantically calling*) Help! help! Leonard! mother! help! help! thieves! thieves!

Music.—*The shutter is opened, and HAROLD appears at the window—JESSIE, in an agony of terror, screams, and seizing the gun which is standing near the staircase, fires at him, and falls senseless.* HAROLD, who has been struck by the shot, utters a loud yell and falls into the room—at the same moment MRS. GREY, LEONARD, and BECKY enter down staircase, and JOE from door in flat, and form tableau.

MRS. G. Jessie! Jessie! (*to JOE*) Go for assistance. What is this? *Exit JOE, by door.*

JESSIE. He came to rob—I fired, and—(*recognizing HAWK*) Harold!

HAWK. (*raising himself, and looking ferociously at LEONARD and JESSIE.*) Curses on you both! this will send me across the seas, I know; but I shall return, and then beware—I live but for vengeance.

(*Music.*—*He falls fainting—JOE enters with COUNTRYMEN, who raise him up on his knee—he glares savagely at LEONARD and JESSIE—she shrinks from him alarmed, and is supported by LEONARD—BECKY clings to MRS. GREY—and JOE, standing behind HAWK, flourishes a constable's staff—Tableau.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Kitchen of a Log House in Australia—the roof is low, and large beams extend from side to side, on which hams, bacon, ropes of onions, &c. are hanging—a fireplace, R.—door of entrance, in flat, C.—a practicable window, R. in F., through which a forest and wild country are seen—L. 2 E., a door leading to an inner room—a large oak table is in the centre of the stage—L.. a bureau—R., a corn bin and a cupboard—a coat hanging near door, L.—hanging over the corn bin is a long rope and a halter.*

Music.—Enter JOE LOBKINS from C. D.—he is dressed in a long green smock frock, with a fur cap.

JOE. There! wagon be ready, and I've now nought to do but catch t'old horse, and we're ready for market. (*opening bin, and taking out a sieve with corn in it.*) but I've a nation hard job afore me, afore I se down on my gentleman, (*taking a halter from a peg over corn bin*) for if there's one job more difficult in the world than any other job to job, it's catching a skittish horse. It's worse than coaxing ducks out of a pond to come and be killed, for they is ignorant of sage and onion, and is so easily gammoned; but a horse is another pair o' boots—he's had a taste of collars and saddles, and whips and spurs, and is as wide awake as a weasel. You may rattle the 'tiers, (*shaking the oats*) and say (*imitating*) coop, coop, coop, for a blue Monday—he'll sniff, and blow, and winny, and wiggle his ears, and let you creep as near as a toucher; but, the moment you moves a finger to halter him—whoo! down goes his head, and up goes his heels, and he's off to t'other end o' the field, where he stands a taking sights and laughing at you. Even in England, where they're civilised and know manners, they're not to be bamboozled about a deal o' skill and patience; but, here in Australia, they're as wild and independent as the diggers, and they never can't be managed, no how.

BECKY. (*within, calling*) Joe! what art thou doing there, idling thy time? make haste and catch the horse, and get up the wagon. Hurry, hurry; we shall be too late for market.

JOE. All right, ducky! (*dolefully*) There's another o' the disadvantages of living in a land o' liberty. Afore I got married and comed out here, I could do just what I pleased wi' her—I'd only to look loving and say, coop, coop, coop—her arms war round my neck in a twinkling, and I war her dear Joe. Now it's quite wisey warsey—she's caught the hind-pedemic o' the country, and chiveys and hectors me about as though I war a nigger. Oh, I've a great mind, some day, to pluck up a manly spirit, and—

Enter BECKY from room, L. 2. E., dressed for the market, in a man's coat and hat over her cap and petticoats.

BECKY. (*pinching his ear.*) Do what, thou betwattled gaby?

JOE. Eh? oh! nought, ducky—nought! (*aside*) talk of the—eh? well, popsy whopsey, you're all ready for starting, I see?

BECKY. To be sure—and waiting, this half hour. (*pushing him*) Now, look alive do, and get up t'orse—masters worritting to be off. (*pushing him*) Hurry, hurry.

JOE. (*resisting*) Let him worrit—I ain't a going to be driv by nobody. I'se a free-born Hinglishman; leastways, I war before I was married; and I means to stick up for my national hindependence, both ways as a man and a husband.

(*swaggering and taking the stage with dignity.*)

BECKY. (*laughing at him*) Whoo! dost thee know what thee looks like when thee ruffles thy feathers, and struts and babbety bobbetys thy head to and fro in that zany manner? (*laughing*) Thee's for all the world like a turkey gobbler, as has gotten a conceit that he's a peacock. (*laughing and imitating*)

JOE. I won't be laughed at; and let me tell thee, Becky, that though I does allow thee to wear my hat and coat, I ain't agoing to let thee wear the other things as belong to 'em.

BECKY. (*aggravatingly*) If I choose, thee can't help me.

JOE. (*determinedly*) Oh, yes, I can.

BECKY. (*confidently*) Na, thee can't.

JOE. (*swaggering*) Oh, yes, I can.

BECKY. (*smiling maliciously*) Thee can't!

JOE. Just try, that's all.

BECKY. (*coaxingly*) What wouldst thee do, eh? thou crinkety crankety guise?

JOE. Do! why, I'd—(*aside.*) dang it, I can do nought when she looks at me in that way. (*irresolutely*) I'd—I'd—

BECKY. (*looking at him affectionately, and coaxing him*) What now? thee wouldnt ha' the heart to quarrel wi' thy Popsy Whopsy, and make her miserable wouldst thou, darling ducky? (*crying*)

JOE. (*aside—shaking the sieve of corn*) Coop, coop—I'm cotched! (*hugging her*) No, dear Becky, no, I loves thee too well to make thee grieve. Wear what thee pleases, I'll make shift wi' a pair of gaiters.

BECKY. That's my dear Joe—but don't thee be afraid—I'se content wi' the coat?

JOE. Then come along wi' me and help to catch t'orse. Oh, Becky, Becky! it's a good thing for t'orses that they are not men, if they was, and they sent a woman to catch 'em, they'd be haltered at the first—(*imitating her smile, &c.*) "coop, coop, coop."

Exeunt C. D.

Music.—Enter LEONARD and JESSIE from L. 2 E., LEONARD carries a rifle on his shoulder, and a gig whip in his hand—he is dressed as a respectable farmer, in leather leggins, a light fustian coat and waistcoat, large hat, and heavy drab overcoat—JESSIE, as a farmer's wife, in a plain stuff gown and cap.

JESSIE. You're sure you've got everything right, dear Leonard?

LEONARD. Yes dear. (*feeling in his pockets*) The papers for the lawyers, the letters for England, your commissions at the grocers, and the drapers, the deposit for our new farm—Stay—(*taking a bag of money from his breast pocket*) on reflection, I won't take the money, as I shall receive enough at market; so (*giving her the bag*) lock it up in the bureau. (*calling off*) Now then Joe, look alive with the wagon, market will be over before we start.

JESSIE. Don't stay away longer than is necessary, dear Leonard. Though I know there is no danger, I'm such a timid goose, I'm always frightened at being left alone in the house.

LEONARD. (*gaily*) Why what on earth can there be to harm you? the wood pigeons and the rabbits are our only visitors.

JESSIE. I know it's silly to be such a coward, but we're so far from any other house, and (*nervously*) if some of the Ballarat gold diggers, or bush rangers should come by, and find me without protection, I—psha, I'm frightening myself with shadows—this is not the first time you've left me, and if there should be danger, I know how to use a rifle. Here's Joe with the wagon—good bye—don't *you* be afraid—I'll take care of myself.

JOE. All right, master, butter, eggs, and ducks, and chickens, and calves, and pigs, and Becky, be all packed in comfortable—there only wants you and me to make up the family party.

LEONARD. (*kissing JESSIE*) Good bye, dear Jessie! Keep up your courage—I'll be back very early. Go on Joe.

Exit JOE.

Good bye!

JESSIE. Good bye! (*shuts door, and fastens it with a bolt*) After all my efforts to persuade myself there is no danger, it's by no means pleasant to be left alone. I can't help thinking of thieves and murderers; our house is so lonesome, and so near the forest, (*looking round timidly and fixing her eyes on a coat hanging on the wall next door L. 2 F.*) Eh! oh dear! I thought I saw the coat move, and a pair of fierce eyes peeping under the sleeves! (*looking again*) psha! it's only my foolish fear—it's perfectly still and harmless. I ought to be ashamed of myself for being so silly. I'll put away the money, and get ready the dinner. (*Music piano, she unlocks the bureau, and puts in the money bag, speaking through music*) Who would think, now, (*looking over notes in a pocket book*) of our being so rich in so short a time. In another year we shall be able to go home to dear England, and be carriage gentlefolks. (*shuts the bureau and puts the key in her pocket—a low knock is heard at the door—starting—alarmed*) Who's there? (*the knock is repeated*) Ah! it's Leonard, come for something, and he's trying to frighten me, (*giving*

to door and unbolting it) no, no, Mr. Leonard, it won't do; I'm not to be caught.

She opens the door—a strong chord—and HAWK appears; he is dressed as a convict, in picturesque rags, with long hair and beard; he has a fetter and a piece of chain round one of his ankles, and his whole appearance is wild, haggard, and ferocious.

JESSIE. (screaming, and recoiling in terror) Ah!

(HAWK locks and bolts the door, and puts the key in his pocket)

HAWK. Don't be alarmed, my pretty linnet; I'm only a poor traveller, in want of a little food and money. (recognizing her, and starting) Jessie Grey!

JESSIE. Gracious powers! Harold!

HAWK. At your service—what a happy meeting. (wiping his lips with his sleeves, and advancing) Permit me, Mrs. Lincoln, to—

JESSIE. Back, Harold, back! if you have one spark of good feeling left, respect my helplessness, and depart.

HAWK. (laughing wildly) Good feeling! ha, ha, ha! I have long since bid adieu to everything that is human—I am a tiger thirsting for blood. Look here—(showing a scar on his breast) here's your mark, and (showing fetter and chain) here's what you brought me to. For three long years I have toiled from sunrise to sundown with the convict gang, in chains and hopeless misery—(shouting frantically)—for you, for you, Jessie, and your cursed husband; but I told you my day would come—I've escaped to the bush, and now I'll fill the cup of vengeance to the brim. Give me some food and brandy—quick—I'm starving.

JESSIE. Oh, Harold, Harold, forgive me—forgive me; I did not mean to harm you—when I fired at you I did not know—

HAWK. The shot I could forgive, but (striking his heart) here, here, here's the wrong that can never be repaired nor forgiven. (staggering to chair near table.) The food and brandy, woman—I'm fainting.

(Music.—JESSIE goes to cupboard and places bread and meat and a knife on the table, looking all the while at HAWK with great terror.)

JESSIE. There, there, eat, and let me try to excuse myself and Leonard—

HAWK. (furiously) Don't mention his name, or (grasping knife, and looking at her with ferocity) I'll—the brandy, the brandy! (eating voraciously)

(Music.—JESSIE, suddenly conceiving a hope of escape, watches her opportunity, and while his eyes are for a mo-

ment turned from her, steals to door, L. 2 E., but in turning the handle the lock snaps—HAROLD turns, and seeing her intention, starts up and seizes her.

HAWK. What are you doing there?

JESSIE. (*trembling*) The—the brandy.

HAWK. You don't keep brandy in the bed room. (*throwing her round*) Find it here, or (*showing knife*) you know what will happen. (*Music.—sits again at table—JESSIE goes to closet and brings forward brandy bottle and a glass*) Ah, that's right; I knew you had made a mistake—fill—fill—full—full—my heart is cold—again—again! (*JESSIE fills the glass twice, and HAWK drinks*) Now, sit down, and I'll tell you all that has happened to me since you and your husband bore witness against me. No shrinking—sit down—(*JESSIE sinks nearly exhausted into a chair*) That's right! your health, Mrs. Lincoln. (*drinks.*) Ha, ha, ha! The brandy's capital. Well, a few days after my conviction, I was packed off with a drove of other poor devils, to a ship that was waiting for us at Plymouth to take us to the land of promise. (*laughing wildly*) Ha, ha, ha! You've heard of the pleasures of a sea voyage—ha, ha, ha! Ladies and gentlemen going passengers to India, with fine cabins and three course dinners and champagne every day—ha, ha, ha! We hadn't those little comforts—no, no; for five months we were stowed between decks, packed like herrings in a tub, and fed on scanty rations of salt junk and mouldy biscuit. (*drinking*) This brandy is delicious. Well, four of our party got so tired of their comforts that they died of 'em—ha, ha, ha! And I was very near following their good example, but I was never lucky in anything. I recovered, and was landed—of course I had friends to welcome me—oh, yes—ha, ha, ha! Chains and hard labour. (*drinking and getting greatly intoxicated*) This brandy is cap—capital. Well, I worked, I worked, I worked—(*shouting frantically and striking table*) three years—three years—(*laughing hysterically*)—three years of convict labour! oh, how I cursed—oh, how I prayed for death. You asked me just now if I had any good feeling left. (*with terrible intensity*) If I had been an angel, my tortures would have made me a demon. I watched, and watched, determined to escape. At last the moment came—I feigned illness—was left alone in the infirmary without a guard—I rushed upon the turnkey, strangled him ere he could give the alarm, and was off in safety to the bush. Ha, ha, ha! It was bravely done. For six weeks the blood hounds have been hunting for me, but I have baffled them. (*rising*) Liberty! liberty! Oh, how I drank the air, and reveled in the sunshine! each blade of grass—each leaf—each drop of dew—I was free! I was free! (*re-*

turning to his seat) I had companions in the bush. (laughing savagely) Ha, ha, ha! Heart companions—kindred spirits. (striking table) The wolves and tigers—I consort with them in their lairs, and shared their prey; but, our common enemy, man, the greater savage, forced me to leave my paradise—I fled to the coast, hiding by day, and running by night, the blood-hounds always at my heels—for two days I haven't tasted food—I was nearly beaten, when I saw the smoke of your chimney—I made for it, and to my joy found (bowing with sarcastic politeness) my old sweetheart, Mrs. Lincoln.

JESSIE (*aside, in great terror*) Oh, Heaven protect me—he is maddened by drink, and lost to all human feeling. Oh, Leonard! Leonard! (*observing that he is falling asleep*) If I could gain the window, I might escape.

(*Music.—She rises cautiously, and is creeping to the window, when Hawk opens his eyes, and strikes the table violently.*)

HAWK. Holloa! stop! stop! I've not done with you yet. Back! back! or it will be the worse for you. (*rising with difficulty*) Now, having recruited my strength with your good cheer, I'll proceed (*holding on by table*) with the other part of my business. I believe I mentioned that I wanted a little money—oblige me with the key of your bureau.

JESSIE. (*in a faint voice, in great terror*) Oh, Harold, surely you will not rob us of our hard earned savings!

HAWK. (*violently*) I would do anything. Don't call me Harold! look; (*showing a number on the arm of his jacket*) Harold died (*with a touch of tenderness*) when Jessie Grey bore witness against him. I've no name now—a number is my only distinction from my brother (*brushing away a tear*) felons; (*resuming his savageness*) but time flies—I saw you lock up the bag and pocket-book—the key.

JESSIE. (*falling on her knees*) Oh, I implore you, do not.

HAWK. (*grasping knife*) No trifling! the key, or—

JESSIE. (*in an agony of terror—giving it to him*) There.

HAWK. That's right! there's nothing like doing things with a good grace. Now, do me the favour (*pointing to bureau*) to stand in my sight while I finish my business, as I have no mind to be interrupted. (*Music.—JESSIE staggers across to bureau, and sinks on the floor beside it—he opens the drawers, &c., and takes out bag and pocket-book*) Ah, this will make me comfortable. Leonard's a fool to keep so much money in a lone house—it's a temptation to rob and—(*securing the money in his pocket, and looking earnestly at JESSIE, who is lying huddled upon the floor, supported by the bureau, almost insensible—aside*) Yes, it must be done—she mustn't bear witness against me again. (*leaning on bureau—looking at her, and musing*) This

will get me a passage to America, and I shall again hold up my head. (*looking at her with a murderous expression*) Yes, yes—it must be done. (*abruptly, in a hoarse tone*) Jessie!

JESSIE. (*starting on her feet, catching at the bureau for support, endeavouring to appear calm, and looking at him timidly*) Harold!

HAWK. (*angrily*) I told you not to—(*somewhat subdued by her look of hopeless terror, and speaking gently*) Well, well, call me what you will. (*looking at her with tenderness—aside in deep emotion*) That angel face—those tears—that look of terror! (*with a burst of feeling*) No, no, fiend as I am, I cannot harm her. (*crosses to R.*) My vengeance shall be on him. Come closer. (*she advances trembling*) I am not angry now—I have a vision of the old time coming over me. (*holding out his hand—in a tremulous voice*) Jessie, will you take that hand in yours, for once, and the last time? (*she shudders and draws back*) Ah! (*sternly*) why do you shrink away? you cannot feel the blood. (*JESSIE, with a violent effort, places her hand in his*) Ah! (*pressing it fervently*) had this been mine instead of—(*with returning ferocity—stamping his foot and crossing to L.*) Fiends of hell! why should I leave him happiness, when it is in my power to tear it from him! (*wildly*) Jessie! Jessie Grey! my Jessie—I'll call you by no other name—I am a convicted felon—a ruffian—dead alike to pity and remorse. We are alone—there is no hope for help—for years I have cherished a deadly hate against the man who stole you from me—revenge on Leonard Lincoln has been the sole object of my life. Just now I was on the point of striking a blow which would have made us quits—my knife was in my hand to murder you.

JESSIE. (*in an agony of terror*) Oh, horror!

HAWK. Yes, Jessie; I would have done it, but my heart quailed at the sight of that face I so adored in other days—spite of my oath, and my convict's cruelty, I had not courage to harm you. (*wildly, with passionate earnestness*) Jessie, Jessie, I spared you, though I knew my life was in your hands—I have tried to be human, but the thought of Leonard—oh, that is torture. I will be revenged on him—life is dear to us all—I give you your choice—fly with me and share my fortune, or die.

JESSIE. Oh, Harold, mercy—mercy.

HAWK. (*seizing her and dragging her to door—she screams and struggles*) Come, come, resistance is vain—soon, soon the broad ocean will be between us and this hated land—I will love you, Jessie, fervently, devotedly—my future life shall atone for my past. Come, come, you must—you shall be mine.

JESSIE. (*screaming*) Never! never! sooner take my life.

HAWK. (*throwing her from him with savage fury—she falls*)
Then be it so.

(*Music.—He grasps the knife, and advances to seize her, she screams in terror, and clasps his knees.*)

JESSIE. Oh, have mercy on me. Harold! Harold! pity my helplessness. Oh, for the love of Heaven, spare me—spare me!

HAWK. You plead in vain—my heart is stone.

(*he raises the knife, and is about to stab her, when she utters a loud shriek.*)

JESSIE. (*frantically*) Help, help, help!

JOE LOBKINS. (*without, at a distance, shouting*) Hollo! hollo!

JESSIE. (*with a scream of joy*) Ah! help is at hand. (*struggling with him, and calling frantically*) Joe! Joe! Leonard! Leonard!

(*distant murmurs, in which the voice of LEONARD is heard.*)

Music forte.—JOE LOBKINS jumps in by the window, armed with the stick he used in the first act.

JOE. Hollo! we'm a coming! what's the shindy? (*flourishing stick*) We're all here! here's at you, stranger.

(*advances upon HAROLD with stick—JESSIE runs out by door, calling—“Leonard! Leonard!”*)

HAWK. Damnation! foiled again.

(*rushes ferociously at JOE with the knife.*)

JOE. No, you don't, old flick! (*dodges him round the stage, and jumps over the table—he sees the rope on the corn bin, snatches it up, and throws it over HAWK, who is caught in the running noose—with a shout of exultation*) Ha, ha! I've haltered him. (*pulling the cord over the table*) Coop, coop, coop! (*shouting at the top of his voice*) Leonard! Leonard! make haste! make haste!

(*SOLDIERS appear at the window and shoot HAWK, who staggers forward and falls.*)

LEONARD, JESSIE, and SOLDIERS enter by door. *Music changes—HAWK is raised by SOLDIERS, who take off the rope—he looks ferociously at LEONARD, and with a convulsive effort starts on his feet, snatches a musket from one of the SOLDIERS, and presents it at LEONARD, his arm is caught, and the musket thrown up by the other SOLDIERS—he struggles with them, and is forced down and held by them—he looks at JESSIE with affection, and with hate and fury at LEONARD, and falls on his face dead.—Tableau.*

SOLDIERS.

HAWK.

LEONARD.

JESSIE.

JOE.

L.

R.

CURTAIN.