

SUSAN HOPLEY;
OR THE
VICISSITUDES OF A SERVANT GIRL.

A Domestic Drama,
IN THREE ACTS.

BY
GEORGE DIBDIN PITT,

AUTHOR OF THE EDDYSTONE CUT, THE LAST MAN, THE JERSEY GIRL,
THE UK NAIL. PRISONER OF ROCHELLE, WHISTLER, LORD
MAYOR'S FOOL, MAID HILL AND THE FERRY,
BRIDE OF ALDGATE, BEGGAR'S
PETITION, MARIANNE,
ETC., ETC.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION,
AND REMARKS BY D----- G.

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REMARKS.

Susan Hooley.

Of late years there has been introduced on the stage a peculiar entertainment known by the name of the Domestic Drama. Tragedy having departed this life, with the eminent actors that once supported its majestic pall; it required something to excite the sympathies of the humbler classes of society; something that came home to their business and bosoms; that might teach them that poverty is not always a sin; nor riches invariably the reward of merit.—That industry and good conduct will often overcome the inequalities of fortune; and where they do not absolutely produce wealth and distinction, they will inevitably command respect, and ensure a moderate competence. It required a lesson to encourage the lowly in the exercise of honest perseverance and Christian duties; to press them forward in the path of well-doing, if with small thanks to man, yet with deep gratitude to God, not only for that which is bounteously given, but that which is mercifully denied. To show what can be achieved by patience, fortified by virtue, and inspired by hope!—What may be borne without repining, when the heart is disciplined in the school of humility, and elevated by religion. Were riches happiness, and worldly prosperity an infallible token of the favour of heaven, what hope would remain for the poor? What ray of consolation would illumine the desolate cabin, with its cold, cheerless hearth, wretched pallet, and pinching pittance? Even these may be endured, if the liberal hand of benevolence be held out, and a kind word accompany the boon!—"Tis balm to the breaking heart! But that man should to his fellow man cast a miserable dole, as he would a bone to his yelping cur! with more contumely, and embitter the scanty morsel with a reproach! "'Tis foul! 'tis foul!" Let him revel for *his* brief season in the expensive luxuries of this world; sit warm by the fireside, and lie snug in his bed of down until enjoyment sicken into satiety—but let him prepare for that retributive hour, when these rich appliances, these lost opportunities of doing good, shall appear before him like so many terrible judgments, bearing him down to that abyss of sorrow, or which the least of its torments are unfailling remorse, and interminable despair.

Fortune's favourites also required a lesson to teach them a few domestic duties, that it might prompt them to study. "Servitude," says the proverb, "is no inheritance"—but it is too often one of privation and woe. It is, ss, gratifying to our vanity and self-love, to say to at humble "Do this"; and if it be not done to the very

letter of our liking, (whether it be reasonable or unreasonable,) to play the insulting tyrant, when a mild reproof, and, a simple showing of the folly of neglect, might awake contrition, and produce amendment. An idle servant is silently corrected by the force of good example ; an insolent one by the better breeding of his superior, who remonstrates. To remind your menial of his low and dependant state, is not only ungenerous, but sure to excite heart-burning and a rooted dislike—in-deed, it not unfrequently provokes a depreciating retort from the unruly member of the party so reminded, as to the validity of their respective claims on the smites of fortune—a retort by no means pleasant to the petulant, purse-proud, well-to-do-in-the-world, who finds it particularly inconvenient to answer queries so unexpectedly, perhaps, impertinently put.

There are, however, always two sides of a question. Servitude has many a lazy, impudent jackanapes, many a saucy minx to try the temper of the most patient master and mistress ! Shoulder-knots and brooms are not all immaculate. Many a sturdy knave, with powdered head, silk stockings, pumps, and long cane, dangles after some superannuated dowager, that should handle the spade, or follow the plough. For such effeminate idlers our compassion is very small. Nor do we hold in greater favour dressed-out dollies, bedizened upper-dusters, brooms in bugles and blonde, who want a "*sittivation*," instead of the old-fashioned "*place*;" and modestly enquire if the family keep a "footman," and how many sweethearts are allowed !—Who eschew healthful labour for fear of getting rough, red hands, and sport finery that their honest earnings never bought, and never could afford to buy. Decent raiment, hard work, and short commons, may probably bring such gentlemen and ladies to their senses, and if these fail, there is still sharper practise in store for them.

Susan Hopley is a servant girl.—None of your whey-faced, milk and water, yea-and-nay flowers of rusticity—not so modest as sly !—None of your hedge nymphs, whose talk is of milking cows, and making hay !—But a merry-hearted, cherry-cheeked, bright-eyed village lass, as innocent as happy ! She shirk honest labour ! She handles her broom as deftly as her distaff.—She a dowdy ! Who so smart and *degagee* ? She has a lover too—And why not ? Let ill-humour and ugliness lead apes, not fresh-coloured, open-hearted young virtue ! She is proud,—not of her fair face and pretty figure, but her unsullied reputation, that is a sure passport to an honourable home. Susan is happily settled in the family of Mr. Wentworth. In an evil hour, Gaveston, his head clerk, having won the affections of Miss Wentworth the wedding is on the eve of taking place, when the action of this drama commences. Intending to secure, by this ill-starred alliance, the entire fortune of his master, his expectations are thwarted by a will, in which the merchant makes a fair distribution of his property, he therefore resolves to possess himself of the document, and to murder

the testator, that his reversionary interest may be forthwith realised. He finds a confederate in one George Remardon, who, having wasted his own fortune, is a bully and blackleg on the town, ready to perform any desperate deed for a pecuniary consideration. The family of Mr. Wentworth are for a few hours absent from home, and Susan Hopley is waiting their return. She falls asleep, and has a dream; in which the purloining of the will, the murder of her good old master and her brother Andrew, by Gaveston and his accomplice, distinctly pass before her sight; and she awakes, trembling with agitation and horror. The scene of this foul deed is at the " Old Manor House," the sole remaining property of the spendthrift Remardon; a solitary, tumble-down tenement, where Mr. Wentworth had been decoyed by a ruse. This fearful vision that night is awfully realised !

Suspicion falls upon Andrew Hopley. His body the assassins had concealed in a cavity of the wainscoat, into which, in their hurry and confusion, they had accidentally dropped the will they intended to destroy. Susan, though not implicated, is dismissed.

In journeying to London after a place—for the neighbourhood is fraught with too many sad remembrances to allow her to remain there—Susan meets with her lover William Dean, to whom she relates her mysterious story. William would instantly marry her—But no—*not* until her own character, and the memory of her unfortunate brother are cleared, will she consent to become his bride! They exchange vows of constancy, and depart on their different ways. Soon after, Susan is met by robbers, who carry off her hard and honest earnings; and now, broken-hearted and penniless, she arrives at the great metropolis.

A year passes away, during which she suffers many trials und vicissitudes. But Providence is her guardian and guide. She is about to enter upon the situation of housekeeper to a rich nabob in the country, and has that morning left London for the purpose, when William Dean arrives at the humble domicile of her kind friend Mrs. Dobbs, to make anxious enquiry after her. Mistaking the true import of the garrulous old dame's communication, the disappointed lover, in a fit of jealousy, enlists for a soldier ; but follows Susan, in order to have *one more* interview 'ere they part for ever! To her surprise and terror, she recognises among the visitors at Plantation House, the residence of her new master, the rascally Gaveston, metamorphosed into Colonel Jones, Remardon, figuring away under the assumed title of Count Roccaleoni ; and the grim-visaged ruffian, who had robbed her in the forest, as Bellini, courier to the colonel! This worthy triumvirate are planning a fresh campaign. Gaveston, having deserted his unhappy wife Miss Wentworth, and gambled away her fortune, passes as a bachelor, and is on the eve of marrying the daughter of the nabob ! and to share the matrimonial plunder with the Brummagem Count! Terrible is their fright when they behold Susan Hopley! She will disconcert their plot.

and must be put out of the way; and to Mr. Larkins, the courier who confided the merciful commission; who, though he seems to undertake it *con amore*, is too great a coward to carry it into execution, and to betray his weakness to his confederates, whom he deceives, by telling them that the deed is done.

Another vision appears to Susan. Her brother, pale and ghastly, urges her to arrest these blood-stained men in their guilty course; to repair instantly to the Old Manor House, where Gaveston and Remardon had clandestinely conveyed the Nabob's daughter, in order to procure her unwilling signature to certain important papers before marriage; to rescue the young lady from her impending danger; to establish her own fair fame, and bring the assassins to condign punishment. This solemn request is obeyed. The nabob, with a posse committatis, accompany her to the Old Manor House; the villains are secured; the dead body of Andrew is discovered in the cavity; the missing will, too, is found; and the character of the servant girl stands forth unimpeached.

There is a comic episode, in which figure conspicuously Dicky Dean, a love-sick costermonger, who pays unsuccessful court to Susan; and in his despair, leaves off selling cabbages, and turns stage mountebank; Jeremy Simpson, an amorous old butler, who has a jealous wife, and a penchant for Mrs. Dobbs, a middle aged lady, nothing loth; and Spriggins, Dicky's identical donkey, whose bray, sensible and harmonious, chimes in admirably with his master's funny sayings.

Susan Hopley began her successful career at the Victoria Theatre, May 33, 1841. She has been applauded in London for upwards of three hundred nights, and in the provinces for about as many more. She has travelled to America and to Sydney, and been kindly welcomed.

What shall we say of Miss Vincent in the servant girl?—A part so various, so full of frankness and feeling, pleasant mirth, and salutary woe. True to nature, she made it, not the sentimental, pretty-spoken, mincing, would-be-genteel, and can't-be-romantic Abigail, masquerading in a neat cap and a white apron!—but the genuine village lass, speaking her mind openly; sorrowing as an honest heart sorrows; and rejoicing as an honest heart rejoices. To her praise-worthy and successful efforts much of the extraordinary attraction of Susan Hopley may be justly attributed.

This drama has been recently played at the City Theatre. It made Norton-Folgate sigh, and drew tears from Mr. Moses! This is as it should be. We were pleased with the performance of Mr. Shepherd in the character of William Dean: a round-aced, good-humoured, punchy little fellow—the very epitome of an actor—one John Herbert, in amorous Dicky, was extremely amusing; as was also his long-eared, four-legged "philosopher and friend" Spriggins!—We never saw or heard a more humorous, better conducted donkey.

 D.—G

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.

<i>Sir Thomas Taylor (a Country Magistrate)</i>	Royal Victoria, City of London, May 31, 1841. Dec. 11, 1844.	
<i>Mr. Cripps (a rich East India Nabob)</i>	Mr. Hitchinson.	Mr. Hitchinson.
<i>Mr. Wentworth (a retired Wine Merchant)</i>	Mr. J. Howard.	Mr. C. Jones.
<i>Walter Gavcston (his partner)</i>	Mr. Wilton.	Mr. Aldridge.
<i>George Remardon (a Roue)</i>	Mr. Dale.	Mr. H. Lee.
<i>Jeremy Simpson (Butler to Mr. Wentworth)</i>	Mr. Seaman.	Mr. T. H. Higgin.
<i>Andrew Hopley (Brother to Susan & Footman to Mr. Wentworth)</i>	Mr. James.	Mr. Morris.
<i>William Dean (the Miller's Son, in love with Susan)</i>	Mr. C. Williams.	Mr. Henry.
<i>Dicky Dean (a Costermanger)</i>	Mr. E. F. Saville.	Mr. Shepherd.
<i>Harry Leeson (an Orphan)</i>	Mr. Paul.	Mr. Jno. Herbert
<i>Joe (a Footboy)</i>	Miss Wilton.	Miss Wilton.
<i>Larkins (a Footpad)</i>	Mr. Cecil Pitt.	Mr. C. Macdonald
<i>Gomm (his confederate)</i>	Mr. Scarbrow.	Mr. Scarbrow.
<i>Vigors (a Constable)</i>	Mr. Franklin.	Mr. Franklin.
<i>Caroline Cripps (Daughter of Mr. Cripps)</i>	Mr. Chapino.	Mr. Griffith.
<i>Fanny Wentworth (Daughter of Mr. Wentworth)</i>	Miss Warde.	Miss Edgar.
<i>Mrs. Dobbs (Housekeeper)</i>	Mrs. G. Lee.	Mrs. G. Lee.
<i>Susan Hopley (an Orphan, Servant Girl)</i>	Mrs. Garthwaite.	Mrs. Andrews.
<i>Gimp (a Ladies' Maid)</i>	Miss Vincent.	Miss Vincent.
	Mrs. J. Howard.	Miss Hamilton.

Constables, Servants, Peasants, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*; D. F. *floor in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C. D. F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R. D. F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L. D. F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

* *The Reader* it supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Costume.

SIR THOMAS TAYLOR.—Old fashioned brown coat—white waistcoat—nankeen breeches, with knee buckles—white stockings—shoes and buckles—white wig.

MR. CRIPPS.—Brown coat—nankeen breeches and gaiter—white wig, with tall.

MR. WENTWORTH. — Brown coat—black silk breeches and stockings—white satin flowered waistcoat—shoes and buckles—white wig.

WALTER GAVESTON.—*First dress*, Black frock coat—white waistcoat and trousers. *Second dress*: Undress military frock coat—dark trousers and red stripe—Wellington boots—black hat.

GEORGE REMARDON.—*First dress*: Dirty mackintosh—ragged and dirty white trousers—old white hat—worn-out boots. *Second dress*; Foreign hussar uniform

JEREMY SIMPSON.—Old fashioned brown coat—red waistcoat—black breeches—gray stockings—shoes and buckles.

ANDREW HOPLEY.—Drab livery coat—red striped waistcoat—white breeches and stockings—livery hat.

WILLIAM DEAN.—*First dress*: White shooting coat—white cord breeches—white gaiters—white hat. *Second dress*: Black velvet shooting coat—black trousers—black hat.

DICKY DEAN.—*First dress*: Flannel jacket—red waistcoat—drab breeches—white stockings—ancle shoes. *Second dress*: Mountebank clown's suit.

HARRY LEESON.—Blue tunic—white trousers—cloth cap.

JOE. — Red livery waistcoat, with sleeres—drab breeches and gaiter.

LARKINS.—*First dress*. Old sporting coat—blue trousers—red waistcoat—shabby hat. *Second dress*: Foreign courier's uniform.

GOMM —Old pilot coat—dark breeches - leather gaiters- white hat; all very ragged and dirty.

VIGORS.—Old Bow-street officer's uniform.

CAROLINE CRIPPS.—Neat walking dress.

FANNY WENTWORTH.—*First dress*. Ladies' walking dress. *Second dress*: Plain mourning.

SUSAN HOPLEY.—*First Dress*: Dark chintz open gown—white apron—neat cap and bonnet. *Second dress*: Light chintz open gown—white apron—neat cap and bonnet.

GIMP.—White dress—cap and black apron.

SUSAN HOPLEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Oakland Hall.—The Servant's Hall—a door,
c. F. , opening into the garden.*

Music.—*Enter* MRS. DOBBS *and* JEREMY SIMPSON, R.

Jer. (R.) YOU doubt not I shall find Susan Hopley as valuable and as trustworthy as her brother Andrew—eh, Mrs. Dobbs?

Mrs. D. (c.) My life on't! I haven't lived to this time o' day to say that,—that's not right, Mr. Jeremy. I've got a place in a great family as housekeeper in London, with more than double the wages I had here, but it arn't the fleuker, Mr. Jeremy, it arn't the fleuker.

Jer. Lucre, Mrs. Dobbs.

Mrs. D. Aye, sluker. I loved my dear mistress, the late Mrs. Leeson, and my master, Major Leeson, and I loved their son, little Master Harry Leeson. Mrs. Leeson was a good tender soul! When Susan Hopley's mother died, she took Susan, a poor girl, and employed her brother Andrew in all her little messages ; and when he got big enough, got Mr. Wentworth here to take him as footman, and she made Susan made-of-all-work under me—and though I say it us shouldn't—'cause I teach'd her—but there isn't a better servant maid in all the borough of Great Britain.

Jer. Kingdom you mean, Mrs. Dobbs.

Mrs. D. Well, it's all the same country.—And as I was a saying, all was so comfortable, and the major was expected home, and such preparations! and such a to do !—when a letter comes, that poor Major Leeson had gone to the bottom of the sea, and the ship, and every soul in her.

Jer. And they all perished ?

Mrs. D. All. My poor mistress never held up her head afterwards; but pined and pined, and pined away till she

died outright, and left her dear little Harry to the care of her uncle, Mr. Wentworth, who was always fond of him, She called me to her bedside, about a quarter of an hour before she died, and, says she, "Dolly"—she always called me Dolly—"Dolly," she said, "I can't write now, but speak to my cousin Fanny,"—that's Miss Wentworth you know, Mr. Jeremy,—and try if, at my request, she will take Susan Hopley into her establishment;—she is a good girl, and too pretty and simple to be thrown unprotected upon a wicked world."

Jer. To be sure she is !- So you delivered the request of your dying mistress to Miss Wentworth ?

Mrs. D. I did ; and Susan has got to be under-house-maid through poor dear Miss Leeson's sending, my speaking, and your backing, Mr. Jeremy.

Jer. I did my best. You and I, Mrs. Dobbs, have always stuck fast to one another, as I may say.

Mrs. D. Yes, Mr. Jeremy, you've always abacked me, and I've always abacked you; back to back, as I may say. [*Sighing.*] Well! some day things may take a turn.

Jer. Yes, my dear Mrs. Dobbs—when Mrs. Jeremy pops off, we may be able to turn ourselves round.

Mrs. D. La ! Mr. Jeremy, what a man you be for romancing.

Jer. Ah ! Mrs. Dobbs, you know what private feelings are.

Mrs. D. Well, well; talking of that, how's Mabel Lightfoot, the dairy maid ? I had heard that Andrew and she were very "How do you like me ."" together—eh !

Jer. No, no, she's over proud for Andrew, and her pride will have a fall. Andrew's an honest likely fellow ; but take my word she don't care the toss up of a flint for him.

[*A bell rings without, R.*] Well! That's Mr. Wentworth Good bye ! heaven bless'ee ! One squeeze and a buss.

[*Kisses her.*] Good bye! Pray for the release of Mrs. Jeremy. *Exit, R.*

Mrs. D. Dear me ! Mr. Jeremy gets the better of me altogether, whenever I come to Oakfield. How his eyes do brighten up ! He says he can give a loose to his feelings because he meets a person of sensuality like himself.

[Exit, L.]

Music.—*Enter ANDREW HOPLEY, C. D. F., with his livery coat over his arm, his hair and clothes wet, and surrounded by Male and Female Servants.*

Servants. (Crowding round him.) Well, but—Andrew—tell us-----

And. Phew !—bah !—Zounds ! you'll smother me !—You're plaguy anxious to know about the accident; but I may stand talking to you in my wet clothes, getting my death of cold, and nobody seems to think of that.

Re-enter JEREMY SIMPSON, with a bottle and glass, R.

Jer. [Giving him liquor.] Here's something that will warm you, lad. *[Andrew drinks.]* And when you feel more yourself, tell us all about it.

Susan. [Calling without.] Andrew! Andrew! Where is my dear brother Andrew ?

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, hastily, c. D. F.

Andrew!—brother!—dear, dear brother! *[Embracing him.]* Oh! how glad I am to see you alive, again—And poor Master Harry !—But how wet you are ! For heaven's sake, go and change yourself!—don't stay a moment, Andrew, dear!

And. Nay, nay ; the sharp run I've had, and the bumper of brandy, has set me all of a glow—but, dear Susan, they ought to be thankful to you; but for you, poor Master Harry would be dead now ; it was your scream that did it.

Susan. Oh ! never shall I forget that fearful moment. Miss Wentworth and I had just come in view of the stream. when we saw the poor boy on the point of going down—I screamed at the thought of the dear child's danger—a man rushed past us—it was Mr. Walter Gaveston, Miss Wentworth's intended husband—and said, he was going for a doctor.

And. What good could be do by running for a doctor ? Why didn't he jump in after the boy?

Susan. He couldn't swim, he said, or, it was so long since he had tried, that he doubted whether he could or not. My Andrew never stood to doubt—but in he jumped. and saved the child. What a moment of terror was that to me!—but 'twas nothing compared to the burst of joy I felt when I saw the boy and his preserver safe in the bost. Oh! how proud was I then of my dear brother!

Enter GAVESTON, unperceived, C. D. F.

And. You're a dear good girl! there't not a better sister

B

in all the four quarters of the globe. But Mr. Gaveston could swim well enough to save himself, and I say it—I'd say to his face, that it was a cowardly act to run away and leave the child to perish. [*Gaveston comes forward, L.*]

Susan. (c.) [*Seeing Gaveston.*] Oh, Andrew ! how could you say so ?

And. (R.) Pooh! pooh! I'll never eat my words for the best place in England.

Gav. (L.) Methinks, it would be better if you were all attending to your several duties, than chattering here. [*To Andrew.*] And you, sir—your master has been calling for you. Miss Wentworth has recovered from her alarm, and we set off for Upton directly. You would do well, to look to your own province if you wish either to retain your place in this family, or expect a character when you leave it.

And. When I do, sir, it will be with the same character I entered it.

Jer. That of an'honest lad, of which neither hatred or malice will ever be able to rob him.

Gav. Insolent !

[*Exeunt all the Servants, but Susan, Andrew, and Jeremy, R. and L.*]

Susan. My dear brother, for my sake---

And. Well, Susan, that, and that only, wilt prevent me from telling him more. But don't fear ; he ain't married to Miss Fanny yet, and I hope never will be. for her sake. Now, Mr. Jeremy, we'll see what master wants. [*Aside, going, R.*] Hang it! I'd like to knock his ill-looking head off his shoulders, that I should.

[*Music—Exeunt Jeremy, Susan, and Andrew, R.*]

Gav. (c.) Umph : my design is seen through ; I must rid myself of that fellow, Andrew, and his suspicions at once—yes, I'll take effectual means to silence his tongue, and for ever !

Mr. Wentworth. [*Without, R.*] That's right, Andrew.

Enter MR. WENTWORTH, R.

Ah, Mr. Gaveston! I am happy to say that the poor boy is doing better than we could have anticipated, and the accident will not prevent our attending the ball this evening, as previously resolved upon. I understand you have prepared for our remaining at Upton, should we not be able to return home before midnight.

Gav. I have, sir ;—but, in consequence of so many families attending the ball, I could only procure accommodation at the inn for Miss Wentworth. You and I, with our servants, can be well provided for at the old Manor House opposite, the owner being at present abroad, and the landlord of the King's Head having the use of it for the season.

Mr. W. Fanny has led a secluded life lately, and it's proper she should take a little pleasure. I must now speak, of other matters. For the last few days, I know not why, I have felt an unusual depression of spirits, so much so, that I have been induced to consult my friend and solicitor, Mr. Oliphant, relative to my affairs. He has made my will, and also prepared for me a copy, both of which I have executed. You are now, Mr. Gaveston, the possessor of a sixth share of our business in the wine trade. I have by my will increased that to a third. I leave to my daughter ten thousand pounds, and to you the life interest, should you survive her.

Gav. Oh, sir! this is beyond my hopes or wishes.
[*Aside.*] Ten thousand pounds to his daughter !—The old dotard !

Mr. W. To my nephew, Harry Leeson, I leave two-thirds of my business, and one thousand pounds, free of all deductions. This, I presume, you do not object to.

Gav. I, sir!—Certainly not! I feel rejoiced that you have provided so well for me dear boy. [*Aside.*] One thousand pounds and two thirds ! No ! by hell he shall not—

Mr. W. I shall only take Andrew with us to Upton, for I can fully depend upon his honesty and fidelity ;—in my will, I have not forgotten him, and I depend on you, in conjunction with my solicitor, Mr. Oliphant, to see my last wishes fulfilled. But come, the carriage must be ready at the gate, and we will start at once. *Exit. c. D. F.*

Gav. Curses on the driveller! A third of the business ! a contingent life interest in a beggarly ten thousand pounds! and see the rest given to-----No ! Sooner would I strike a dagger in their hearts—and with one firm blow, close the account at once! Remardon will soon be here—his fortune is wasting by extravagance, gambling, and dissipation — poverty, pursuing with violent speed, will clutch the thoughtless victim in her grasp !—

Hah, ha! he's- mine t and well he'll aid me in my future plans.

Enter GEORGE REMARDON, *with a horsewhip*, c. D.F., *and closes the door.*

Rem. [*Touching Gaveston on the shoulder.*] Walter !

[*A Chord.*

Gav. Ah, George ! I was just thinking of you. Did any of the servants see you ?

Rem. The door was open, and the first person I set my eyes upon, was your noble self.

Gav. How goes the game in London ?

Rem. D—d bad!—all up !—I was forced to levant. I don't much like this part of the world ; my family mansion at Upton is all that remains of my old dad's property. He contrived to thin it handsomely—left me devilish little—I contrived to make that little less.

Gav. Yet you never seem to despair.

Rem. No, not I! The land is gone already, and the house would have gone too, but nobody will buy it. But what's the hunt ?—going to be married to a fine girl, eh ?—lots of the ready!—Happy fellow ! Can't you help a poor unfortunate dog like me to a slice of something worth having ?

Gav. To be sure I can ; it was on that account I wished to see you. Now, suppose I wanted a will destroyed-----

Rem. Well!

Gav. You could do it ?

Rem. [*Touching his palm.*] Upon a con-si-de-ra-tion, as the man says in the play.

Gav. I understand. Suppose I wanted two persons put quietly out of the way—you comprehend me ?—their throats cut—you could do it ?

Rem. Upon a con-si-de-ra-tion. You know, Watty, I'm not nice to a shade, when the ground is sure and the money safe.

Gav. I pledgee myself for both. The carriage now waits, follow me and I will give you instructions ; but let not the servants see you with me. Come—come!

Rem. If they do, I am a horse dealer, a wine dealer, or any other respectable dealer. [*Exit Gaveston, L.*] Well, mis is kind—theft and murder ; two good jobs. Yet I may be scragged. D—d friendly, by Jove !—a trump every inch !—and an internal rascal to boot ! [*Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—*A House, with portico and steps. L. 3d. E. —a wall at the back—large iron gates, R. 3d. E.—a carriage seen in the gateway, and ANDREW holding the door open.*

Music.—*Enter MR. WESTWORTH and FANNY, followed by SUSAN, from the house, L.—Mr. Wentworth and Fanny give directions to Susan, and as they are getting into the carriage. GAVESTON and REMARDON enter L.S.E. Gaveston motions Remardon to conceal himself, crosses to R., and gets into the carriage.—Andrew closes the door, mounts the box, and the carriage drives away—Susan remains looking anxiously after it.*

Enter DICKY DEAN, R.—The evening darkens gradually.

Dicky. (R.) Well, my cousin, Billy Dean, arn't come yet, so I'll just see if I can't put his nose out of joint. He's so fond of Susan Hopley, and says that she makes eyes at him ; and I'm sure, at church every Sunday, I always make eyes at her, and she never notices me no more than if I was nothing. I'm as good a looking chap as cousin Bill, and I knows, if I could but get a bit of private chat wi' her, she'd be as much taken with my figure as cousin Bill's. [*Looking, R.*] I'm blest if she arn't there ! Now's the time ! I'll be as bold as a baccay dish.

Susan. [Crossing, and coming forward, L.] They've driven off! Somehow, when Miss Fanny bid me good bye, I felt so down-hearted ; and when master said I was silly, and that they should be back again in a few hours, I fairly bursted out crying, and the more Andrew laughed, the worse I wept. What could make me so foolish ?

Dicky. (R.) [Aside.] Now, "Go it!" as the cove said, when he hit his donkey over his----- Oh ! my dear Susan !

Susan. [Starting.] Oh dear, Richard ! is that you ?

Dicky. Yes Miss Susan it's my own natural self. [Aside.]

"Dear Richard " was not so bad for a beginning.

Susan. What brought you so late? It's nearly dark.

Dicky. I dare say you expected cousin Bill—but mind your eye there ! You know Butcher Blue's daughter Bet. Well, I seed him stannin talking to her at the shop winder, as she was scraping the block. Directly I seed it, I says, " If I don't tell Susan Hopley, I wish I may be scraped to

death with oyster shells I" So here I am, " At market price," as the saying is.

Susan. Well, Richard, if William Dean chooses to speak to Betsey Blue, or any other young woman, hasn't he a right to do so ?

Dicky. Not when he's coming his flim-flams over you. He ought to be ashamed of himself. [*Aside.*] I think I'm putting the coals on a bit! [*Aloud.*] And what business had he to put his hand behind and pinch her upon the side ? [*Aside.*] There was a nubby one! I think she'll soon be jealous.

Susan. I hope you didn't give yourself the trouble of walking all down the village to tell me this ?

Dicky. No ;—but that warn't quite all. I hates to see such ways ! What's Bet Blue compared to you? Why, it's like a ha'poth o' inguns to a bundle o' sparrow grass— not to be hollar'd in the same street. I don't speak for myself; but if you don't give Bill turnips, and tell him to go to Bet and her carrots, why, you haven't the heart of a lettuce. Look at me, a respectable greengrocer, with a cart and a donkey !—Just you say the word, and the whole three on us is yourn.

Susan. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! Really, Mr. Richard, I don't know which is the most valuable of the three. In the first place, I am by no means in a hurry to change my present state of life ; and pardon me, if I say, you are not the person whom I should choose for a husband.

Dicky. I arn't done yet; I don't mind a bit of a rub at first;—the feller as gets knocked down in the first round, werry often comes off the best man at last. Look at my cottage, and bit o' garden ground, and nobody but me and Sister Sal. When you comes in, in course, she drives her old shoe leather and makes herself scarce.

Susan. And do you suppose, Richard, I could be so unjust as to cause a sister to be turned from beneath her paternal roof ?

Dicky. It's no use talking, a man mustn't keep more cattle than the land will feed. The first and foremost, in course, is me: I can play a good stick at a knife and fork ; moreover, likes my beer and baccay. Well, the next person in my family is my donkey, Spriggins, as I calls him—he's worth his weight in gold, and, in course, must have his grub, seeing as how, he works for it like bricks.

Susan. Very justly observed, Mr. Richard.

Dicky. Well, then, next comes yourself. I allows tea and sugar—lump o' Sundays—and a drive arter dinner. Only think how nice it will be on a fine spring morning, when we takes the round in the cart—Spriggins pulling; like a two year old—me with the reddishes round my hat, and the rhubub in my cly, a-hollaring like blazes ; and you sitting alongside me, shelling peas like a beautiful biddy as you are.

Susan. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! [*Going.*] Good night, Richard ; I'm very much obliged to you, but I must decline your kind offer.

Dicky. Ah, I know ; you means about cousin Bill. Now, I just speaks to you in the language of infectionate love. If you don't send Bill to hookum snivy, you're the biggest fool that ever spoke. Look at my consarn! That ere property can be turned to anything—garden-stuff in the spring—fruit and flowers, in summer—rabbits and wild ducks, in autumn—hoysters and crockery, in winter.—There's the four quarters of the world for you. Then you have your own house—your own cart—and your own donkey—purwiden, you never whops him. Marry me—bone the browns—sack the silver—collar the couters, but don't kick my donkey!—Anything but that! I'll work like a good 'un—only, don't kick my donkey !

[*Exit, R.*

Susan. I'm glad he's gone, though it is impossible to refrain from smiling at his simplicity. [*Remardon advances from L. U. E., and, as Susan turns, he crosses and retires, R. 3d. E.*] I thought I saw the form of some one trying to conceal himself. I wish that—Psha ! how rediculous ! 'tis but fancy ; and yet—there, there again I—I must tell Mr. Jeremy to come and close the gates.

[*Exit into the house, L. 3d. E.*

Re-enter REMARDON, R. 3d.E, with a shawl tied round his face.

Rem. Was that Mabel Lightfoot, the dairymaid, I wonder ? This plan of Walter Gaveston's is good ; she is ambitious, and old Don Querebin, the Marquis de la Rosa, our quondam Paris friend, would fain have an English wife. I must persuade her to go ; for, as Andrew is supposed to be in love with her, her removal will aid our plans. Yes, she must be on the road to Dover, 'ere the murder is discovered.

Re-enter SUSAN from the house, L. 3d. K., with a key.

Susan, (L. C.) I cannot see Mr. Jeremy; perhaps it was fancy only. Ah! there's the man again!

Rem. (R.) [Aside.] Umph! 'tis not Mabel. The girl had observed me—but no matter. *[Aloud.]* Hark ye, my pretty one; there is a question I would ask you. When do you expect Mr. Wentworth home again?

Susan. To-night, sir; if not, early in the morning.

Rem. Enough—thank you. *[Looking off, L. s. E.]* I suppose yonder are the stables, where I see the light?

Susan. No, sir, that is the dairy, and the light comes from the head dairy maid's room.

Rem. [Aside.] That's precisely what I wanted to know. Now to find Mabel. *[Aloud, going, R.]* Good night, and thank you.

[He watches his opportunity, turns suddenly, and exits, L. s. E.]

Susan. How strange!—his face muffled up so! I'll fasten the gates directly, and tell Mr. Jeremy. William Dean was to have seen me this evening, but we tiffed* last time we met. It was a foolish affair, I can't think what it was about now. How silly sweethearts are; I don't know why they should ever quarrel, except, that there is such pleasure in making it up again.

[Music.—She goes up to lock the gates, R. 3d. E., as the scene closes.]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Mr. Wentworth's House.*

Enter JEREMY, R., with a lighted candle.

Jer. How remarkably sleepy I am to be sure—uncommonly so. By the bye, master seemed quite timmersome afore he started; he desired me to sit up, and as good as said, that if he didn't feel more comfortable in his mind, he should be home again by daylight, or, before. It wouldn't do for him to come and find me a-bed after all my promises. *[Yawning.]* Awh! I do feel so sleepy. I've been thinking of my dear Dolly Dobbs. *[Yawning.]* Then I thought of my wife Mrs. Jeremy, who is now as sound asleep as our old sow on a summer's day. *[Yawning.]* It's very disagreeable, when you must set up, and your eyes will play at longwinky in spite of you. Oh, dear! suppose a ghost should come in now and-----

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, R.

Susan. (*Touching him on the shoulder.*) Here, Mr. Jeremy!

Jer. [*Falling on his knees.*] Oh, forgive me I forgive me !—I never did anything wrong but once, and then Dolly Dobbs was as bad as I. [*Looking up, and rising.*] Eh !—why—bless me, it's Susan Hopley! Why, I took you for a ghost.

Susan. [*Smiling.*] So it appears. I really trembled, lest Mrs. Jeremy should be behind me, receiving the benefit of your confession. As the night is now well on, Mr. Jeremy, and I don't feel at all sleepy, if you like to lay down for an hour or two, I will take your place, and sit up for you, in the housekeeper's room.

Jer. Well, really—'pon my life—you're younger than me—and I do feel uncommonly heavy ; so, thank you, Susan, thank you. But you won't go to sleep, Susan, eh ? nor be frightened about ghosts, Susan, will you ?

Susan. No, indeed ! I have been bred up in utter unbelief of such things ; and you may depend, if a mouse stirs. I shall hear it. Should there be any cause for alarm, I will not fail to call you.

Jer. [*Crossing to R.*] That's right, Susan. I say, Susan, I didn't say anything about Mrs. Dobbs, did I ?

Susan. You said very little—and " She was as bad as you," you know.

Jer. Dobbs, excellent soul! good creature !—we look upon one another in the light of children only. Oh ! if you were to see us play together in the garden, you'd take us for two beautiful cupids, sporting away among the flowers-----

Susan. Sipping honey from the opening buds—eh, Mr. Jeremy ?

Jer. [*Sighing.*] Ah, me ! [*Going R., but returns.*] You'll be sure to listen, Susan. I thought, awhile ago, I heard a strange sound of somebody opening the escmtoire in master's room.

Susan. What, just now ?

Jer. Yes; I went up, but there was nobody there, and still I could have sworn I heard a man's foot on the stair; but I suppose I was half asleep. [*Going, R.*] Well, good night, Dolly—I mean. Susan. Heaven bless my Dolly

Dobbs! and send Mother Jeremy a pain in her backbone, that she mayn't run after me!

Exit. R.

Susan. Poor Mr. Jeremy! the ale has made him very talkative.—But 'tis odd that he should hear such a noise—and then that stranger about the garden—I should have asked him when it was he heard the step—but no matter, Heaven guard us from all harm!

[Music.—Exit. L.]

SCENE IV.—*The Housekeeper's Room—the flat painted on gauze—a table, L. s. E. with a work box, needlework, and a lighted candle, on it—a large arm-chair near the table—another table and chair, R. S. E.—Music.—The house clock strikes twelve.*

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, L.

Susan. Twelve o'clock! Why, how swiftly the hours must have flown! The clock must be too fast—but, so much the better; the family will be home all the sooner. 'Tis strange, the noise that Mr. Jeremy heard—and then, as I came along the passage just now, I thought I heard Andrew calling me. *[Sitting in the arm-chair, and taking up the needlework.]* Mere shadows!—mere waking dreams! Yet, how often do waking dreams, like morning dreams, come true! Mr. Jeremy's drowsiness, I think, is infectious;—I'm so sleepy myself, I don't know how to keep my eyes open. Andrew looked very pale when he went away, and I fear he'll catch cold in those wet clothes he had on so long. My poor dear brother! Dear me!—I—ah—ah—*[A deep moan heard, L. 3d. E.—Starting.]* What—what was that?—Bless me! 'twas so like dear mother's last moan! Dear, blessed mother! surely nothing has happened to Andrew! No! they would have been here to let us know; five miles is but a little way for a man and horse. I wonder if they got in time for the ball—great folks dine so late; and yet, how quick has the time flown in their absence. Master would go to bed at his regular time, I dare say; he never sits up after eleven; and I suppose, Andrew could not see much of the dancing, as he would be obliged to leave when his master did. Oh, dear! I wish it was daylight. Heaven bless my dear brother Andrew, and keep him from all harm!

[Music.—She tries to work, but by degrees falls off to sleep.]

THE VISION.

The figure of ANDREW, ghastly pale, and bleeding at the left breast, glides from L. 3d.E. and crosses slowly to R. . and, pointing to the wound, sits in the chair opposite to Susan.

Susan. [In her sleep.] Ah, me ! I know something has happened to the family. [Calling.] Andrew ! Andrew !—Where is Andrew ?—Miss Fanny !—Master:—Where are" they?

[The figure of Andrew rises from the chair, and slowly recedes, R. s. E.—A pause—The scene is darkened in front, and lighted up behind the gauze fiat, discovering an antique wainscoted bedroom in the Old Manor House at Upton—a bed, c.—a practical sliding pannel in the waiuscoat, L. F.—Mr. WENTWORTH asleep in bed.

Enter GAVESTON, cautiously, R.U. E.—he turns and beckons, and is followed by REMARDON.

Susan. [Dreaming.] Ha! The dark man at the garden-gate!

[Gaveston and Remardon go to the bed—Gaveston draws a will from under the pillow, and holds it up.—A Chord.

Susan. [Dreaming.] Ha!—the will!—the will!

[Remardon goes to the back of the bed, throws up the curtains, and he and Gaveston stab Mr. Wentworth.

Susan. [Uttering a suppressed scream.] Oh!

Enter ANDREW HOPLEY, R. U. E.

Susan. [Dreaming.] Merciful Providence ! Oh! save him!

Gaveston seizes Andrew, drags him to L., and raises a dagger.

Susan. [Dreaming.] Steep not your reeking hands still deeper in the blood of innocence ! If e'er ye hope for pardon at the Throne of Mercy, in pity, spare my brother !

[Andrew is stabbed by Gaveston and Remardon, and he falls.

Susan. [Dreaming.] H  they strike.—they have murdered him !

*[Remardon slides back the pannel in the wainscot
L. F.—they take up the body, and are concealing it,
when a loud knocking and ringing is heard without,
and the Vision closes.—Lights up in front.*

Susan. [Starting up violently agitated.] Eternal heaven!
could it be a dream—so horrid—so dreadful? *[Knocking
and ringing again heard.]* What means that noise?

Jeremy. [Without, R.] Where is she?

Susan. Hark! I hear Mr. Jeremy, and the men rushing
to the gate—'tis daylight!

*Enter JEREMY and VIGORS, hurriedly, R., Male and
Female Servants, R. and L.*

Jer. Susan! Susan! our dear master-----

Susan. I know!—I know!!—He's murdered!!!

*[Susan falls senseless, c.—Jeremy and the rest are
transjixed with astonishment, and form a Tableau
at the scene closes.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the King's Head Inn, at Upton.*

*Music.—Enter SIR THOMAS TAYLOR and WALTER
GAVESTON, R.*

Sir T. (c.) Bless me! Mr. Wentworth murdered! Then
the fact is, somebody must have murdered him.

Gav. (R.) Your judgment is correct, Sir Thomas;—and
who could have done the deed but the servant Andrew?
He is missing, and cannot be heard of.

Enter VIGORS and JEREMY SIMPSON, L.

Vig. The butler is here, gentlemen; we've just arrived
from Oakfield Hall.

Gav. Jeremy, I have bad news for you.—Your master
has been murdered, and it is supposed by Andrew.

Serv. [Crossing to Sir Thomas] It's a lie!

Sir T. Bless me! that's a very strong negative indeed!

Jer. I beg pardon,—but the thing is impossible. I
should as soon suspect myself as suspect him.

Sir T. Bless me ! the case is clear; I see not the shadow of a doubt—Andrew Hopley must be guilty.

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, L.

Susan. [*Crossing to Sir Thomas.*] He is no murderer—he is innocent! Have pity on the feelings of a sister—do not cast disgrace on the memory of a kind and honest youth, who was too good, too tender-hearted to think of such a crime.

Gav. Where is he ?—Speak! it will explain the mystery at once.

Susan. I ask you that question—show me the place where you last saw him, and I will explain the mystery.

Gav. (R.) [*Aside.*] Confusion! Can she suspect-----

Vig. (L.) 'Tis strange, sir ; but when I got to Oakfield Hall, the poor girl was in a violent fit, brought on by a dream she had of the murder.

Gav. Before she knew of its perpetration ?

Vig. Aye, sir, before I had spoken a word.

Sir T. Bless me ! knowing of a thing before it happened is very odd, very odd indeed—a sort of *Lusus Natura*, as I may say. Speak, young woman ; what was the dream ?

Susan. A frightful scene has passed before me. I dreamt I saw, by a faint glimmering light, remorseless villains stealing with cautious tread into an ancient chamber; they looked around and paused ; then, like the venomous serpent crept round the bed and did a horrid murder,—and, e'er the blood-stained blade had time to cool, another still more horrible !

Gav. [*In terror.*] How knew you there were two ?

Susan. I saw them in my sleep;—one, a person whom I could swear, called at Oakfield in the early part of last evening ; the other-----

Gav. [*In great agitation.*] Aye, the other-----

Susan. Was----- but 'twas only a dream.

Gav. Psha! this tale is most incoherent;—but one person was murdered, the unfortunate Mr. Wentworth. Your brother, no doubt, has fled the country with Mabel Lightfoot, on whose account he doubtlessly committed the robbery. For you, Susan, I am very sorry ; you must, of course, leave the family; yet, if you wish to make any communication to clear yourself from a guilty knowledge

of the affair, I shall be ready to hear and reinstate you. Come, Sir Thomas. [*Exeunt Gaveston and Sir Thomas, R.*]

Jer. (c.) Come, cheer up, Susan; there cannot be a word said against you.

Susan. (R.) Pray, Mr. Jeremy, get me permission to see the chamber in which the dreadful deed was committed.

Vig. (L.) That will be impossible; the inquest sits in this inn, where the body is removed, that the people should not trample on the grounds, and crowd round the house to satisfy their idle curiosity. The Old Manor House is now securely locked, and the windows boarded up.

Susan. My brother has been murdered, and Mr. Gaveston knows it. You are an officer; search the chamber in which Mr. Wentworth slept, and my life on't, behind the wainscot, the body of Andrew will be found.

Vig. The wainscot, eh! Why, it's a stone wall! You talk like a mad woman; every plank in the house has been examined.

Susan. Alas! what will become of me?—Disgraced!—my character ruined!—my heart robbed of its dearest treasure! Where can I look for shelter—to whom can I look for confidence?

Jer. To all who have feeling hearts, my girl! [*Crossing to L.*] Fear not! you will not be deserted by us. Mr. Vigors, we must to business.

[*Exeunt Jeremy and Vigors, L*]

Susan. Miss Wentworth, the dear, kind mistress, who took us both into her service at the request of her cousins will now believe Andrew guilty—will look upon me with scorn—will spurn me as an adder in her path! Heaven strengthen and support me in this my bitter hour of need!

[*Kneels, covers her face with her hands, and weeps*
Enter FANNY WENTWORTH, in tears, R.]

Fan. Susan, my poor girl!

Susan. [*Rising.*] Oh! Miss Wentworth! do not—do not hate me! My dear brother—I know I ought not to name him before you—but, believe me, he is innocent.

Fan. That He only, who searcheth all hearts, can tell.

Susan. [*Meekly.*] Yes, dear lady, I can tell! I may not live to see it; I may starve for want of food to support my sinking frame, or without a home to shelter me from the cold, perish in the street before the time comes, still

the day will come, when the memory of Andrew will be cleared from the foul stain of murder.

Fan. In the mean while, what will become of you ? No one in the neighbourhood of Oakfield will take you into their service ; but at Mapleton, where your parents lived respected, you may, perhaps, get some needlework. [*Crossing to L.*] I have desired Mr. Oliphant to give you ten pounds besides your wages, and so long as you deserve, you will find a friend in me.

Susan. Heaven bless you, dear, good lady ! Yes, I will go to Mapleton, 'tis but a short distance from hence ; and on the grave of my dear parents I will pray to that Great Father of us all, that he will protect the innocent in the moment of affliction, and that you, dear lady, may be always as happy, as you have ever been kind to your broken-hearted Susan!
[*Exeunt Fanny and Susan, L.*]

Enter DICKY DEAN, R.

Dicky. I can't see nobody to speak to not at all; the waiters are in such a bustle, and things are so at sixes and sevens, that the barmaid says, she don't know whether she's standing upon her head or her heels. How rummy ! I never seed a woman stand on her head. Poor Sue! and poor Spriggins ! I was so wext when I heer'd on't, that I mounted he and trotted off, and lathered the poor devil all the way like mad, 'cause I didn't know what I was about. Poor Spriggins ! I was sorry arterwards, but I was so bewildered, that I laid hold on his tail and shook it heartily afore I recollected it warn't his hand. Poor Andrew !—but where is he ? why don't he cast up ? I wish I could see Susan ; I don't think she'd turn up her nose at my offer, or sneeze at the wegetables now, and I'm sure I'm ready to take her, if she hadn't a rag. Poor thing!—poor dear soul! How queer I do seem—my eyes feels as if I'd been sorting inyans all day long.

Enter JEREMY, L.

Jer. Ah, poor soul! it's all over, for Sir Thomas the magistrate said just now, it was a clear case; but to be sure he's a bit of an old woman.

Dicky. When Black Joe was taken for firing the beacon on the hill-top. Sir Thomas, who is a'most as deaf as a beetle, cried out, "What—what has he done?" '-He's been firing a beacon your honour." says the clerk. "Frying

bacon !" says Sir Thomas, " that's a very flagrant affair—I never heard of a rasher action; the fellow will go the whole hog in villainy—a regular disciple of Pan—let him be committed, and see what's the name for it in Burns." " Fire raising !" says the clerk. " Aye," says Sir Thomas, " raising a fire to fry bacon ;—that's being guilty of arson—transported for six weeks." Did you ever hear the like, Mr. Jeremy.

Jer. Justice is blind, we know; but then she holds the scales.

Dicky. And in course gives short weight to some, and lumping pennoths to others. Can I see Susan ?

Jer. No, she's gone ; you'll not see her again, I think.

Dicky. No ! Then good bye to the pea season ; it's all up with the Prussian blues ; I might ha' made a mint o' money, but my heart's canker'd like an overgrown cabbage ; so me and Spriggins will turn pilgrims, and live on garlic and rue. [*Crossing to L., and singing.*]

All round my hat, I'll wear the green willow,

All round my hat, for a twelvemonth and a day;

If anybody axes me, Why, vot's the matter, Dicky, now ?

I'll say, It's for my Susan, what's gone right away.

[*Exit, L.*]

Jer. Confound the fellow ! he has almost made me blubber as foolishly as himself. I loved the girl like my own child ; and so I did her brother. She's off to Mapleton—'tis but a mile and a half. I have paid her wages, and given her Miss Fanny's present, as Mr. Oliphant desired me ;—and now here's another nice job.—Mr. Oliphant stopped at Oakfield to get the will, and it's not to be found, nor the will, that to my knowledge, master took in his pocket. No will ! As sure as my name's Jeremy, if there's no will to be found, there's a rogue in the family; and if ever he affronts me, I'll be hanged if I don't tell him plump that the first letter of his name begins with a G. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Mapleton Churchyard—Church, R. 5th. E. —a distant View of the Village by Moonlight—a sloping bank, crossing from R, 4th E. to L. 4th E., and in front of it a rustic hedge, with a stile, c.— Various tombs, and an osier-bound grave, L.*

MUSIC. — SUSAN HOPLEY *discovered stepping over the stile, c, with a small bundle in her hand.*

Susan. Alas ! how changed seems everything to me now. The news has flown like lightning, and instead of the hearty smile and welcome that once saluted me at every cottage door, folks turn away, as if ashamed to be seen speaking to me ;—some few, indeed, pity me, and they are but few. Dear, dear parents ! ye sleep in blessedness and peace, unconscious of my woes. If ye are permitted to witness the passing events of this world, oh ! intercede for your poor child, and give her some token, that her lost brother hath, indeed joined ye in those boundless realms of joy eternal. The bright moon sheds her soft rays upon their grave—the flowers seem to turn to me their blossomed heads.
[Music.—A flute is heard in imitation of the nightingale.
 Hark ! the nightingale on the weeping willow sings a halcyon song of freedom and of happiness. Dear, dear parents !

[She throws herself upon the grave, L., and the music ceases.

Enter WILLIAM DEAN, R. 4th. E.

Wil. *[Crossing the title, c]* Surely I heard a voice, and I had thought no one was in the churchyard but myself. I love to wander here because it was Susan's favourite walk. The tale I heard of the murder of Mr. Wentworth by Andrew, cannot be true ; I am convinced of its fallacy. My father would fain have me marry a richer bride, but none but Susan shall ever call me husband.
[Advancing, c] Ha ! a female, prostrate on the ground ! 'Tis Susan ! *[Leaning fondly over her.]* Susan ! My beloved Susan ! do you not know me ?

[He raises her, and leads her forward.

Susan, (L. C.) William, is it you ? Away ! away ! you must not speak to me—you must not be seen with me now.

Wil. (c.) Not seen with you, Susan ! What mean you ? Good heavens ! can the worthy, the kind-hearted Andrew, can he be-----

Susan. A murderer ! No, William ! Dare not to think of it ! As soon would I believe that you, even you, could be guilty of such a crime, as my brother Andrew.

Wil. They tell me, Susan, he is no where to be found or heard of.

Susan. Thus far the wor 
 fatal night at Upton, no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard

of him—he is murdered—both master and servant basely murdered :—So tells my heart, and so time will tell, when poor Susan shall be cold in her grave.

Wil. For heaven's sake, Susan, talk not thus, he will be found again.

Susan. Yes!—on that great day when every secret place, the yawning grave, and the wide ocean yield up their dead, and rich and poor be judged all alike. Leave me, William; you know your father never cordially approved of our attachment; and now he will have just reason for forbidding you to think of the sister of a suspected murderer.

Wil. I trust I have ever proved a dutiful and obedient son ; yet, not even a father's stern commands can now have weight with me. You are degraded in the eyes of the world—shunned by those who called themselves your friends ; and now, 'tis doubly my duty, both as a lover and a man, to stand forward and protect you. I am poor, Susan, but I can work and have many resources. Give me thy hand, girl, and in the heart of your faithful William, seek refuge from the frowns of fortune, and the taunts of narrow-minded friends.

Susan. No, dear William, that must not be ; I will proceed to London immediately ; my kind friend, Mrs. Dobbs, whose address I have, will serve me to the utmost of her power.

Wil. You—you go to London ! a simple, country girl, without a friend, without a protector ! If you go, Susan, I go too.

Susan. No, no! you must not, cannot go : for were it known I had a follower, it might injure me in my endeavours to obtain an honest service.

Wil. For worlds I would not injure you ; I love you too well—aye, so well, that the thought of parting from you drives me to distraction. [*Taking out a small canvass money-bag*] Still, dearest Susan, if we must part, take this ; my store is small, but for your sake I will work hard to make it more.

Enter LARKINS and GOMM. cautiously, on the sloping bank, from R.4th E.. watching.

Susan. No, William, no; I do not want money, I have fifteen pounds in my pocket.

Lar. [*Aside.*] Fifteen pounds !

[*Chord.—Larkins and Gomm retire, R. 4th. E.*

Susan. [*Showing her purse.*] Look ! And it would be wrong to rob you of your little stock.

Wil. (R.) Won't you take it, Susan ? You despise it because 'tis so trifling. [*Wiping away a tear.*] I never wished to be a rich man 'till now.

Susan. (L.) Despise it! Oh, William! you do not know my heart;—but why should I take what I do not stand in need of?—Stay ! here is a new half-a-crown ; I'll take that, and keep it for your sake.

[*Takes it out, and returns the bag.*

Wil. Bless you! God bless you ! And remember, Susan, whenever you want money there is grist at Mapleton mill.

Susan. Nay, don't put up your bag yet; I have taken a keepsake from you, and you must receive one from me. This bright sovereign, that looks as if it had just come out of the bank, shall be your keepsake, William.

Wil. Hey! a sovereign for a half-a-crown ! [*Offering to give it back.*] Why, Susan, dear-----Pooh ! I cannot!—

Susan. Will you refuse my keepsake, William ?

LARKINS and GOMM re-appear on the sloping bank, R. 4th. E.—they confer together, make signs, and cross to L. 4th. E.

Wil. My dear Susan, I am like a child before you, and must obey. But you will let me go part of the way with you, will you not ?

Susan. Not a step out of this churchyard, 'twere better you were not seen with me. You must oblige me now William—it may, perhaps, be my last request—the last time we shall ever meet! You will think of me, William, when you pass the favourite spots where we so oft have met—where first you talked of love ;—and, when you are the happy father of a family, as you cross that stile and gaze on the old church porch, you will sometimes think of Susan, your once loved, once merry maid.

Wil. [*Taking her hand.*] Sometimes ! The blithesome lark shall hail the gathering storm ! The raging tempest calm the seaman's breast—e'er I forget my love. One kiss before we part.

Susan. Take it, dear William ! Take it as a pledge, that other lips shall ne'er be pressed to mine.

[Music.—They embrace—William tears himself away, and waves an adieu, as he rushes hurriedly off, R. 8. E.—Susan leans for support against a tombstone, c.—Larkins and Gomm come over the stile, c, and hide, R. 3d. E.]

Susan. Alas ! he's gone. 'Twas a sad struggle—I never knew 'till now how much I loved him. But 'tis over—I have seen him—am convinced of his truth—he will not forsake me, and I can now leave the country without regret. I will walk to Oakfield, bid farewell to the servants, take away my things, and get the coach to London. *[Looking affectionately on the grave, L.]* Shades of my beloved parents, farewell! Scenes of my childhood, adieu ! adieu!

[Music.—She goes up. c, and is getting over the stile —Larkins and Gomm are seen watching her, and the scene closes.]

SCENE III.—*A Forest.*

Music.—Enter LARKINS and GOMM, R.

Lar. I tell you, we must go further a-field ; we are sure to grab her. She takes this road to Oakfield, and down in the hollow yonder, *[Pointing to L.]* we may spring on her in a moment.

Gomm. Right! fifteen pounds will be no bad swag to get from a servant girl. Luckily, we happened to be crossing the churchyard just in the nick of time.

Lar. Yes, the lovers were too busy to stag us; and we are satisfied the young fellow won't come with her, for she stalled him off. *[Looking, R.]* Stay ! I see her through the trees. Come on ! she mustn't see us, or, mayhap, she'll be affraid to advance till somebody comes up with her.

Gomm. We certainly ain't no very great beauties to catch a young woman's eye—so morrice ! We'll have a jolly tuck out to-night with that precious fifteen pounds of hers, and drink-----

Lar. Like Trojans ! Now, pad the hoof, my beauty, and take your weight off the mouldewarps. *Music.—Exeunt, L.*

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, with a bundle, R.

Susan. As I get farther from Mapleton my spirits seem to recover. I should like to have seen little Harry Leeson before I left. The dear boy will be sadly disappointed

when he finds I am gone; but he will have left Oakfield, and I must trust to chance.

Harry Leeson. [Calling without, R.] Susan! Susan Hopley!

Susan. Ah! that voice!—it is indeed himself

Enter HARRY LEESON., running and meeting her.

Har. My dear Susan, you are going to leave us! [*Embracing her.*] Pray—pray, don't go away!

Susan. Nay, my child, it is not in my power to help myself—there is no alternative. Would that your dear mother had lived; I should not then have wanted a friend.

Har. No, nor I either. Oh, Susan! I know not when I shall ever see you again. One kiss before we part.

Susan. [Kissing him.] Dear, dear boy!—But you will be comfortable and happy, Master Harry; Mr. Wentworth has remembered you in his will, and handsomely, too, I'll be bound.

Har. Ah, Susan! there is no will to be found.

Susan. No will!

Har. So Mr. Gaveston says. But Mr. Oliphant, the lawyer, says there were two, and that Mr. Wentworth left me a thousand pounds, and two-thirds of the wine trade; but Mr. Gaveston laughed at him, and said, that directly he married Miss Fanny everything came to him; and if he paid a premium to put me out apprentice to a shoemaker, or a tailor, I might think myself very well off. I must leave you now, because, if they can't find me, they may say next, that I have committed the murder. [*Susan starts.*] My dear Susan, I didn't mean to say that to make you cry, indeed I did not.

Susan. I believe it, my sweet boy. Heaven bless you!

Har. Good bye, dear Susan! Think of poor little Harry, and pray that I may come to be a rich man, that I may one day take you for my housekeeper, and make you as happy as the days are long.

Susan. Heaven shower down its choicest blessings on your head, sweet boy!

[Music.—They embrace, and part, and as they are going off, they return and embrace again.—Exeunt, Harry R., Susan L.]

SCENE IV.—*A Deep Dell or Copse—a small rustic bridge, from L.U. E. to C.*

Music.—LARKINS *discovered*, R. U. E., and GOMM,
L. U. E., *on the look out*.

Lar. Do you see anything, Gommy?

Gomm. Plague take it! she must have stopped on the road, or else taken another route across the fields, perhaps lost her way.

Lar. It was that confounded black beard of yours that frightened her; I saw it coining over the stile just now, five minutes before your nose.

Gomm. You're devilish funny, I dare say.

Lar. Your beard is as funny as a blacking-brush, and almost as handsome. Hush! do you hear?

Gomm. Tis she! Fox to your hole.

[*Music.—They hide, Larkins R. U. E., Gomm, L. U. L.*]

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, over the bridge, from L. U. E..

Susan. Poor Harry! how like, his mother he looked as his little heart swelled at the degraded state to which this Gaveston would reduce him. All my late acquired spirits have flown, and this dreary part of the road depresses them still more. [*Thunder heard.*] I must hasten on 'ere the threatening storm approaches. [*Going.*]

Lar. [*Coming down, R.*] Hold!

[*Chord.—Susan turns to L.*]

Gomm. [*Coming down and meeting her.*] Hold!

Lar. Beg your pardon, young woman—just trouble you to stop a moment.

Susan, (c.) Good heavens! what do you mean? You surely would not harm a poor girl like me?

Gomm. (L.) Not a bit of harm;—and as to poor, fifteen pounds is pretty tidy for a servant out of place; so, if you please, you must shell out.

Susan. Alas! if you take my little all, you will leave me to perish! I will willingly give you a part.

Lar. (R.) Very kind of you, marm, to give a part, when we can take the whole. But them terms won't suit exactly, so, first and foremost. I'll have a kiss, and then my pal, he has another, and then, you gives us the moppes for being so kind to you.

Gomm. In course; she'd rather have the kisses than the money.

[Music.—Susan, in alarm, runs up, c.—they follow her, and drag her down to the front—she struggles from them.

WILLIAM DEAN appears suddenly, L. u. E., he runs forward, and Susan rushes into his arms.—Picture.—William fights with a stick in each hand, hurls Gomm down, L., and after a short fight with Larkins, fells him, R.—the Robbers both rise, and spring upon him—he falls and drops the cudgel—Susan picks it up and gives it to him.

Susan. *[Running up, c, and calling.]* Help ! help !

Enter DICKY DEAN, VIGORS, Constables, and Villagers, L.U.E.—Vigors secures Larkins. (R.)—Dicky attacks Gomm. (L.)—Susan kneels, (c.)—William stands a little behind her, and the Villagers range at the back, and form a Tableau.

END OF ACT II.

 *A lapse of Twelve Months is supposed to have taken place between the Second and Third Acts.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Kitchen in Parliament Street—a door R. F.—a large window, L. F., through which is seen the area steps, palisades, and street—a large kitchen table, covered with a white cloth—chairs, &c.

Music.—MRS. DOBBS, R., and Joe GRIGSBY, cleaning boots, L.—discovered.

Mrs. D. Dear me ! only to think now, that lazy wench Polly is not up yet. I must tell master it won't do—a-lying in bed till this time o' day ; I hate such loathful ways

Joe. Slothful you mean, Mrs. Dobbs.

Mrs. D. Hoity toity! -Do you think I don't know my own oracular tongue, and that I am to be taught by a brat like you ? Have you cleaned the knives and forks yet ?

Joe. To be sure ! You don't suppose I want to be told my business ?

Mrs. D. Do you want, saucepate, to be told with a knock on the head, not to brush your boots in the kitchen. Go into the hairy, do, or I'll give you monkey's allowance.

Joe. Well, I'm going. What a precious grumbler you are!—always finding fault. [*Exit into the area, R. D.F.*]

Mrs. D. Lucky I'd got a sitivation, "already cut and dried," as the saying is, for my dear Susan Hopley, when she came up to London a twelvemonth ago, after that sad affair of the murder. I got her into a good family in Oxfordshire, but they, going abroad, could keep her no longer; so I have packed her off this morning to her place as house-keeper, at Mr. Cripps the rich East Indian nabob, where, I'm sure, she'll be as happy as the licious ways of London will let her.

Dicky Dean. [*Singing without.*] " All round my hat—
Fine carrots, ma'am ? [*Singing.*] " I wears the green wil-
low, all round my hat---- " There's a calliflower !—buy
it for Sunday—just as good—bless you, it will keep----
[*Singing.*] " For a twelvemonth and a day ; and if anybody
axes you---- " Some of the finest marrowfats you ever
seed; I gathered'em this morning. [*Coming down the area
steps, singing.*] " For Susan, my true love, what's far, far
away." Wo, Spriggins!

*Enter DICKY DEAN at the area-door, R.F., with vegetables
in his hand.*

Dicky. Any vegetables wanted to-day, ma'am ?

Mrs. D. [*Starting.*] Bless my heart alive !

Dicky. Got some nice sparrow-grass, ma'am.

Mrs. D. (R.) Why, Dicky !

Dicky. (L.) Eh—Dolly Dobbs ! Well, I wish I may be
shot if this don't beat cock fighting ! I never know'd you
lived here afore.

Mrs. D. How long have you been in London, Dicky ?

Dicky. We comed in only last week, cart and all.—
Couldn't live at Oakfield arter Susan went away, so took
to rambling ; at first, meant to ha' gone into the fields and
woods—me and Spriggins, and turn savages.

Mrs. D. Indeed, Richard ! and all on Susan's account ?

Dicky. Fact, I assure you!—true, as there's maggots in
marrowfats. I've heerd of Phillip Squall, and I thought
me and Spriggins would do for Phillip and his beautiful
monkey Bumndell. But, somehow or other, Spriggins

didn't do for Bumfidell at all, 'cause he couldn't catch no birds nor cut no wood, so off we cuts, cart, stock and block, all for love of Susan Hopley. [*The Donkey brays without.*] That's Spriggins. That ere beast has got the ears of a Christian; he heerd me sing out Susan Hopley.

Mrs. D. That won't do, Dicky.

Dicky. It's a fact, Mrs. Dobbs! When Susan had left me, I went into the stable—that's our back kitchen—with my pipe, and sot down, and talked to Spriggins about Susan—for I couldn't smoke, she'd put my pipe out. Well, I seed that Spriggins didn't look up at the hayrack—and one thing was, 'cause there wasn't no hay there—but he slunk'd his head quite doleful atween his front legs. "Now," says I, "I'm blessed if that 'ere animal don't feel for me!"—And so, as I thought it might cheer up the poor cretur and likewise comfort me, I singed a song as I'd heerd she sing werry often, about "All a-down in the wally." Just us I'd got to the end on't, and was giving a sly look at his honest old face to see if I'd made him cry; when, would you believe it-----

Mrs. D. What, Richard?

Dicky. I'm blest if the hartful dodger hadn't got his nose into a handketcher o' young sprouts I'd just bought, at one and twopence a-dozen! So I lays hold on a big stick, and,—still thinking on Susan,—instead o' saying "You d—d warmint!" I hollars out, "You d—d Susan!" and bits him such a precious whop on his tail, as set him dancing the canaries, like a spider in a cloud o' baccay smoke.

[*Music.—A knock heard at the street-door—the dogs bark, and the donkey brays.*]

Dicky. [*Calling.*] Hollo, there! That's Spriggins.—Hollo! stop him! Hollo, you Spriggins!—Stop him, there!

[*Exeunt, Mrs. Dobbs, hastily, L., and Dicky, running out at the door, in flat, and up area-steps, calling,*
"Stop him! stop him!"

Re-enter MRS. DOBBS, L., followed by WILLIAM DEAN, plainly dressed.

Mrs. D. Well, this is an eventful morning! I certainly think I must have got out of bed on the wrong side. When you knocked, I thought it was master;—but I'm glad to see you, William, you look uncommonly well.

Wil. (L.) I'm happy to return the compliment, Mrs. Dobbs. Can you give me any news of Susan ? 'Tis now a twelvemonth since she left us to come up to London. I heard she was about to leave her situation, and I had hopes—but no matter, if she be well.

Mrs. D. (c.) Well ! that she is ;—but your father has written to her, to say, he will never give his consent to your marriage ; and Susan says, she won't make you and your father rumbustical; and so—so she won't see you.

Wil. Did she—did my Susan say so ? Then is my fate decided ! Is she here ?

Mrs. D. No—that is, she was here ; but as soon as she had popped a bit of breakfast into her mouth, I popped her into the stage coach, and she's off to her new situation at Mr. Cripps's, the great Ingy nabob, at Plantation House.

Wil. [*Going.*] Then I must see her.

Mrs. D. No, no! indeed, Mr. William, you must not, for she begged of me not to let you know where she was.

Wil. And this is Susan Hopley, whom I once thought incapable of change! A twelvemonth since, she spoke me fair, and buoyed me up with hope ! Fool ! fool that I was. to suppose she could breath the baneful atmosphere of London uncontaminated. Yet will I make one attempt to see her, but if I fail, tell her, that, stung to the heart by her cruel silence, I take a step that cannot be retraced. Tell her I love her—still love her, and for ever! that neither change of clime, or fortune, will erase her from my memory, or heal a broken heart; and that the lips, once fondly pressed to her's, utter for the last time the name of Susan !

[*Rushes off, L.*]

Mrs. D. Dear me ! what a terrible thing it is to be incontinently in love, as I may say. Bless me! I hope I haven't made a mistake. Susan begged me not to let Mr. Dean come near her ; but did she mean William Dean, or Dicky Dean. I never thought of that. What a conflagracious mistake! [*Calling.*] Here, William!—Joe!—Here, somebody—everybody ! Will nobody catch anybody for me ? Oh, dear! oh, dear! [*Exit, running, L.—Music.*]

SCENE II. — An *Antechamber at Plantation House—folding-doors, C.F., opening into the garden.*

Enter REMARDON and GAVESTON, R., both dressed as Foreigners.

Rem. (L. C.) Well, my dear fellow ! I don't care whether you or I marry the girl ; the fortune is what we want.

Gav. (R.) True, and that can only be obtained by marriage, which, by the aid of a priest, I will effect with all convenient speed.

Rem. Remember ! I have one half—we divide fairly.

Gav. Yes, yes, but should some infernal chance bring my wife to light-----

Rem. I thought you had left her safe at the old castle abroad.

Gav. Yea, and I hope, long 'ere this, grief and consumption have done their worst. I never loved her, in fact I have ever looked on woman as a mere plaything ;—dice—dice for me!—Hazard hath more charms than the fairest of the fair; but fortune, curse the fickle jade! she has been a sad jilt to me lately; I have played deeply and boldly.

Rem. And lost bravely. This scheme of yours will make all right: I, as the Count Roccoleoni, have gained the old father's confidence ; and you, as Colonel Jones, have contrived to win the heart of the young lady.

Gav. After the girl is secured, we must obtain old Wentworth's will, for a claim has been made in favour of Harry Leeson. It was left at the Old Manor House. Can you depend on that servant of yours ?

Rem. Larkins is a London prig, a knight of the post, disguised as my courier. Should any untoward accident mar our plans, we must have recourse to a little night work. *[Drawing his finger across his throat.]* You understand me ?

Gav. *[Shuddering, and crossing to L.]* No—no! No more murder—no more blood !

Rem. *[Laughing]* Ha, ha, ha ! You are growing sentimental, Walter. But come, let us find Cripps and his daughter ; conscience is a thing I laugh at. I may have been a fool at times, but conscience never makes one of me; no, no, too old a hand for that—eh, Walter!

[Music.—Exeunt, R.]

Enter GIMP and LARKINS, L.

Gimp, (c.) Walk in, Mr. Polony—walk in.

Lar. (L.) Belloni, my good girl; I am the Count Roccoleoni's confidant.

Gimp. Pray, sir, where do you and the Count come from?

Lar. The Count's estates are in Mesopotamia.

Gimp. I have heard of that place—among the spice islands ; I dare say you've often been in the spice islands.

Lar. [*Aside.*] If she had said spike islands, it would have been nearer the mark.

Gimp. We have got a new housekeeper coming,—one Susan Hopley, quite a young thing, but she was greatly recommended ; yet I think, if Mr. Cripps had looked about his own establishment, he might have found one quite as fit for housekeeper as ever she is.

Lar. No doubt of it. [*Aside.*] She wears the yellow stockings. [*A coach horn heard without.*]

Gimp. [*Opening the doors, C. F.*] As I live, here comes the stage coach ; it stops at our gate, and there's madam, I declare. I'll soon get her out of this place, or my name's not Gimp.

Lar. [*Looking out, c. D.*] That is really her, and the sooner you do it the better. [*Aside.*] The very girl I tried to rob twelve months ago.

Gimp. I will, Mr. Polony, that I will!

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY at the folding-doors, C. F.

Susan. (L.) My good girl, will you see that my trunks are taken into the housekeeper's room ?

Gimp. (c.) [*Tossing her head.*] Why, indeed !—To be sure you are a stranger, and it don't look well to be ill-natured ; but I'm ladies' maid, and not housemaid, ma'am.

Susan. I beg your pardon, but-----

Gimp. I don't mind condescending for once, only I like folks to know themselves, and who's who. [*Aside, crossing to L.*] She looks no better than she should be, a brazen-face little puss ! I'll put up her cholera for spite. [*To Susan.*] Pray, whereabouts in London did you buy the paint you wear, ma'am, if it's no offence ?

Susan. I did not purchase what you are pleased to call paint; my colour is the result of health and labour.

Lar. [*Aside, R.*] She's down upon her tiddy, however.

Gimp. [*Aside.*] She talks like what she is. [*To Susan.*] I beg pardon, I didn't mean to offend ; I only----

Susan. If you think I am offended, you are mistaken ; I never intentionally give offence, neither do I take it, especially from those beneath me.

Gimp. Well, I'm sure ! [*Exit, flouncing off, C.D.F.*]

Lar. [*Singing.*] "Nix my dolly palls—" [*To Susan.*] Warm travelling, ma'am

Susan. Yet, sir—[*Aside, starting.*] Good heavens !—that face !—The very man who—[*To Larkins, recovering herself.*] Do you belong to the family, sir ?

Lar. Oh, no ! I'm the currier to Count Roccoleoni, the friend of Colonel Jones, who is going to marry Miss Caroline Cripps, and this is my first visit to England.

Susan. Were you never in England before ?

Lar. Never ! I only landed in this country on Monday my pretty housekeeper.

Susan. You speak good English for a foreigner.

Lar. That's because my master, Count Roccoleoni, am I, mixed with so many of the best English families at Spa and Rome; and as I was fond of the language, I soon got a dab hand at it. [*Approaching her familiarly.*] Come, you and I can make ourselves as cosey as Darby and Joan.

Susan. Sir I you forget yourself !

Lar. Pooh ! pooh ! who's to know ? By Jupiter, I'll—
[*He is about to seize her round the waist.*]

Music.—Enter WILLIAM DEAN, *hastily*, c. D. F. from L., with a cockade in his hat—he steps in between them, and thrusts Larkins away, R.

Wil. (c.) Begone, scoundrel! or prepare yourself for a sound thrashing!

Lar. [*Aside, R.*] Why, it's that d—d country bumpkin, the miller's son again. [*Aloud.*] Oh, well! if the housekeeper can't take a harmless joke from a fellow servant, there's an end to it; only I'll see if Mr. Cripps allows cupboard-love followers to come about his house. *Exit, R.*

Wil. Mean, cowardly wretch !

Susan. Oh, William ! do I see you once again! Oh, heavens ! [*Pointing to his hat.*] What is this—you have not listed ? Say no, or you will break my heart.

Wil. Nay, Susan, you thought not of me when you answered not a single letter—when you refused even to see me. What was I to think, but that you had formed an attachment elsewhere, and that I had become hateful to you.

Susan. Oh, William ! you rive my heart! How could you be so rash ? I refused to marry you in obedience to the vow I swore,—never to marry, till the mystery of my brother's death be cleared up

Wil. That may never be



Susan. Then will I never be married.

Wil. That oath cannot be binding.—But I see 'tis vain to talk: the regiment I have enlisted in marches shortly for Canada; I shall see you but once again, and that will be for the last time.

Susan. The last! Oh, William!—William!—How my throat swells with agony! William—dear William!

[Overpowered with emotion, she sinks into his arms.

Re-enter GIMP, C. D. F.

Gimp. If you please, ma'am----- Oh! I beg pardon, I didn't know you had followers. Well, I'm sure! what is Plantation House going to be turned into next, I wonder?

[Exit, c. D. F.

Wil. Confound that woman! I must be gone! Dear Susan, make me but one promise—'tis all I ask!

Susan. Had I but wealth and honours to bestow—my life—all, all I'd share with thee, save the foul stain that brands a brother's name.

Wil. But, if thy brother's innocence is proved, wilt thou become my wife?

Susan. As I hope for blessings in the world to come—I promise thee! *[Going, R.*

Wil. This evening, when the family sleep, I will be at the garden gate; you'll not refuse to meet your soldier there. *[Going, c.]* Till then, farewell!

[Music.—As they are going off, they both turn at the same instant, William extends his arms, and Susan runs and embraces him.

Susan. Hark! footsteps approach—you must away!

Wil. Once more, till then, farewell! You will not fail?

Susan. Soon as the moon o'ertops the garden gate, thrice gently tap, and you will find me there.

[Exeunt, Susan R., William, c. D. F.

Enter MR. ALEXANDER CRIPPS, REMARDON, GAVESTON, and CAROLINE CRIPPS, R.

Cripps. (L.) Welcome to Plantation House, my Lord Count, and you, my Lord Colonel.

Gav. My dear sir, pardon my impatience, but when shall I be rendered the happiest of mankind, by the possession of this matchless fair?

Cripps. My dear Mrs. C. looks into all these matters.

You have shown me the rent-roll of your estates in Transylvania, and so we'll talk of these things after dinner.—But, zounds ! I must see the housekeeper to arrange about your chambers. Oh ! here she comes.

Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, R.

Susan. Did you wish to speak to me, sir? [*Seeing Gaveston and Rermardon.*] Eternal heavens !

Gav. [*Aside.*] Susan Hopley !

Rem. [*Aside.*] D—n that girl! She'll be my death !

Cripps. [*Crossing to R.*] Now, Susan, this is the Count Roccoioni, and this is Colonel Jones, who is going to marry my daughter ; you will pay them proper attention. Come. Caroline, let us walk round the grounds.

[*Exeunt Cripps and Caroline, R.— Susan is following.*

Guv. [*Seizing her.*] Susan, dare to betray me, and your place and character are lost! [*Crosses to L.*

Rem. Dare to give the least alarm, and your life pays the forfeit of your rashness !

Susan. Must I, too, die e'en like---

Rem. Like whom ?

Susan. My murdered brother! [*Exit, hastily, R.*

Rem. She knows too much ;—she must die, or we are lost!—'Tis decided ! Once thought of, the deed is half completed.

Gav. Let us first make sure of the girl and her fortune.

Rem. Aye, take her to Upton, and conceal her in the Old Manor House.

Gav. I don't like the idea; yet, 'ere we leave the country, we must secure the will, which was left there in the hurry and agitation of that fearful scene.

Rem. And the girl Susan—she must not live!

Gav. Must not!—No !—must not!

Rem. To-night, then, she dies !

Gav. Good ! We are bound by no common ties ; when one swings, the other must kick the beam. [*Exeunt, R.*

Re-enter GIMP, C. D. F.

Gimp. Dear me! what a strange sort of body our new housekeeper is; here's another follower, —a fellow, dressed like a mountebank. Well, I never ! to have two followers already ! As the old saying is, " One may steal a horse when another can't look over the hedge."

Enter DICKY DEAN, in a mountebank clowns dress, C. D. F.

Dicky. Behold, false woman—behold what you have done !

Gimp. I'm not the false woman, nor I ain't the true woman. Mrs. Susan won't see you.

Dicky. Not see me!—Me! that gived over telling garden stuff for her !—Me !—that had nearly made my fortin in lobsters and pickled salmon! [*Aside.*] Pennoths! It was all for Sue,—yet she forsook me ! Tell me where she is, or I'll rend thee limb from limb !

Gimp. If you touch me, I'll hollow out! You can't see her, I tell you ! She has got the yellow glanders.

Dicky. Let me but kiss her lips, that I may die of the yellow glanders, too, like Romeo and Juliet. Oh, young woman, see how I am disgraced ! For that mortal fair one, I took to the stage ! Only think, such a business as I had, and disgraced myself by taking to the stage.

Gimp. A mountebank stage ?

Dicky. Yes, all because she slighted me. This morning I met promiskiously a set of mountebanks ; my cousin Bill listed among the sogers, and I've 'listed among the players. They dressed me directly, and I began my engagement. What crowds I brought together ! all the housemaids of the place were there—but I saw not Sue ; all the huusekeepers an ladies' maids in the town were there—but I saw not Sue.

Gimp. Well, be how it will, she can't see you now ; but she gives her compliments to you, and sends her best love to Mr. Spriggins.

Dicky. Her love to Spriggins! Won't I welt him for that, when I get home! But Spriggins was allus a favourite with the girls.

Gimp. Is he musical ?

Dicky. Aye! Sich ears for music—music for the million !—all on the Hollar sestum—practizes thorough bass, and sol-fa's " He-haw" in his own natural key.

Gimp. What a fascinating fellow! Does he dance, too ?

Dicky. I believe you ; cuts capers, and goes through his steps like a Tally-ho-ne. All the managers run mad arter him ; so I gets him engaged at the Waterloo Theatre.—Directly he sports his fine figure on the stage, the chubby litle gods and goddesses clap their hands, and roar out — "Bravo, Don Keyno !" —That's Spanish for Spriggins.

Gimp. What a flattering reception !

Dicky. Well, as I was a-sayinar, they load him with applause and flowers. [*Aside.*] Cauliflowers ! He hangs his head as mute as a mackerel, and as in duty bound, looks as grave as a gridiron ; they puts a bridle on his tongue—a bit—he's curbed in—hampered by the greens, and they tears he'll break down.

Gimp. Poor young man! what an awful situation !

Dicky. No such thing—Richard's his-self again ! The downie cove wheels round, tips um a tail as long as your arm, and sets the whole house in a roar.

Gimp. How charming ! And is he handsome ?

Dicky. Uncommon, for the family Greys.

Gimp. What, is he related to the Greys ? Perhaps you'll bring him with you some day.

Dicky. He always follows me wherever I goes.

Gimp. Indeed ! [*Aside.*] Some of these players are very nice young men. and as the housekeeper has one, I may as well have another. Perhaps you'd bring young Spriggins to see our garden. Is he fond of a garden ?

Dicky. Oh, crikey ! isn't he ? He'll show you when he once gets in.

Gimp. I'm sure. I shall be delighted to see him and you to tea some afternoon.

Dicky. Tea!—did you say tea ? Oh ! you needn't set no tea-things! [*Aside.*] He'll drink a pailful! ! [*Aloud.*] And you needn't cut no bread and butter fur him.

Gimp. No ! What does Mr. Spriggins usually take

Dicky. A sallad. when he can get it, and a thistle by way of an excite

Gimp. Eh ! is Mr. Spriggins, then, a Scotchman ?

Dicky. No, he's a Jerusalemer; you shall see him.

[*Music.*—*He goes to c. D. F., and brings on a Donkey*
—*Gimp sees him. screams, and runs off, L.*—*Dicky*
sings " All round my hat," *and leads the Donkey*
off, L.

SCENE III.—*Susan's Bedchamber, in Plantation House*
a bed, L. U. E.—a table and chair, R. U. E.

SUSAN discovered seated at the table.

Susan. How fearfully has the appearance of Gaveston and his companion alarmed me. I am convinced, by their assumed names, that evil is intended; and yet, if I denounce

them to Mr. Cripps, I may bring evil on myself, and fail in my endeavours to do good. My eyes feel heavv. Oh ! that Heaven would direct me while I sleep ; or, dear Andrew, if indeed thy spirit hears my prayer, point out the means by which villainy may be defeated, thy innocence proclaimed, and thy unhappy sister saved from ruin.

[Music.—She retires to bed and sleeps.

Enter LARKINS, cautiously, R., masked, and with a dagger.

Lar. All is silent—the girl sleeps ! I don't like the job, but it must be done. Gaveston says, they cannot go abroad with the rich heiress till they get the will from the Old Manor House; and if this girl should prate, it might be fatal to them. So. now to do the deed ! *[Going to the bed.]* She sleeps. Twice have I proved myself her enemy ; yet, e'en now, there is something about my heart which seems to check me when I would strike the blow. Bah ! it's not the first deed of the sort, and the reward is good. *[Raising his hand to stab her.]* Now, Susan, farewell ! *[A low groan is heard—he starts back]* What was that ? It sounded like the dying groan of a murdered man ! A cold shivering has seized my frame ! I feel as though surrounded by a crowd of fiends ! I cannot—will not—dare not, murder her ! *[A pause]* They have already gone off with the girl, and directly they obtain the will, they depart for the continent. I will get the reward and tell them I have done the deed. *[Music.—Exit, R.—Music changes.*

The Form of ANDREW rises up, c.

And. Sister—beloved sister ! The time is come—follow the murderers to the Old Manor House at Upton—let them not escape ! Be firm ! save the innocent—avenge thy brother, and confound the guilty in the stronghold of their crimes ! *[The Figure points to the wound, and disappears, c.*

Susan. *[Starting up in great agitation, and coming forward.]* Stay—brother—Andrew !—stay ! Not here ! Alas ! was that, too, a dream ?—Aye, but 'twas a vision that pressaged hope and redress. Yes, blessed spirit, I will obey thy injunctions—here, do I swear it ! *[The gate-bell rings—a noise heard without, L.]* Ha ! what noise is that ?

Cripps. *[Calling without, L.]* The rogues ! the rascals ! my daughter !—there they go !

Enter CRIPPS, hastily, L., followed by two Servants, with lighted candles.

Susan. My dear sir, lose not a moment in pursuing them—they are villains !

Cripps. Do you tell me so ?

Susan. The pretended Colonel, I know to be a married man; the other, I have every reason to believe, is a man of bad character. Obtain legal authority, pursue them instantly to Upton, force your way into the Old Manor House, and save your child from ruin.

Cripps. [*To the Servants.*] Go, call all the constables, magistrates, churchwardens, head boroughs, and----- D—me! I'll have a regiment of soldiers—I can pay for it! As for you, my little housekeeper, if you speak the truth, I'll make a man of you-----that is, I'll make your fortune.

Susan. Sir, I ask no reward, but that my own heart affords. Heaven grant I may see the innocent snatched from the power of the guilty, and the murderers detected on the spot where their crime was perpetrated. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Exterior of King's Head Inn, at Upton.*

Enter JEREMY and FANNY, from the House, R. D. F.

Jer. (c.) Come, my dear lady, compose yourself; the journey and the agitation of your mind have overcome you; a little air will do you good; the horses will soon be put up, and another stage brings us to Oakfield.

Fan. (R.) Oh, dear, sir, amply have you repaid my father's kindness back to his daughter ;—secluded in that odious castle, I had given up all hopes of life, and but for your timely arrival, must have perished.

Jer. Such I believe was the intention of your husband ; but, luckily meeting with Mabel Lightfoot at Paris, she told me of his villainy, and that of his associate Remardon.

Enter WILLIAM DEAN, L.

Wil. Yes, yes, I've caged the villains in their own den, and justice will at length defeat them.

Jer. Surely, I know that face—it is William Dean.

Wil. Ah! Mr. Jeremy and Miss Wentworth—I beg pardon, I should say, Mrs. Gaveston. Oh, madam ! your sad husband----- [*Crosses to c.*]

Fan. Speak, William ! What has happened ?

Wil. He and 'Squire Remardon have run off with an
 [redacted]s from Plantation House, but a few miles from hence.
 I happened to be on the road, and saw them paas in a post-
 chaise. I galloped after it, and saw all three enter the Old
 Manor House, where your poor dear father, madam-----
 But no mattter. Mr. Cripps, the father of the young lady,
 is in full pursuit, and will soon be here ;—my own Susan
 Hopley has opened the old man's eyes.

Fan. Does she live in this neighbourhood ?

Wil. She's housekeeper to Mr. Cripps, and will soon be
 here. I am now more than ever convinced of her truth,
 and will immediately purchase my discharge. [*Looking
 off, L.*] See how the dust is flying—here they are—out-
 riders, constables and all! Come, let us join the enraged
 father, and storm this castleof iniquity ! [*Music—Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE V.—*The Bedchamber at the Old Manor House,
 as seen in the " Vision," Act I.—A door, c. F.—a table
 and chairs, with lighted candles and writing materials,
 R. 8. E.—a table, L. s. E., with a casket and papers.*

GAVESTON, CAROLINE CRIPPS, and REMARDON, *discovered.*

Gav. This, my dear, is one of my estates; but I never
 reside on it, having so many in fairer situations.

Car. I'm glad of it, for I don't like this at all.

Gav. Now, my beloved girl, have the goodness to sign
 these papers just to satisfy your friends, and we will then
 proceed to Gretna with all speed. [*A loud knocking heard
 without.*] What was that ? [*Apart to Remardon.*] Do you
 not hear the noise of men—the murmur of voices ? Go
 and reconnoitre, George.

Rem. [Apart.] Pooh! 'tis only the market people, talk-
 ing of the old house as they pass. To be seen at the front
 windows would ruin all. You fastened the door, did you not?

Gav. [Apart.] Aye, the front; but the back door had no
 fastening within. Come, search for the will—quick, it must
 be obtained at once !

*Rem. [Going to the table, examining the casket, and
 turning over papers.—Apart.]* Confusion ! I cannot find
 it in the casket. Surely, we did not leave it with-----

Gav. [Apart.] Silence ! Hark ! I hear a step !

[*A knock heard at the door c.F.*]

Rem. [Going to the door.] Who's there?

Larkim. [Without.] A friend.

Enter LARKINS at the door, c. F.

Rem. [Whispering to Larkins.] Is she dead—is it done ?

Lar. It is—you are safe.

Gav. [Handing a pen to Caroline.] Now, girl—quick, quick—sign !

Car. No, no—I'm afraid—I dare not-----

Gav. [Presenting a pistol.] Sign this instant, or beware !

Music.—*Enter SUSAN HOPLEY, suddenly, c. D. F.—she rushes forward, R. C, unseen by Gaveston, strikes his arm, and the pistol falls.*

Gav. [Starting in amazement.] Ha! [To Larkins.] Villain ! you have deceived us !

Rem. [Aside.] Susan alive! [Aloud, taking out a pistol.] What fiend hath brought you hither ?

Susan. [Firmly.] I come to save the innocent !

Gav. [Picking up the pistol.] Beware! We are determined to shoot any one who attempts to oppose us !

Susan. (c.) Let me implore you both, by the memory of him, who, in this chamber, you robbed and murdered—by the blood of a brother, that cries aloud for vengeance—by your soul's everlasting peace,—to confess your crimes, restore the innocent, and fly to another land, where you may pass the remainder of your days in penitence and prayer.

Rem. (L.) Fool! you have betrayed us! [Presenting his pistol.] Die!

Music.—*Enter WILLIAM DEAN, hurriedly, R. D. F., with a pistol in each hand—he points at Gaveston and Remardon, and rushes forward to Susan—he is closely followed by JEREMY, CRIPPS, FANNY, Constables, and Villagers—Constables seize Gaveston (R. c), Remardon (L.), and Larkins (R.)—Tableau.*

Cripps. Rogues ! we've got you at last!

Car. [Clinging to Cripps.] My father!

Cripps. Aye, hussey,—and be glad that you see your father again. Your intended husband is already married.

Jer. [Pointing to Fanny] If there are any doubts of it, this lady can remove them.

Gav. [Confounded.] My wife! [He attempts to shoot himself, but is prevented by the Constables]

Wil. Secure him ! You escape not so.

Susan. Men of terror ! I accuse you both of the murder of Mr. Wentworth, and my brother Andrew !—Aye ! in this bedchamber !

Rem. 'Tis false ! There is no proof !

Susan. There is a proof—a horrible proof—the body of the murdered Andrew ! [*Pointing to the panel in the wainscot.*] Villains ! 'tis there ! See—see ! their downcast looks—they know it well ! He, the seducer—the would-be murderer of a virtuous wife ! [*Pointing to Gaveston.*] He knows it ! [*Pointing to Remardon.*] And he—his companion in guilt—knows it also !

Gav. & Rem. 'Tis false !

Susan. [*Crossing to the wainscot, L. F.*] Heaven grant me strength ! Brother, 'tis Susan calls !

[*Music.—Assisted by William, she tears down the sliding panel, and discovers the emaciated body of Andrew—the will drops out.*]

Jer. [*Picking it up.*] Ah ! s the real will !

Susan. [*Pointing to the body.*] Behold ! Heaven hath heard my prayer !

Gav. The hand of Providence is armed against me ! I do confess to the murder—the double murder ! [*Pointing to Remardon.*] and there is my accomplice !

Susan. Hear—hear, ye heavens !—hear, ye winds ! and bear it far and wide ! The fate and fidelity of Andrew are proved ! Susan hath kept her word, and the character of the servant girl is for ever unimpeached.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

	<i>Villagers.</i>	<i>Villagers.</i>
<i>Cons.</i>	LARK <i>Cons.</i>	
	GAV. <i>Cons.</i>	CAR. Cripps. Wil. JER. FAN. <i>Cons.</i> REM <i>Cons.</i>
		SUSAN.

[L.

THE END.