

THE
GITANILLA;
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ZINCALL.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

J. CRAWFORD WILSON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

"Jonathan Oldaker," "The Village Pearl," &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market),

LONDON.

9369

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Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick.*

T H E C O M I C T A T A N N U L L U S A S

OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE ZINCALI.

To live solely in the Real, to the total exclusion of the Ideal, would be an impossibility. There is a future for all men, and leading to that future there is the ladder of hope, and with hope, or rather around her, there is the atmosphere of Romance; the golden sunbeams emitted by hope, to enliven our darkness, and gild with evanescent glories our every-day reality. Romance has a greater power and exercises a more potent sway over mankind, than mankind is honest enough to admit. Childhood blends Romance with every anticipated pleasure—youth lives in it, and achieves nothing without it, and manhood revels in it. Romance tinges everything struggled for, with a hue more brilliant than ever could be cast upon it, by leaden-coloured sober-sided reality. For us who live in this every-day world, and who are such pensioners upon Romance, what can afford more true pleasure than the study of the characters of those whose lives are the very embodiment of what we admire most in the Romantic. The Wandering Tribes descended from the ancient Egyptians, whether we call them Cales, Zingaries, Gitanas, Bohemians, or Gipsies, stand forth most prominently; ever on the move, with no settled home, submitting religiously to the laws bequeathed to them by their swarthy ancestors, and handed down from father to son during generations, unchanged and still unchanging; whilst the rulers of the lands in which they sojourn frame new laws, and repudiate old statutes, overturn systems, and build up constitutions, they, with their positions as it were, on an angle of our earth, and content with being pointed at as the Pariahs of civilized life—live to themselves, and amongst themselves, a colony within colonies, a strange people amid peoples. The astounding success attendant upon the production of the New Drama, entitled GITANILLA; OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE ZINCALI! may be traced to several sources. In this eminently exciting Play, every Act and Scene of which, is replete with the Poetry and wild Romance of real Gipsy Life, the Painter has striven to outstrip the Author, and the Management to excel both, in endeavouring to place before the Public an entertainment, calculated to instruct the mind, whilst it pleases the eye, and to appeal to all the better feelings of our nature, claiming from innocence the smile, from sympathy the tear, from childhood the merry laugh, from old age the approving nod; and from all that see it, the hearty applause that a meritorious production should receive from an enlightened and discriminating audience.

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The Drama written by J. CRAWFORD WILSON, Esq. The New and Extensive Scenery by Mr. DALBY and Mr. HERBERTTE. The Music composed and arranged by MR. ISAACSON. The Appropriate Dresses, by MR. and M^{rs}. VOKES. The Machinery, by MR. DRUMMOND. The Appointments, by MR. SOLBROW. Dances arranged by MR. A. TAPPING. Gas Department by MR. HINCKLEY. The Drama arranged and produced by MR. SHEPHERD.

THE GITANILLA.

LORD CLIFFORD (<i>a young English Nobleman on his travels</i>)	Mr. J. F. WARDE N.
MR. BROWN (<i>Lord Clifford's Valet</i>)	Mr. CHARLES RICE.
JOE (<i>Mr. Brown's Friend and Companion</i>)	Mr. BRINSLEY.
MORGAN	Mr. WRIGHT.
JAILOR	Mr. BUTLER.
NINA (<i>a Spanish Girl</i>)..... (Who will sing an Original Song, composed by MR. ISAACSON, the words by MR. J. C. WILSON)	Miss JENNY BELLAIR.
LADY EMILY (<i>a young English Widow</i>)	Miss FORESTER.
JUAN (<i>a child</i>)	Miss VOKES.
CHILDREN OF THE ZINCALI.	
BENDITO (<i>surnamed the Good, an aged Seer and Father of the Tribe</i>)	Mr. JAMES HOLLOWAY.
PEDRO (<i>COUNT of the Zincali, and Chief of the Tribe</i>)	Mr. CRESWICK.
EMANUEL (<i>a Zincali Chief</i>)	Mr. A. TAPPING.
PIETRO (<i>Emmanuel's Friend</i>)	Mr. STRETTON.
DIEGO	Mr. HUMERSTON.
EMIQUE	Mr. LEONARD.
RIEGO	Mr. IRELAND.
CAMILA (<i>the Gitawilla</i>)	Miss PAGE.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

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ACT 1—SPAIN.

The following New and Extensive Scenery painted expressly for this Drama :—

RUINS OF A MOORISH CAVE. (Herberte.)

THE COURT OF LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA—Moonlight. (Dalby.)

OUTSKIRTS OF THE ALHAMBRA. (Dalby.)

A Lapse of Six Years between the First and Second Acts.

ACTS 2 & 3—WALES.

LORD CLIFFORD'S VILLA AND GARDENS,

In the vicinity of Carmarthenshire, Wales. (Herberte).

COURT-YARD OF A PRISON. (Dalby). **A CAVE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WALES.** (Dalby.)

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, AND MOUNTAIN CATA-RACT !

THE GITANILLA;

OR,

THE CHILDREN OF THE ZINCALI.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Gloomy Cave, dimly lighted by a solitary lamp; a brazier suspended from three rude sticks, placed over a slow fire, c.; open door in flat; practicable door, R. U. E.; BENDITO seated upon antique stool, peering into the brazier; moonlight seen through c.*

BEND. Not now, not now—not while the moon is wading through the snow above the mountain tops, and quenching the light of the bright beautiful stars, until the heavens run together like the printed pages of a book which one has not the heart to read. Not yet, not yet—I must wait until the skies are purple again, and the sentinels of the night come out with fire in their orbits. Accursed be the moon!—she is the friend of the Busnè—never of the Gitana. May the stars that have a language for the Egyptian grow powerful, and smite the pale-faced traitress from her seat above the clouds. Hark! a step!—'tis that of Pedro, the chief of the tribe—the betrothed of my Camilla.

PEDRO enters *gaily*, L. 3 E.; BENDITO speaks without looking at him.

So you are back at last, Pedro—and more like a stranger than ever! What Busnè bewitched you in the fair of Seville, that you return to Granada in a garb like that?

PEDRO. Bewitched me, father!—why this is folly. I have but added this cap to the garments I wore when I went from hence. Camilla will not welcome me so coldly.

BEND. It is Moorish; no son of the Gitana should wear it. Your silver buttons, with their rattling rings, and the golden chains that hang over your bosom, would be fitter trappings for the neck of a Christian's mule, than the breast of a Count boasting the high blood of a Zincali.

PEDRO. You should find no fault with the buttons, for they are from the best silver works of Barcelona ; nor with my dress, for I well remember your wearing such, and being decorated with a scarf of India around your waist, like this, which in me your eyes appear now to condemn.

BEND. (*fiercely*) And I remember, too, I wrested my spoils from the hands of the Busnè, and dyed my knife in their hearts' blood. How is it with you, Pedro ? How many of that accursed race now stiffen upon the mountains, that you are tricked out so bravely ?

PEDRO. None ;—my hands are unstained. You can read the past as the future ;—look there !

BEND. (*scornfully*) None ?—I knew it. None ? Then how many mules have you shorn in Seville, to earn the glories that are hung upon your back ?

PEDRO. Camilla would not so 'aunt me : if she dared—

BEND. If she dared !—well, what then ?

PEDRO. Why, then I would fling this chain of gold, which is to lace up her wedding bodice, into the waters of the Darro. But she could not—no one else amongst our people should thus revile me ; but you are old, and learned, and of her blood—were you aught else—

BEND. What then ? Let me see the chain.

PEDRO. Were you not the father of the tribe, I could not have borne your taunts so tamely.

BEND. The chain burns in my palm—the rings in my ears are red hot ! I know the sign. Our people have not altogether sunk to be mere trimmers of mules and donkeys ! This was won, not slaved for, Pedro.

PEDRO. Hush!—the Busnè may be hanging even now about our caves.

BEND. Ha, ha !—is it so ? The gold has been baptised then—baptised in the heart's blood of the scoffer.

PEDRO. The sheen of my knife is untarnished.

BEND. True, true ; but the finger nails of the tribe have been reddened, and you, Pedro, are their chief. Sit down—sit down here upon this ancient stool ; for since you have warmed my palm with the gold that has not been toiled for, the seat of the Calès is your own. Now, whose was the knife won this ?

PEDRO. Nay, father, I love not blood. He made no resistance : we therefore could not slay him.

BEND. Away from my sight, degenerate son of a noble line ! Have you leagued with the stars against me ? The viper should have been crushed : your heel was upon his head, yet you spared him.

PEDRO. But, father—

BEND. No father I of thine. Now, mark me : the Busnè

lives, and with his fate is entwined Camilla's. Aye, start!—your own destiny is in the scale. Each hour of his life breathes a death upon your hopes, mayhap dishonour upon the blood of your people. Now leave me, and begone!—Bendito sickens in your sight.

PEDRO. I go not until I have seen my betrothed. Step aside; I have waited her welcome too long.

BEND. You shall not pass!

PEDRO. (*snatching up lamp*) Shall not?—we shall see.

BEND. (*springing between him and door, L. U. E.*) Back, on your life! Set but a finger upon the door of her chamber, and a blight, more withering and eternal than that of the deadly upas, shall shrivel up your hopes!

PEDRO. Then let it fall. I care not. (*rushes past him through door*)

BEND. It has fallen; the spells of Bendito are unwound.

PEDRO. (*returning pale*) She is not there, Bendito. Where is she?

BEND. (*dejectedly*) I know not, she went to the Alhambra this morning and has not yet returned.

PEDRO. Not yet returned! Then I will seek her there.

BEND. (*wildly*) You, you! what must the curse be doubled! You her betrothed—would you trample wantonly on what was your hope, or dare you bring even the shadow of a shame upon the daughter of the Gitana?

PEDRO. Shame!

BEND. Aye! forget you the laws of the Calès?

PEDRO. I did for a moment forget; but yet this is strange. With whom of our tribe has she wandered forth?

BEND. With none. The Busnē before whose pale faces your paler blood turns to water, are plenty in the courts of the Alhambra.

PEDRO. The Busnē, only the Busnē—ha, ha, ha! Why said you not that before? She is at her work, though somewhat late methinks, charming, with the magnetism of her eyes and the fairy movements of her tiny feet, the gold, father, the yellow gold from the purses of the sleek-faced Sybarites. But for the future I alone must look into her eyes, and for me alone must the graces of her figure start into joyous motion. Tell her so, father! At daybreak I shall be here again.

Exit, L. U. E.

BEND. At daybreak!—ere then, the spirits of the herbs shall be ready at my call, for the ghosts of those yet to pass away, flit but dimly before my eyes. (*goes to brazier*) Simmer, simmer, simmer! a destiny in every bubble! a death in every drop!

(*as BENDITO reseats himself, scene closes in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Thicket in the vicinity of the Alhambra. Moonlight.*

Enter PEDRO, R.

PEDRO. There's mischief in the night, for the weird Bendito works his mystic spells, with the plants upon which the moonbeams have slept, and mutters strange words in his dusky cave as the embers burn low, and the brazier hisses and fumes. Hark!—footsteps! Camilla's perhaps! But, no! her tread is light as the zephyr's kiss, and her movements noiseless as the spectral moonbeam. Lovely is she, and pure as the birth of a first love: and yet around her and above her in the dim distance, I see sorrow like a bodiless ghost, mighty in its gloom, flinging between her and her future—the first shadows of oblivion. Where can she be now? Whither can she have strayed? Ha! nearer and nearer, the footfalls laboured and slow, more akin to the cautious step of the wily fox, than the bounding motion of the wild gazelle. I shall retire and mark.

PEDRO goes out, L. 2 E.

Enter BROWN and JOE, the latter grimacing, L.

BROWN. Now, now, Joe, don't be too for'red. Keep your place, Joe—why are you making such a hobject of yourself, you hidiot? You're not particularly 'ansome at the best of times, and it strikes me sum'at forcibly, that if you go on making such a hindia-rubber what-ye-call-it of your head piece, you'll have all the gipsies about Granada running after ye as they would after any other unnatural curiosity.

JOE. What do you mean by a hindia-rubber what-ye-call-it?

BROWN. Why, the squishety-squashety faces they call hornaments, that the kids play with—that look, when they squeeze them up, as you're looking now. I saw one in London before I came out here as walley-de-sham to my lord—the werry born himage o' you.

JOE. Then it must have been a beauty and no mistake.

BROWN. Yes, it was! and so are you, Joe—a born beauty, Joe; but it seems to me, you left it all in your cradle when you were a cutting o' your teeth, and your mother forgot to tell you to go back for it.

JOE. I should like to have seen one on 'em.. Ho, ho, ho! how was it made?

BROWN. Why, Joseph, it was made like yourself: with a face like a door knocker, and nothing at all where the brains ought to be. What are ye hollorin' after—what have you been doing to yourself, you juvenile hippopotamus? What are you rubbing and winking for?

JOE. I tumbled, coming up that 'ere cursed hill, heels over

tip, into a thorn bush as big as a feather bed, but just not quite so comfortable. I'm stuck as full as a pincushion with half a ton weight of them.

BROWN. (*feeling him*) Why, Joseph, bless me if you ain't been an' made a hout an' hout hedgehog of yourself—a kind of porkepine—on a large scale, with the skin turned inside out. (*pokes JOE*)

JOE. Hold hard there! gently does it—your clothes are so tight, that I'm ticklish.

BROWN. Don't be a fool, Joe—don't be a fool if you can help it. Keep yourself up like a respectable individual, and don't be doubling your back into a pot hook, like a badly boiled shrimp. Look at me—look at me now, in my lord's clothes, you could not tell me from a gentleman.

JOE. Appearances is so deceitful though, ain't they now?

BROWN. They is, Joseph; for though you are dressed up in my livery, you don't look a bit like a gentleman's gentleman—you're more like a dropsical heliphant.

JOE. I don't know how I looks; but, I know precious well that I feel confoundedly tight in this here toggery—they want a little stretching, I think.

BROWN. They don't, you hignoramus! If you ain't comfortable, take my advice, Joe—take physic—take physic, Joseph. It ain't the clothes that's too little—it's you that's a trifle too big.

JOE. What, Brown?—take physic?

BROWN. No familiarities, my delicate pippin—remember, I'm your betters; and, as I said before, if you feel a little too tight, take physic.

JOE. What for, Mr. Brown?

BROWN. That's better. What for? Why, to abridge yourself, to be sure, you bloated hinfant—that's what they do with the books—they abridges them—they take away all the rubbish, and sometimes leave nothing but the covers.

JOE. You don't say so!

BROWN. Yes, but I does. I does say so, Joseph; but we must not do that in your case, or I'd have nothing but the clothes left. Heads up, Joe!

JOE. It's all very well to say heads up, Brown; but, I'm as tight in these here hinexpressibles, as a badger in the grip of a bull dog. What's your game?—what's it all for?

BROWN. Now, Joe, only that I've a sneaking regard for you, I'd dismiss you for taking such liberties; but, since I knows you, I computes it to your hignorance. You have seen that gipsy lass that dances before my lord at the Alhambra.

JOE. Yes, I've seen her; but, you ain't nuts upon her?

BROWN. Yes, but I am; I wants her to dance before me.

JOE. He, he, he!—ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho!

BROWN. What are you bellowing at, you trombone-throated double-bassed donkey!

JOE. She dance before you—oh, oh, oh!

BROWN. And why not—ho, ho, ho! don't you see that she won't know the difference, now that I'm dressed in my master's clothes, until I have my arm round her neck, and then—leave the rest to me.

JOE. But, what did you want me for?—and why did you put me into this family mangle?

BROWN. Silence, Joe! I wanted you for use, not ornament. I knew that if we were to meet any of these curly-headed gipsies, that you're big and ugly enough to frighten away a score of them.

JOE. Then here comes one on 'em. My eyes and elbows! what a guy he does look!

BROWN. Stand beside me, Joe. I'll speak to him.

Enter PEDRO, muffled, L.

Good evening to you, sir, good evening—keep close, Joe—mighty fine weather, sir, ain't it?

PEDRO. (L.) Fool! what brings you here?

BROWN. Fall back, you fool! Don't you see the swell knows the difference between us?

PEDRO. (L.) Who are you?

BROWN. One of the Browns—one of the real Browns. We're rather a long-tailed family; but I'm *the* Brown. There's the whitey Browns, and the snuffy Browns, and the red Browns, and the light Browns, and the dark Browns——

JOE. (R.) And the done Browns—ho, ho, ho!

BROWN. Silence, Joe! And the done Browns, as my wally 'as stated; but I belong to the highest order of 'em, for I'm one of the jolly Browns.

PEDRO. What do you here sneaking in borrowed clothes beneath the shadows of the Alhambra?

BROWN. Sneaking!—closer Joe. Borrowed clothes!—well I'm blowed if you ain't a going it, old cloak and curls!

JOE. You see, your honour, this here pal of mine——

BROWN. Pal, Joe, pal—what are you talking on? respect your livery, Joe, and don't forget yourself.

JOE. This here master of mine, yer honour, is a bit of a rummy one: he has an eye after the gals; and we're out on an expedition like, after a gipsy.

PEDRO. A gipsy girl?

BROWN. You're one of the Greens, ain't you? a jolly Green, too, if you think it's after a gipsy boy I've come. It's a gipsy girl, old wig block; and, my stars, ain't she a goer! she dances as lightly as a puppet on wires, and looks for all the world as if she was made out of a bundle of live eels.

PEDRO. And this gipsy girl waits for you?

BROWN. No, not for me, but for my master—confound it!

I mean a friend of mine—a lord. It would do your eyes good to see her foot it before him.

PEDRO. Her name?

BROWN. Joe, her name?

JOE. Blowed if I know!

PEDRO. Her name, I say?

BROWN. There, there, be calm—don't make a sky-rocket of yourself. Joe, close up. I don't know her name—but when she steps it to the clickety clackety of her castanets—

PEDRO. Her castanets!

BROWN. With her black curly hair, almost to her feet, she twists my lord round her finger until he twists his arm round her waist.

PEDRO. Dog, who is your master?

BROWN. Rather too free, young man—keep off!

PEDRO. (*seizing him by the throat—JOE runs off, R.*) Out with it, cur; who is he?

BROWN. Oh, lord, oh, lord! my lord? oh, lord, oh, lord!

PEDRO. His name?

BROWN. (*half choked*) Clifford—Lord Clifford. And now that I see your face; you are the rob—the gip—I mean the gentleman, that borrowed his money and chain on the road from Seville.

PEDRO. (*releasing him*) Ha, ha! the taunt of Bendito is merited. "The viper should have died." Out of my path! I fly at higher game. "Each hour of his life breathes death upon your hopes; mayhap, dishonour upon the blood of your people;" so said the sage. Hark, hark! 'tis the castanets of Camilla in the distance. Now for the Alhambra and vengeance.

Exeunt, PEDRO, L., BROWN, R.

SCENE THIRD.—*Court of the Alhambra, ruined pillars on every side—marble colonnade at back—figure of lion upon pedestal, c.—ions at wings—starlight.*

CLIFFORD discovered reclining listlessly upon the steps leading up to the lions—GIPSY GIRLS dancing round him, to whom he flings money, without taking any interest in their movements—suddenly they cry, "Camilla! Camilla!"—CLIFFORD starts up as CAMILLA enters, L., dancing before him to the click of her castanets, she soon starts away, L., followed by CLIFFORD, as GIPSY GIRLS go off R.—when the stage is clear, CLIFFORD and CAMILLA return, her head leaning upon his breast—moon emerging.

CLIFFORD. (R.) Why did you steal away so suddenly,

Camilla? Will you not speak? Nay, nay, why tremble you? You cannot be afraid of me?

CAMIL. Afraid, oh no; that is not the word. I want another for you.

CLIF. Love! is it not love, my Camilla?

CAMIL. I do not know. Love! Love is a soft, sweet word, but yet it does not mean enough for me. I am so happy that I grow faint with it. Tell me; oh, tell me, my beloved, does ecstasy like this ever kill? My breath comes heavily. I long to creep away into the shadows, and cry myself to sleep.

CLIF. Why do you wish to weep? Tears are for the unhappy.

CAMIL. And yet, my eyes are flooded with delight. Oh, let me drink in thy breath, my beautiful, my own. Let me again pillow my head upon thy bosom. Ha! (*starts away from him, horror stricken, as PEDRO steals across back of stage*)

CLIF. What now, my gentle trembler, what ails thee now?

CAMIL. (L.) Hush! that moment something came over me. I felt the presence of—

CLIF. (R.) Of whom?

CAMIL. Pedro.

CLIF. Pedro! —who is he?

CAMIL. Our chief—the gipsy count of our tribe—the husband they have given to me.

CLIF. (*starting*) The husband! —the husband, Camilla! Why did you not tell me this earlier? —how could I dream that you were married?

CAMIL. I did not say that. We are not yet married; but he, my father, and the whole tribe say it must be so. (*sighs heavily*) It is gone—I can breathe again.

CLIF. Your superstition almost makes me tremble too. Let us walk.

CAMIL. Yes, here in the shade; for I feel as though this white moonlight clings to our figures like a cold gossamer shroud—and yet 'tis beautiful.

CLIF. May you not have said so oftentimes before?

CAMIL. Who said? —I? —to whom?

CLIF. Your Pedro.

CAMIL. Oh, never, never! Have I not told you that we are betrothed?

CLIF. You have. What then.

CAMIL. We dare not wander together: it would be infamy.

CLIF. And to be near me is nothing?

CAMIL. There are no laws to keep us from seeking the Busné—it is our duty: from them we must win their gold.

CLIF. Gold! And is it for that you seek me?

CAMIL. Oh no, no, no!—whenever you have offered me any, I felt as if all my strength were leaving me.

CLIF. But I have not given you any of late—it seemed to me like a desecration. I could not fling it to you as I do to others of your tribe.

CAMIL. I knew it, I knew it; and oh, how happy I was to feel it!—it made me so grateful! But yet I was afraid of *him*. I have lingered near his cave for hours, hoping to creep in when he slept—but no, *he* never slumbers.

CLIF. My poor flutterer! Is he then cruel to you?

CAMIL. Every one seems cruel to me now—every one but you.

CLIF. Speak not so sadly, Camilla; but tell me, do you ever think of me in connection with that detestable ravine yonder?

CAMIL. What!—yonder!—oh, no! Within the darkness of my rude home, I fold you in my heart—deep, deep—afraid to turn even in my thoughts that way. It seems to me like two worlds: here, where you sometimes come, when all is life, grace, beauty; there, burrowing in the earth, stifled, silent, longing to be free.

CLIF. And you indeed love me so much?

CAMIL. So much, so much. (*kisses the palm of his hand, and starts away with a terrified expression on her face*)

CLIF. Nay, this is childish. Tremble not so!—why, the courts are empty. (*CAMILLA sinks at base of statue*)

CAMIL. No, no, my father is here—he heard us—his presence touches me coldly.

CLIF. These are idle fears; rise, my sweet one, and let us talk wisely. What does this mean?

CAMIL. It means that you little know our people. They will hunt down the poor Gitanilla, Pedro among the rest, and slay her before her tribe, in the Valley of Stones.

Enter BROWN, l... jauntily; seeing CLIFFORD, he turns suddenly, and hides behind pedestal, c.

CLIF. For what?

CAMIL. For daring to love a Busnè—one of the race they hold accursed.

CLIF. But this would be murder;—the laws of Spain could not allow it.

CAMIL. The laws of the Gitana are older than the laws of Spain, and better kept; for those who break them, die.

CLIF. Then you shall not go back to that nest of fiends. Look up—you are mine now. I am rich—powerful. I struggle no longer against destiny, for I love you. Look up, look up—we shall not part again.

CAMIL. They will not let me go; none of our tribe ever married with the Busnè.

CLIF. Married!—I said not that; there is no necessity; you shall be my loved and cherished one; we shall live together in blissful love; you shall be as my wife, yet not my wife.

CAMIL. Back, back, son of the pale faces!—do you take me for a Busnè? Back!—I am of the Gitana!—the daughter of the Zincali spurns you!

Enter, on all sides, GIPSIES, male and female; as CAMILLA says;
"The daughter of the Zincali spurns you," PEDRO rushes upon CLIFFORD, with his knife drawn; CAMILLA rushes to back of statue, where BROWN is hidden, but is immediately dragged back again by GIPSIES, her face to the statue; she sinks upon the steps, c., fainting; CLIFFORD grapples PEDRO by the wrists, as GIPSIES crowd the stage on all sides.

CLIF. Ha, highway robber!—do we then meet again? Out of my sight! (*flings PEDRO aside*)

EMAN. (*followed by chorus of GIPSIES*) Down with the unbeliever! Death to the pale-faced dog, that would dishonour the blood of the Gitana!

CLIF. Back, ye swarthy ruffians!—back, I say! the first that approaches, dies. I seek not your blood, but mine shall not be purchased cheaply.

DIEGO. (*with chorus*) Stone him, stone him, where he stands;

PEDRO. Raise not a finger;—I, your chief, command. The wrong is mine; Camilla is my betrothed; and I must wash out the stain. Busnè, you are unarmed; yet Pedro, Count of the Zincali, seeks not murder; he would kill bravely, and be avenged.

CLIF. Unarmed though I be, I defy you, thief!

PEDRO, Stay! thief and ruffian though I be, we shall meet on equal terms. Perez, your knife. There, Busnè, we are man to man, and blade to blade. Now for the death gripe.

(*PEDRO and CLIFFORD move warily and cautiously about, several feints are made, excitement is expressed by the surrounding GIPSIES at each movement, at length CLIFFORD seizes a thrust from PEDRO by grasping his wrist—in the struggle to disengage his hand PEDRO falls backwards, CLIFFORD sinking with him on his knee, in a moment they are parted by the GIPSIES, every knife being levelled at CLIFFORD's breast—at the words of EMANUEL, BENDITO is seen upon pedestal in front of lion—every one falls back forming a semi-circle before him as he speaks*)

EMAN. The word, Pedro, and we strike.

BEND. (*on pedestal*) Back all! step not between Bendito and his rights! Think ye that he needs your knives to avenge a wrong to his kin, or an insult to his tribe?

PEDRO. The wrong is mine! The Busnè must die.

DIEGO. (*with chorus of GIPSIES*) Slay him ! slay him ! death to the dog !

PIETRO. (*with chorus of GIPSIES*) Away with her to the valley of stones !

BEND. (*as GIPSIES gather round her*) Degenerate sons of noble sires, who shrink from the blood of the pale face, and bellow like hungry wolves for the life of a fainting maiden. Home to your caves, ere yet the curse of the Calès falls amid ye. Who said, " She must away to the valley of stones ?" When I have adjudged her guilty, then may ye clamour for her blood. Away ! the rings in my ears are as molten iron, and the curses of our race hang trembling upon my lips !

(*at the last words of BENDITO, CLIFFORD having been released by the frightened GIPSIES, rushes to back of pedestal, BROWN at the same moment runs across the stage and off, R.*)

PEDRO. (*seeing BROWN*) Ah ! the Busné fled. Who said that I blushed at the sight of his heart's blood ?—Stand off ! —the panther is on the spring !—cross not the path of a chief !

(*then believing BROWN to be CLIFFORD, he rushes out, R., followed by shouting GIPSIES ; as they vacate the stage CLIFFORD retreats on the other side, L.—BENDITO takes the hand of the fainting figure, and looks at it carefully, and speaks, drawing her to back of pedestal*)

BEND. Timid flower of the wild wood, I must strive and save thee despite the prophesy of the stars, for the honour of the Gitana is yet unstained. Arouse thee, arouse thee ! ere the daylight be upon us, for Pedro must believe thee dead. Come, daughter, of my old age, come—ha, ha, ha ! Bendito loves to wrestle with the spirits of these blood hounds !

(*as the shouts are renewed both disappear—GIPSIES return, R., shouting the name of "Pedro"—BROWN, with his hat broken, and coat torn, being dragged across the stage, he suddenly breaks from them, and snatching a cudgel from the nearest GIPSY fights his way off, L.*)

SCENE FOURTH.—Corridor at the Inn.

Enter JOE, R.

JOE. Well, I have got out of my fetters at last. Hang me if I would not rather have had a week in the stocks than an hour in Brown's livery. What has become of him, I wonder ? Lord Clifford is in bed, but here's no Brown. What a rummy start—that of dressing hisself up in his master's clothes, and forcing my delicate body into his confounded toggery.

BROWN. (*without*) Joe, Joe, where are you, Joe ?

JOE. Blessed if he ain't a comin' like a scarecrow that has stolen out of a wheat field. Here I be, my pippin.

Enter BROWN, in rags, L.

BROWN. Pippin ! What d'ye mean by pippin ? I'm no pippin—I'm a hill-used respectable hindividual.

JOE. Well, I'll be hanged if you haven't a been abridging yourself to a nice tune.

BROWN. What do you mean, Joe—what do you mean ?

JOE. Mean !—why you've been a doing, as you told me they did with the books ; only you've been throwing away the covers and bringing us back all the rubbish.

BROWN. Hold your noise, Joe. Shut up—imagine yourself dumb or deaf—but, if you do talk, talk sense. Now, look here, ain't I a hobject—a regular wreck—the wreck of a wally-de-sham ?

JOE. A hobject ! I believe you—you're a regular india-rubber what-d'y-e-call-it.

BROWN. Don't be personal, Joe, 'cause I never allows it. I got you your sitivation in this here inn for old times' sake, so be grateful, for I don't stand chaff, or gammon. It ain't creditable.

JOE. What ha' you been after, making such a bad himitation of a rag shop of yourself for ?

BROWN. 'Twasn't I—'twas them cursed gipsy devils. I didn't know, part of the time, whether I was in Granada (that begins with a "G," you know), or in a warmer place, beginning with an "H." They thought I was my lord, until old Cloak-and-curls saw me, and then they mobbed and let me off ; and here is all that's left of me.

JOE. Ho, ho, ho ! Ha, ha, ha ;

BROWN. Ha, ha, ha ! What's that for ? A pal in distress. Get along with you, and bring me a coat, so that I may look decent when the bell rings. Now here's Nina. *Exit JOE, R.*

Enter NINA, L.

NINA. Oh, Signior, how you do look !

BROWN. I wish I could hide myself. I look a guy—a precious guy ! My lollypop !—but don't laugh—it ain't the cheese. Wait till Bruin comes back with my coat.

NINA. Bruin ! who is he ?

Enter JOE, with coat, R.

BROWN. Here he is. Now, look at him ; laugh at him if you like, for he is a curiosity. Look, how he looks at you. For shame, Joe, for shame ; go away, sir. *Exit JOE, R.* Help me on with my coat, my dumpling ; easy, easy, oh, oh.

NINA. What is the matter ? Are you hurt ? Are you in pain ?

BROWN. Hurt ? In pain ? I believe you ; by this time tomorrow you won't know me.

NINA. Won't know you ; why so ?

BROWN. Because I've been so pummelled by those cursed gipsies, that I'll change by that time, from the good-looking flesh-coloured hindividual before you, into a something spotted or striped—red on a black ground—like a nigger with a strong dose of the measles. Oh, I wish my master had only stayed in England, and then we'd have escaped all this.

NINA. And what made him come over here, signior ?

BROWN. What a question ; why, a woman of course. What an absurd question, as if there ever was misfortune that hadn't a 'ooman at both ends of it. Why, he was in love—in love with a lady—Emily Harper. She was not rich, but she was a regular hangel—everybody loved her—so did I. She lived at Clifford hall, with my lord's father ; a kind of dependant, you know—well, my lord, (he was a sly dog) wanted her to hook it with him.

NINA. Hook it with him ; what's that ?

BROWN. Oh, I forgot I was talking to a furriner ; why, cut it, and get spliced.

NINA. I don't understand that.

BROWN. How obstinate these 'oomen are ; why, marry him, and bolt of course.

NINA. Well, and did she ?

BROWN. Not a bit of it ; she committed a hact of "feller de say ;" she went and suicided herself.

NINA. How so ?

BROWN. Why, she went and threw herself away on an old buffer, one Sir Henry Homespun of Fernside. Every one knew she didn't love him, and that she doated on my lord.

NINA. Poor thing ! but why did she do that ?

BROWN. She was as proud as Punch, you know, and, I suppose, she was afraid if she ran away with Lord Clifford—he so rich, and she so poor—that everybody would say she wheedled him for the sake of his money and title. However, she no sooner got spliced to old Gouty-toes, than my lord orders me to pack up and follow him ; and here, for the last fifteen months, have we been roaming from place to place. He always sighing and kissing her picture ; and I—oh, lord, oh, lord ! there it is again—right up and down me. I wish we were out of this cursed hole. I'm pickled all over. I want, I want—

NINA. What do you want, signior ?

BROWN. Some refreshment, my beauty.

NINA. Oh, I'll get you some in a moment.

BROWN. Stay, not so fast—a traveller must pick his breakfast from the nearest berry bush. (*kisses her*) I'm better now. (*kisses her again*)

JOE. (*peeping in, R.*) Hallo there—hallo ! Ho, ho, ha !

NINA runs out, L.

BROWN. Get along, sir, I was merely refreshing myself. What do you want here? You've spoiled my repast.

JOE. What haven't you had enough?

BROWN. Enough! no, certainly not. I was only getting up my appetite.

JOE. Well, here's a beauty to finish with; only don't be greedy—be moral, Brown—be virtuous.

Enter BENDITO as JOE bolts off, R.

BROWN. A devil by all that's ugly! Now, what's your game? —come bundle—bundle—we've no room here for your light-fingered tribe.

BEND. I want the Busnè.

BROWN. And what may that be, my withered rose bud? Nothing belonging to me I hope. No, no; stop where you are, my valuable specimen of a well-preserved mummy. You don't pass here, if I know it. Is it me you're coming after.

BEND. You! hound and slave. You?

BROWN. And why not, my grinning hyena. You'd not be the first of your sex—if you belong to any sex at all, as I question—

BEND. I want the Busnè—the gentleman, as you call him, who lives here. Let me go by, for I will see him.

BROWN. Easy, easy, my tender-toothed old wolf. There is but one lodger here, and that is my lord. You cannot see him, for he's in bed.

BEND. Then he must get up.

BROWN. Must—must. Well come, I like that—must—keep your temper, my lovely witch of Endor, and go to the devil that sent you, and tell him we've closed our account with him and his imps for ever.

BEND. Curses upon your head. I will see him.

BROWN. Mildly put, old wrinkled leathern bottle; come, trot—trot and tell your dark relation that when he wants to fish in these waters, he had better bait his hook with a face less like the phiz of a stuffed monkey. (*BENDITO grasps him by the neck*) Hallo! hands off there—hands off!

Enter LORD CLIFFORD in dressing gown, R.

CLIF. What noise is this? Whom have we here?

BROWN. A fiend, my lord. Oh, ho!

BEND. One that would speak to you, and *will*—alone. Send away yon yelping cur.

CLIF. Ha! Bendito—leave me, Brown.

BROWN. What, my lord, with old leathern bottle there?

BEND. (*following up as he walks backwards*) Go!

Exit BROWN, L.

CLIF. One word, weird man. Camilla—is she safe—speak! what of her?

BEND. She is safe, but only for a time. Our people have risen, like vultures they scent death in the distance, they pant for her blood.

CLIF. But you—you have power, you have skill, you have wisdom; and she—she is innocent.

BEND. The tribe do not believe it.

CLIF. But you believe it—you of your own kin.

BEND. Believe it—ha, ha, ha! Did I not know it, ere this death would have crept upon you, as silently as the shadow of a distant cloud. The drugs of Bendito never fail.

CLIF. Then you will befriend us—tell me some way?

BEND. There is but one.

CLIF. Name it.

BEND. You must leave Granada to-night, and take her with you.

CLIF. She will not go.

BEND. True, upon the terms proposed by you; and I would see her torn limb from limb before my eyes—yea, help to rend her myself—rather than see her live to be a shame to her people. She shall leave your wife.

CLIF. But we have no clergyman—no—

BEND. Pish! Think you Bendito cares for such mummery! I shall wed ye myself, according to the laws of the Zincali.

CLIF. But will she agree to this?

BEND. Will the ring-dove fly to her only resting place, when the gun of the fowler is levelled at her breast?

CLIF. This marriage will not be recognised in my land.

BEND. What has the Gitana to do with the customs of the Gentile? It is not your opinion we regard, it is our own.

CLIF. Still she will never be received or respected as a wife, until—

BEND. What Gitana was ever respected by the Busné?—we are not fools enough to expect it. But harkye—could my Camilla go back again to the bosom of her tribe, you should not have her for the yellowest gold ever lifted from the Darro. It is getting late. Life or death to both!—have you decided?

CLIF. I have.

BEND. Then when the moonbeams fall easterly from the statue in the Court of Lions, be thou beneath the shadow. Gold will be required, and a disguise for the Gitana; but above all, gold.

CLIF. Here is earnest for thee. My address is within the purse: when you need more, ask freely. Would that all else were as easily accomplished. Does that suffice?

BEND. Oh, this is something—this is power!—they cannot

now starve Bendito like a worthless hound in its kennel. Now he can defy them: let them question him if they dare—let them cross him if they have the courage!—what cares he when he has gold and the secret of the deadly drug! (goes, L.)

CLIF. Then we meet to-night?

BEND. When the shadow touches the base of the ivy-grown pillar, Bendito will be at thy side.

Exeunt, CLIFFORD, R., BENDITO, L.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Same as Scene Third. Daylight commencing to break.*

Enter PEDRO, L.

PEDRO. The Busné has escaped. 'Twas but the jackal I followed; but, a time *will* come. The tribe misled, like myself, by a similarity of costume—gave chase to the shadow, and let the substance go free—seized the servant, and lost the master. Curses upon the chances—the slip! Why did I not slay him as he stood? But, no! Pedro cannot stoop to murder—the eagle does not swoop upon dead sparrows. Oh, Bendito! thy words burn into my heart. "The viper should have been crushed. Your heel was upon his head, yet you spared him." Spared him! For what—for what?—To dishonour my people—my betrothed. Oh, no! Camilla still is pure as the virgin dew drop, and the love of Pedro shall save her—Yes, life of my wild soul, I have a plan even now a-foot for thy rescue; although, according to our laws, I must myself demand thee from thy father before the congregated tribe. Thou art not contaminated! thou art but enmeshed in the web woven for thee by the pale face! and here is that shall free thee. No false honour shall again save him, when the life-blood of my heart is threatened!

Exit, R. U. E.

Enter BENDITO, CAMILLA, and CLIFFORD, L., supporting veiled figure—they pause at foot of figure.

BEND. The ceremony is over. Go, Busné, go, (crossing, C.) and take with you the last flower from my door step—the last drop of my blood that courses in a human heart.

CAMIL. Their cry is but for blood!—the blood of the Gitana!—and the voice of Pedro alone is still.

CLIF. Cheer thee—cheer thee, my Camilla!

BEND. Arouse thee, daughter of Bendito, for thy hour has come! (*distant shouts*)

CAMIL. (*shrieking*) I hear the sound of their approaching footsteps, and the hoarse cry of many voices—father! save me—save thy Camilla! Dost thou not hear! they come—they come, to drag me to the Valley of Stones! (*clinging to BENDITO*)

BEND. (*not heeding her*) Busné! thou hast sworn. She's in

your hands—you can make of her what you will. The spirit, you worship as an angel, or, the monster you dread as a fiend. Be kind to her, and fear not—be cold, and for ever beware.

CLIF. Enough—enough! let us depart. I will be all to her that I have sworn. (*shouts*)

CAMIL. Father, Father!—they come!—let me not die so young! the stones are gathered, and their arms are strong!—here, on my knees, I cry to thee! Save me—save me!

BEND. (*still heedless*) She has sworn by the God of her people, that *nothing but death* shall separate ye—I too, have sworn *my oath*—ha! still on your knees, my child—again, again! Nothing but death—swear, swear.

CAMIL. I swear—I swear, *Nothing but death!*—Oh, life—life, father! give me life! Death even now is on the wings of the morning—he comes borne on the hum of our blood-thirsty tribe. (*shouts*) Hark—hark! hear you not the tramp of their eager feet—they come, father! they come! (*crossing, c.*) Shield me, Clifford! shield me!—my crime alone was love; and who that knew thee would not have erred like me. Hide me away—ere the white snow becomes reddened with my young heart's blood!

CLIF. Let us away, unless thy aim be murder! I too, hear the approach of your people. (*to BENDITO*)

BEND. They come to drag her to the Valley of Stones, but Bendito laughs in their teeth! (*opens door in pedestal*) In there—in—in—follow him you shall find, but speak not; he will guide you in safety. (*shuts door*) Ha, ha, ha! Bendito spurns at the fools that come thirsting for the blood of his daughter! (*ascends steps*)

Enter DIEGO and EMANUEL, followed by GIPSIES, R. U. E. each one armed with stones.

DIEGO. (R.) Father, we are here; we call for justice on the outcast of our tribe.

BEND. Justice?

GIPSIES. Justice! justice!

BEND. How have you adjudged the last of my race?

DIEGO. To death! according to the laws of the Calebs.

GIPSIES. Death, in the Valley of Stones.

BEND. (*descending*) Sons of the Zincali, hear me! When did Bendito leave to his people the task of vengeance, where blood of his rebelled? Forget you his secret of the deadly drug?

GIPSIES. No, no!

BEND. The heart of Bendito is hard, and stern is his will; disgrace has fallen upon his blood, but that stain is for ever washed out.

GIPSIES. Where is Camilla?—where is the Gitanilla?

BEND. Seek ye the Darro, where its waters flow deepest--there rests the last of my noble line.

EMAN. and chorus of GIPSIES. How know we this?

BEND. Seek it, and judge : its banks are trodden by the tiny feet of the outcast who struggled for her life with the father of her people.

PIETRO. False! false!

DIEGO. (*followed by chorus*) Death to Bendito!—away with him to the Valley of Stones!

BEND. Who dares say, "False?"

DIEGO. Death to him!—death!

(GIPSIES raise their hands as if to stone him, when PEDRO rushes on, L. 1 E.)

PEDRO. Hold! (*they pause*) Let not a hand be raised; let every tongue be mute!

BEND. Ha, ha, ha!—who dares say, "Death to Bendito?" Diego, thy hours are numbered! Who dared say, "Death to Bendito!" in whose ears are the mystic symbols of respect and power?

PEDRO. (*as all fall back*) No one, father—no one. (*aside*) Oh, fatal haste!

BEND. What would you then—a proof?

GIPSIES. A proof! a proof!

BEND. How knew you the Gitana? Speak, ye people of her tribe.

PEDRO. By the heart, pure and fresh as the dew-drop on the wild rose.

PIETRO. By the smiles that cheered all around, like a day-break in June.

EMAN. By eyes that blazed like ebon stars in orbits of liquid alabaster.

PEDRO. By the tresses, black and bright as the raven's wing kissed by a passing sunbeam: by—

BEND. Hold! hold!—the light of her eyes has gone out for ever; the smile has in coldness passed away; the heart so fresh and pure this night has throbbed its last. But here—see here! (*draws forth long black tresses of hair*) Know ye not these tresses, damp and clotted though they be, from the death struggle? Know ye not their purple hue? Look there! look there!—which of the daughters of the Zincale can look upon them without a sigh?—which of the sons of our people dare question the justice of Bendito?

OMNES. Bendito is just! Bendito is just!

(PEDRO snatches the tresses of hair, and, sobbing, "Camilla—dead—Camilla!" falls, c.; BENDITO stands triumphant amid the kneeling crowd; all sink to their knees before him as curtain descends)

END OF ACT I.

An Interval of Six Years.

ACT II.

SCENE (*laid in Wales, near Aberystwith*).—Stage divided, R. half being an elegantly furnished Cottage Drawing Room, with glass door leading to other half—a garden, L., with fountain at top—verandah outside of cottage glass door, trellis work—curtains inside.

Enter PEDRO, disguised, L.

PEDRO. (*outside in garden*) This, then, should be the cottage, beneath whose blighting shadow the daughter of the Gitana-withers. Ah, for six long mournful years have I pined after my lost love; believing that the forged tale of the weird Bendito, was true, and that Camilla had perished by his hands, until death brushed even him aside from the barranca at Granada, as a withered leaf from the tree whose root is sapless. For months have I toiled and travelled through strange lands, lured to this haughty England by the longings of a heart, only half widowed, and prompted to the task by the unconnected wanderings of the dying Bendito. Soft voices within. This verandah affords some shelter; let me withdraw and listen.

Enter BROWN and NINA, R. U. E. in cottage.

Ha! the servant of the pale face, and a daughter of our southern clime. (*retires behind glass door*)

BROWN. Don't flurry yourself, my tulip; bless my soul, but you do always go the entire animal. What if my lord is away oftener, it has nothing to do along of *hus*. He pays his right honourable money, and takes his right honourable choice.

NINA. And would you do so too, if you were married?

BROWN. Well, since you do ask the question so straight-forredly, I must say, that if I had been living with a body—

NINA. (*smacking his face*) Living with a body?

BROWN. Hold hard, there! don't effewesse so, it ain't natural. Who'd have thought so pretty a little hand could fetch such a stinger. I meant married. Your eyes is sharp—so they is; but your nails is sharper, and no gammon; so say I.

NINA. Well, what do you say?

BROWN. Why, I says what I said afore, or meant to have said, only you shut me up. If I had been married for six years to a 'oman, and was my lord—it's likely I'd do exactly as my lord does; but it ain't right. I pities her.

NINA. You—pity?

BROWN. I do; and if you promise not to tell, I'll tell you why.

NINA. A secret. Oh! I'll never speak of it.

BROWN. It's all one if you do. Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!

NINA. What do you mean by that?

BROWN. That's the way the town criers begin their secrets—they tell them to everybody; and then nobody's no wiser than everybody, for when everybody knows it, nobody's sure not to ask anybody any questions.

NINA. But this secret?

BROWN. You recollect that I told you, one day before we left Granada, about a Lady Emily that my lord had loved?

NINA. Oh, yes! and how she married an old man she hated—and how Lord Clifford went to travel, in hopes that he might turn woman-hater.

BROWN. Just so! Well now, her old husband is dead, and as she is a lovely widow, and as Fernside is only a mile from the hall, and as Lady Emily is there now, and as my lord generally walks in that direction, and as the hall lies to the left of this cottage, and Fernside to the right, and as my lord always comes now from the right; and as his first marriage with the Gitana was only a gipsy marriage, and as his legal marriage to her at Cadiz was hurried over by a dropsical priest, and as he thinks there were no witnesses to it, and believes that you and I had *no* curiosity—oh, no!—and consequently knew nothing about it—why then, you see, why then—

NINA. What then?

BROWN. Exactly! One and one make two, but two duck eggs won't hatch one canary. I hear missus coming—go and meet her—I'll go to the gate.

Exit NINA, R. U. E. BROWN through glass door and out, L.

PEDRO. He loves her no more; and the betrothed of Pedro is now worse than the leman of the pale face. Should it prove so, then must the oath of the Gitana be kept. Nothing but death! Soft, soft—she comes—pale and beautiful as the first tints of morning; yet her smile gleams as coldly, as sadly, as the beams of the moon when they struggle through the folds of a rainy cloud. Oh! let mine ears drink in thy voice, thou soft-toned daughter of the Zincali! Peace—she speaks!

Enter CAMILLA and NINA, R. U. E.

CAMIL. (R.) Lonely, lonely still! Oh! for the hills of Spain again, where the light soul of the Gitana revelled in liberty, free as the eagle when he soars above his rocky throne! Why am I sad? Sing for me—take my mandolin!

NINA. (L.) What shall I sing, sweet lady mine?

CAMIL. The song he used to have me sing to him, when my heart was light. Sing! I shall listen and believe myself again amid the stately ruins of the Alhambra.

Song.—NINA.

Day by day passes by,
Drearly, drearily ;
Loneliness makes me sigh,
Wearily, wearily.
Oh ! for the Darro bright,
Flinging back day and night,
Heaven's unclouded light,

Whilst 'neath the shadows that fell from the mountain height
Sported the Zingali,
Cheerily, cheerily.

Now, I shall pine no more
Sadly and wearily ;
Hours flit like moments o'er
Gladly, not drearily ;
Joy kindles up my eyes,
Love in my bosom lies,
Hopes with my spirits rise !
Hence then for ever, with solitude's lonely sigh ;
Now sings the Zingali
Cheerily, cheerily.

CAMIL. Leave me, Nina.

Exit NINA, R. U. E.

I shall go forth into the garden, and watch for the approach of my Clifford; perhaps he may come to-day. Oh ! what a void I feel here about my heart!—a void that he and love should fill up—Pedro! (*as she turns to go through glass door, PEDRO stands before her*)

PEDRO. (*within*) At last we meet again, Camilla ! The Gitana died not by the hand of Bendito—she lived to be the light o' love of the Busne.

CAMIL. Pedro !

PEDRO. Aye ! Pedro, the gipsy chief, who looked throughout his whole tribe and found thee the worthiest;—Pedro, whose fiery love burn'd away his great heart ! He has again sought the daughter of his people. He comes not to chide, for she is sad—to exult, for she is stricken—to taunt, for she is forsaken.

CAMIL. Forsaken ! oh no ! not—forsaken !

PEDRO. Those whom the Zincale love, they cherish; is it not even so with the Busné ? Descendant of Bendito, thine oath is registered. Thou art cast aside by the haughty pale face, like a flower from which all freshness has departed. Awake !—arise !—the honour of thy people is in thy keeping.

CAMIL. Oh, speak not so, Pedro. He loves me still; fondly, devotedly.

PEDRO. No, no!—the stars that lie not say no! A stately lily has unfolded its beauties in his sight: its shadow robs the wild flower of the sunshine.

CAMIL. It cannot be!—I dare not think—

PEDRO. Dare not?

CAMIL. He is my husband; I must not—

PEDRO. Husband!—ha, ha!—curses attend his every step! Like a wily fox he stole amongst the daughters of my people, and the pride of the flock was his victim. But we shall meet again.

CAMIL. Meet?—never! Pedro, Pedro!

PEDRO. Call me that name again. Oh! there's a spell that mingles with your tones, and makes my bosom thrill. Again! again!

CAMIL. Pedro, you loved me once.

PEDRO. Once!—when was that? Once! In life, in death, I loved you—love you still. My love is eternal! boundless as infinity—deep as the ocean—fiery and unquenchable as the spirit of Vesuvius! Fly with me, Camilla! smiled on by thee, my heart may again blossom. Come, daughter of the Gitana! the Count of the Zincali will be your slave.

CAMIL. Pedro, Camilla has been as the dead to you, let her be so still. The spirit that in the Hall of Lions spurned the offer of the Busne, shall still preserve her honour.

PEDRO. He loves another, and thou art in his path. Come.

CAMIL. Loves? No—no other; he loves but me.

PEDRO. Art thou blinder than the menials that attend thee? they know it, and pity thee. Pity!—that ever a pale-faced dog dare pity the daughter of Bendito.

CAMIL. Oh, speak not thus! Thine eyes are fierce, Pedro—thy voice is wild—thy looks are stern! If thou dost love me—

PEDRO. (*mournfully yet intensely*) If? Oh! as in byegone days, thy voice subdues my blood. Unseen by thee, by the banks of the Darro, I have watched thee in thy search for flowers; hung on thy tones, as singing some joyous ballad, the gathered blossoms kissed thy fairy fingers, as they wove them into wreaths, and bound them in a diadem of nature's shading upon thy brow. Love thee? Had I not thought thee dead, and wept the cause, no earthly hand had torn thee from my side; but now—but now—(*weeps*)

CAMIL. Oh! mighty heart! I ever wronged thee—forgive me—bless me—and depart.

PEDRO. (*wildly*) Depart! What, leave thee now? So long sought out—so lately found. Leave thee?

CAMIL. Yes—wronged, but prized Pedro. Forget me—forgive—and leave me.

PEDRO. But if I prove him faithless? Thee deceived?

CAMIL. Prove it ! and then the daughter of the Zincali shall not dishonour the blood of Bendito.

PEDRO. Then meet me in an hour beside yon fountain, and meanwhile be silent. (*CAMILLA sinks in chair, R.—PEDRO turns going out, and kneels beside her*) Let me but touch thy hand before I go. (*she gives hand slowly, he kisses it rapturously, and rises saying*) Beside yon fountain, and fail not. *Exit, door C.*

JUAN *rushes in, R. U. E.*

JUAN. Mamma dearest, papa is coming ; I saw him from the window above. (*bell, L.*) There—there he is at the gate.

Rushes through glass door and off, L. 3 E.

CAMIL. He comes at last. Can Pedro speak truly. Oh ! I must thrust back my very heart's throbings. "Sad ! stricken ! forsaken !" so said Pedro. If it be so—but no ! I shall hope still, for yet I love him purely, wildly. "Forsaken !" oh no ! The descendant of Bendito cannot live to be a holiday toy.

CLIF. (*without, L.*) Now, my little madcap, where's mamma ?

JUAN. (*entering in CLIFFORD'S arms*) There papa ! there ! see, she is looking for you. Mamma, mamma, I have brought you papa. *Enter cottage.*

CAMIL. Welcome—welcome, my own, my beautiful.

(*JUAN retires, R., with basket of fruit*)

CLIF. Ever delighted to welcome me, my Camilla ; and yet, even at my absence you never chide.

CAMIL. The daughters of the Gitana live only in the present. Loneliness glides away at your approach ; and then—then—when my head is cradled as now upon your breast, my heart becomes too bright with joy, even to be dimmed by the shadow of a sorrow.

CLIF. (*leaving her and seating himself*) Ever the soul of fervour and poetry. Come hither, little mischief, come hither with that fruit, it is for your mother.

CAMIL. (*snatching the basket*) For me—for me ! Oh ! generous. Away, Juan, ingrate—to forget papa's kisses in the search for plunder ; go—go ! *JUAN goes out, R. U. E.*

CLIF. (*as CAMILLA seats herself at his feet*) How even a trifle, worthless in it itself, coming from me, can please, nay, delight, my Camilla. Why is it so ?

CAMIL. Why is the solitary palm tree in the desert more grateful to the sense of the wearied pilgrim, than the blooming conservatory to the eyes of the Busnè ?

CLIF. Ha ! hem ! I see, then, that my absence pains you.

CAMIL. Not now, not now, my own—you are here ! I can only rejoice in your presence.

CLIF. But you must try and feel it less, my dear. My stays may be even more prolonged—my visits rarer.

CAMIL. (*climbing up childlike to his breast*) Oh ! speak not

of that now, my sweet one. The cup of delicious waters is at my lips ; let me drain it to the dregs, though oblivion lie in the draught.

CLIF. (*gently disengaging himself from her embrace*) Pure, confiding nature—but what think you of the fruit?

CAMIL. They are beautifully arranged, and their fragrance is so rich. (*draws pink note out of basket—speaks aside, looking from note to CLIFFORD*) Ha ! what is this ?—pink paper too !

CLIF. I found them upon my dressing-table at the hall ; sent, I suppose, by some kind neighbour. I thought they might please you and the child, so brought them.

CAMIL. "Sent by some kind neighbour"—a lady, I suppose ?

CLIF. Lady—oh, no !

CAMIL. Ladies write on pink paper, and fold their notes like this.

CLIF. (*snatching it*) How dare you ? 'Tis nothing, thank heaven ! You look as though it were a serpent, and had stung you. Nay, never be so jealous—see, there is only one word on it—"Fernside"—no other.

CAMIL. "Fernside !" (*aside*) The words of Pedro are true.

CLIF. Yes ! that simple word—is it not strange ?

CAMIL. Strange ! true—for as I touched it I felt——

CLIF. Felt !—how ?

CAMIL. (*rising with a shudder to her knees*) As I felt that night amongst the ruins of the Alhambra, when the presence of Bendito was palpable.

CLIF. (*angrily*) Still harping on that old gipsy rogue ! Have I not commanded ? Well, well ; you know how I abominate that cursed tribe.

CAMIL. (*haughtily*) The Gitana is of them—the same blood reddens her veins.

CLIF. Nay, nay, pardon me ; I am warm. You know I did not mean to wound *you*—I love you too well. Why do you shudder ? Why are your eyes fixed ?

CAMIL. You are an unbeliever in destiny ; I am not. The heat of life seems to have died away from my heart, and all around it is cold, cold, cold !

CLIF. Still this superstition, this barbarism.

CAMIL. (*absorbed*) Tall and fair as a stately lily, she turns her face to the beauteous south. A simple wild flower blossoms in the distance, yet the lily robs it of its sunshine. See there—see there—the veil of the future rises slowly—horror, horror !—my oath, my oath ! (*falls*)

CLIF. (*amazed*) Nina ! Nina ! quick, quick !

Enter NINA, with candles, R. U. E.
Your mistress is unwell ; see to her, Nina. Her mind, I fear, wanders. Bear her to her chamber, and watch by her, I have

business at the hall, but will return soon. (*aside*) Would she were out of the way. (*CAMILLA slowly revives—aside, and looking at his watch*) So late! I have not a moment to lose, and the storm is bursting already—no matter, I must face it. *Exit.*

CAMIL. (*looking round*) He is gone, and a load seems to have been lifted away from my heart. Ha! Pedro! (*starts up*) If he should cross the path of Clifford.

Enter BROWN, R. U. E.

Again, again, the lily with its petals glistening in the noonday, whilst the wild flower droops forgotten in its solitude. (*sinks hiding face*)

BROWN. She is too dull, Nina; she sits too long pensive in her solitude.

NINA. She does; and my lord cares little for that—he rushed out before she recovered herself, muttering something about being “Too late”;—all is not well. *

BROWN. So I fear, for do you know, I saw just now, dark as it was, a petticoat in the distance. I could almost swear that I knew the wearer. (*to CAMILLA*) Cheer up, lady, cheer up; bless her heart, Nina, but she does seem out of sorts.

NINA. Oh I have seen her when the click of her castanets was not so quick as her step in the dance.

CAMIL. (*shivering*) But when the moon went out, and the pretty stars came down and sported with the dimples of the silvery river, then Pedro dreamt of the Gitanilla, whilst Bendito wrought out his mystic spells.

(*rain, lightning, and thunder*)

Enter JUAN, R. U. E.

BROWN. She needs sleep, poor soul. Take her in, Nina.

(*JUAN rushes into CAMILLA's embrace*)

CAMIL. Cradle thee there, little one; there, where all else feels cold and chill—cold and chill as the people of this northern clime—bleak and cheerless as mountain tops covered with eternal snows. Warm it, warm it; melt away the ice that is gathered around it, for fire is in thy nature, and hot is the blood of the Gitana. Come, let us rest. Nina, go before. (*rain, thunder, &c.*)

Exit NINA, R. U. E.

JUAN. Let me first look out at the storm, mamma; kiss your little Juan.

CAMIL. Then sit thee there, little one, (*places him on the stool beside glass doors—JUAN draws the curtain over him so as to hide himself*) for I shall myself go forth. Yes, I shall meet Pedro, clad in the robes of my youth: in the tempest I may then find peace. *Exit CAMILLA, R. U. E.*

BROWN. What a pity she takes on so, poor dear lady; but I weeps for her;—ha! I hear footsteps!—dear, dear! what an

evening!—just the kind of evening for a school of young ducks! my eyes, wouldn't they quack! (*opens glass door*) How dreadfully it thunders! Who's a coming now, I wonders!

CLIF. (*outside*) Brown!—I say, Brown, open the gate!

BROWN. Blessed if it ain't my master's voice, and at the outside gate. Oh, here's a rummy go! and I must go out to open it. Coming, my lord.

BROWN *makes a run out*, L.; NINA enters, same time, R. U. E.

CLIF. What a miserable night, to be sure—dark as pitch. I meant to have gone up to the hall, but the coming storm has driven me back again. Well, well, it can't be helped. Nina, where is your mistress, and how is she?

NINA. She is much easier, my lord, and retired to rest in the farthest chamber.

CLIF. Why there?—why not in her own room?

NINA. Because there are two windows in that room, and the noise of the thunder will rock her, she believes, to sleep.

CLIF. Well, well, 'tis perhaps better to let her have her way.

LADY EMILY. (*outside*) Gate!—I say, gate!

BROWN. Some one seeks shelter.

CLIF. Then open: this is not a night to deny shelter to a dog, much less a Christian. (*BROWN goes out*) Methinks I know that voice—it sounded like a woman's—like—

Enter BROWN and LADY EMILY, L. U. E.

CLIF. (*starting*) Lady Emily! and here?

LADY E. (*also recognising him, but hiding it*) What Clifford? Oh, he has also been compelled, I suppose, to seek refuge. (*to BROWN and NINA*) I have been rambling in search of recreation, but unfortunately have been overtaken by this storm. You will not deny me shelter?

BROWN. Oh no, my lady! take a chair, my lady! (*to NINA as they retire*) That's the Lady Emily; you see she's in mourning for old Gouty-toes.

CLIF. We have every prospect of a boisterous night, I fear. (*aside to NINA*) You are sure your mistress is gone to rest?

NINA. Oh yes, my lord; she was asleep before I left her.

CLIF. Then you and Brown may retire.

Exeunt BROWN and NINA, R. U. E.

So, Lady Emily, after years of absence, lightened lately by an occasional letter, we again meet—but how? You cannot rejoice over the heart you so sadly crushed?

LADY E. Oh, Clifford, speak not so! I have longed, since it ceased to be a crime, for a meeting like this! but you have ever shunned me—and oh! I have suffered and deeply!

CLIF. Why should you have suffered? Was it because you pitied the man you scorned?

LADY E. No ; it was because I loved him.

CLIF. Loved him !

LADY E. Aye ! loved him, as a woman alone can love ! but I see my early cruelty has done its work ; even the poor privilege of friendship must be shackled by doubt.

CLIF. What would you ?

LADY E. This ! (*rising*) I would not be condemned as heartless where my motives were good, and my judgment alone in fault. That which was self sacrifice must not be imputed by your heart to perfidy. I did believe that the love you expressed for me—

CLIF. Expressed !

LADY E. Felt for me ; for I am satisfied that you loved me once—

CLIF. Ah ! I did love you passionately—devotedly—madly ! until that very love turned my hopes into ashes.

LADY E. And do so no longer. Is it not so, Clifford ?

CLIF. (*aside*) It is too late ; I cannot—I dare not ! (*aloud*) Oh, why did you reject me ?

LADY E. Why, why is this, dear Clifford—I, the proud one who, when *poor*, was the wooed ; now in humility, although encircled by wealth, would redeem the past, and become the wooer ?

Enter PEDRO in garden, L. U. E.

CLIF. No, no, no, no !

LADY E. Has then another usurped the power you said I once exercised over your heart ?

CLIF. Usurped ! Oh, no ! none *living* could do that. (*takes her hand*) But, gracious heavens, you are wet ; you have been caught in the storm. Nina, Nina ! (*rain*)

Enter NINA, R. U. E.

LADY E. (*as NINA enters*) 'Tis nothing—only a few drops ! You seem to know these people ?

CLIF. Oh, well, they are a worthy couple. Nina, have you a lighted fire in your room ? This lady has been drenched by the rain.

NINA. Oh, yes, my lord. Step this way, Madam ; your boots, I am sure, are soaked. Step this way, my lord.

LADY E. Will you not accompany me, Clifford ? I see some rain-drops upon your coat. A few moments will suffice for me—and I really forgot all about it.

Enter LADY EMILY and CLIFFORD, R. U. E.

NINA. I have listened and heard all. A love meeting !—and beneath the very roof of my mistress ! His coquetry has been

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cruel—but this insult is degrading—degrading to me too.
“Take her to her chamber,” he said, “and watch by her.”
Ah, ha! Nina, at least, does not sleep. I’ll tell my mistress,
and tell her all.

Exit NINA, R.

PEDRO. (*advancing*) ‘Tis as I feared—nay, hoped! for why
should the eaglet seek shelter beneath the wings of the raven?
Why the Gitana make her home by the fireside of the accursed?
Oh, Camilla! the ashes of his consumed hopes are all that
Pedro has now to offer thee. Yet would he scatter even them
to the winds could he but see thee as of yore, lightest-footed
and lightest-hearted of his tribe.

Enter CAMILLA, in gipsy dress, from back of garden, R.

CAMIL. I am here, Pedro. The Gitana obeys thy commands.

PEDRO. ‘Tis well! Is thy heart firm and thy will inexorable?

CAMIL. Both. I am as the rock—immovable and cold.

PEDRO. And thy hand—does it tremble? dares it back
thy will?

CAMIL. Take it, and look into mine eyes.

PEDRO. Then, I will show thee.

CAMIL. Thou needst not. Nina has told me all. Let
words be few—this is a time to act—words are for the pale faces,
but deeds for the descendant of Bendito.

JUAN opens glass door and rushes out.

JUAN. Mamma, mamma!

PEDRO. (*seizing JUAN by his arm*) What’s this?

CAMIL. His child, and mine.

JUAN. Come, come away, mamma. Papa does not love you
now.

CAMIL. Serpent, with the blood of the Gentile.

JUAN. He talks to another. I want you to teach me how to
hate him.

PEDRO. (*snatching JUAN to his breast*) Ha, ha! the soul of
the Zincali is not yet extinct; it burns in the breast of your
child. Arouse thee, Camilla; vengeance is in the night wind.

(PEDRO kneels beside glass door, listening: CAMILLA with
CHILD forming picture beside him)

Enter LADY EMILY and CLIFFORD into cottage, R. U. E.

LADY E. And tell me now frankly, my own dear Clifford,
has not some one else shared, since I may not say usurped, the
affection you entertained for me?

CLIF. (*constrainedly*) The feelings I entertained for you,
Lady Emily, were those that can only exist between souls of a
higher order. That my lighter thoughts have been not only
lured away from you, but carried captive for a time, I dare not

deny. I gave a sympathy to their object, that was almost as soft as love; but there exists, or rather existed—

PEDRO. Do you hear?

CAMIL. Alas, yes.

LADY E. Why do you pause, dear Clifford?

CLIF. I say that there existed no reciprocity between us. Our thoughts, hopes, feelings, flowed in different channels, in short, our natures were altogether opposed. But all that is now forgotten. Pardon me a moment; allow me to collect my thoughts.

PEDRO. He spoke of you, as of the dead?

CAMIL. He did.

PEDRO. And would'st thou not do so of him?

CAMIL. I would.

PEDRO. (*giving her dagger*) You shall take this—remember the marriage oath of your tribe—*nothing but death!*

LADY E. This is a painful subject, dearest Clifford; let us revert to it no more; I have suffered—you are avenged.

CLIF. And have not I suffered? oh, how deeply! But why, why did you reject me?

LADY E. Hear me! you were rich—I a dependant upon your father's bounty; I had not the courage to brave the whispers that would have said I made use of my experience to entrap the heir to an earldom into an unsuitable marriage. Enough!—I left your father's house, and placed, as an eternal barrier between us, a man I could never love: that barrier has long since been removed.

CLIF. But why allude to that?—let the past be past—let us build for ourselves a future. (*starts up, and walks uneasily about aside*) What do I say? Oh, Camilla! I begin to believe in destiny. I have avoided you—struggled, groaned, tried to crush the great love that is within me, but useless all;—it bursts forth now, like a long pent-up mighty flood, overwhelming even recollection in its flow.

LADY E. Since then, dear Clifford, you understand my heart—I need no more: let us shake hands and part for ever.

CLIF. Part—part!—who dares proclaim divorce between two souls that have loved like ours? (*LADY EMILY sinks into chair; CLIFFORD kneels at her feet; CAMILLA enters*) My own—my beloved!—the Rubicon is passed; I have burst forth from the lethargy that enthralled me; let all else perish. (*CAMILLA with knife upraised to strike*) Mine you are before the face of heaven and man. (*starts up*) To my breast, my love, my life. (*LADY EMILY throws herself into his arms; CAMILLA retires through glass door*)

CAMIL. (*outside*) The lily blossoms in the sunshine; the wild flower withers in the shade.

CLIF. Good heavens—who spoke?

LADY E. No one but me, my love. Why are you so pale?

CLIF. I thought I heard a voice.

LADY E. No voice but mine, my Clifford.

CLEF. The glass door seems open. I will close it.

(LORD CLIFFORD goes to glass door and looks out into the darkness, but cannot see anything. PEDRO has set down the child, who runs to CAMILLA—she takes him into her arms, L.)

PEDRO. Thy hand has failed thee.

CAMIL. It has. I could not strike at what I loved; but the gipsy blood will not be weak again. The stone that crushes the Gitanilla, shall fall dully, heavily upon his soul.

PEDRO. Then give me the knife; the task shall be mine.

CAMIL. Hold—hold! step not between desolation and its resolve!

PEDRO. And what is your resolve?

CAMIL. To return to Granada, to my people.

PEDRO. To return? Why, that were to death!

CAMIL. I know it. What better is life without love?—the heart without hope?

PEDRO. Yet he—

CAMIL. Shall die.

PEDRO. Now?

CAMIL. No, hourly—hourly! Recollection in him shall be a furnace that the waters of Lethe cannot quench. (lightning and thunder)

LADY E. Some one is in the garden! (lightning) I see a woman, with a child in her arms, (lightning) and a man! (lightning and thunder) They are dressed in the costume of Spanish gypsies.

CLIF. Quick!—merciful heaven!—open the door!

LADY E. (opening door) I hear a voice, or else an echo—plaintive, yet firm. Listen!

CLIF. What says it?

PEDRO. The way is long and tedious.

CAMIL. So shall my vengeance be.

PEDRO. Pause. Your will may yet fail.

CAMIL. Fail—fail? The body may be weak, yet is the soul of the Gitana strong! She is going to keep her oath.

As CAMILLA goes out with child, L., CLIFFORD rushes into the garden, and into the grasp of PEDRO. They struggle fiercely, and the knife of PEDRO falls. LADY EMILY cries loudly for help, and MALE SERVANTS rush out from back and pinion PEDRO, just as he has dashed CLIFFORD to his feet. CLIFFORD rises and says.

CLIF. Gaols we have for thieves, and halters for assassins. Away with the gipsy rogue!

PEDRO. Dog of a pale face, thine hour is nearer. Listen to the echo that still rings out in the Court of Lions : " Nothing but death ! "

CAMILLA. (*in distance*) " Nothing but death ! "

PEDRO. Coward, you hear !—you tremble—ha, ha, ha !

(*picture as curtain descends*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—(*1st grooves*)—Woody and mountainous—distant view of waterfalls on the one side, and of a cottage through trees on the other.

Enter JOE, ragged and weary, with RUSTIC, R.

JOE. Oh ! that's the place is it ?

RUSTIC. It is.

JOE. And what place is that ?

RUSTIC. The Falls—the Devil's bridge they call it.

JOE. Well—well, thank ye, uncultivated clod-hopper. Good day—I'm much obliged to you for company, but much more for your information—good day. What's your little game ? I said good day, my fine fellow.

RUSTIC. Yes, you said it—but it will be a danged bad day if you have lost your memory.

JOE. Memory ! Oh ! to be sure ; you allude to the paltry bob ?

RUSTIC. Yes ; the bob you promised me.

JOE. True, honest simpleton, and I was sincere when I mentioned it.

RUSTIC. Was what ?

JOE. Sincere ; and as a lasting proof of my sincerity, and in order that you may not forget me, or I you—

RUSTIC. Yees—yees.

JOE. I'll owe it you.

RUSTIC. Owe it to me ? that aint sincere ; leastways, what we calls sincere in these parts.

JOE. Oh ! aint it though ? well, at least I'm sincere, for I would not be so mercenary as to pay you. Howsomever, call on me to-morrow, at the house you've directed me to, and when my valuables and luggage arrives, I'll square the beadle.

RUSTIC. I'se to call, is I ?

JOE. Yes—call—by-bye, my friend ; or, as they say in the classics—adoo.

RUSTIC. Oh, so they says " adoo " in the classes, does they ? —well I'm thinking the same classes is right—for I'm danged if I don't think you're a do. *Exit RUSTIC, R.*

And so, here I am at last—foot-sore and weary—with as much in my stomach as in my pocket, and not as much in my pocket as would jingle on a stone, or pay turnpike for my walking stick; but it will be soon over, I guess, for I know that my old pal, Brown, who invited me home from Granada, will do the 'ansome, and turn this badly wrapped-up parcel of skin and bones, into a first-class hout-and-hout swell; for he has good wages, and I'm to have the free run of the pantry. So then, that's the house; well, the sooner I'm there, the sooner I'll part company from my constant comrade and unpleasant bedfellow—hunger. He's stuck close enough to me since I landed in England; but the closest friends must part; and I'll shake hands with him and say good-bye without a sigh, or as much water in my eye as would give a fly a foot bath. But hallo! who comes here? Why Brown, by all that's comical. Oh! I know his figure-head; aye, could swear to it if I saw it stuck on a bundle of rags in a wheat field to fright the crows away. Hillo-o-o, old cockalorum!

Enter BROWN, L.

BROWN. That woice—that woice! why, I could tell it from a chorus of jackasses! Joe—what Joe!

JOE. Yes—Joe as was—his abridgment as is.

BROWN. All head, legs, arms, and back bone, with the skin that ought to cover his stomach flapping about him like the union jack round a flag-staff in a calm.

JOE. Yes; and all for the want of stuffing.

BROWN. And what wind blowed you here?

JOE. I'm blowed if it ain't cool of you to ask. "Blowed me here?" Why, friendship's wind, and precious cool it is at times. Why, here I am, old pal, come affectionately to see you—to adopt you as a son, and you to adopt me for your father.

BROWN. Father! adopt you! No one would believe it, Joe; you ain't haristocratic enough.

JOE. Ain't I though; you just try me.

BROWN. Old Joe.

JOE. No—young Joe; him as in more corpulent times you compressed into your hinexpressibles, him as has left Granada to fling hisself into your arms, and to rest in your bosom, and your wife's—

BROWN. Hold hard there! I ain't got one yet, and if I had—

JOE. Of course I knowed that, and only meant it hallygorically; but here I am, and there's my paternal blessing.

BROWN. Oh, hang your blessing! Are you peckish?—could you nibble a bit?

JOE. Oh, couldn't I—try me! A workhouse, at Christmas, on roast beef, would envy my performance.

BROWN. There then, pitch into this crust and cheese. I was a going to the public to have my lunch—but—you shall have it—there—peg away.

JOE. Can't I eat it as we go home?

BROWN. Home!—where's that?—I ain't had one for three weeks.

JOE. Don't speak like that, or I'll choke. No home!—why, what's up?

BROWN. Peg away at the crust, and I'll tell you.

JOE. But do you mean for to go for to say that you've seduced a hinnocent like me over to—

BROWN. Shut up your potato trap, and listen. I'm glad I've met you, for I suppose you can make yourself generally useful?

JOE. (*mouth full*) And always hornamental.

BROWN. Well, we'll say no more about that.

JOE. But what's up?

BROWN, Feed, feed! you've asked that question before. Up! Everything's up—everybody's up—or rather everybody's down. Aye, down is most like it.

JOE. Up! down!—why, you're taking away my happetite.

BROWN. A cheap dinner, then? (*JOE with mouth full looks choking*—BROWN *clapping his back*) Don't make a beast of yourself by bolting your food like a bohea constricter a swallering of his blanket—take it easy, and it'll do you good, as the drummer said to the soldier when he was tickling his back with the cat-o-nine-tails. That's better. Keep your eyes backarder in your head, and do as the Yankees do.

JOE. What's that, Brown?

BROWN. Chew. It'll be all the easier for digestion. Why, you're expanding already—you're growing visibly rounder before me, like a balloon.

JOE. Aye, that's it—and I want filling; but go on.

BROWN. Well, you must know, Joe, that my master, Lord Clifford, has been a going it to a nice tune since we settled here in Wales—leastways, after we had been here about four years—

JOE. Ho!—and did his wally take after him?

BROWN. No insinuations, Joe. Put back your long ears, and listen. For about four years, as I said, we were mighty comfortable: but after that, the devil, or some other friend of his, threw him in the way of an old sweetheart of his—one Lady Emily.

JOE. Ho, ho!

BROWN. And ever after that, he took to cutting the company of my missus.

JOE. What the Gitanilla?

BROWN. Yes—Camilla—that he eloped with from Granada. Well, Camilla, as is—that is, my missus as was—took on fearful—loving him, as—as—loving him as you love somewhat to eat.

JOE. And plenty of it.

BROWN. Until, at last—who do you think should find her out?

JOE. May I choke if I know.

BROWN. Pedro, the gipsy chief.

JOE. (*dropping bread*) What here?

BROWN. Yes, here.

JOE. The cove with a head like a hornamented wig block?

BROWN. That's he.

JOE. And is he here now?

BROWN. He is—and by some means or other, he got a talking to missus—that is, Camilla as is—my missus as was—and what do you think she did?

JOE. How can I guess, and I eating—one kind of hard work is enough for a man at once.

BROWN. Hooked it—

JOE. With him?

BROWN. No; she tried it though; and he and my lord had a tussel in the garden, but he doubled up my lord as easy as you'd double up a shrimp; and, maybe, would have made as short work of him, if Lady Emily had not cried out for help, and the poor fellow was nabbed in a giffy, and hauled off to prison.

JOE. Is he there now?

BROWN. He is.

JOE. And where is the Gitana?

BROWN. Not far off; Nina is with her. Now, she wants to give up her child to Pedro, for it is legal heir to all the estates, though few knows it, and then she'll give the coroner a job.

JOE. Suicide?

BROWN. Shouldn't wonder! anyhow, this gipsy must be helped to escape—I'll do it!

JOE. You! why, I thought you'd have given up your prayers for the pleasure of seeing him swing.

BROWN. So I would! but, I'd rather swing myself, than see her as she is—so wretched—dying out like a candle with a thief in the wick; for she was an hangel, if ever an hangel dressed in petticoats.

JOE. And, lord Clifford—

BROWN. Is to be married to lady Emily to-morrow; but I'll spoil that sport, for all I seem so friendly.

JOE. How so?

BROWN. Hold hard, and you'll see. You must come with me, and do as I tell you—all in the end will be well. How do you feel?

JOE. Tighter a little; but still open for more filling.

BROWN. That will come in good time. Put yourself together, and follow me. Now for a visit to Pedro in his prison, to tell him that Camilla needs him, and that Brown will make a way for his escape. No, no! no shirking; I'll not lose sight of you, for the fifth of November is a coming.

Exeunt, L.

SCENE SECOND.—*Prison Courtyard. A high wall running across from building R. C. to L.; door of entrance R. C. in flat.*

PEDRO discovered walking quickly to and fro.

PEDRO. Another day and vengeance still unsated. Another day, and here like a caged whelp I lie, helpless and hopeless. No, no—not hopeless! one gleam darts like a silver arrow through the clouds despair has heaped above me! One gleam of hope—hope of a great revenge—that day will come! Woe, woe! to her betrayer!—twice has he escaped, and twice have I been duped! I must be free! Oh, that my foot were once again upon the turf, and he before me—not heaven—not hell—no, not Camilla's voice should save him from the stroke! Camilla, let me not boast! Camilla! ah! even in thy slightest tone there reigns a spell that bends me to thy will. Camilla—vision, my soul has chased like a sweet ignis fatuis—where will this wild love end? Camilla, had I the choice of heaven or thee Camilla, thee it would be; for what were heaven, if lacking thee. Ha!—some one comes!

Enter JAILOR and BROWN, R. C.

JAILOR. There he is, Mr. Brown, as usual, pacing up and down. We allow him, you see, to walk in the yard, according to the order you brought.

BROWN. Aye; like the untameable hyena we hear tell on. Lor, what an eye he has!—like a gimlet, isn't it, Mr. Jailer? goes right through you with a screw.

PEDRO. Is this your law?—call you this justice?—or am I but a monster, not a man?—a thing to peep at for a price? What brings ye here?

BROWN. He's getting the steam up!—I don't feel quite the thing.

JAILOR. I came to bring ye better news, prisoner. This gentleman—

PEDRO. Where is the—the paradox?

JAILOR. (*points to BROWN*) There.

PEDRO. (*disdainfully*) Faugh!—that thing! And is it of such ye make your gentlemen?

BROWN. What next? Hang me if I'd run the risk I do, only—only I can't refuse Camilla.

Exit JAILOR, R. C.

PEDRO. (*advancing fiercely*) What do you here?—jackal to a coward decked in a lion's hide!—what do you here?

BROWN. Draw it mild! draw it mild, my amiable friend!

PEDRO. Friend!

BROWN. Well, what you like, old touch-and-go. Why, I'm a friend of yours;—but a hogshead and a half of gunpowder is only a lucifer match compared to you!

PEDRO. Leave me, leave me! I have no heart for fooling—leave me, I say! ere I contaminate my fingers with such a—Ha! that face. Have we not met before?

BROWN. Yes, sir. Oh, lord!—pray, don't recall the time.

PEDRO. So—I remember—and now—your business here.

BROWN. My business?

PEDRO. Is not my question plain?

BROWN. Camilla!

(*PEDRO rushes wildly at BROWN, and seizing him by the throat, holds him out at arm's length*)

PEDRO. Hound! Cur! take but that name again into your polluted lips, I'll tear your tongue out by the roots, and give it you to lay at her despoiler's feet.

BROWN. But—but—Camilla!

PEDRO. (*furiously enraged*) Again—again! the furies seize thee. I've not forgotten yet.

BROWN. (*half throttled*) She sent me.

PEDRO. (*staggering back*) She—sent you—sent you, she—

BROWN. Yes, she—and this is my welcome into your drawing room, and a soft hand you hold out to me. Why, the grip of a blacksmith's vice compared to it, would only be a squeeze to a thunder-clap.

PEDRO. Sent you—for what?

BROWN. To tell you of escape.

PEDRO. Escape! what for? Escape! ha, ha! *She loves me not.* Earth is to me a desert. Escape! what for?

BROWN. She needs a friend.

PEDRO. (*softened*) Ha! there again. A friend and an avenger—both she shall have. Camilla, flower of our tribe; goddess, that sways my destinies, vengeance shall yet be thine. (*walks about*)

BROWN. What an incarnate fiend he looks—and yet, even her name turns that face in its fiercest struggles, into a something soft and beautiful. Old Nick, I should say, is an angel compared with him; now, if he had only the horns, I'd give him credit for the tail and hoofs.

PEDRO. Caged here! caged like a beast of prey—hemmed in by walls and bars, and ponderous doors—whilst she—whilst she—(*turns fiercely on BROWN*) Camilla! what of her—lie not—look in my face, and let me see your eyes. Again, I say,

lie not ; its birth—will be thy death. Is this some jugglery ? some plan devised to lift me up to hope—then dash me down in mockery ? Look in my face—if that thine eye but quails—I'll tear thee limb from limb.

BROWN. (*with a paper in his hand*) She—she—she—

PEDRO. (*advancing with a determined air*) Well, sir ?

BROWN. She bade me give you this, and then you'd listen to me for her sake.

PEDRO. Her sake ! what's here ? (*reads*) "Honoured Pedro, trust him who brings thee this ; he is Camilla's friend—her friends are few." Camilla's friend ! Forgive a heart half-maddened, if thou canst ? See, I will kneel to thee.

BROWN. No time for that. Now I feel easier, and we can come to business. Camilla waits for you—broken in spirit, and weak as a babe, she asks but for Pedro.

PEDRO. Say on.

BROWN. Her child will soon be orphaned, 'tis for it she lives. You must escape.

PEDRO. Must ! tell me how ? Revenge will burn me up—all here is flame—it surges like a mighty flood. An Etna's pent with me.

BROWN. Don't effervesce so, like a bottle of ginger pop on a hot day. See here—(*draws cord from pocket with stone at the end*) this is to be your ladder.

PEDRO. What that ? that thread ?—you jest !

BROWN. Not I ! (*flings weight over wall*) The news of Lord Clifford's villainy has been broken to the Lady Emily.

PEDRO. By whom ?

BROWN. Nina, the Spanish girl you saw waiting on her ; she like myself dotes on the very ground Camilla walks. 'Twas she procured this order for me to see you. Camilla waits for you.

PEDRO. But where ?

BROWN. Some miles from here, at the foot of the Devil's Bridge—she has hidden herself there for safety and shelter ; I must guide you.

PEDRO. The Devil's Bridge !—the name is ominous.

BROWN. Now I must go ; but first to try my cord. I have a twenty stunner at the other side, so that when you lay hold of the rope, don't fear, we'll haul you over. (*draws down line with rope attached*) You see he's there. Now I must go. Keep up your heart ; think only of Camilla, and escape.

Exit BROWN, R. C.

PEDRO. Camilla and revenge !—these are the potent words. Oh, for the open plain, or else the wooded hill with air—fresh air—pure as from heaven—free as is heaven, and as heaven's creatures should be. There I'll have elbow room. My soul

expands within me—this is new life—new hope—and 'neath the wings of night, I'll rush to my revenge. Ha! fresher still—sweet zephyrs fan my brow, and cool my blood—sport through my hair and wanton with my lips. Now for my other life—the life without—it moves—he's there—now! now! (approaches rope, but pauses as CLIFFORD's voice is heard without)

Ha! some one comes—'tis he!

CLIF. Conduct me to your prisoner; I would question him, and speedily.

PEDRO. He comes! Now, nerves be firm—sinews be strong, and from the dastard's breast, drag forth his reeking heart—here's power for that. I am not weaponless, for in these hands lie multiplied by hate the strength of ten. Oh, there will be rare sport—how I shall laugh, to see him blanch and blush—blush! ha, ha!—blush 'neath my grasp—but soft, this letter first—Camilla's hand—let it be next my heart to urge me on—one kiss. (kisses it and starts) What's here?—more writing—"Should Clifford cross thy path, I charge thee, harm him not; touch but a hair in hate, you break Camilla's heart." (almost sinks) Fettered once more—humbled once more—and like an infant helpless.

Enter CLIFFORD and JAILOR, door R. C.

CLIF. Be ready at my call; he may be violent; I must not trust him too freely. Prisoner—

(PEDRO stands moodily aside, L. C., his back towards CLIFFORD—as CLIFFORD speaks, he becomes fearfully agitated, and from time to time turns on him as though he would annihilate him at a glance)

CLIF. Prisoner, I would speak with you. Nay, hear me: to my clemency you owe your present comparative freedom. (PEDRO looks scornfully at him, then away) You are here confined, remember, upon two charges—burglary, and attempted assassination! Of both we have proofs. (PEDRO turns fiercely on him, but, clutching the letter, turns away again) Disprove them if you can. Upon my testimony your life hangs. If—mark you—if I but prosecute, you must suffer! (PEDRO again confronts him, but turns writhing away) I do not seek your life. You twice have aimed at mine. I would be generous. One way remains—one loop-hole for escape. I need your aid. Save me, and you are free!—thwart me, and justice takes her course.

PEDRO. (aside) Oh! bursting heart, be still! I dare not speak—if I but speak I strike—and then, and then, Camilla! Oh, heavens! I shall go mad!

CLIF. I said I want your aid—nor do I want it cheaply.

But first I wish to learn where is the gipsy woman of your tribe with whom you met so secretly, and at night.

PEDRO. (*almost bursting*) And this for thee, Camilla! The lion of thy tribe baited by such a cur!

CLIF. You love her! and have loved her long, if passion can be love.

PEDRO. (*fearfully convulsed*) Why comes he here? Great heavens! I'm not temptation proof!

CLIF. Rid me of her—bear her away! Gold shall be thine, and freedom! Why don't you speak?

PEDRO. (*turning on him*) Hate will not loose my tongue!

CLIF. Will hopes of freedom?

PEDRO. Not freedom's self.

CLIF. Will fear?

PEDRO. Not Fear.

CLIF. Speak, then! What will—

PEDRO. (*in a voice of thunder*) Revenge!—hark, how its echoes swell—there's music in the tones! Revenge!—stand back—nor tempt me more! Coward and fiend!—despoiler of the chaste, the good, the beautiful!—slayer of maiden virtue!—traitor to plighted troths!—list to the sound—revenge! *My* love was pure; *my* hopes were fresh; my bride elect—no more! *You* came—came like a deadly blight—a hideous plague—tainted my love—blasted my hopes—despoiled my—Again, list to the chorus now—revenge! revenge!

CLIF. Stand back, wild robber! I am not unarmed. Stand back—another step is death!

PEDRO. (*wildly*) Death!—said you, “Death?” Nothing but death—your marriage oath!—we've heard its sound before. Nothing but death!

(*PEDRO springs upon CLIFFORD, who presents a pistol at him, which goes off in the air; CLIFFORD calls loudly “Help!” PEDRO hurls him violently down, L. 1 E.; then seizes rope, and is quickly drawn up, as*)

Enter JAILOR and SOLDIERS, armed.

CLIF. (*calls to those around him, as PEDRO crosses the wall, at top*) Shoot him!—such is the law.

PEDRO. Fiend, we shall meet again.

(*SOLDIERS fire; PEDRO disappears—scene closes in*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Exterior of Prison (1st grooves.)*

Enter CLIFFORD, R., followed by SOLDIERS and JAILOR.

CLIF. Disperse yourselves on every side—he must be found! A hundred guineas for him, alive or dead! (*aside*) Would it were dead, for then I should be safe. *SOLDIERS go out, L.*

CLIF. (*to JAILOR*) He must have had confederates. Who has been here?

JAILOR. No one, save your lordship's servant, Brown—

CLIF. Brown! There's treachery here; he has aided in his escape. Both must be found—

JAILOR. And may perhaps—from what I heard, I think—

CLIF. Speak out—what did you hear?

JAILOR. He spoke of the Lady Emily.

CLIF. With the prisoner?

JAILOR. Yes, my lord.

CLIF. Thicker and thicker—I am not safe.

JAILOR. And also of some person named Camilla—

CLIF. Well, well, what else?

JAILOR. I also overheard them speak of the Devil's Bridge, and how that some one had hidden there—

CLIF. I have it!

Enter SOLDIERS, L.

You have not found him? Yet ye shall; I'll lead ye to the spot—stand not on form—the knave is desperate. If he escape, I'll look to ye. (*aside*) The Devil's Bridge—it was her favourite haunt. Fool, that I was, not to have searched her out before. She's there awaiting him. Thither he's gone; and she—well, well, it's not a time to pause. Come on, come on!

Exit, with SOLDIERS, L.

Enter JOE, R.

JAILOR. Hallo, fellow, what do you want?

JOE. Nothing, your honour; only, as I heard a hullabaloo here, I came to look on.

JAILOR. Have you seen a man, dressed in foreign costume, and with long dark ringlets?

JOE. What, now?

JAILOR. Yes; within these few minutes.

JOE. I did, your honour. A rum cove he appeared to be—something of a cross between an Italian organ-grinder and a Spanish brigand.

JAILOR. The very same—which way went he?

JOE. (R.) He went that way; and seemed as if he was in a hurry.

JAILOR. Then they will miss him.

JOE. What was he?

JAILOR. An escaped prisoner. They have taken the wrong direction—they have gone to the Devil's Bridge. I must follow and overtake them if I can.

Exit, L.

JOE. The Devil's Bridge. The devil they have! Here! (*whistles*)

Enter NINA, R.

They are on the right track; but the jailor has followed to turn them from it. What's to be done?

NINA. Much. His lordship will wish himself away when he gets there; for he'll meet with one he little counts on.

JOE. You mean the Gitana?

NINA. No—he looks for her, and will find her. But beside her—tending her as a sister of charity—he'll see the Lady Emily.

JOE. Then the cat's out of the bag already?

NINA. It is.

JOE. She knows everything?

NINA. Everything—and has promised to adopt the child, and aid him as rightful heir to the estate—but I must go—farewell!

Exit NINA, R.

JOE. And I'll go too. Well, this is quick work—and I only wonder where it will end. Yet all's the same to Joe. Fol, ol, the lol lol.

Exit, singing, L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Interior of Cave (2nd grooves.)*

LADY EMILY discovered seated on a moss-covered bank, R. C., on which CAMILLA is stretched, her head in LADY EMILY's lap —JUAN by her side.

LADY E. This broken slumber may strengthen her—poor crushed-out spirit! how my heart bleeds for thee! So young—so beautiful—so hopeless—

CAMIL. The wild flower fades—rooted out from his heart, so that the lily may bloom there.

LADY E. So dreams she ever. Oh no, poor stricken one! I'm saved, thank heaven! Another day—this secret undivulged, and I—let me not think on it. Ha! she wakes!

CAMIL. Not come! not come! They'll slay him, noble lady—murder the glory of our tribe—the great, the good Pedro.

LADY E. No, no, he shall be free.

PEDRO rushes in, L.

PEDRO. He is—he is—Camilla!

(CAMILLA shrieks, springs up and rushes to him—PEDRO catches her as she seems about to fall)

PEDRO, (kneeling, c.—CAMILLA resting on his knee) Poor withered rose bud, creep to my bruised heart. She's mine! Heaven bless thee, gentle lady! She's mine and thine! Oh! look upon her now, so pale, so wan!—this is not death—the flutterer is not still. Camilla!—worshipped in life—wedded in death. Camilla!—a smile plays round her lips, as though some angel beckoned her away! This is not sleep—not death.

CAMIL. Death is but sleep—awakening is new life.

PEDRO. Camilla—flower of my tribe!—Camilla!

CAMIL. Great heart—huge love—Pedro!

PEDRO. She speaks again—she called my name! Speak on! Oh! I could hang upon thy tones till hearing failed me.

CAMIL. Thou art near me, Pedro.

PEDRO. Near thee! thou'rt grafted on my heart—it is a part of thee—some magic link unites us—my sobs are echoes of thy sighs.

CAMIL. My boy—Pedro, I am a mother—my child—he has no father now.

PEDRO. No father! what—whilst Pedro lives? No father! Ah! didst thou but know my love—not the dull dross of earth—but the pure flame of heaven burns in this rugged breast. Call me what name thou wilt, but cling to me—let it be friend or brother.

CAMIL. Brother! chief of my tribe! brother!

PEDRO. That is a holy title. Camilla—sister—since that our fates have so decreed—so let it be, my sister.

CAMIL. My boy—my Juan!

LADY E. He is my care—here I adopt him. He is my son.

CAMIL. Yet not the child of shame.

LADY E. No—no—I've heard the truth.

CAMIL. Stay! here's the document that made me wife. (LADY EMILY takes paper) Thank heaven for that. Now I can die in peace.

PEDRO. Speak not of death—let it be life. Oh! I will toil for thee as never servant toiled—court insults, cuffs, contumely—'twill be for thee, and that will make me blest. Cheer, then, my sister! Open thine eyes, and let them read in mine the love that is not selfish. Speak!—wilt not speak?

CAMIL. My child—where is my child—my brother?

PEDRO. (drawing JUAN to her) He's here.

CAMIL. My child—my boy—my single tie to earth!

PEDRO. Single—

CAMIL. Do not be jealous now—there's but the grave to woo me, and he's a chill competitor—but look on him.

PEDRO. I see him in thy face.

CAMIL. (raising herself up) Kiss me, my son: now, twine thine arms around this noble heart. (put CHILD'S arms round PEDRO's neck) Cling to him fervently, if but for me. Pedro! see—he looks into thine eyes. Camilla's son—the son of thy lost love—lost, not dishonoured—kiss him, and I am happy.

PEDRO. Mine—he is mine as thine.

CAMIL. Call—call him uncle.

JUAN. Uncle, I love you, for you are good to my mamma—

LADY E. And I?—

JUAN. You are my other mamma—I love you too.

CAMIL. Raise me, dear brother—ha! I am weak—great heavens, I thank thee, my prayers are answered. (*falls against PEDRO's breast*)

PEDRO. She faints—she dies—no help! Camilla, speak one word again—one smile. Oh, sink not thus. Pedro calls—thy child clings round thy neck—call her, my boy—thy voice would stay her at the gates of heaven, and lure her back to kiss thee—call her, my son.

JUAN. Mamma, come back! stay with me here, mamma—with uncle and Juan.

PEDRO. Again—again! there's life upon her lips—see there!—there's moisture on her cheek—'tis but a tear of mine. Camilla! speak!—thy new-found brother calls.

CAMILLA. Brother, sweet brother! lady, good lady, bless thee—thee and my son—and thee, my br—

LADY E. The rest she'll speak in heaven.

PEDRO. What mean you?

LADY E. That blessing was her last.

PEDRO. 'Tis false—she lives—give air, give air! Lady, thine aid—her belt is too tight—loose it—she'll breathe again.

LADY E. Too late—too late!

PEDRO. Thou too—to say, too late! she blessed thee too; but now—

LADY E. Would it were otherwise. Now she looks down on us, as we look down on her.

PEDRO. And is she gone? Gone with a blessing on her lips—a blessing breathed for me. Ere the recording angel wrote the word—she stood beside him. Is it not so?

LADY E. It is. Her sorrows are all past—she is at rest—leave her to me.

PEDRO. Dead—said you, dead? I'll bear her to this bank. (*carries her up stage*)

LADY E. Yes, dead; her sleep will be eternal—leave her to me.

BROWN. (*rushing in, L.*) You are followed—the soldiers are at hand, headed by Lord Clifford. Away!

LADY E. Yes, fly. I'll tend on her. Go! stay not a moment, or it may be too late.

PEDRO. Too late—'tis true. Too late for hope, but never for revenge! *Runs out, R.*

(LADY EMILY covers CAMILLA with her shawl, as CLIFFORD rushes in, followed by SOLDIERS)

CLIF. (*amazed*) You here!—sweet lady mine!—here, where I tracked a murderer?

LADY E. The murderer is here!

CLIF. Where? where?

LADY E. Even where you stand—see there—(*draws off shawl*) thy murdered wife—not strangled, for that were bold—not brained, for that would criminate—but killed—killed by thy coldness and deceit.

CLIF. No wife was she; she was but—

LADY E. (*showing certificate*) Coward! to stab the dead! She cannot speak, but there, see there—thy marriage certificate.

CLIF. No witnesses.

(BROWN and NINA rush in, L.)

BROWN. Yes, two; we saw ye married.

NINA. And I! I saw ye married, and I kept the secret to this very moment, although I am a woman.

CLIF. Foiled!—caught in my own trap!—Yet he—Pedro—

Enter JAILOR, hastily, R.

JAILOR. The prisoner has started off towards the Falls, my lord.

CLIF. Give chase, give chase!—shoot down the dog—the death of love in me, gives vengeance birth.

Exit with JAILOR, R. 1 E.—BROWN, LADY EMILY, and NINA with the CHILD bend over CAMILLA, as scene closes in.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Thicket (1st grooves.)*

Enter PEDRO, breathless, L.

PEDRO. The odds are far too great. Were he alone, or were I armed, I'd face him midst his minions; but that I dare not do. Revenge is sacred, and I must keep my oath, or the pale shade of her I loved, will haunt me through eternity. This way they come—they hunt me down like a wild beast of prey—ha! list to their shouts—nearer—still nearer—I'll further through this thicket, there hide and bide my time. (*shot fired that strikes him—he staggers*) Well aimed, but yet not fatal; the next may be more sure. *Exit, staggering, R.*

Enter CLIFFORD, L., followed by SOLDIERS.

CLIF. That shot told home. See there—'tis blood—track him by that.

JAILOR. Which way has he gone?

CLIF. Towards the Falls—let us be quick, or we may lose him. No chance is to be lost—take truer aim next time.

Enter LADY EMILY, L.

She here!

LADY E. What, lay another murder on your soul? Be warned in time—let him you've wronged escape. Much as I loathe thy sight, I'd have thee live—repentance yet may come—death shuts it out.

CLIF. Away—my course is taken—his life or mine.

Rushes out, R., followed by SOLDIERS.

BROWN *rushes in, L.*

BROWN. He's wounded, lady—see there, his blood!

LADY E. He's on that rock (*another shot*)—they've missed—he's hidden now—which way is he going?

BROWN. For the Devil's Bridge, I think, my lady. Oh! save him if you can! Follow, good lady; my lord may turn back at your call.

LADY E. Not he! Ha! there he is—again in the valley! (*other shots*) Fiends! how they hunt him down!

BROWN. He's weak: he must fail soon. Turn back, good lady, this is no scene for you.

LADY E. It is, it is! I yet may save his life!

Exit, followed by BROWN, R.

SCENE LAST.—*Whole stage—Devil's Bridge—the Cataract roaring down at back of stage—a rock in centre, at the foot of the fall—water on stage going off, L.*

Enter PEDRO, pale and exhausted, L.

PEDRO. But one chance left—to climb these rocks. Part them from him, and hurl him from the heights! (*another shot, and shouts*) I must be quick—I would not die ignobly! Blood hounds, I laugh at ye! (*rushes up stage, then off, R., and is seen on one or two jutting crags during his ascent*)

Enter CLIFFORD and SOLDIERS, L.

CLIF. He tries to reach the bridge—his wound will weaken him—he's there again! No, do not shoot—mine be the task to take him living!

(CLIFFORD follows; and at distances some SOLDIERS; others range themselves below; he is seen gaining upon PEDRO, and widening the distance between himself and his followers; at length PEDRO reaches the top, and leans against bridge as if for support; CLIFFORD is near him in a moment; PEDRO gains centre of bridge as CLIFFORD seizes him; they struggle, and fall over at back into the water; LADY EMILY, BROWN, NINA, JOE, and SOLDIERS enter, L.; a moment after PEDRO and CLIFFORD are carried over the cataract, and sink through stage; a huge rock, c.; on one side CLIFFORD rises through the water and grasps the rock—as he mounts it, PEDRO is seen rising

on the other side ; the moment he sees CLIFFORD, he also climbs, and seizing him, hurls him backwards, shouting—“ Nothing but death ! ” SOLDIERS lining rocks, and standing on bridge, fire at him ; he shrieks out—“ Camilla ! thou art avenged ! ” and falls dead across the rock)

Curtain.

Costumes.

BENDITO. Rich, but faded Catalonian dress; velvet jacket and breeches; highly coloured dark mantle; staff; scarlet Moorish turban; huge rings in ears; white uncombed hair; heavy projecting eyebrows; beard; drab cloak.

CAMILLA.—Short showy Spanish frock and jacket, laced; profusion of jet-black ringlets, falling below her waist at back; flower wreath and castanets. *Second Dress*: an English lady.

PEDRO. Catalonian style of dress, very rich; scarlet gold-laced cap, with large blue tassel; dark blue velvet-slashed jacket, covered with silver bell buttons; tight breeches, and laced sandals to knees; India scarf round waist; Spanish cloak, gold chain, knife, pistols, long curls. *Second dress*: plainer suit; large brown cloak.

CLIFFORD. Modern.

BROWN. *First Dress*: same as worn by Clifford, in colour, &c. *Second Dress*: English livery. *Third Dress*: as plain yeoman.

JOE. *First Dress*: Brown's second dress, too small. *Second Dress*: as a kind of groom.

The rest of the characters wear modern dresses, suited to their stations.