

THE
J E W E S S
OR THE
COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE
A ROMANTIC DRAMA

IN
T H R E E A C T S

ADAPTED FROM SCRIBE'S "LA JUIVE."

BY

T H O M A S H A I L E S L A C Y

AUTHOR OF

*Fiesco—Leila, or the Fall of Granada—A Silent Woman—
Lucille, the Maid of Malines—Marston Moor—
Courier of Lyons, &c. &c.*

T H O M A S H A I L E S L A C Y,
89, STRAND,
(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)
LONDON.

909746

THE JEWESS.

First produced at the Academie Royal de Musique, February, 29, 1828; at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, November 16, 1835; at the Victoria, November, 1835.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DRURY LANE BILL OF THE JEWESS.

"The new Scenery has been prepared on a scale of splendour and extent surpassing even the productions of the last two seasons."

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY

MR. GRIEVE, MR. T. GRIEVE, & MR. W. GRIEVE,
Assisted by Mr. ABSOLON, Mr. THORNE, Mr. WILTON, Mr. MORRIS, Mr. CARROL, &c.

The Music by HALEVY—Adapted by T. COOKE.

The Costumes from the best authorities by Mr. Palmer, Messrs. Coombe and others.

The Properties, Decorations, and Ornamental Paraphernalia by Mr. Blamire and Assistants.

The extensive Machinery by Mr. NALL.

The massy and costly armour executed by Monsieur GRANGER, of Paris.

The incidental dances arranged by M. ANATOLE, Maitre de Ballet to the Academie Royale.

The piece produced under the direction of
MR. FARLEY.

CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane.	Victoria.
The Emperor Sigismund . . .	Mr. KING.	Mr. STUART.
John Francis, Cardinal de Brogny . . .	Mr. WARDE.	Mr. GANN.
Leopold, Prince of the Empire . . .	Mr. COOPER.	Mr. N. T. HICKS.
Duke de Liegnitz . . .	Mr. BRINDAL.	
The Bishop of Constance . . .	Mr. SEGUIN.	
Ruggiero, the Grand Provost of Constance . . .	Mr. GIUBELEI.	Mr. HART.
Albert, Captain of the Emperor's Guard . . .	Mr. HENRY.	Mr. C. WILLIAMS.
Eleazar, a Jew Goldsmith . . .	Mr. VANDENHOFF.	Mr. ARCHER.
Page to the Princess . . .	Miss LEE.	
Attendant . . .	Mr. W. H. PAYNE.	
The Princess Eudocia . . .	Miss FORDE.	Miss H. PALMER.
Rachel, the Jewess . . .	Miss ELLEN TREE.	Mrs. SELBY.

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Members of the Council—Deputies of the Nations—Electors of the Empire—Dukes of Saxony, Bavaria, Austria, Brandenburg and Wettemburg—Count of Cleves, Landgrave of Hesse, Margrave of Baden, Count de Cilley, Earl of Warwick and Sir Walter Hungerford (ambassadors from Henry V. of England to the Council of Constance)—Cardinals de St. Croix, De Florence, De Cambray, of Salisbury, of St. Marc, and of St. Etienne—with the Bishops of Chester and Badajoz.

Prelates, Knights, Nobles, Officers, Pages, Guards, Herald, Servants-at-Arms, Pursuivants, Guisarmiers, Crossbowmen, Trumpeters, Banner Bearers, Masters of Trades, Magistrates of the City, Populace, &c., Penitents, Familiars of the Holy Office, Monks, &c., &c.

Noble Ladies, Maids of Honour, Attendants, Train Bearers, Artizans' Wives, &c., &c., &c.

The following Scenery has been prepared for the occasion—

Public Place in the City of Constance.

With the Procession of the CARDINAL to celebrate High Mass.

INTERIOR OF THE JEW'S HOUSE.

Another view of the City leading to the Barrier Gate,

THROUGH WHICH TAKES PLACE THE

GRAND ENTREE

OF THE

EMPEROR SIGISMUND,

Attended by the Cardinal President, other Cardinals, Bishops, Prelates, Priests, &c., &c., the

GRAND MARSHAL OF THE EMPIRE

AND

ELECTORS, AMBASSADORS, AND KNIGHTS,

ALL MOUNTED ON FULLY CAPARISONED STEEDS,

AND ARMED CAP-A-PIE IN COMPLETE STEEL.

THE JEWESS.

WITH A

**DOUBLE BODY-GUARD IN DEMI-CUIRASSES
AND
COATS OF MAIL.**

(Manufactured at an enormous expense, particularly for this occasion.)

TOGETHER WITH A

**RETINUE OF NOBILITY, GENTRY, OFFICERS,
GUARDS, ETC.**

☞ In order to give the fullest effect to the splendour and beauty of the costumes, a platform has been erected from the stage to the pit.

A CORRIDOR IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

GARDENS OF THE PALACE,

(With a view of the City of Constance), in which is given

A SUMPTUOUS BANQUET

To all the Dignitaries and Grandees of the Empire, which is served by the Electors on horseback.

Gothic Apartment leading to the Council Chamber.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF CONSTANCE,

SEEN THROUGH

A SPLENDID GOTHIC TENT,

EXHIBITING THE

ESPLANADE FOR EXECUTION

SURROUNDED BY AN

AMPHITHEATRE OF THE CITIZENS

TO WITNESS THE

IMMOLATION OF THE JEWESS.

COSTUMES.—PERIOD, 1418.

EMPEROR.—Suit of brass plate armour, helmet with white plumes and jewelled circlet, amber robe with ermine; moustache and beard.

LEOPOLD.—Light brown shirt with red tippet scalloped at the edge, red turban cap with descending drapery, pouch, dark leggings and ankle shoes. *2nd dress.*—Long amber shirt, jewelled orders, sword, gilt ankle shoes, crimson robe trimmed and lined with ermine, emblazoned with a crowned lion rampant on the right side, jewelled coronet, neither beard nor moustache.

CARDINAL.—Scarlet long shirt, over which is a short shirt of point lace, robe of scarlet, trimmed with ermine, cardinal's hat, grey hair and beard.

ELEAZAR.—Dark cloth gaberdine, with hanging sleeves, opening at elbow, leathern pouch, blue stockings, russet ankle shoes, narrow crowned hat with peaked point, on it a yellow rosette.

PROVOST.—Red short tunic and tights, black shoes, black turban cap and drapery, large circular mantle open over the left shoulder, emblazoned with the arms of Constance.

PAGES TO THE CARDINAL.—Blue tunics and tights, small scarlet cap, scarlet surcoat, with the triple cross in gold.

PAGES.—Short shirts of various colours, with open sleeves hanging to the knee, under sleeves and tights, party coloured small caps.

EUDOCIA.—Pink dress, shot with silver, tight sleeves and short waist, trimmed with black fur at the skirt the wrists and round the neck to the girdle, corset of gold stuff, high conical head dress with long white veil, flowing from the peak. *2nd dress.*—Body of cloth of gold, ermine round the neck down the bosom and round the waist, party coloured petticoat, in large red and white squares, on the white squares the crowned lion, rampant, is embroidered in red, and on the red squares, in white, ermine round the skirt, gilt shoes, jewelled coronet over large transparent veil, edged and spangled over with gold.

RACHEL.—Yellow petticoat, blue tunic trimmed with white, white full sleeves, white turban and tippet, white full trousers, long white veil. *2nd dress.*—Rich light crimson tunic, white satin trousers, net hanging sleeves, red slippers, jewels. *3rd dress.*—Rich scarlet satin, richly trimmed with gold, jewellery. *4th dress.*—Plain white, hair loose.

Sixty male auxiliaries.

Twenty female ditto.

For more particular details—*Herbe's Costumes Francaise*, *Hefner's Costumes du Moyen Age*, with numerous other authorities easily accessible, may be consulted with advantage.—T. H. L.

Platform round orchestra built of five three-inch deals—upright posts on each side to support coloured ropes.

THE JEWESS.



A C T I.

SCENE I.—*Grand Square in the City of Constance. (a wide drop scene.) Public fountain of carved stone in the middle. On R. 2 E., the house of Eleazar, the Hebrew goldsmith. The Cathedral of St. Martin, L., the grand entrance steps, L. 2 E. Bells of the City heard tolling for prayers. Shouts in the distance—a trumpet heard—pause—then louder shouting—and the populace throng in from all sides.*

Enter the PROVOST, his GUARD, his TRUMPETER, from L. U. E.

(the TRUMPETER sounds.)

PROVOST. (*reads from a scroll.*) Good people of Constance, hear! oh, hear! the edict of the Grand Council. “January twenty-seventh, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand four hundred and eighteen. The Holy Council of the Imperial City of Constance, now assembled, with the Emperor, and the Lord High President the Cardinal de Brogny, hereby decree, that in honour of the meeting of the dignitaries of Europe, and of the victories of his Highness Prince Leopold, generalissimo of the soldiers of the faith, against the Hussite heretics—that in all the churches, prayers and thanksgivings shall be offered up—that in every house labour shall cease, and holiday shall be kept—that at noon the fountains of the great square shall run wine, that poor and rich, that young and old, may rejoice on this glorious day, when the lords and champions of the Holy Catholic Faith enter the city gates.” Hear! hear! good people of Constance, hear and obey!

(loud shouts—the PROVOST and his TRAIN go off R. 1 E., the CITIZENS retire R. and L.)

Enter LEOPOLD (disguised as LABAN) L., meeting ALBERT, R. U. E.

ALBERT. Is it possible?—can I believe my eyes? Do I behold the noble Prince Leopold in this humble dress?

LEOPOLD. Hush, my friend! I would have my presence here unknown to all.

ALBERT. But know you not, sir, the emperor is anxiously awaiting your arrival?

LEOPOLD. I know it well, Albert! but until the evening, he must not be aware that I have reached the city.

ALBERT. The great council which is summoned to pronounce upon the writings of the impious John Huss, will be opened by the emperor in person; and may it prove as successful in crushing the doctrines of the heretic as your highness has been victorious over his armed partizans.

LEOPOLD. Yes, Albert, thanks to the valour of my faithful knights and soldiers, the followers of Huss are dispersed.

ALBERT. By solemn edict the emperor has named a day of jubilee in honour of your triumph. The Princess Eudocia, too, your highness's destined bride—

LEOPOLD. No more, good Albert—I must be gone. In the evening we shall meet again. Keep thou my arrival a secret until then, and as I may require thy service, be prepared to render it without question: the reason thou shalt know hereafter.

ALBERT. Your highness may command me.

LEOPOLD. Farewell, my friend—farewell! (*crosses R.*)

(ALBERT bows and exits, L.)

'Tis past the hour, yet Rachel comes not. How painful is this delay. We breathe, yet live not, in the absence of her we love. But all's repaid when the dear maid appears, with smiles upon her lips, love in her eyes, and welcome in her arms.

Enter RACHEL, door R. 2 E.

My Rachel!

RACHEL. Dear Laban, is it thou?

LEOPOLD. Yes, Rachel, thy Laban—thy slave—thy lover!

RACHEL. And dost thou return to banish hence my dreams of dark distrust and fell inquietude? Since thy absence, happiness has been a stranger to my heart; for dismal auguries of danger and of terror have visited my thoughts by day and scared my sleep by night. But all's forgotten now; Laban is here, and Rachel is happy. But, tell me, hast thou been prosperous in thy journey? has fortune smiled upon thee?

LEOPOLD. All has gone as I could wish. And now there needs but thy lasting love to crown my toils with endless joy.

RACHEL. And can poor Rachel's fondness be a crown to thee? If so, 'tis ever, ever thine! And why should we not be happy? Thy faith is my faith—we shall bend before the same altar; my father will not shut his heart against his daughter's happiness—he will consent, dear Laban. He is wealthy, but the skill of thy hand can call beauty and grace from the crude metal, and win thee competence and honour. Then fear not his willing assent—that is, if thou still dost desire it. But thou hast been long absent, hast visited other climes, hast seen beauty that may have taught thee to slight poor Rachel's homely form: say, Laban, is it not so?

LEOPOLD. No, by my faith, my honour! Foreign lands have shewn me no form, no face so fair as thine, no eye so brilliant; for thy faith to the poor absent wanderer, makes thee seem to him a radiant angel. Dear Rachel, let us part no more; for good, for evil, let us this night fly together. Dangers which thou dreamst not of may rend our hearts apart for ever. Wilt thou not then be mine?

RACHEL. I dare not hear thee, Laban. I have a father, a dear fond parent, should I smite his enduring trust in his daughter's love?—no, Laban. But to night we may meet again in safety.

LEOPOLD. Where, and when?

RACHEL. Here, within my father's house.

LEOPOLD. How can I procure admission?

RACHEL. Come without fear. Hast thou forgotten that this night we hold the solemn Feast of the Passover? I fear thou thinkest too much of thy poor Rachel, and too little of the precepts of our great law-giver. Although the persecutions of the stranger forces us to meet in secret, my father's doors will be open to all of our faith; no question will be interposed to any who mingle in the sacred rites.

LEOPOLD. (*aside.*) That would discover me; besides, I cannot either so mock their faith, or so betray my own.

ELEAZAR. (*within, R.*) Where art thou, Rachel?

RACHEL. My father's voice—I must begone; but in the evening thou wilt come?

LEOPOLD. Yes, happen what will, I must again have speech with thee; farewell, my love.

RACHEL. Dear Laban, farewell—till evening!

(*he kisses her hand—she goes off R. door of house.*

LEOPOLD. She's gone—ha! I hear the sound of many footsteps—the Cardinal comes to the cathedral, with him the Provost and city guards—I may be recognised! Yet how shall

I tear myself from the home of Rachel?—but it must be so.
Oh, casket, that contains my heart's one treasure, till eventide,
adieu!

Exit L. 1 E.

Music.—POPULACE enters from L. U. E., and group; then the procession of the CARDINAL to mass.

One banner of the Pope.
Two Cross bearers.
Two Croziers.
Cardinal Brogny.
Four Pages holding train.
Four Bishops.
Two Abbots.
Four boys with censers
Two Cardinals.
Four Prelates.
Princess Eudocia.
Two Pages bearing train.
Four Ladies.
Six Noblemen.
Provost.
City guard.
Banners.

(*the procession passes up the steps into the cathedral, the PROVOST remaining on the steps, his GUARD ranged at back, c.*)

CHAUNT.—PROVOST.—(*from Mr. Moncrieff's adaptation.*)

Blest patron saint, from thy bright home above,
Oh, hear our grateful songs of praise and love.
For peace and plenty in our cottage homes,
For worth and virtue in our noble's domes;
For valour lent our armies in the field,
For wisdom thou dost to our councils yield;
For victory o'er our enemies abroad,
For friends and kin at home, belov'd, adored;
Humbly we kneel in thanks, Saint Martin, dear,
Hear us, with favour—oh, with favour hear!

GRAND CHORUS. (*by the populace, who have knelt during the above.*) Hear—hear! oh, hear!

(*a light but distinct sound of the blows of a hammer heard from Eleazar's house, R.; all start up and turn.*)

PROVOST. What sacrilegious hands, upon this day devoted to rest and thanksgiving, dare profane the council's edict by disobedient toil?

CITIZEN. So please you, sir, 'tis Eleazar, the rich goldsmith ; he is a Jew, and labours thus in mockery and scorn.

PROVOST. Drag him before me—he shall repent his insolence !

(CITIZENS *rush to the door and batter it violently—it gives way—they enter the house, and return, dragging in ELEAZAR, followed by RACHEL.*

RACHEL. (R.) Oh, my father—my father ! spare—oh, spare him !

PROVOST. (L.) Jew, whence this audacious impiety ?—how darest thou labour and insult the ears of the faithful with thy unhallowed toil, thou unbelieving dog ?

ELEAZAR. (R. c.) I am no dog, but a son of Israel. I am an unbeliever—I have naught with thy religion or its decrees.

PROVOST. Be silent, infidel ! or you shall rue your well-known hatred of our holy faith.

ELEAZAR. For what should I love it ? Oh, Provost, if thou had seen as I have, two brave dear boys, thy only sons, perishing in the midst of flames kindled by thy cruel laws—if thou hadst been held a writhing spectator to their dying agonies—if thou hadst seen, hadst felt this, oh, Provost ! thou wouldest not marvel that I cannot love thy creed, but must live and die “an unbelieving dog.”

RACHEL. Father, dear father !

PROVOST. Beware, Jew, the fate of thy sons does not become thine. Thou art held in just abhorrence of the people !

ELEAZAR. And for what ? The people think me wealthy, and covet that gold they have not industry nor skill to gain themselves by honest labour ; but it is easy to plunder and to murder, therefore the worthy citizens hold *me* in abhorrence, but my *gold* they love.

PROVOST. Go on, you but more surely certify your own doom.

ELEAZAR. And if I did labour on your day of festival, why should I not ? The Jews are not protected, not acknowledged by your laws ; you labour on *our* Sabbath, why not we on *yours* ?

PROVOST. Insolent blasphemer ! dare you compare yourselves with us ? You never speak to Christians but to deceive them—never exchange converse with us but to plunder. Citizens, I give them to you !—away with them to the lake !

RACHEL. (*shrieking.*) Oh, mercy ! Take our wealth, take all we have !—thrust us forth to poverty !—but spare, oh spare my father ! (*kneels.*)

ELEAZAR. Daughter !—if you are my daughter—rise !—kneel not before the tyrants !

PROVOST. Away with them! As the sons died by fire, let them try a colder death! Cast them into the lake!—away!

Exit into cathedral, L.

CITIZENS. Hurrah—death to the Jews—hurrah!

ELEAZAR. (*speaks through the tumult.*) Cowards! imbecile cowards!—my curses on you! I defy you—I spit at you!

(Two CITIZENS seize RACHEL, *she bursts from them and embraces ELEAZAR; they are both seized, and ELEAZAR dragged off, R. 1 E.* Two CITIZENS are dragging RACHEL, shrieking, “Father! father!” towards L. 1 E., when—

LEOPOLD enters hurriedly at back.

LEOPOLD. What do I hear—the voice of Rachel! Down, ruffians!

(*strikes the CITIZENS down, and drawing his sword, defends RACHEL, L.—Tableau!*

1st CITIZEN. A friend of the Jews—slay him! On friends, on!

RACHEL. Oh, dear Laban, they will destroy thee! Let me not lose all!—my father, my husband—oh, save!—

(*faints in LEOPOLD’s arms.*

1st CITIZEN. Upon them!—down with the false Christian!

(*shouts.*

LEOPOLD. Back, hounds, as you would save your craven carcasses!

(*tramp of soldiers heard, R. U. E.*

1st CITIZEN. Here comes the emperor’s guard; now then they’ll be done for! Hurrah! death to the Jews!

Enter ALBERT, and the emperor’s GUARD, R. U. E.—they advance.

1st CITIZEN. Noble captain, the Provost has given the rascally Jews to the people, and that vagabond has dared to draw in their defence. Please to order him to be knocked down.

ALBERT. (*advances to LEOPOLD, who whispers to him.*) Back, fellows, leave them in peace; they are protected by the safe-guard of the emperor.

CITIZENS. Shame! ah, shame!

(*they groan, the SOLDIERS wheel round to R., forcing off the people.*

LEOPOLD. Rouse thee, Rachel; fear not I will protect thee with my life.

(*leads her, nearly insensible, into the house, R.*

(*tumult without, R.—the PROCESSION gradually returns from cathedral.*

ELEAZAR. (*heard calling.*) Rachel, my child!

ELEAZAR enters, R., his dress torn and disordered, followed by the CITIZENS.

ELEAZAR. Rachel, my loved one, where art thou? Not here!

—gone!—ah, murdered by these devils! Now do your worst, I seek to escape no longer! My sons, my boys, my Rachel, I come—I follow thee! *(casts himself on the ground, R. C.)*

CARD. *(halting on the steps.)* What means this wild outcry? Why this violence on a day devoted to thanksgiving and to joy?

PROVOST. (C.) 'Tis a wretched Jew, your eminence, whom I have condemned for insults to the Imperial edict.

CARD. What has he done?

PROVOST. Profaned this holy-day by public labour.

CARD. Raise him, I will speak with him.

(ALBERT attempts to raise ELEAZAR, who resists.)

ELEAZAR. Give me my daughter!—where is her corse? Restore me that—her life you cannot give me back—but let me see the features of my child in death!

ALBERT. Peace and prudence! your daughter is safe within your own house.

ELEAZAR. Oh, thanks! *(rising.)* Let me look at thee! Thou art a christian!—but thou dost not deceive me?—thanks—thanks!

CARD. (L.) What is thy name, Jew?

ELEAZAR. Eleazar.

CARD. Eleazar!—have we not met before? Surely I remember thee?

ELEAZAR. Thou should'st do so, indeed; unless thou hast as little memory as heart.

PROVOST. *(advancing, c.)* Insulting miscreant!

CARD. Peace! peace! heed him not. *(crosses c.)* Where was it that I last beheld thee?

ELEAZAR. In years long passed I dwelt, as thou didst, in Rome—thou wert not then a priest, but had a wife and child.

CARD. Man! respect the undying pangs of a bereaved husband and a father. Oh! fatal—fatal hour, that robbed me both of wife and daughter.

ELEAZAR. What, then, canst thou feel, cardinal? strange—that man suffering himself will make others groan beneath the tortures he himself laments!

CARD. Thou dost wrong me, Jew. What suffering have I inflicted upon thee?

ELEAZAR. Dost thou not persecute and slay, all, not of thy creed? Did not my two sons perish in flaming torment, and my wife of grief for what they suffered?—and you ask me what misery you have inflicted on me!

CARD. That act was none of mine. Thine own stubbornness it was turned all hearts against thee, or perchance they had

been spared. I have been stern, but never cruel; Heaven's grace gives charity. When I condemn I weep—when I may, I pardon.

ELEAZAR. At least, 'twas thy act alone that banished me from Rome—was that well done? To send me from my friends—my people—the ashes of my dead wife—the home in which she had dwelt, and its sweet memories of holy love—in which she had pledged her virgin faith to this now arid breast! Oh, thou didst rend my heartstrings. I seemed to see her die again, when I was torn from Rachel's grave.

CARD. I now remember—true, *that act was mine*, but 'twas to save thy life, else forfeited for usury, and wanton disobedience to Roman law—so shall it be again; take once more *thy forfeit life*, and use it better. (*goes up steps.*)

PROVOST. (*advancing, c.*) But, your eminence, the people will tear the unbeliever and his daughter limb from limb; they cannot dwell here in safety.

CARD. A daughter has he? Then, for her sake, will I save him in his own despite. Be it on thy head, sir provost, that for three days he dwells in Constance in peace and safety—then let him and his depart unharmed. Jew, farewell—let the pardon which our clemency bestows conquer the evil passions of thy heart, and turn it to meekness, and humble thankfulness to heaven. (*to the people.*) For three days, the shield of Rome is o'er the Jew, his child, and house—that passed, we banish him the city. Forward!

Music—ELEAZAR rushes into the house, R.—PROCESSION advances, L., goes across to R., and departs, R. U. E.

1. Cardinal.
2. Four Pages.
3. Croziers.
4. Banners.
5. Incense bearers.
6. Two Cardinals.
7. Four Noblemen.
8. Princess.
9. Pages.
10. Ladies.
11. Dignitaries of the Church.
12. Banners.
13. Provost.
14. City banner.
15. Guards.

(when the PROCESSION has disappeared, the CITIZENS occupy the stage with cans, pots, &c.)

CITIZEN. 'Tis noon, citizens—hurrah for the red wine from the fountain.

CITIZENS. Wine—wine! hurrah! hurrah!

(*wine is seen to spout from the stone fountain, c., the CROWD rush to it with shouts and laughter, and in the midst of confusion and excitement they are closed in by—*

SCENE II.—*Plain Wooden Chamber in the House of Eleazar (a drop close to the second wing), door l. 1 E.*

Enter LEOPOLD conducting RACHEL, l. 1 E.

LEOPOLD. Thou art safe, dear Rachel; fear not for thy father, he is cared for—be thou composed; let me see thee smile, and I will go in search of him.

RACHEL. Heaven sent thee, Laban, at an hour of need—thou wilt save my father, and in his life preserve mine. But it seems strange, Laban, that thy influence could so suddenly strike down the weapons raised against us. Hast thou some charm to subdue the wrath of man, as thou hast conquered the heart of a poor Hebrew girl?

LEOPOLD. I have a spell, Rachel, that has often worked greater miracles, and that is love—love for thee!

ELEAZAR. (*without, l.*) Where is she? Rachel! my child—my child!

RACHEL. Here—here! my father!

ELEAZAR enters l., and embraces her.

ELEAZAR. How wert thou preserved unharmed, my child, from the hands of these ruffians?

RACHEL. It was to the courage of this brave stranger that I am indebted for deliverance; one of our people, whom thou wilt thank and love.

ELEAZAR. A son of Israel, and thy preserver! what may he desire, that I can give, but it shall be yielded freely at thy command. Thy name?

LEOPOLD. My name is Laban—a poor wandering worker in the precious metals.

ELEAZAR. And thou art Hebrew? and hast saved my Rachel? Poor shalt thou be no more. Dwell within my tent, and though we are banished from this fair city, wherever I plant my staff, let Laban dwell—my open-handed gratitude shall share my store with thee.

RACHEL. Banished, saidst thou, father?

ELEAZAR. Even so! within three days we must depart or die? (a knocking heard, l.)

RACHEL. Hark! a summons to the portal! Oh, heaven! should they come for our preserver! Laban, fly! we have a secret cell, there canst thou lie in safety.

LEOPOLD. Fear not for me. (*knocking again, l.*)

ELEAZAR. Again! what can it mean? does the cardinal repent his clemency? Rachel, go you to your chamber. Laban, remain, I may have need of thee. *Exit RACHEL, l.*

EUDOCIA. (*without, l.*) Open, Jew, in the name of the emperor! fear not, there are none here to harm thee.

(*ELEAZAR goes off, l. 1 E., to open the outer gate. LEOPOLD retires up r., and ELEAZAR returns, preceding TWO PAGES, the PRINCESS EUDOCIA, and TWO LADIES, l. 1 E., veiled.*)

ELEAZAR. To what am I indebted for this visit, lady?

EUDOCIA. (*unveiling.*) Dost thou know me, Jew?

LEOPOLD. (*aside.*) Eudocia! Saints above! how shall I escape unknown?

ELEAZAR. The princess! Thou hast been ever kind to the poor Hebrews! How hast thy slave deserved the honour of thy noble presence in his humble dwelling?

EUDOCIA. Who is that man?

ELEAZAR. A skilled craftsman of our art—shall he retire!

EUDOCIA. No, he may remain! perchance his aid may be required. Thou hast, amongst thy precious stores, a noted chain of rarest gems and cunning workmanship.

ELEAZAR. That was once worn by the great Emperor Constantine—a saintly relic of surpassing beauty. Would your grace purchase it?

EUDOCIA. If the price is in my means, I would.

ELEAZAR. (*opens a repository and takes forth a casket containing a jewelled chain.*) 'Tis here, fair princess, and for it I have refused the sum, in gold, told down, of twenty thousand ducats.

EUDOCIA. I would not question the sum you deem its fair equivalent.

ELEAZAR. Look at its rare workmanship, its gems of purest water.

EUDOCIA. Time presses, I must begone! Its price?

ELEAZAR. I dare not say a lesser sum than five-and-twenty thousand ducats; my friend, a skilled worker of the art, will witness with me its unequalled worth. Laban, speak to the noble princess

EUDOCIA. It needs not. The purpose for which I desire it forbids me to haggle for its cost—I would have a matchless jewel to grace a matchless hero's breast. Nought can there be too costly or too rare for the noble Leopold.

LEOPOLD. (*r.*) Oh, heavens!

ELEAZAR. (R. C.—*aside*.) I have demanded too small a sum—fool that I am!

EUDOCIA. Behold this ring! it bears Prince Leopold's crest and cipher intertwined with mine—let them be graven on the chain, and friend, if thine's the task (*to LEOPOLD*) exert thy utmost skill, and thou shalt win my thanks. (*gives the chain to ELEAZAR*.) Let it be done with speed, and at the great tournament and banquet of to-morrow, bring thou the chain and I will place it on the neck of my most honoured, loved and loving lord—thou shalt then receive its price. Thou wilt not fail?

ELEAZAR. Most noble princess—on my head be it—I will, ere noon, present to thee the jewel with my own hands.

EUDOCIA. 'Tis well, adieu!

(she draws her veil—ELEAZAR opens the L. door, and preceeds her, bowing—the LADIES and PAGES follow.

LEOPOLD. She's gone, and I have escaped unknown. What torture! Oh, little did she dream the man, by her valued so richly, deserved her regard so poorly; and Rachel, too, can I desert her? No, no; she must be mine, though all besides be lost! I'll bear her hence; and yet to take her from her father's love—'tis selfish and 'tis cruel! and yet I cannot leave her. No, no! passion has triumphed. Let honour, name, and fame desert me—let ruin seize me—but she shall be mine!

Enter RACHEL, R.

RACHEL. At length we meet alone; Laban, hear me—I must perforce be brief, and yet what I would say—oh, 'tis of direful import to us both. Laban, deceive me not! a strange suspicion of thy truth encircles and bewilders me. A thousand little traits I heeded not before, now throng back upon my memory. The scales seem falling from before my eyes. Laban thou hast deceived the love that wholly trusted thee. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

LEOPOLD. And has it come to this? well, perhaps 'tis best. Rachel, I own my fault—I have concealed from thee the truth.

RACHEL. Oh my heart! what fearful evils dost thou not forbode.

LEOPOLD. Scorn me not, Rachel! now thou know'st the truth—I am a Christian.

RACHEL. Oh, Heavens!

LEOPOLD. Shrink not; my creed is not thine, but love regards not forms of faith! Jew or Christian, thou—the woman—art the object of my love.

RACHEL. And I have pledged my faith to thee—have sinned

against Heaven and my sire! but oh! 'twas blindly done—I knew not of my crime.

LEOPOLD. Speak not thus, my Rachel—I have sacrificed to thee more than thou canst dream of. All that thy wildest love could exact from its object, I have yielded up for thee.

RACHEL. Know'st thou not there is a future as well as a past to dread—that Christian laws have raised a wall of adamant between us? Jew and Christian must not meet in wedlock, or in love; if they do, the doom of both is unrelenting death.

LEOPOLD. Love heeds not obstacles like these; we will fly from all, and in some sweet and lone obscurity we'll dwell, unheeding and unheeded by the world.

RACHEL. And my father—

LEOPOLD. He will forgive—and ere long rejoin us.

RACHEL. Laban, I cannot leave my father.

ELEAZAR enters and stands, L.

LEOPOLD. It must be so! your sire would deny our union—of that be sure! this is the moment that parts or binds our fate for ever.

RACHEL. Heaven's hottest bolts of vengeance will be launched against us.

LEOPOLD. Be it so! we shall have loved, and we shall die together.

RACHEL. A strange fascination thrills me with thy voice. Oh, father! and is it thus the child thou hast reared—hast given life to, and guarded safely through a thousand perils—is it thus that child repays thy fondness and thy care? I dare not think—I cannot pause. Oh, Laban, take me! I am thine own! for weal or woe—thine—thine only, and for ever!

(embraces him.

LEOPOLD. Thanks, dearest! let us linger not, but fly at once.

(they go towards L., and encounter ELEAZAR, who sternly regards them.

RACHEL. My father! horror!

ELEAZAR. Where wouldst thou fly to, Rachel? where can a maiden stay so fitly as in her father's house? how couldst thou leave it in modesty and innocence? how couldst thou dwell elsewhere in happiness? when round thy steps by day, and o'er thy couch by night, a father's curse would roar and flash about thee, poisoning and rankling every joy! Oh, thou ingrate! thou art no child of mine! hence! I renounce thee! go—drain the draught of fitful pleasure thou dost covet, and when the bitter dregs alone remain, then feel and own the madness that bade thee leave a parent's home for the seducer's palled and selfish passion. And thou, the tempter, that like

the old serpent, hast stolen in and undone the work of anxious years—that in this Eden (*pointing to RACHEL.*) of guileless happiness, hast for ever planted care, and woe, and death—rejoice at thy demon work, and thank our mutual faith alone that shields thy life from the avenging steel of justice.

LEOPOLD. I will not owe my safety longer to a lie; my passion for Rachel has blinded me to all but her—my knightly oath forbids the base subterfuge of even silence, to deceive—I am no follower of thy creed—I am a Christian.

ELEAZAR. I should have known it by thy falsehood; and thus do I requite thy treachery! die, base imposter and seducer—die!

(*draws his dagger and rushes at LEOPOLD—RACHEL screams and interposes, c.*

RACHEL. No, no, father, on me vent thy indignation; I deserve it all! I am thy guilty child; but spare—oh, spare him! he saved my life.

ELEAZAR. But to destroy thy innocence—thy virtue!

RACHEL. Oh, no! thou wrongst him deeply, father—his nobleness of soul never conceived such baseness—could'st thou but relent, my father, for thy poor Rachel's sake! could'st thou but forgive the past, and with us seek some other land where persecution would not seek us out! Oh, father, wouldst thou but bless and join our hands.

ELEAZAR. (*pauses.*) Girl, thou dost not know these Christians—I have too bitter cause to doubt them. But thou shalt conquer, and if he will receive thy hand—

RACHEL. Oh, thanks, my father! (*kisses his hand.*) Dost thou hear, Laban—we shall yet be happy!

LEOPOLD. (*r., aside.*) I see it all! the fatal future now! my passion lasted me thus far, with heedless eyes; now do I see and know the dark abyss that yawns before me.

ELEAZAR. Why is he silent—why speaks he not? Ah! I see it all—he will wed thee.

RACHEL. Laban?

ELEAZAR. Can it be that she deceives me? Hast thou wronged her innocence? Is she not pure?

LEOPOLD. As mountain snows, beyond the reach—the gaze of man, as spotless as unsullied!

ELEAZAR. Why art thou silent, then? I am an elder and a priest of Israel; and forgetting wrongs and injuries too vast for forgiveness, will give thee here my child to wife. (*crosses c.*) Rachel, thy hand—now, Christian, give me thine, and I will pronounce the vows that in the sight of Heaven shall make thee one.

LEOPOLD. Oh, never—never!

RACHEL. Laban! do I hear aright? what mean'st thou? on my knees I implore thee—speak! is the past avision? dost thou not love me?

LEOPOLD. For ever and for ever!

RACHEL. What means thy silence, then?

LEOPOLD. It means that hell is in my heart and in my brain! that I have sinned beyond my own endurance or forgiveness! I dare not call thee wife. (crosses L.) I have been base—my heart is thine—thine only; yet a fatal obstacle exists too great for love to conquer, I dare not ask thee to forgive—farewell—farewell for ever!

Exit, L.

ELEAZAR. Oh, villian! villian! I knew he'd scorn thee, Rachel. Now thou see'st what would have been thy fate hadst thou left thy father for the stranger. Poor broken flower, come to my arms and let me heal thy suffering spirit.

RACHEL. Oh, father, no! I cannot bear the touch of man—save one, and he is gone—is gone for ever! and yet not so—I'll follow him—he shall not leave me! Laban! oh, my husband come back—come back to me—let me know the cause that parts us, or I'll perish at thy feet.

Rushes off, L.

ELEAZAR. Rachel! my child! my child. *Following her off, L.*

SCENE III.—*The City Gates of Constance, r. An open portal, L. U. E., with portcullis and raking bridge—houses in c., (diminishing in perspective), R. and L., and on each side, with open windows, the houses gaily decorated and festooned—People at the windows, balconies, and on the house tops—distant tumult and continued shouts, joy-bell ringing.*

Enter OFFICIALS and place posts and ropes to join the front platform. *Music.*—The GRAND PROCESSION enters—the LADIES in balconies wave their scarfs, the MEN throw up their caps—shouting loudly as popular nobles enter.

[Order of the Procession as arranged by Mr. Planché.]

Poursuivants on Horseback, in Tabards of Arms of the City of Constance.

Trumpets.

Banner of the City of Constance.

The Grand Provost and his Officers.

The Provost's Guard.

Crossbow-men.

Banners of the Electors, Princes, and Counts of the Roman Empire—the Members of the Council, and the Deputies of the Nations.

Magistrates of the City of Constance.

Masters of Trades and Professions.

Serjeants at Arms of the Emperor.

Kings at Arms.

Trumpets of the Cardinal President.

Banner of the Cardinal.

The Papal Banner.

Guisarmiers.

Secretaries of the Council, with their Clerks and Pages.

Cross Bearers.

The Bishop of Constance.

John Ketterich, Bishop of Chester.

The Bishop of Badajoz.

The Cardinal, De Ste. Croix, Patriarch of Constantinople.

The Cardinal, Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury.

The Cardinal, Pierre D'Ailly, Bishop of Cambray.

The Cardinal, of Florence, (François Zarberelle.)

The Cardinal, of St. Marc, (Guillaume Fillastre.)

The Cardinal, of Ste. Etienne, (Pierre Foix D'Aragon.)

Followed by their Pages bearing their Mitres.

Guard of the Cardinal President.

Men at Arms.

The Cardinal de Brogny.

President of the Council, on Horseback, and followed by his
Pages.

Cross Bearers.

Priests.

Trumpeters, Heralds, and Banners of the Empire.

Captain of the Archers of the Guard.

Archers of the Guard of the Emperor.

THE EMPEROR

on Horseback, in complete Armour, surrounded by his Pages.

Count Herman de Cilley (his Father-in-Law) bearing the
Imperial Globe.

The Elector of Saxony (Rodolph III.) with his Sword drawn,
as Grand Marshal of the Empire.

Frederick, Margrave of Nuremberg, bearing the Sceptre, as
Elector of Bradenburg.

Louis of Bavaria, Elector Palatine.

Duke Frederick, of Austria.

Adolphus, Count of Cleves.

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, Ambassador from
Henry V. of England,

All in complete Armour.

Banners of the Electors, &c.

The Duke of Wirtemberg.

The Duke of Pomerania.

The Duke of Leignitz and Brieg.

The Langgrave of Hesse.

The Margrave of Baden.

Sir Walter Hungerford (*joined with the Earl of Warwick in the English Embassy*) in their Robes of State, their Trains borne by Pages.

Guisarmiers.

Men at Arms.

Crossbow-men, &c.

[Order of the Procession as arranged for a Provincial Theatre.]

NAMES.

Two Pursuivants.

Four Trumpeters.

One Banner of Constance.

One Provost.

Two Officers.

Six Bowmen.

Six Banner Bearers.

Mayor.

Two Magistrates.

Four Masters of Trades.

Six Serjeants of Arms.

Six Heralds at Arms.

Two Trumpeters.

Two Banner Bearers.

One Papal Banner.

Twelve Guards.

Four Members of Council.

Four Clerks.

Two Cross Bearers.

Four Bishops.

Two Pages, party coloured.

Two Cardinals.

Four Pages with Trains.

Eight Archbishops.

DRESSES.

White shirts trimmed with black, and turbans, truncheons.

White shirts trimmed with red, real trumpets.

Dark shirt.

Black gown trimmed with fur.

Party coloured dresses.

Red legs and arms, blue shirt, and arms of Constance before and behind.

Scarlet shirts, black arms and legs.

Scarlet gown, gold chain, fur cap.

Ditto ditto.

Black gowns.

Yellow shirts, black arms and legs, black turban, and belt.

Silver body, black eagle on breast, black and scarlet.

As before.

Ditto.

Ditto.

White and scarlet.

Scarlet robes.

Black shirts.

Priest's robes.

Cardinal Brogni.
 Two Pages with Train.
 Two Crozier Bearers.
 Four Prelates.
 Four Priests.
 Four Trumpeters.
 Six Cross Bows as before.
 Twelve Soldiers in Armour.
 Four Pages.
 Six Noblemen.
 Six Horses with Men in Armour.
 Twelve Banners.

(the PROCESSION passes to R. U. E., the EMPEROR advances, c., the NOBLES, arm in arm, on each side—Grand Tableau.)

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter LEOPOLD, L.

LEOPOLD. So then, the worst has passed, and I must henceforward think of Rachel as of one entombed. I must contemplate the past but as a troubled dream, and live only in the uncertain future. Ah, would that I alone could bear that future! but my footsteps have been marked by desolation, and to those who loved me, I have left despair.

Enter RACHEL, hastily, L.

RACHEL. I have then o'er taken thee, Laban! Is it well that I should cast aside for thee, the robe of maidenly reserve, that best befits our sex—that I should wreck my fame, and shame my nation in seeking one that shuns me? But be it so, let all go—let all perish, Laban, so that I regain thy love.

LEOPOLD. Oh, painful hour—now heart be firm—to yield to her were added cruelty.

RACHEL. What is the secret that rends our hearts asunder?

Is it thy faith, that will not let thee mate the child of persecuted Israel? If so, that gulf shall exist no more—'tis passed—call me thy wife; thy people shall be my people, and thy faith shall be my faith.

LEOPOLD. Oh, wondrous strength of woman's love, and I must be deaf to this! Rachel, it cannot be, alas! recall thy sex's pride, and scorn me, for I deserve it. I have said that we must part; 'tis true—'tis true; the fiat has irrevocably sped, and our paths must separate for ever.

RACHEL. And why must this be so?

LEOPOLD. It rends my heart to speak to thee the fatal truth. Yet honour bids, and if I cannot wed thee, thy purity shall meet no wrong from me. Another claims my plighted vows, my wedded hand. (*RACHEL shrieks and falls senseless to the earth, c.*) The shaft has pierced her deeply; poor blighted one! better would it be thou didst not wake again, to feel and writhe beneath the scorn that clings to thy unhappy race. Ha! footsteps approach—by Heaven, 'tis the princess! Then leave her I must—lest in her unguarded speech all should be revealed. Rachel, poor helpless maiden, farewell—farewell for ever.

Exit, R.

Enter EUDOCIA and ATTENDANTS, L.

EUDOCIA. What have we here—a female senseless? Oh, assist her quickly!

(*the Two LADIES gently raise RACHEL, who slowly recovers consciousness.*)

RACHEL. Where am I? What has befallen? How my brain burns!

EUDOCIA. (R.) Cheer thee, damsel, reveal your cause of suffering to one whose coming happiness but teaches her to minister to those less blessed by fortune.

RACHEL. Thanks, gentle lady, thanks! But what avails it? Oh, let me suffer on, for death will sooner claim me then.

EUDOCIA. Yield not to such despairing thoughts.

RACHEL. What room have I for hopeful ones? Was it not here he stood, the calm traitor, and told me that he should be the husband of another? That he had won my love—had reft my thoughts, my cares, my heart, from parent, home, and kindred—that he had left me in this wide world, no care, no hope but him—that he was *all* to me, and then with cold accents and unruffled brow, he said “That it was best to forget the past—to say farewell”—and see him wed another.

EUDOCIA. Art thou the victim of unrequited passion? Hereafter shalt thou tell me all thy tale of sorrow—meanwhile accept of shelter amongst my maidens, who will heed thy every wish.

RACHEL. Thanks, noble lady, solitude is all I wish for.

EUDOCIA. No, that must not be to-day. This morn I am betrothed to our great Leopold; thou shalt attend me, and his knightly aid will I bespeak against thy wronger; thou shalt present to him the cup in which I pledge to him our future happiness, and as thy guerdon, win his championship to right the wrong thou hast suffered.

RACHEL. Oh, gracious lady, thanks! it shall be so—let love, then, be forgotten, and revenge, then, be mine—he who has cursed my future shall not sleep in triumph. Let princely Leopold aid me to discover the dark assassin of my peace, and blessings light upon thy head and his for ever.

Exeunt r.—EUDOCIA leading RACHEL, followed by LADIES.

SCENE II.—*The Gardens of the Imperial Palace on the Borders of the Lake of Constance, prepared for the Tournament and Grand Banquet. (The front wings on each side removed.)*

The CARDINAL, NOBLES, LADIES, PAGES, and PEOPLE, discovered.

Distant continued shouts—ALL rise, until the EMPEROR enters, attended by LEOPOLD and the PRINCESS; the ELECTORS follow on horseback, bearing golden dishes from L. U. E.—The EMPEROR is met by the CARDINAL, who conducts him to the seat of honour, R.—the LORDS and LADIES seat themselves. HERALDS appear from L. U. E.—they sound, and a grand tournament ensues—combats with various weapons—the PRINCESS presenting the prizes to the different victors—the weapons are removed—the HERALDS and COMBATANTS retire—The ELECTORS singly ride from L. U. E., to the Emperor's table with their dishes, which are received by ROYAL PAGES, and tasted by a NOBLE, then placed on the royal table by the PAGES. The ELECTORS dismount, and are conducted to the royal table, where they sit. Pause of music. The CARDINAL rises—all present follow his example—he appears to offer a prayer and bless the banquet—a burst of music—ALL sit, and the feast commences—PAGES and CUP BEARERS are occupied in pouring out and bearing wine, &c. A BALLET, Imaginative and Fantastic, by the PRINCIPALS and CORPS DE BALLET, at the end of which,

SOLDIER (*speaks without, L. U. E.*) Back, Jew, you pass not here.

ELEAZAR. (*is heard without, L. U. E.*) Stay me at your peril—I come by command of the princess.

EUDOCIA. It is true! let him approach.

A PAGE goes off, L. U. E. and returns with ELEAZAR, who bears a rich casket—she rises and goes c.—ELEAZAR advancing, L.

EUDOCIA. Thou hast been punctual, friend—give me the chain. (ELEAZAR kneels and presents it—she goes to LEOPOLD.) My lord! deign to accept this gift of true regard—this precious relic which once graced the breast of Constantine the Holy and the Great. May it continue thine until, like him, thy fame and years grow great and many, and when you pass away, may it be held in double reverence, as coming from a second hero, great as Constantine, in valour, faith, and honour.

(LEOPOLD kneels, R. C.—ALL rise—she places the chain round his neck—flourish.

ELEAZAR. What do I behold? can it be? do my eyes mock me? No, 'tis Laban!

EMPEROR. My lords! raise high your cups—a pledge, a royal pledge.

ALL obey—EUDOCIA beckons, and RACHEL enters R., with a cup of wine—she offers it to LEOPOLD, but stands motionless with surprise at recognising him.

EMPEROR. Nobles of the holy empire, drain your goblets! a health to Leopold the brave, and Eudocia the fair! the bridegroom and the bride! the honour and the hope of Germany!

RACHEL. (dashing down the goblet.) Hold! drink not the pledge! Nobles, this man is a false and perjured traitor. Princess, he is all unworthy of your love!

LEOPOLD. Rachel here! 'Tis vain to struggle—vengeance pursues me.

RACHEL. Traitor and felon! I do proclaim thee here, a renegade and a heretic—guilty of the fellest crime known to your laws—I denounce thee for one who, casting off the garb and trampling on the symbols of your faith—disguised as an Israelite, pledged troth and held unlawful communion with a Jewess.

ELEAZAR. Oh, Rachel, hold! you know not what you do!

RACHEL. Peace, father! thy blood is in my veins—thou didst give thy sons to death sooner than palter with their creed. I will doom myself, ere I will tamely yield to insult and wrong like mine.

EUDOCIA. (crosses to her, R. C.) Woman, how darest thou sully thus the fair fame of noble Leopold? Is this thy gratitude to me, that thou shouldst blot my lover's stainless shield with thy black malignant falsehoods?

RACHEL. What, wouldst thou shield him, lady? wouldst accept the lover of a Jewess for thy husband? but it shall not be. (*goes up, c.*) Emperor, champion of the Christian faith,—cardinal, its guardian—nobles, its professors—hear you my words! I charge that man with deadly guilt. Is it, that he is son to the highest here, that justice, which knows no rank, must pass his guilt aside, and see it not; that must not be. Here, before the world, I charge him, Prince Leopold, as a perjurer and a heretic.

EMPEROR. If this be so, I have no son, nor shall the poorest of my people be judged with a more impartial voice. Cardinal, I abnegate my power to you, and as thou art a Christian prince, see justice done. (*sits.*)

CARD. (*who does not leave his place.*) Woman, such an accusation must have weighty evidence to prove its truth, or woe upon its author. Where is thy proof?

RACHEL. Here! (*herself.*) And here! (LEOPOLD.) The guilty and the victim—I the Jewess, and he the Christian. In semblance and in name of a son of Israel he tempted me—his sworn love was mine—and for that, our lives are yours—let him be questioned—he will not dare deny it.

CARD. Prince Leopold, what is thy answer to this foul charge? Thy knightly word is proof enough to send her to the stake and make thee stainless. Is her story true or false?

LEOPOLD. (*aside.*) How deeply must I have struck the heart of this poor girl, to drive her to such dread extremity—my word will doom her to a cruel death. No! too much of falsehood has there been. Come weal, come woe, there shall no more be added. Oh, sacred truth, if I am now thy victim, accept the sacrifice, for violation of thy holy laws to her. Prince Cardinal, her charge is true—but spare her life; on me be the consequence of guilt—let me not have her blood upon my head! Father—if so I dare call you, now—pardon for her—the rigour of the law for me.

CARD. Woman, do you—dare you still persist in the fatal charge?

RACHEL. I do—I dare! Together we have sinned, together let us perish. (*pause.*)

ELEAZAR. Why pause, ye potent and impartial judges? Are the fires to be kindled only for the flesh and blood of the Jews? Is torture only for them, and easy quittance for the most deadly sins committed by yourselves? Here, before the world, I call for justice—for equal justice! If he lives, let my child live—if she dies, let him too, perish. Justice, oh Emperor! Justice! justice!

CARD. (*pause.*) My liege!

EMPEROR. (*appears much agitated.*) Prince Cardinal—you are the judge ; by thy sacred office, do equal justice to each—to both.

CARD. Grand Provost, you know your duty—let it be done. (*the PROVOST, with Two ATTENDANTS, goes to LEOPOLD—they take off his chain and mantle—LEOPOLD takes off his coronet, then unsheathes his sword, kisses it, and surrenders it to a HERALD—OFFICERS OF THE INQUISITION arrest ELEAZAR and RACHEL.* **CARDINAL** (*speaks this through music.*) Criminals guilty of heresy—of all crime the deepest—since 'tis not against man, but heaven ! Upon ye I pronounce the church's ban—Anathema ! Malediction on ye ! Excommunicate and accursed are ye ! Earth shall reject ye—Water spurn ye ! Fire alone shall claim ye—here and hereafter ! Now and ever—Anathema—Anathema ! (*EUDOCIA faints—Tableau.*)

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE.—*Old Oak Chamber drop. (1st grooves.)*

Enter RACHEL, R. 1 E.

RACHEL. Now go I to consummate my vengeance on the betrayer—the only good earth can yield me now ; that done, welcome the last, the eternal sleep, that ends all care, all misery of this painful life. Oh, how welcome will it be to these sad eyes that have not closed, nor ever will again, except in death. Heaven grant that hour of triumph soon.

Enter ALBERT, L.

ALBERT. Prisoner, a lady seeks converse with you, by order of his eminence the Cardinal de Brogny.

RACHEL. Who is it would have speech with one excommunicate ? I would be alone—but I cannot deny my presence if 'tis your will.

ALBERT. Lady, approach.

Enter EUDOCIA, veiled, L.—ALBERT goes off, L.

RACHEL. What, the princess ! My proud, my happy rival ! Why that jealous pang ? Her fate, like his, is in my hands—

my suffering she shares, there's happiness in that thought, at least.

EUDOCIA. Rachel, why dost thou regard me with so cold a gaze? Dost thou not remember me?

RACHEL. Few that once look on that peerless form can ever know forgetfulness of its rare beauty. Why does the proud, the fair, the happy bride, seek the prison of the poor, the spurned and excommunicated Jewess? Is it in hatred or in scorn thou comest?

EUDOCIA. No, Rachel, in sad humbleness; I come to cast myself before thy knees, and beg of thee a boon, for which thou'lt have my gratitude and prayers for ever.

RACHEL. Lady, I have naught! The law will claim this frail form for a cruel death—my father shares my fate—our wealth is confiscated. What have I now to give?

EUDOCIA. Mercy! Oh, Rachel, hear me—not for myself do I sue—but for him who has deceived us both. This cruel council and his stern father forget all mercy and all kindred; my prayers, my tears have failed to win their hearts. All hope, but one has failed—that hope is here; 'tis in thee, Rachel! Save—oh, save him!

RACHEL. What, for thee? Never.

EUDOCIA. No, no; give him but life, and never shall my eyes behold my 'trothed husband more; in some dark convent's shade, whose portals, once trod, never shall be re-passed by me—I'll dwell and pray for blessings on thy head. (*kneels.*)

RACHEL. No, lady, no! your husband in this life he was—but my companion in the hour of death, he is. Together we will mount the funeral pile—together will our spirits fleet, our ashes mingle—the Christian's and the Jew's. No, lady, this crowning cup of triumph will repay me for much suffering, and I cannot—will not forego the precious draught of vengeance.

EUDOCIA. Ha, they come—I hear the footsteps of his judges. Rachel, dear Rachel, upon *thy* lip his sentence hangs, not upon theirs. Oh, mercy—mercy!

RACHEL. (*moved.*) Rise, princess, rise!

EUDOCIA. Never! till thou dost grant my prayer. Oh, Rachel, thou didst never love him! Art thou a woman? If so, wronged as thou hast been, thou wilt have mercy thou may'st scorn, but thou cannot quite destroy. If so, a higher judge will come hereafter, how wilt thou stand before His awful seat and ask for mercy—rendering none thyself? Oh, think, Rachel—think of the forgiveness thou thyself wilt need, and guilty as he is—oh, spare him.

Enter ALBERT, L.

ALBERT. Your pardon, lady—but the hour of sentence is at hand, please you to withdraw. (*crosses behind to R.*)

RACHEL. (*after a struggle.*) Lady, be comforted—thou hast not spoken in vain; if my words can save him—I will do thy bidding; and in after years, when thou dost hear a Jew reviled, think of me—and say, that they have hearts, and feel and suffer as deeply as a Christian doth. Now go in silence and in peace, and in my dying hour let me not want thy prayers.

EUDOCIA *weeping, crosses to R. turns, kisses RACHEL's hand, and exit with ALBERT, R.*

Enter the CARDINAL, with OFFICERS and GUARDS, L.

CARD. Jewess, the hour of trial is at hand, prepare to meet it—thy accomplices are already summoned.

RACHEL. My lord—let the guilty *alone* suffer; I have no accomplice.

CARD. How's this? your charge then against the noble Leopold, and not denied by him?

RACHEL. Is now withdrawn by me.

CARD. Praise to the virgin for this mercy. Well for thy soul's weal it is that thou hast unsaid this slander against the prince; but it cannot save thy body from the penalty of perjury—thou must meet it as thou mayest, thy father with thee, too.

RACHEL. Oh, no! harm him not—let him not suffer, he knew not of my betrayer—I mean—he knew not of my accusation against the prince; oh, pardon, my lord, for him, and be my fate whate'er you will.

CARD. Strange—but at her voice the memories of long past years return—these princely robes fall from my limbs and a loved wife seems pleading at my side. Away—away distracting visions! the past is dead, and in this seared breast, pity and hope exist no more.

RACHEL. Wilt thou not hear me? oh, my lord—must my father suffer?

CARD. My word would not avail to save him. Summon up all thy fortitude—the judges now await thee. Heaven pity thee, for man's aid cannot serve thee now.

Enter ALBERT, conducting ELEAZAR, R.

RACHEL. (*shrieks and falls into his arms, sobbing.*) Father! Oh, father!

ELEAZAR. My child! my child! and do I clasp thee once again? Oh, Heaven, for this happiness I thank thee!

RACHEL. Oh, father, and it is thy Rachel whom thou so fondly loved has dragged thee to this fate. Oh, cardinal! oh, prince! canst thou not save him? my life lengthened out by sharpest torments—let that content you! but spare—oh, spare my father. (*kneels to the CARDINAL, who motions ALBERT to remove her, who retires affected, l. 1 E.*)

ELEAZAR. Calm thyself, my dear child! thou wilt but add to *my* sufferings, and rob thyself of strength for the sad hour of trial. (*to ALBERT who approaches her, l.*) One moment, sir, and I will yield her to thee. Rachel, my child, be firm—check thy tears, and list to me. *My* fate is sealed, but were it in my power to save thy life, would'st thou forsake our creed, and live?

RACHEL. What, renounce thy faith, my father? canst thou ask thy child that question? and need she answer it?

ELEAZAR. But if I were to say that I was not thy sire—that he who rightly owned that name was Christian—that he was high in rank—and that were your birthright known, honour, station, riches and all that makes life sweet, would then surround thee.

RACHEL. Father, you jest! to save this worthless frame some brief pangs, thou would'st deceive me. But it cannot be—I have no kindred with these Christians—all that I have known of them is full of pain and falsehood. Were it, indeed, so, I'd cling to thee and death—sooner than yield my hopes of Heaven by bowing to a faith I love not, and renouncing thee—my only friend on earth.

ELEAZAR. Be it so, child of my soul—die the martyr's death—meet thy reward hereafter! for I will not peril thy eternal life, even to spare thy mortal frame the pangs that now await it.

ALBERT. (*advancing, touches her shoulder and points off, l.*) Lady!

RACHEL. Oh, father! (*clinging to him.*)

ELEAZAR. My child, should we meet no more, I bless thee, and pray that thou may'st have strength and constancy to shame thy murderers—but if thy nature shrinks at what they threaten, and thou would'st live, call upon me—bid them conduct me to thee, and if breath be in my lips, I will save thee! bless thee, my loved one—oh, bless thee! Farewell—farewell!

RACHEL. Farewell, dear father! Now I have done with life! Heaven support and strengthen thee and me, so that I may not shame my people and my father.

(*embraces ELEAZAR, folds her arms, and walks off firmly, l. 1 E., followed by ALBERT.*

ELEAZAR. (*after a pause.*) Poor girl! ought I not to save her in her own despite? is it not damning guilt in me to know

that she will suffer a cruel death, from which one word of mine could snatch her, and yet leave that word unsaid? But why should it be spoken? have I not suffered all my days by Christian cruelty? Oh, that cry of agony—that burst from fires, kindled by their fiendish hands—my sons—my boys! you call to me to save you, and I could not—my wife's frantic shrieks ring in my ears, as death struck and maddened by their sufferings her gentle spirit cast off its frail tenement, and soared to meet the spirits of her loved offspring—my wife, my sons, I could not save, but I *can avenge* your fearful destiny! and shall I pause, and leave the work unfinished? No! God of my fathers! as thou didst permit the suffering, so sanctify the expiation. Vengeance for tyranny! blood for blood!

Enter CARDINAL, L.

CARD. When I gaze on that girl's face, passions long torpid—affections long frozen, awake and melt within my breast—a strange sympathy seems to connect me with her life and urges me to stay her death. She is a woman, and her age is that which would have been my child's, had she not perished by a cruel fate. 'Tis the thought of that dear lost infant that turns my soul to pity for this young infidel.

ELEAZAR. Ah, the cardinal here! Holy Abraham, I thank thee! Of all mankind, 'tis he I would have met, had liberty of choice been mine.

CARD. Eleazar, thy daughter is now before her judges; thou, too, must follow.

ELEAZAR. I shrink not from the meeting, though death will follow—I am prepared for that; its sting will not be felt, since your own hands will well avenge my wrongs. Prince Leopold, the haughty wronger of the Israelite, will share his victim's fate.

CARD. No, Jew, he will be restored to honour and to happiness—thy daughter has done him tardy but ample justice; she has confessed, that in jealousy and revenge of the prince's scorn of her proffered love, she did accuse him falsely.

ELEAZAR. What! my daughter has said this?

CARD. Ay! and I would urge upon thee, too, to retract thy accusation, and own its falsehood.

ELEAZAR. What! my Rachel has absolved the Christian?

CARD. She has.

ELEAZAR. And what is to be her fate?

CARD. I grieve to say the death she had incurred for heresy is now doubly assured to her, for perjury and contrivance against the prince's life.

ELEAZAR. And this is Christian justice! the guilty it sets free—the crushed and ruined victim is its prey.

CARD. Thou art a father, and I heed not thy words of madness. Would'st thou save thy child?

ELEAZAR. Would I? oh, show me the means! name me the task—bring forth the torture, and I will do all, will suffer all, to save my daughter's life.

CARD. I dare not fully promise that her life shall be granted, but do believe I may ensure its safety.

ELEAZAR. And what the price, oh cardinal?

CARD. That thou and her abjure for ever your false faith; acknowledge the baseness of your accusation 'gainst the prince—give all your wealth to holy uses, and to charity, and bending low before the law, crave its judgment in expiation for a life of sin.

ELEAZAR. And what will be that judgment, priest?

CARD. Doubtless you will be branded, scourged, and set at liberty.

ELEAZAR. I speak not of myself—but Rachel, what will be your mercy unto her.

CARD. She will be confined for life within a convent's walls, where strict discipline, severe seclusion, and the holy vows of severance from human ties, may win Heaven's mercy for her early sins.

ELEAZAR. Ha, ha, ha!

CARD. Scornest thou my mercy?

ELEAZAR. Accursed for ever be such mercy! Better a thousand times to suffer now the worst you can inflict, than to groan for weary years within your monastic mouldering tombs—and this is Christian mercy, priest? I spurn and spit at it and thee!

CARD. Beware! remember that the torture waits thee.

ELEAZAR. Not me alone, oh priest—my time is brief! But before your tortures leave me without the power to speak, I would reveal a secret, which somewhat concerns your highness, and which may, in my last hour, give something of consolation for what you may inflict, by knowing that I leave you, while life remains, to greater torments.

CARD. What frenzy has possessed thy malignant mind? What secret canst thou, a miserable infidel, possess to interest me, a sovereign prince of Rome?

ELEAZAR. What thou art, thou wert not always. In youth, a poor shepherd boy—whose humble lot and lineage, gave little promise of thine after station; ambitious wert thou always—but thy heart was not then fixed only on thy church. Human cares and aspirations dwelt within you—ay, and much as thou

scornst the weakness now, love for wife and child shared your thoughts with greatness, and cheered you in your strife for power.

CARD. Ah, 'tis true—'tis true ! and shame to me while I own it—'twas only when all ties of life were severed, that I turned my heart to Holy Mother Church. Oh, Jew, didst thou but know what I endured, when wife and daughter, in one dark hour of rapine and destruction, were both reft from me—didst thou but know the suffering of the long years that since have passed—thou, Jew, even thou would'st pity !

ELEAZAR. I believe, cardinal, thou hast suffered deeply, but thine own harshness was the cause of what has since befallen you. But, to my story. Your daughter lives.

CARD. Infamous mocker of the most holy ties ! Why that base falsehood ? I saw the flames that wrapped my home in desolation—I heard my wife's last cry—beheld the walls and roof crash down upon their helpless struggles. How could they then survive ?

ELEAZAR. When Prince Ladislaus, the Neapolitan, entered Rome in barbarous triumph ; to save thyself from his provoked vengeance, you sought and found concealment—incensed at not finding thee to be his victim, the conqueror gave thy dwelling up to sack and slaughter. Now mark me, priest, the Jews had been, but a brief time before, driven in haste from Rome—banished they were—many leaving all their store behind them—this was thy work. Now mark the retribution ! Ladislaus was urged in his attack on Rome by those same Jews thou hadst scourged forth—they were his guides and counsellors in all the ill then wrought on thee, and on the city. In his triumphal train these exiles returned disguised ; they wandered forth to see their once happy homes, and snatch perchance something of their lost wealth from those who had usurped it ; one of these injured men arrived before thy palace, when rapine was rioting there. With laughing heart he saw the gall thou hadst given to others rendered back with tenfold bitterness to thine own lips. He stalked through your smoking and dismantled halls, feeding and gloating in fierce triumph on their ruin—yielding step by step to the advancing flames, and prepared to smite to death the hand that should essay to stay them ; all else had fled in terror ; suddenly, stifled screams burst from a hidden chamber—that man's heart, though seared by suffering—suffering by thee inflicted—had a human chord which vibrated in sympathy to the cry of helpless woman ; the chamber door was hidden, but a small casement, high in the hot wall was there—a pile of broken furniture helped him to gain it, to burst it in—and there, near stifled by the smoke that rolled from one

half the room in flames, he saw a female richly clad, with bleeding brow, and hair dishevelled ; she was struck down, held prostrate by a massive beam, but shielded with her utmost care, an infant !

CARD. Great Heaven !

ELEAZAR. This Jew, a man ruined by thee, oh priest ! looked upon this—one moment he thought to leave them there to die—but pity waked within him, as the mother—powerless to save herself, shrieked for him to preserve her infant—with the last strength of a fond parent she cast to him your child—he caught—he saved it, as the roof fell in and buried your wife's cries and life for ever.

CARD. Oh Therese ! my wife ! and I could neither shield nor perish with thee. (*overcome.*) But didst thou say my daughter *still* survived ?

ELEAZAR. I did.

CARD. Oh ! where ? Tell me her preserver's name, that I may fall and kiss his feet with humble thankfulness. Oh, where is he, that I may heap all wealth—all honour on his head ? Jew, his name—his name ?

ELEAZAR. Wouldst thou learn it, cardinal—and from *me*, who owe to thee such misery ? thou askest me for *thy daughter* ? Where are *my sons*—doomed by thee to flames ! give *them* back to me and I will give thee back thy child !

CARD. Oh, Eleazar—pity me ! I do repent my harshness to thee ! (*kneels.*) See me kneeling at thy feet—thou shalt have life, thy daughter, too, both shall be saved ; but give me my child again.

ELEAZAR. Ha, ha, ha !

CARD. What ! Oh, what can move thy pity ?

ELEAZAR. My sons—my dead boys—give them back to me in life and strength.

CARD. Alas ! thou knowst I cannot ! but aught else beneath the canopy of heaven !

ELEAZAR. Nothing, priest, nothing ! I swear it by our Father Abraham, that thou shalt not have thy daughter ! she lives—but never shall be thine.

CARD. (*starting.*) Wretch ! know'st thou not that I can bid them wrench the secret from thee, by sharpest tortures ?

ELEAZAR. I know that thou mayst torture—kill me—but thou canst not—shalt not, win the secret ! that shall be my triumph and revenge.

CARD. What ho, there !

Enter ALBERT and GUARDS, R.

Conduct this stubborn Jew to the room of torture—his blood be upon his own head. Oh, misery—misery!

Exeunt CARDINAL, L.—ELEAZAR, ALBERT, and GUARD, R.

SCENE II.—*The Great Square of Constance.* (*The scene, a wide drop, the wings set back*)—in the centre a raised scaffold, painted black, upon which is a large practicable cauldron. An artificial fire is beneath it—smoke ascends from the fire and cauldron—an immense amphitheatre of spectators represented on the drop scene, and at the windows, balconies, and housetops. GUARDS encircle the scaffold—HORSEMEN in armour occupy the wings—the front of the stage represents a tent or covered balcony for the Emperor. The SPECTATORS on the stage are arranged so as to group and harmonise with the figures painted on the scene.

*Everybody discovered, excepting the Procession, which enters
R. 1 E.*

Six Guards, who range R. and L. 1 E.

De Brogni.

Pages.

Four Cardinals.

Nobles.

The Emperor.

Pages bearing his train.

(they cross to L. and sit on raised seats L. 2 and 3 E.

Provost.

Penitents bearing torches.

Familiars.

RACHEL in white, barefooted, her hair dishevelled, and her hands bound with cords—she is led to the front of the scaffold, L. C.

EMPEROR. Hath the Jew confessed the secret which he consumaciously withholds from my lord cardinal!

PROVOST. Thrice, my liege, hath he endured the question with unyielding stubbornness.

RACHEL. Oh, monsters! and have you tortured my poor father?

EMPEROR. Peace, woman! Bring him before us.

THE PROVOST beckons R. 1 E.—**ELEAZAR** is brought on, upon a bier, with bare feet and arms, he is wrapped in a coarse covering,

and is ghastly pale—black marks are seen round his ankles and wrists. RACHEL bursts from her GUARDS and flings herself on her knees beside him, sobbing bitterly.

EMPEROR. Read the sentence.

PROVOST. (*advancing c., reads from a scroll.*) " Sentence of the Grand Council upon Eleazar Mendizabel and his daughter Rachel. Having been found guilty of heresy, sorcery, and practising by perjury and falsehood to defame and destroy the noble knight, Prince Leopold ; also of contempt, contumacious obstinacy, and disobedience to Christian laws. It is decreed that the prisoners be publicly thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, and there consumed before the eyes of all good catholic citizens of Constance.—Sigismund, the Emperor."

EMPEROR. Jew, thou hear'st thy sentence ! thy fate hangs upon the cardinal's lips ; if he decrees thy pardon, and thou declare thyself a Christian, even yet it shall be granted.

ELEAZAR. Pardon to me, whose life is fleeting from these crushed and tortured limbs ! soon will my spirit be beyond the reach of pardon or of vengeance.

CARD. Eleazar, my soul bleeds for the suffering thine own cruelty has caused. Think of thine own daughter—declare where I can find mine, and she shall yet be saved.

ELEAZAR. (*faintly.*) Rachel, my child, thou hearst the offer —wilt thou accept it ? A dreadful death awaits thee—thou can't shun it—wilt thou renounce thy faith and live ?

RACHEL. Dost thou ask me, my father ? do I not see thy mangled form ? Thou hast suffered for thy child—and shall I shrink ? No ! let them do their worst, I am armed against it. Life, I hate and spurn ! Death, oh, how welcome wilt thou be.

ELEAZAR. Bless thee, Rachel ! Cardinal, thou hear'st her ; such were the daughters of Israel in the olden days. I reject thy offer.

EMPEROR. This daring insolence must be requited. Ministers of Justice, let them perish.

(*the EXECUTIONER approaches RACHEL—she throws herself upon ELEAZAR, who is unable to embrace her ; she is dragged to the scaffold—a general movement of the SPECTATORS.*

CARD. (*kneels to him, r. c.*) Eleazar, again I implore you, my child—my child !

ELEAZAR. (*faintly.*) Away—away !

(*the EMPEROR beckons—the EXECUTIONER drags RACHEL to the cauldron, which is now steaming fiercely—she recoils in terror, and shrinks behind it—he follows her, and lifts a figure of RACHEL, (who shrieks unseen)—the EXECUTIONER deliberately plunges it into the cauldron ; a burst of red*

flame illumines the scene—pause. ELEAZAR, slowly and painfully rises from the bier, and seizes the right hand of the CARDINAL, who is still kneeling, with his right hand steadyng himself upon his shoulder with his left.

ELEAZAR. Priest, you asked to know your daughter's fate. My vengeance is now appeased, and you shall know all. I was the Jew who saved her—I brought her up in tenderness, as my own, and you have murdered her; in that fatal cauldron you may find your child. Ha, ha, ha!

(general dismay—he falls dead.—Tableau.

CURTAIN.

IN Mr. Planché's admirable version of this play, he thinks it due to the common senses of his audience and readers, to apologise for his departure from Monsieur Scribe's catastrophe, and explain, his necessity, but not his conviction, of the propriety of saving Rachel. I have never been a convert to this amiable theory. Some years since, Mr. Milner, strongly imbued with the same feeling—altered a certain play which offended his notions of justice and construction, and re-wrote it, shaming the rogue who wrote in the ignorance of by-gone ages, by proving or offering to prove, how little the author knew, and how much, he (Mr. Milner) could teach him—Well, after a suitable, brazen, flourish, "Hamlet, King of Denmark," in three acts, entirely re-written and re-constructed (as Shakespeare ought to have done it) was modestly introduced to the sages of the south. Hamlet was enacted by Mr. Cobham; it would have charmed the soul—I beg his pardon—the heart—of Voltaire, had he been permitted to attend this Runic festival—where the gods of the New Cut Walhalla, drained their mead from the brainless skull of Milner;—Polonius was not killed—Ophelia recovered her senses—was happily united to her lover, and the curtain fell upon a brilliant tableau "of King Hamlet and Queen Ophelia ascending the throne of Denmark," illuminated by the gorgeous fulgence of many coloured fires—and the enthusiastic cheers—of the supernumeraries.

Unfortunately (there is no accounting for want of taste, sometimes,) the besotted British public did not precisely appreciate

Mr. Milner's "Emendations," and after a very brief and very inglorious glimmer, the farthing rushlight snuffed itself out, never to rise again.

All that could have been said of the repugnance of the gentle British Lion to a scene of slaughter—was adduced as a justification for the new "Hamlet" and the new "Jewess;" but I ever have, and still continue to dissent altogether from the necessity or propriety of nullifying the author's purpose, in the composition of this drama, by thus tampering with, and distorting his catastrophe; and I have, therefore, restored it to the profession as it is always performed in Paris and elsewhere; if managers know better than Monsieur Scribe, they need but let Leopold rush on to the scaffold—pot the executioner—rescue Rachel—bear her down to the centre, waving aloft a piece of paper,—crying with due emphasis—"Hold—what would you do? Rachel is not the child of yonder Jew! An ancient servant of her so called father, to save his life, revealed the secret. Eleazar's scheme of vengeance is defeated, and I bear the proof that she is the wronged and long lost daughter of the Cardinal."—General shouts—Eleazar dies of grief and despair—the Cardinal embraces Therese (late Rachel.) The Princess enters as a Nun, joins the hands of Leopold and Rachel, and the curtain descends.

T. H. L.