

954
J78
c

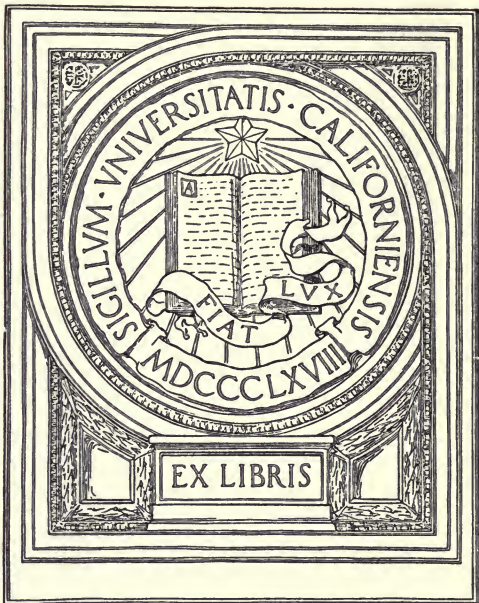
UC-NRLF



QB 249 848

YB 74508

3 811 A50



EX LIBRIS

954
J78
C

THE
MUSEUM
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

1850

1851

1852

1853

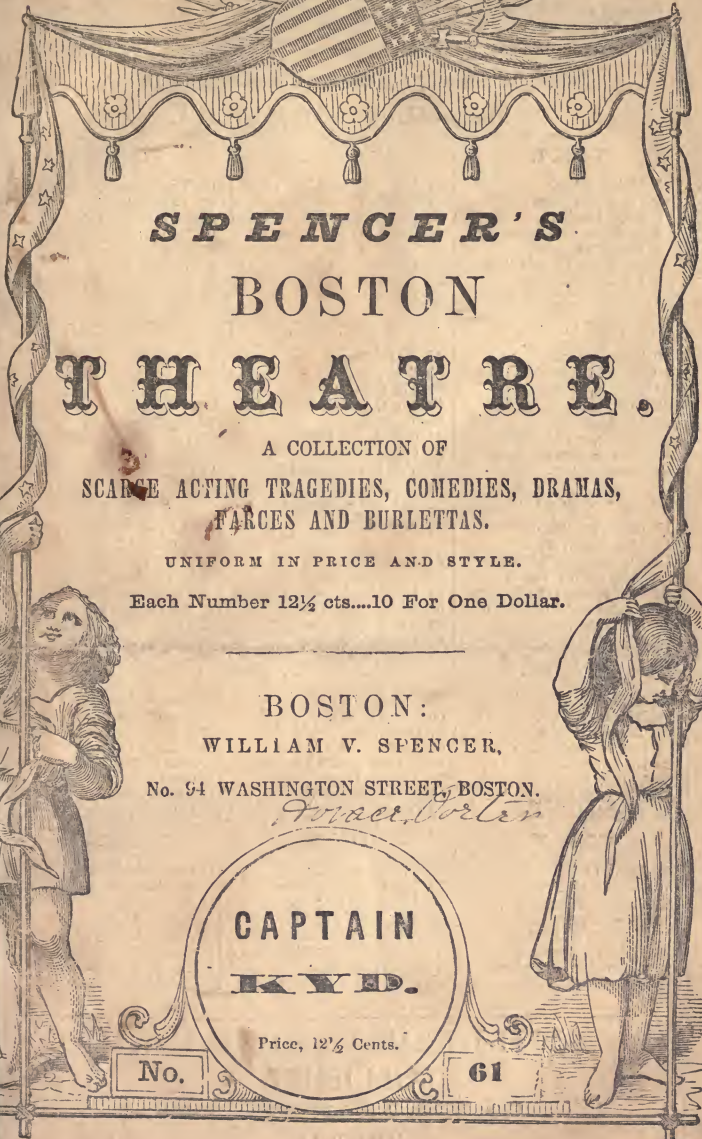
1854

1855



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Special Order



**SPENCER'S
BOSTON
THEATRE.**

A COLLECTION OF
SCARCE ACTING TRAGEDIES, COMEDIES, DRAMAS,
FARCES AND BURLETTAS.

UNIFORM IN PRICE AND STYLE.

Each Number 12½ cts....10 For One Dollar.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
No. 94 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Special Order



**CAPTAIN
KYD.**

Price, 12½ Cents.

No.

61

Spencer's Boston Theatre.

Price, 12 1-2 Cents, each. Ten for One Dollar.

BOUND VOLUMES, \$1.

VOL. I.

- 1 Moll Pitcher,
- 2 The Forest Rose,
- 3 Swiss Swains,
- 4 Bachelor's Bedroom,
- 5 Sophia's Supper,
- 6 A Roland for an Oliver,
- 7 Black-eyed Susan,
- 8 John Bull,

VOL. II.

- 9 Satan in Paris,
- 10 More Blunders than one,
- 11 Rosina Meadows,
- 12 The Dumb Belle,
- 13 My Aunt,
- 14 Spring and Autumn,
- 15 Six Degrees of Crime,
- 16 Limeick Boy,

VOL. III.

- 17 Presumptive Evidence,
- 18 Man and Wife,
- 19 The Sergeant's Wife,
- 20 Masks and Faces,
- 21 Merry Wives of Windsor,
- 22 Nature and Philosophy,
- 23 Agnes de Vere,
- 24 Shandy Maguire,

VOL. IV.

- 25 Wild Oats,
- 26 Michael Erle,
- 27 Teddy the Tiler,
- 28 Spectre Bridegroom,
- 29 Idiot Witness,
- 30 Willow Copse,
- 31 Matteo Falcone,
- 32 People's Lawyer,

VOL. V.

- 33 Jenny Lind,
- 34 Comedy of Errors,
- 35 Lucretia Borgia,
- 36 Surgeon of Paris,
- 37 Patrician's Daughter,
- 38 The Two Buzzards,
- 39 Shoemaker of Toulouse,
- 40 Momentous Question,

VOL. VI.

- 41 Love and Loyalty.
- 42 Robber's Wife.
- 43 Happy Man,
- 44 Dumb Girl of Genoa.
- 45 Wreck Ashore,
- 46 Clari.
- 47 Miller and his Men.
- 48 Wallace.

VOL. VII.

- 49 Madelaine.
- 50 Betsey Baker.
- 51 The Fireman,
- 52 No. 1, Round the Corner,
- 53 Teddy Roe.
- 54 Grist to the Mill.
- 55 Object of Interest.
- 56 Two Loves and a Life.

VOL. VIII.

- 57 Anne Blake.
- 58 My Fellow Clerk.
- 59 Bengal Tiger.
- 60 The Steward.
- 61 Capt. Kyd.
- 62 Nick of the Woods.
- 63 The Marble Heart.
- 64 Laughing Hyena.

VOL. IX.

- 65 Second Love.
- 66 The Victor Vanquished.
- 67 Our Wife
- 68 Dream at Sea.
- 69 My Husband's Mirror.
- 70 Yankee Land.
- 71 Norah Crina,
- 72 Good for Nothing.

VOL. X.

- 73 The First Night.
- 74 The Rake's Progress.
- 75 Pet of the Petticoats.
- 76 The Eaton Boy.
- 77 Wandering Minstrel.
- 78 Wanted 1000 Milliners.
- 79 Poor Pillicoddy.
- 80 Breach of Promise.

VOL. XI.

- 81 The Mummy.
- 82 The Review.
- 83 Lady of the Lake.
- 84 Still Water Runs Deep.
- 85 Man of Many Friends.
- 86 Love in Livery.
- 87 Antony and Cleopatra.
- 88 The Scholar.

VOL. XII.

- 89 Helping Hands.
- 90 Aladdin.
- 91 Trying it on.
- 92 Stage Struck Yankee,
- 93 Young Wife & Ol^d
- 94 Last Man, (Umb'la)
- 95 Belles' Stratagem,
- 96 Crinoline.

VOL. XIII.

- 97 Old and Young.
- 98 A Family Failing.
- 99 The Young Scamp,
- 100 The Adopted Child.
- 101 The Turned Head.
- 102 A Match in the Dark,
- 103 Advice to Husbands.
- 104 Raffaella.

VOL. XIV.

- 105 Ruth Oakley.
- 106 The British Slave.
- 107 Slamese Twins,
- 108 A Life's Ransom,
- 109 Sent to the Tower,
- 110 Giralda,
- 111 Time Tries all,
- 112 Ella Rosenburg.

VOL. XV.

- 113 Somebody Else.
- 114 Warlock of the Glen
- 115 Zelina,
- 116 Ladies' Battle,
- 117 Art of Acting,
- 118 Beatrice,
- 119 The Lady of the Lions,
- 120 Neighbor Jackwood,

WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
PUBLISHER,
94 WASHINGTON ST.,
BOSTON.

Horace Toller

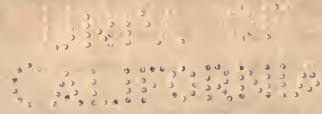
SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.—No. LXI.

CAPTAIN KYD;

OR,

THE WIZARD OF THE SEA.

A Drama. -- In four Acts.



J. S. JONES, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "MOLL PITCHER," "STEPHEN BURROUGHS," "SURGEON OF PARIS,"
"GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY," "PEOPLE'S LAWYER," "ZAFARI,"
"SILVER SPOON," ETC. ETC.

*Now first published, with original Casts, Costumes, and
all the Stage Business.*

BOSTON:
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,

123 WASHINGTON STREET, CORNER OF WATER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Original, Boston, 1830.	National, Boston, 1840.	National, Boston, 1848.	National, Boston, 1850.	National, Boston, 1856.	Purdy's N ^o 1 Theatre, N. Y. 1856.
ROBERT OF LESTER, . . .	J. H. Kirby,	W. G. Jones,	W. G. Jones,	J. B. Booth,	L. P. Roys,	J. H. Allen.
MARK MEREDITH, . . .	W. M. Leman,	W. M. Leman,	E. F. Keach,	Lee,	E. W. Edwards,	C. Warwick.
EDMUND TURILL, . . .	W. Marshall,	W. Marshall,	Cartitchy,	Munroe,	M. Parker,	W. C. Hurry.
HORSEBEAN HEMLOCK,	G. G. Spear,	G. G. Spear,	G. G. Spear,	G. G. Spear,	G. G. Spear,	G. L. Fox.
KERNARD,	C. H. Saunders,	C. H. Saunders,	J. Munroe,	J. Munroe,	Taylor,	Bradshaw.
CORMAC,	G. Haynes,	G. Haynes,	F. G. Munroe,	Sandford,	Brown,	S. Rogers.
EVAN,	Clapp,	Clapp,	Taylor,		Johnson,	D. Oakley.
LAWRENCE,	Thomas,	Thomas,	Willis,	Flood,	E. Hohues,	W. H. Brown.
SOHNCK,	Fisher,	E. Jones,	J. H. Ring,	Willis,	Green,	G. McWilliams.
VARDER,	Wyatt,	Fairbrother,	Sprague,	Williams,	C. F. Jones,	Herbert.
VANDERSPOCKEN, . . .	Samuels,	Samuels,	J. R. Vincent,	Taylor,	George,	A. Cushman.
CUSHA,	Locke,	G. Brown,	James,	Meer,	Wilson,	Brown.
OLD FISHERMAN,	Porter,	Williams,	Leonard,	G. Johnson,	Sheu,	De Silveria.
CARL,			T. Price,			C. McMillen.
KATE OF BELLAMONT,	Mrs. H. Cramer,	Mrs. H. Cramer,	Miss L. Gahn,	Mrs. J. J. Prior,	Miss L. Emmons,	Miss Hathaway.
ELPSY THE WITCH, . .	" Pelby,	" Pelby,	Mrs. Woodward,	" C. Pope,	Mrs. Marshall,	Mrs. S. B. Wilkins.
COUNTESS BELLAMONT,	Miss Eaton,	Miss Eaton,	Mrs. W. G. Jones,	" Johnson,	Miss C. Prescott,	Miss Fanny Herring.
GRACE FITZGERALD, . .	Mrs. Cathcart,	Mrs. Cantor,	Miss E. Mestayer,	Miss A. Cruise,	" F. Rich,	Miss Hampton.
JOSE STOLL,	" Meer,	Mrs. Meer,	Mrs. J. I. Ring,	Mrs. J. I. Ring,	" Kemble,	" Arlington.

COSTUMES.

TIME, 1694, 1699.

CORMAC. Gray hunting frock, embroidered with gold, wreath of oak leaves, with an arrow worked in gold on each lapel, russet boots, gray tights, gray curled wig, bugle, horn, and chain, bow, broad red hat with eagle plume.

LESTER. (*First dress, Act I.*) Green velvet hunting frock, embroidered with gold wreath of oak leaves, broad green velvet hat, turned up in front, and plume of feathers, russet boots, green tights, spear decked with ribbons, yataghan. (*Second dress, Act II.*) Short Flemish frock of green cloth, richly embroidered, breeches of green velvet, Spanish hat looped up in front, and sable plume, short Spanish sword with jewelled hilt, black high boots, disguise cloak, two ornamented pistols.

MARK. (*First dress, Act I.*) Brown jacket, petticoat trousers, colored shirt, cap, black shoes and buckles, colored stockings, dark curly wig. (*Second dress, Act III.*) British naval uniform of the period, belt, with pistols and cutlass.

OLD FISHERMAN. Canvas petticoat trousers, colored shirt, red cap, russet shoes and dark stockings, white wig.

VANDERSPLOCKEN. Dutch jacket, full dark trunks, russet shoes and buckles, dark stockings, drab Dutch hat.

SCHENCK,
VARDER,
SIX DUTCHMEN, } Ibid.

HEMLOCK. Sailor's long pea-jacket, sailor's hat, petticoat trousers, red vest, high black boots, colored shirt.

TURILL. Dark short full frock, broad belt with pistols or hand arquebuss, full buff leather breeches buckled at knee, red cloth gaiters, high-quartered shoes with pointed toes and large buckles, cutlass and sheath, stockings, gray wig with straight locks, thick red mustache, large fur cap with skull and cross-bones on it, colored shirt.

LAWRENCE. Long jacket, red flannel shirt, full buff leather breeches buckled at knee, red cloth gaiters, high-quartered shoes with pointed toes and large buckles, belt with cutlass knife, white stockings, red conical woollen cap, with skull and cross bones on it (on the inside of cap silver arrow, the cap to be turned and used in third Act).

EVAN,
CARL,
PIRATES, } Precisely same as Lawrence.

KENARD. White petticoat trousers, white shirt, black shoes and stockings, belt and cutlass, sailor's hat.

TEN ESQUIRES. Green and gray hunting frocks, embroidered with wreath of oak leaves in gold, an arrow worked on each lapel in silver, green and gray tights, broad flapping hats turned back in front, and black plumes, short hunting spear, each decked with the ribbons of his lady, russet boots.

PAGES. Embroidered velvet frocks, silk tights, black shoes and rosettes, scarfs, hat and feathers.

SIX FISHERMEN. Similar to Old Fisherman.

TWELVE ENGLISH SAILORS. Same style as Kenard.

CUSHA. An African deformed. Dark kelt, cape of snakes' skins and owls' feathers to go over shoulders, dark skin shirt, a string of newts' eyes and serpents' fangs to go round neck. Bracelets of silver on ankles and wrists, thick fringe of hair, shaggy and grizzly, and wholly bald.

COUNTESS. Laced jacket of royal purple, white train dress, coronet of pearls.

KATE. (*First dress, Act I.*) Velvet jacket laced over a stomacher of rich brilliants, long white train looped on left side, dark ruby velvet hat ornamented with a plume of white ostrich feathers, brace of thick fawn's leather on the bow arm, shooting gloves with three finger stalls, fitted with a strap and button to fasten at the wrist, small pouch of tortoise shell, with four arrows on r. side. (*Second dress, Act II.*)

White flowing evening dress of the times. (*Third dress, Act III.*) Laced jacket, white straw hat and feathers, gloves.

GRACE. Dark ruby velvet hunting jacket laced over a stomacher of rich brilliants, long white train looped on left side, velvet hat of ruby, and plume of white feathers, brace of fawn leather, small pouch of arrows on right side, and bow decked with ribbons of ruby color. (*Second dress, second Scene, Act I.*) Disguise cloak and hood over first dress, no hat, and feathers. (*Third dress, Acts III. and IV.*) Elegant oriental page's dress.

ELPSY. Hunchbacked. Slate-colored gown, short scarlet cloak and hood, long bright red wig, turban of silk, cincture of beads around the turban, black shoes, long white staff, carved with mystic figures. (*Second dress, fifth Scene, Act II.*) Long gown with mystic characters on it, turban with serpent entwined around it, a serpent around waist, serpent on each arm.

JOST STOLL. Black body, short petticoats, apron, high Dutch cap, high-heeled shoes.

DUTCH GIRLS. Same style as Jost Stoll.

TEN ARCHERESSES. Green, orange, and blue velvet laced hunting jackets, long white trains, looped up on left side, fawn braces on arms, small pouch of arrows on right side, shooting gloves, bows decked with ribbons, hats the colors of the jackets, looped up in front and ornamented with white feathers.

☞ The original music, incidental to Capt. Kyd, composed by J. Friedham, can be obtained on application to the Publisher of the Drama,

128 Washington St., Boston.

ACT I.—THE CAUSE.

[TIME, 1694.]

There's many a man who oft has heard
The name of Robert Kyd ;
Who cannot tell perhaps a word
Of him, or what he did.
So, though I never saw the man,
And lived not in his day,
I'll tell you how his guilt began ;
To what it led the way.

SCENE I.— *Field of Archery and View of Castle Cor.* Set rock pieces, R. and L. Ground pieces, large trap, open, C., and step to descend. Set pavilion, R. H., 1 E., with a crimson banner displaying the arms of Bellamont—boar's head and crest pierced through with an arrow. Set pavilion, L. H., 4 E., with a white banner, on it a bow, quiver, and target. Set throne and canopy, R. H., 3 E., with seats on it. Set target, with trick arrows, L. H. E. Male and female peasant, ladies of the court, pages, esquires, grouped about the stage. COUNTESS on throne. 2 pages, R. and L. of throne. As curtain rises to symphony of chorus, all advance but COUNTESS and pages, on L. of C. CORMAC discovered, L. H.

CHORUS.

O, bold Robin Hood
Was a forester good,
As ever drew bow in the merry green wood ;
And what eye hath ere seen
Such a sweet maiden queen,
As Marion the pride of the forester's green.

[*Music.*]

LESTER comes down with GRACE, and meets KATE of Bellamont, who enters from R. H. pavilion, with bow and arrows. Esquires and Ladies retire up a little, L. H., and some on R. H. CORMAC gets R. C

Grace. (L. H.) Now for my shot !

Kate. (R. C.) Now, cousin Grace, do be steady ; you will shoot my esquire through the heart, if you hold your bow so carelessly.

Grace. And then you would shoot me through the head in return, I dare say. (*GRACE fires.*)

Cormac. (*R. H., 2 E.*) Through the target.

Kate. You have won the silver arrow, cousin Grace. Lord Robert, I wonder if that was the arrow you chose for Lady Grace — a taper both ways?

Cormac. (*To GRACE.*) Now, lady, shoot as I taught you.

[*GRACE takes the stand and fires. All shout.*]

Grace. 'Tis Cormac's shot, not mine; I am satisfied with my own.

Cormac. (*Crosses L. H.*) Let the queen decide.

Omnes. Ay, the queen decide!

Countess. Grace is right. Cormac's skill directed the shot. The banner she is justly entitled to. I here award it to her.

Grace. And if I ever get a husband, he shall carry it before him into battle. Now, divine Kate, don't wound my arrow; I would not have it injured for a silver one.

Kate. It tapers from the middle in each direction, no doubt.

Grace. Your speech tapers in both directions, wild Kate.

Kate. Now for my shot. [*Preparing to shoot.*]

Grace. Why, Kate, you are holding your bow with the short limb uppermost.

Kate. So I am.

Grace. Cousin Kate, you are going to shoot with the feather towards the target. What have you and Lester been about?

Kate. Now, cousin.

[*Music. Takes a bold stand and fires. All shout.*]

Cormac. (*R. H.*) Well done.

Kate. (*R. C.*) It was my choice; a taper from the pile.

Lester. (*R.*) It was not a fair trial, Kate; as you drew your bow, there was not a breath of air.

Kate. Now, Cormac, I have two shots more. Here is the arrow. I'll do my best to drive it through my cousin's.

Grace. (*L. C.*) I dare say you will if you can, and would like also to destroy everything else Lord Robert gives me.

[*Music. KATE takes stand, aims and fires up at a hawk, who falls into an open trap, c., with the arrow through it.*]

Kate. There is a prize for you, Cormac, better than a golden arrow, and when next I go a hawking I will be sure to use arrows that taper from the feather.

[*LESTER and all on the stage go up and look over the chasm where the bird has fallen.*]

Lester. The bird has lodged upon a tree. The fisher lad is endeavoring to secure him.

Kate. I hope he will not endanger his life.

Countess. (*Rising and advancing with KATE, &c.*) Victorious archeress, receive this token of thy matchless skill. May you in every other female accomplishment be as successful as in archery.

Grace. She will be a match for poor little Cupid, with his tiny bow and arrow, I dare say. Poor youth! I pity him if he's like to have such a hole made in his heart as Kate has made in yonder target.

[*Music.* COUNTESS rises, embraces KATE, and goes off, L. H., U. E., followed by two pages. GRACE forces KATE into the seat.]

Kate. Come, my esquire, kneel. (*LESTER kneels. KATE fastens the arrow in his hat.*) Wear you this silver arrow in memory of the field of archery at Castle Cor.

[*Shouts. Old man and fisherman enter in haste, R. H.*]

Old Man. My boy Mark will lose his life for the bird. The step is seventy feet to where the bird hangs! Save my boy, O save him!

Lester. (L. H.) By heavens, a bold peasant! Go and lend him assistance from the bank below.

Kate. And mind, betray no sign of fear, or you may startle him. He is in mortal danger. Cormac, fly to his assistance!

[*CORMAC, Peasants, male and female, Ladies and Esquire, exit down trap, c.*]

Lester. By Cupid's bow, I would change places with this serf, to know I created such interest in your breast, fair lady.

Kate. Robert Lester must have fallen low in his own self-esteem to be jealous of a fisher lad.

Lester. I will save him in spite, or share his fate.

[*Exit down trap, c., hastily.*]

Grace. (*Up stage.*) Already is he near him? The fisher boy is in conflict with the wounded bird. Heaven preserve him; he has taken the leap!

Kate. Does Lord Robert follow? He can scarcely keep his footing! Make a ladder, boys, 't will reach him. O, he is in the crag — he is safe!

[*LESTER enters sullenly up the trap, goes down, L. H.*]

Lester. He dares to place his thoughts on her!

[*KATE advances, meets LESTER, and embraces him.*]

Kate. (R. H.) Lester, is he not a noble youth? [*Goes up stage.*]

Lester. (L. C.) Noble! he will be princely next!

Grace. (*Coming down, L. H.*) Well, Robert! Nay, don't look so fierce. I am not going to follow Kate's generous example. I dare say you would go down that horrid bank again for another such a hug as cousin Kate gave you.

Lester. (R. C.) I will go down and take the leap into the sea for another such reception, coming from Grace Fitzgerald.

Grace. And do you think I would come near such a dripping monster as you would make of yourself! I am no naiad, to fancy a man coming out of the sea.

Lester. By which I infer, fair lady, that if I will go down and come up dry, you would give me such a welcome!

Grace. As Kate gave you? You are quite spoiled! Kate, come and take care of your lone cavalier, for he is no longer fit for any company but yours. (*Goes up stage.*) But here comes one I will welcome, dripping or dry.

[*Music.* MARK enters from below with the bird. GRACE meets him, and they come down, L. H., GRACE L. C.]

Grace. I will shake hands with you, Mark, but you deserve, handsome as you are, to have your ears boxed. See what a to-do you have been the cause of, and all for that great black bird, which Kate must

shoot instead of sending her arrow to the target. You are a noble young man, and I like you. Do you hear that, Kate? I have made a declaration? I must n't embrace you, for you are too wet.

[KATE comes down, R. H., LESTER, R. C.]

Lester. My brave Meredith, you deserve a better career than that before you. Henceforth let us be friends.

Mark. (L. C.) We may not be enemies; but we never can be friends. Friendship between the high and low is but another name for dependence to the latter.

Lester. Well, have it your own way; you have pride enough for Lucifer.

Mark. But not enough for a noble.

[LESTER retires up stage.]

Kate. Meredith, you forget your station. Lord Robert is sincere, and means well by you.

Grace. (L. H.) Believe her, Mark. Nobody ought to know so well what Lord Robert means as my cousin Kate.

Kate. (R. H.) Be silent, Grace. Mark, what will you do with the bird?

Mark. (*Crosses, and kneels to KATE.*) Gentle archeress! Deign to accept. It is the only boon I crave for my peril. I obtained it for thee at the risk of life and limb, so that I might do thee a service, and save what I know thou wilt be proud to preserve in remembrance of this day! [*Retires up.*]

Lester. (C.) By the cross! a forward youth — an Alfred in disguise!

Grace. What handsome eyes, Kate!

Kate. Dangerous ones!

[MARK advances, R. H. C.]

Kate. Thanks, Mark, for the gift! Though, by right, it should be Cormac's; 't was hit with his own arrow.

[KATE offers him her hand, which he kisses. LESTER observing up stage.]

Grace. (L. C.) Come, Mark, you must join us in the pavilion. I wish, Robert (*ROBERT advances, L. H.*), you would present Mark with one of your green hunting shirts.

Kate. (R. H., *aside.*) You're perfectly crazy, Grace!

Grace. (*Overhearing.*) Am I?

Lester. (L. H.) You are all beside yourselves. I have no doubt it would oblige you, Lady Grace, if I would exchange attire with your fishy favorite!

Grace. Really, I wish you would. You would make a good sort of a fisherman — save a spice of pride or so — that would hardly suit your station.

Lester. Pride in a peasant is impertinence. But I do see it doth recommend its possessor most particularly to the favor of noble ladies.

Kate. I advise you, then, Lester, when you chance to fall in their good graces, that you renew your suit in a fisher garb. Believe me, it will assuredly restore you to favor.

Lester. I have no hesitation in believing it. [*Ladies laugh.*]

Kate. Come, Mark, to the pavilion.

[MARK takes KATE's hand, and is going up stage, when LESTER stops]

him. MARK returns down, R. H. *Esquires, Ladies, and Peasants reënter up trap.*]

Lester. Peasant, if you betake not yourself speedily away to your hovel, I will hurl you with mine own hand from the cliff upon its roof.

Mark. (R. H.) I am not thy serf, Lord Robert.

Lester. Brave words to come from beneath a homespun jerkin! — Slave! villain! (*Music. LESTER is proceeding towards him.*) I'll strangle thee. [*LESTER crosses to R. C.*]

Mark. (R. H.) In my own defence I strike!

[*Music. Aims a blow which staggers LESTER to L. H., where finding his spear, he seizes it, rushes upon MARK, is going to strike him down, when KATE and GRACE interpose. Tableau.*]

Kate. (R. C.) Robert Lester, by that act you have forfeited all that belongs to you as a noble gentleman — also all that connects you with any person here present.

Lester. (*Kneeling.*) Pardon me, lady.

Kate. Never! Robert Lester! Touch me not! leave me! Your presence will mar all joy!

Lester. Lady —

Kate. Silence! assassin!

Lester. (*Starting to his feet.*) Ha! this to me, and for that peasant slave!

Mark. Lady, I —

Kate. Mark — Robert Lester, you have degraded yourself lower than the meanest peasant. Mark shall take your place; be you my esquire. [*Gives MARK her hand.*]

Lester. This is too much to bear calmly. I will be revenged!

[*Crossing to the L. H. corner.*]

Grace. (C.) Mercy, what a look! I wonder I ever had the courage to coquette with such a terrible creature!

Kate. (R. C.) Come to the pavilion.

Cormac. (L. C.) What a look! It reminds me of Hurtle of the Red Hand.

[*Music. Peasants, Ladies, Esquires, &c. Exit L. U. E. MARK takes KATE's hand, and follows, L. U. E.; when he get at wing he turns and looks at LESTER, and exits, all off.*]

Lester. And is this the end of my wooing? For a slave, and I the lord of Castle More? Thus insulted, disgraced, and struck! — a blow from the vile hand of a base-born hind! — I will be revenged! (*ELPSY enters L., 2 E. LESTER turns and sees her.*) Curses light on thee, hag! Stand out of my way! [*Crossing L. H.*]

Elpsy. (R. C.) Robert Lester, thou hast been crossed in thy will, and art out of temper. Dost wish revenge?

Lester. Woman! avaunt! I want none of thy counsel! From my path, or I will strike thee down!

[*He attempts to strike her with his knife. She seizes his hand.*]

Elpsy. Ha! ha! Robert More, thou art defeated! Ha! ha!

Lester. Release me, or I'll sheath this blade in thy heart! (*She lets him go.*) Now, leave the path, or, ere I will be bearded thus, I will command my retainers from my lands to hurl thee into the sea.

Elpsy. Thy lands! thy retainers! Ha! ha! ha! Robert

More, I have a punishment for thee in store! Have I not a cup for thee to drink?

Lester. What mean these dark words?

Elpsy. Dark! Yes, they are dark now. But I can make them clear as the sun at noon. Wouldst thou know what I have to reveal?

Lester. Beware! If thou art working on my fears, I will pluck thy tongue from thy throat, and fling it to my hounds. If thou hast trifled with me—

Elpsy. What I'll tell thee will be so true thou wilt indeed wish the tongue that spoke it had been plucked from its roots ere it had given it utterance.

Lester. Elpsy, I will believe thou hast something to make known of good or ill. I will listen, mother.

Elpsy. Robert More, those words have touched my heart,—for even Elpsy has a heart. As the minister of the invisible world, I must do as I am commanded. Robert More, if you can bear what I am doomed to tell, follow me.

Lester. Avoid thee! I will not go! Thy abode is no place for the Lord of Lester.

[*Crossing L. H.*]

Elpsy. Lord Lester, I will not ask twice! Open thine eyes, Lord Lester, and drink in the title and the style well; for 't will be the last time they will fall upon thee.

Lester. Cease your mocking, woman! Say what you have to say, and quickly!

Elpsy. I will begin. Eighteen years ago, not far hence, on the sea shore, dwelt a fisherman. He had an only child. Her hair was soft as the floss of Florence; her eyes—

Lester. What is the end of a tale that thus begins, to me?

Elpsy. Much! This maiden saved the life of a mariner, who in a storm was wrecked before her door. He swore for his life-preserver he would give his life and love. She believed—he betrayed her.

Lester. What is this to me? Who did the maiden wrong?

Elpsy. Hurtle of the Red Hand, who, returning from a ravaging enterprise, had taken prisoner the Lady of Lester. The noble lady gave birth to a son in Hurtle's Tower,—two mothers and two babes! The children were changed. The lady's child was thrown among the rocks to die,—Hurtle by its mother saved. When the lord returned, he kissed the babe as if it had been his own, and took it home. Dost dream, Lord of Lester?

Lester. And this infant—this low-born boy—grew up within the halls of castle More as its liege lord?

Elpsy. It did.

Lester. And that boy stands before you?

Elpsy. He does.

Lester. Who knows this hellish secret besides thyself?

Elpsy. None but thee.

Lester. You will swear to this, and swear also the fisher-boy knows not of his birth?

Elpsy. I do.

Lester. Then with thy hellish secret die!

[*Crossing R. H., aims a blow at ELPSY, which she avoids.*]

Elpsy. (L. H.) Ha! ha! Lord of Lester that was! would you know

more? Ask the dark lady of the rock, who most thy face resembles. Speak in her ear the name of Hurtle of the Red Hand! Follow me not!

[*Exit, L. H., 2 E.*]

Lester. Am I dreaming? No! Often have I heard by peasants, that I had wronged, that I am bastard! 'Tis true, 'tis true! True? No! 'tis false! *I will* be Lord of Lester! Ere I lose my name, perish honor, truth, and life! When goes the name of Lester's Earl from me, the power of vengeance in heaven or hell shall find me ready, with a new name, to do such deeds as fiends would quail at! The next moment decides my fate, if the witch speaks true! Mark, the fisher-boy, beware the bastard Robert — the outlaw's son!

[*Exit, L. E.*]

SCENE II. — *Sea-shore. First grooves. Half dark.*

Enter MARK, L. H., 1 E.

Mark. This day shall end my servitude to poverty! Have I not a soul, a mind? May I not, in spite of nature, yet become the builder of my own name? I dare to love, and love high. Will she requite the darling love of a peasant? No; she must mate with her mates, and she would bid me mate with mine! I may rise. Shall I stand idle here, and see the haughty Lester bear away a prize of which he is no more worthy than I? I will perish first. The sea on which I have been cradled is open before me, like a mother's bosom, welcoming me to its embrace; and on it I will win a name that shall hide the one I wear, and lay it at the feet of her who would scorn me.

Enter Old Man, R. H., 1 E.

Old Man. Mark?

Mark. Well.

Old Man. Do you know who speaks to you, boy?

Mark. Yes, I do, my good father. Forgive me.

Old Man. Thou wilt not go away?

Mark. To leave thee to want? — never!

Old Man. Bless thee, Mark! bless thee! I will secure the boat, and go into the cabin. Follow me. [*Exit Old Man, L. H.*]

Mark. This is my world, these rocks, this lonely bay — yonder hut my palace — to fish for daily sustenance my pastime. The world was made for others, not for me! Must I endure this? Filial love, filial gratitude, how bitter are ye! (*He stands lost in thought.*)

Enter GRACE, R., 1 E., in hood and cloak, touching his shoulder. MARK turns to her, taking off his cap.) Lady, seek you aught in which I can aid you, that you have come to the sea-side in this lonely hour?

Grace. My business is with you alone, Mark.

Mark. Lady Grace!

Grace. Grace Fitzgerald in body and spirit.

Mark. Can the high-born heiress of the Earl Fitzgerald be served by one so humble?

Grace. I have not come to command your service, but to beg a favor of you.

Mark. Command me, lady.

Grace. Are you angry with Lord Robert?

Mark. Can I forgive him?

Grace. But you will forgive him for the sake of my cousin Kate?

Mark. If she was to bid me kiss his hand I would not refuse her.

Grace. It is *her* wish that you should bear this token of her forgiveness to Lord Robert. You see it is tied with a braid of her own hair.

[*Gives locket to MARK.*]

Mark. Bear this from her to him?

Grace. Yes.

Mark. Never!

Grace. Mark!

Mark. Pardon me; but you know what it is to be—

Grace. Mark, I pity you from my heart. Bear this packet to Lord Robert. Deliver it into his own hand, and leave him immediately. In the morning come to the castle. I will speak to the Earl to do thee good.

Mark. Dear lady, I will leave this message for him at Castle More; but, pardon me, lady, if I decline your offer to serve me.

Grace. Then cousin Kate shall make it.

Mark. It will be more firmly declined.

Grace. You mean you dislike my cousin Kate so much that you will not receive any favor at her hands?

Mark. If such could be inferred from my words, I recall every letter of them.

Grace. Then you will receive no favor from me, cousin Kate, or her father?

Mark. Lady, the memory of your words will shine like a star of hope to guide me through the future. For your sake I will achieve whatever man can accomplish.

Grace. Will you do nothing for my cousin Kate?

Mark. There is little hope that one so humble is ever in her thoughts.

Grace. Little hope, I fear, while Lester lives. Think not now of her; think not of love now, but let honor be your idol. Woo fame as your bride. There is one, Mark, who would rather see you ennobled by your own hand than—no matter—I promised Kate you would do my bidding. I have said too much. Fly with the message, if you would do my cousin Kate a favor, and if you would value my—that is your own good,—get into no quarrel.

Mark. I promise you, lady, I will work out for myself bright fortunes, or I will not live on the earth where I must be inferior to my fellow-men. (*Cross R. H.*) Come, lady, I will attend you to the path.

[*Exit R. H., 1 E.*]

SCENE III. — *Interior of the ruined Tower of Hurltel of the Red Hand. Large window, c., through which is seen the sea (moonlight). Balcony crossing behind window, 3 G. Music. Enter ELPSY, L. H., 2 E., with a wand, cautiously, as if watching some one; crosses and exits, R. H., 2 E. LESTER enters, L., 2 E.*

Lester. 'T was my fancy, then. No matter. 'T is true I am base-born and vile! Ha! this must be the tower of Hurltel of the Red Hand. I will take possession of my father's towers, with the inheritance of his name.

Elpsy. (*Without.*) Ha! ha! ha!

Lester. Was it a human voice, or that of some vile imp? Laugh on, ye demons, laugh on! laugh on!

Elpsy. (*Enter R., 2 E.*) Robert of Lester, welcome to the room which first welcomed thee to light. Where you now stand was the deed done — the child was thrown — the Lord of Lester!

Lester. Why are you here, wicked woman?

Elpsy. I fled, lest thou shouldst do a bloody deed — thy hand smite me.

Lester. You need not fear me now. There exists no longer a motive for your secrecy.

Elpsy. Hast thou breathed to mortal ear what I told thee of thy birth?

Lester. I have; 't is known to every servitor, from hall to stable.

Elpsy. Then hell be thy portion! Accursed be thou, Robert Lester! The infernal demon has prompted thee to do this! Didst thou not seek to slay me, that thou mightest be the sole keeper of thy foul secret?

Lester. I did at the moment, but have thought better of it.

Elpsy. Why was not my tongue withered ere I told thee this?

Lester. Why did you so?

Elpsy. To lower thy pride. I did not think thou wouldst have used it thus.

Lester. Woman, who is my mother?

Elpsy. I will not tell you.

Lester. Are you?

Elpsy. Ha! ha! ha! do I look like the gentle maiden that won the love of Hurltel of the Red Hand? Are these matted locks tresses of gold. Is my voice soft and musical? Are my eyes like those of the gazelle? Wilt thou acknowledge thyself the son of the witch before thee?

Lester. No; I am not sunk so low as that! I defy you, woman, and all your arts.

Elpsy. Yet the tales of my deeds have made thy human soul shrink. What is thy business here? To take possession of thy father's lands, and prepare the castle to receive its future mistress, the fair Kate of Bellamont?

Lester. Breathe that name again, woman, and I will take thy life!

Elpsy. Thou art now thy very father's image — a bold, bad man, who roved the Danish seas a buccaneer. Perhaps like him thou wilt take to the wave and earn thy fortune in blood. Look, the sea is spread wide before thee. (*Pointing off through window, c.*) It knows not of

thy disgrace, nor has it a voice to whisper thy infamy ; while every bird, tree, and stone, and everything on land, will seem to say, " There goes he who was the Lord of Lester." [*Pirate vessel is seen through window, crossing from L. to R.*]

Lester. (L. H.) Woman, you madden me !

Elpsy. (R. H.) Look there, a ship to waft thee to thy fortune, far-away ; 't is a brave bark ; see that flash of light upon her deck !

Lester. 'T is the glancing of the moonbeam on steel. Its business on the sea ?

Elpsy. To rob, pillage, and slay.

Lester. Ha ! a buccaneer.

Elpsy. A Dane.

Lester. 'T is but another name for pirate, in these waters. By the cross ! when I saw the glitter of steel in the hands of its crew, I guessed it.

Elpsy. Wilt thou now link thy fate with theirs ?

Lester. Am I not fit to be their comrade ? What am I ? Are they branded with shame ? so am I. The presence of that ship points me to the course I should pursue. I obey the fate that has directed it thither.

Elpsy. Wilt thou become a pirate ? — yesterday Lord of Lester, to-day a pirate !

Lester. Yes ! [*Goes up and looks out of window, c.*]

Elpsy. Curse the tongue that told thee of thy birth ! 'T was pleasant to tell him he looked so like his father ! (LESTER crosses to L. H., and is going off. ELPSY stops him.) Stay, Robert, where wouldst thou go ?

Lester. The crew have landed ; they must know me.

Elpsy. (R. H.) Wouldst thou run upon thy death ? They would sheathe their cutlasses in thy heart. I guess their business.

Lester. What ?

Elpsy. 'T was rumored Hurltel had secreted large sums of silver and gold for treasonable purposes. These buccaneers are doubtless acquainted with the secret.

Lester. Who told you this ?

Elpsy. Rumor, said I not ?

Lester. My father's treasure I will guard. Woman, if they are my father's friends who come, they must be mine.

[*Music.* ELPSY retires, R., 2 E. LESTER goes up to balcony, observes the movements of the pirates, then retires, R., 2 E. Pause. TURILL appears at balcony, C., comes down, then goes to balcony ; beckons on EVANS and CARL from balcony.]

Turill. This is the very spot ; now to find the trap. Open your lantern, Carl. I hope Hurltel's ghost will not be guarding the box. Let me see — four paces from the wall, then turn east — that's it !

Lester. (Appears, R., 3 E., and stands on trap.) Forbear !

[*CARL and EVANS run to balcony.*]

Turill. The ghost of Hurltel, by all that's good ! Come back, Evans ! Carl, give me that lantern — cowards ! (CARL comes down, and gives lantern to TURILL, who opens it and looks at LESTER.) Comrade, you have grown young in the other world ; there is no mistak-

ing the cut of your eye ; so suppose we shake hands, and, after we get the chest on board, we 'll empty a can and spin a yarn before the cock crows. Never mind if your hands are cold. (*Shakes hands.*) Warm, by the bones of St. Nick ! I 'm sorry for you, but I *must* have the guilders. Just step off the slab till we get the box out.

Lester. I am no spirit, but a habitant of this world. I would take service with you and follow your fortunes on the sea.

Turill. That alters the case ; but what are you doing here, just on that stone, guarding Hurtel's treasures ? Who are you ?

Lester. His son !

Turill. The devil ! I remember your hatching. I suppose, then, you claim the gold ?

Lester. No ; I would follow your fortune.

Turill. Do you know what fortune I follow ?

Lester. I care not, so there is work for a free hand and a ready spirit.

Turill. A chip of the old block. There 's my hand to it ; you shall go with me for your father's sake. Why, you are like him as one marlinspike is to another. (*LESTER crosses to L. H.*) Come, bear a hand, boys, to hold up the edge of the stone. (*CARL and EVANS go to the trap, and try to open the slide, R., S E.*) Stop, I forgot the spring. (*Music. He touches the spring, and opens it slowly. Opens the lid of the box, and takes out.*) Here it is, and his dagger too.

Lester. Let me see that weapon.

[*TURILL gives LESTER the weapon.*]

Turill. That belonged to Hurtel of the Red Hand ; it shall be thine, young man. Holding it with that grasp, as you do now, in the flash of that kindling eye, I would swear my old comrade stood before me. Keep it for your father's sake ; he knew its use, and if you are long under me —

Lester. Under you ! —

Turill. Ha ! I like that. Better men than I will soon be under you ! Heave away, boys ; carry it to the boat.

[*Music. CARL and EVANS lift the box from trap with the assistance of TURILL, and take it off through c.*]

Turill. Hallo, there, men ! Obey this young man ; he is my first lieutenant. (*LESTER goes off through c., TURILL is going off at c., when ELPSY enters, R. H., and stops him.*) Who art thou ? (*L. C.*)

Elpsy. (*R. H.*) I would speak to thee, Edmund Turill.

Turill. How knowest thou me ?

Elpsy. It matters not. That youth goes with thee ?

Turill. He does.

Elpsy. See that he receive no ill from thy hands. Swear it, or, if thou dost not, thou shalt feel my power ! Wouldst thou have fair winds, I will make them foul ; wouldst thou have a smooth sea, I will make it boil and hiss ; wilt say a prayer, I will turn it to a curse !

Turill. Avaunt, sorceress ! Ho there ! my men. (*Music. All the pirates rush on from c. and down L. H.*) Cut her down ! (*The pirates draw their cutlasses, and are rushing towards ELPSY as LESTER rushes on from c., and interposes.*)

Lester. Stay ! witch, fiend, as she is, harm her not !

Elpsy. I do not thank Robert More. (*Crosses to TURILL.*) Know me. (*Whispers to him.*)

Turill. (L. C.) Thou!

Elpsy. (C.) Ay, I am, indeed. I have work to do ere morning! Farewell! Robert Lester, thou shalt be captain of these men. The world shall tremble at thy name. (*Goes up c. To TURILL.*) Remember! (*He shrinks back from her gaze. She exits c.*)

Turill. Shout, men, for Robert, son of Hurltel of the Red Hand! Give the old castle a merry farewell, then to sea, and a fair wind to the buccaneer. [*The pirates give three cheers.*]

Lester. Show me your bark. Would you have a chief who fears neither hell here nor hereafter, he stands before you. Your black flag shall be my banner. Men shall know me as the Sea King, son of Hurltel of the Red Hand. I will win such a name, that, be my father in heaven or hell, he shall own me as blood of his blood, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. The witch has rightly spoken. My mother that I have loved is not my mother! The maiden that was to be my bride is not my bride! I am wedded now to deeds of darkness. Through life I wade in blood! Come on board!

[*Music.* LAWRENCE and CARL, with six other pirates, cross behind to R. H. very quick. LOFF, EVANS, and six pirates on L. H. TURILL L. C. LESTER R. H. of C. A pirate at back, c., with a black flag with death's-head and cross-bones on either side.]

FINALE.

Huzza! huzza! three cheers,
A brother joins our crew;
Companion and leader, we bow, we bow to you,
Your word be our law
On sea or on shore;
We be true as we are free buccaneers.
The black flag we'll wave
(*Pirate waves flag at back.*)
O'er us, rovers free;
To the son of the Red Hand
Three cheers;
The oath, the oath, by us, till death to stand—

[*Music changes.* LESTER asks of TURILL if he must swear. TURILL, in action, says Yes. LESTER shrinks with terror from him. All the pirates draw their cullasses, and point them towards LESTER, who is in c. LESTER comes forward, takes off his cap, kneels, draws his sword; at the finish of the music, swears, drops his sword.]

FINALE, continued.

Then hail, O Kyd, on sea or on land!

[*When the chorus begins again KYD rises, puts on his cap, goes up stage in c. The pirates sheathe their swords, then take off their caps, wave them, put them on again, then all join hands together, KYD and TURILL in c., as far up as 3 E., forming half-moon. KYD takes R. H. corner. TURILL throws the black flag towards him. KYD catches it, picks up his sword, and goes up stage. TURILL and KYD at c., KYD pointing with his sword to the black flag. The other pirates form the half-circle. Ring down as finale.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. — THE EFFECT.

[TIME, 1699.]

'T was in the Third King William's time,
When many a pirate bold
Committed on the seas the crime
Of shedding blood for gold.

My name is Captain Kyd, as I sailed, as I sailed,
My name is Captain Kyd,
And so wickedly I did,
All laws I did forbid, as I sailed.

SCENE I. — *New York Bay. On the s. H. a set Dutch house, being the public house kept by JOST STOLL; across the stage a parapet with cannon. Long benches on L. H. VANDERSPLOCKEN, VANDER, SCHENCK, with other Dutchmen and citizens, are discovered smoking. Time about sunset. (Music.)*

Omnes. HA! ha! ha! ha!

Vandersplocken. Well, Mynheer, tell us more about this Kyd. He is der tyfil! Vare is the Yankee captain, Mynheer Hemlock, dat is to put us under guard?

Schenck. It is all de nonsense to send de ship to catch de Kyd! I believe de buccaneer has taken de king's ship, instead of de king's ship take de buccaneer. The *black* rogue will blow up his ship first.

Vander. Is he black, den?

Schenck. Not in de face, put in de heart. I met him once.

Omnes. Tell us of dat time, Schenck.

Schenck. We vas both of us in Long Island Sound, he won side, I vas te 'toder. I see his craft, vith fifty men, putting in a spar. I vas looking, and by and by a handsome young man touch me on the shoulder. Says he, "How do you do? You like my craft?" Says I, "Vat is the name of de craft?" Says he, "Come on board;" and I did. Say he, "De Silver Arrow."

Vander. Vell, vat come den?

Schenck. He offered me some gin. Says he, "Skipper, fill! I give you a toast. Here's the health of Kyd." Says I, "Never! I'd drink the tyfle's health first."

Omnes. Vell, vot next?

Schenck. His eyes flashed like a cat's. He seized his pistols; den he laugh, and said, "Drink *my* health." And I did, and it vas very good gin, I tell you.

Omnes. Vell, vot next?

Schenck. Den says he, "I am Kyd;" and sent his men to help me put in my bowsprit, and give me this silver arrow. (*Showing it.*)

Vander. Dat is very good. "Respect the sign — Kyd." Very good, very strange.

Schenck. He has saved my cargo. Here comes Frau Stoll. (*Enter FRAU STOLL from house, L. H.*) Donder and blitzens, I don't believe he is a fool.

Stoll. What! Kyd? Did n't he eat a lady's heart?

Enter HEMLOCK, from house down R. C.

Hemlock. No; if he did I'm a Dutchman, by Judas!

Schenck. Vat is Dutchman?

[*All the Dutchmen rise and seize HEMLOCK. JUST STOLL interposes.*]

Stoll. (c.) Don't quarrel — don't quarrel!

[*The Dutchmen and citizens get L. H.*]

Hemlock. (R. C.) Don't quarrel with me. I'm captain of the watch-guard, and I command you all to fall in.

Stoll. Stop, Mr. Hemlock; they were speaking of Kyd. He's a devil. The last time he was here he got evil charms from the witch of Hell Gate.

Hemlock. Now, as your commanding officer, I could order you to fall in, and fine you for disobedience of orders, if you didn't obey; but before you begin to train, if you want to know anything about Kyd, I guess I can give you a wrinkle on that point.

Stoll. Come, Mr. Hemlock, let us hear it. Bring down the benches.

[*Dutchmen bring them down. All seat themselves. HEMLOCK, C.*]

Hemlock. Well, get the beer ready, and then my story. (*JUST STOLL goes into the house and returns with a jug of beer, and gives it to HEMLOCK.*) Then we'll fix the watch for to-night. Are your guns ready?

Omnes. Yes, all ready.

Hemlock. I commanded the Lovely Nancy; and I was pushing her through the gate as hard as I could, one night. All at once the tide turned, and, as I came to an anchor 'longside the hut of the witch, I felt kind o' neighborly; and then I did n't know who lived there. And I thought I would go and scrape acquaintance with somebody. Pretty soon I began to smell brimstone eternally strong, by Judas! I looked in, and I saw the old witch and Captain Kyd — as I found out afterwards — going through the most pokerish acting hellifications, you ever hearn tell on. 'Twas a sin to death what I seed. Big devils and little ones, he-goblins and she-hobgoblins. I thought the world was coming to an end. It lifted me right out of my boots, and my hat stood right on top of three hairs, clear up on end, just like a cat's back when she is wrathful. As soon as I could, I started, and if I did not show them some pretty tall walking, why, my legs an't good at

it. I expected nothing would be left of me but my eyebrows and shirt-collar, by Judas!

Schenck. She is one witch woman — she should be burnt alive.

Hemlock. I know how to cure a witch. I did not live in Salem town for nothing, I guess. But come, Jost Stoll, let the gals bring out the guns, and then fall in for exercise and order.

Jost Stoll. Yes, the gals may come out and see you go through your exercise. [*Exit into house.*]

Hemlock. Now, citizens, the order is for every good man and true to be provided with a good fire-lock and six balls, and each to take his turn at the gate. Now, Vandersplocken, come, — all of you, — let's get to work, and then we'll go in and drink and smoke as much as you are a mind to. Bring out the guns, gals. (*Girls enter from house with guns, which they give to the Dutchmen.*) Now, gals, stand out of the way. (*Girls cross to R. H.*) We'll have some pretty tall drilling, by Judas! Come, fall in, men! Attention! Shoulder arms!

[*The Dutchmen all form on L. H.*]

Vandersplocken. Schenck has got my place.

Schenck. I was next to Vandersplocken.

[*The girls all laugh at the Dutchmen.*]

Hemlock. Say, gals, if you don't shut up your mouths, I will dismiss the whole corps, and fine you pretty tall, by Judas! (*Girls laugh very loud.*) Shut up your twitter-boxes, or I'll fine you, by Judas!

Schenck. (L. H.) Come, men, mind and march good.

Hemlock. Shoulder arms! Forward march!

[*The Dutchmen cross and march all ways.*]

Hemlock. Stop! stop! Hold on! If the enemy appear, the Kyd or the devil.

[*The Dutchmen crowd around HEMLOCK.*]

Schenck. (L. C.) We don't fear dem, nor de vitch. Ve vill shoot her with a silver pullet.

Enter ELPSY from R., 3 E., comes down C.

Elpsy. Out, ye hounds! (*Music. All run but HEMLOCK. The girls scream, and run around into the house. The Dutchmen fall down over one another, and finally exit in house. ELPSY goes to the door and knocks with her staff.*) Ho, there, Jost, give me some ale!

Hemlock. Well, she's too ugly to drink. If she's not the devil's wife, she's his widow.

Elpsy. Will he never come?

[*Gun fired.*]

Dutchmen. (*In house.*) A sail! a sail!

Hemlock. Yes! and, by Judas, 't is the Kyd!

All the Dutchmen enter from house.

Schenck. 'T is the Ger Falcon.

Omnes. (*Up stage and looking off.*) No; 't is the Kyd.

Schenck. (*Coming down L. C.*) I shall go home and lock up my wife.

[*JUST STOLL enters from house with jug of ale. Dutchmen clear stage.*]

Stoll. Come, neighbors, don't go yet. The king's ship is coming.

Her crew will come to my house. Here is your ale (to ELPY). You won't mind if we have a dance? Come, girls.

Girls reënter from the house.

Hemlock. (L. H.) What would my sweetheart, Patience, say if she only knew I was dancing with these gals, with such short gowns on? It's next door to going without clothes, faith! I am away from Connecticut now, and I will have a pretty tall shave down, by Judas!

[*Music.* Dance by HEMLOCK, Dutchmen and peasant girls. ELPY has seated herself on gun up stage, looking down the bay. At the end of dance the Dutchmen and girls exit into house. HEMLOCK follows.]

Schenck. Come, Vandersplocken, I will go home and lock up my wife.

Vandersplocken. Yes, and I will go home and get some schnäps.

[*Exit, R., I E., taking their guns with them.*]

Elpsy. (Coming forward, c.) 'Tis he! this is the day he said he would return. Now will I bring about that I have labored five long years to accomplish. His vessel has anchored — his boat has put for the shore. This night much may be done. Brave as he is wicked. Ha! he comes.

[*Music.* ELPY retires, L. H. U. E. Enter ROBERT KYD, R. H. U. E., in a cloak. He crosses to L. H. ELPY comes down L. H. C. She touches him. He seizes ELPY by the throat, and puts a pistol to her breast.]

Kyd. Ha! Elpsy, is it thou? What would you?

Elpsy. The fulfilment of thy promise.

Kyd. Have they come?

Elpsy. All; five weeks since. The ship that bore them is moored in the bay. All, even the lady of Lester.

Kyd. I would see her, Elpsy.

Elpsy. Thou hadst better not.

Kyd. (R. H.) I am ready to fulfil the vow I made to thee a few months ago, in expectation of her arrival, and assert my claim to the title and rank of Lester.

Elpsy. And to this title seek to annex that of the house of Bellamont.

Kyd. I have loved the maiden well. Never have I ceased to think of her; while I have been in the hottest fight, and blood streaming in a tide from hundreds of wounds, I thought of Kate and my early days. Elpsy, none, save you, know that I am not the true Lester?

Elpsy. None. None know what I have done for thee. Lady Lester, still mourns you for her son.

Kyd. This Mark Meredith?

Elpsy. Did not I prevent him going to Castle More, and send him to sea, where he was lost?

Kyd. Can you prove his loss?

Elpsy. His name appeared in every print, as one lost in a king's ship that went down in a storm four years ago.

Kyd. Then I am the only claimant. Yet he was a brave lad! Does Lady Lester know that you are here?

Elpsy. And if she did? Was I not tried, and no charge proved against me? Law cannot reach me, and man unaided by it *dare* not. I reign here; I raise the storm, I rule the wind! They fear me! Thou, the terror of the sea, the Kyd, whose name and blood are never separated, thou dost acknowledge *my* power!

Kyd. I do, Elpsy.

Elpsy. Then woo Kate of Bellamont.

Kyd. If she will not listen to me?

Elpsy. She will. I will take her with thee to thy vessel. Once there, thy will must be her will. I will never give thee rest, on sea or land, till thou art the acknowledged Lord of Lester! Go, when thou seest the light burning in yonder window. It is her chamber. When thou hast spoken to her, come to my hut. See thou art with me at the midnight hour.

Hemlock. (*In house.*) More gin! more gin!

Elpsy. Away, I hear a stir in the inn.

Kyd. I will see her; then meet you at your hut. (*Cross R. H.*)
Elpsy, beware how you deceive me! [*Exit, R. H., 2 E.*]

Elpsy. I will listen. There may be danger brooding here against the Kyd. Who comes?

[*ELPSY retires. HEMLOCK enters from house, drunk.*]

Hemlock. I thought so. I have got purty tall drunk, by Judas! When I'm drunk, I'm brave. I'll follow that witch, and I'll see what she and Kyd have to do together. I'll trap him. (*ELPSY advances, R. C.*) That Dutchman's gin is as strong as his daughter, and both play the divil with me— which is the way home? O! this way, by Judas!

[*ELPSY has been up the stage watching, now comes down and stands R. C. HEMLOCK is going off, R. H., 2 E., runs against ELPSY.*]

Elpsy. (*R. H.*) Hence, or I'll curse thee! Follow me not, or dread the vengeance of the witch of Hell Gate! [*Exit, R. H., 3 E.*]

Hemlock. Curse you! No! they must have put gin into my beer, and purty tall gin, too! I'll take myself up, and put myself into the watch-house for being drunk. (*Stagers against wing, L. H.*) Look here! when you see a gentleman coming you should stand out of the way; if you had any politeness you would, by Judas!

[*Exit, L. H.*]

SCENE II. — *A Street. The Walls and Gates of a City.*

Enter SCHENCK and VANDERSPLOCKEN with guns, and smoking their pipes, 1 E. R. H.

Schenck. 'T is eight of the clock. 'T is time ve vas off guard. Ha! I hear something!

Vandersplocken. Vat you hear? eh?

Schenck. Footsteps along the wall. No! hey!

Vandersplocken. (*L. H.*) 'T is de pigs; and if it vash de peoplish, 'ot matter, so dey be inside ov te vall?

Schenck. (*R. H.*) Ve lets nobody in, and ve lets nobody out. Vat

vas de password, Vandersplocken? I vas light my pipe vid de paper te captain left wid me.

Vandersplocken. Vell, it is York.

Schenck. Dat is not goot. It should be New Amsterdam.

Vandersplocken. If de peoplish say one or de other, ve shall let them in. Eh?

Schenck. Yes. Eh! te vitch! te tyfe!

[*Music.* Enter ELPSY, L. H., 1 E. SCHENCK and VANDERSPLOCKEN go up to the gate in c. SCHENCK presents the butt end of his gun, and VANDERSPLOCKEN presents a bottle.

Elpsy. (L. H.) Let me forth! Will ye not unbar, knaves? Are ye to keep watch and guard on a city's gates? Unbolt!

Schenck. (R. C.) Shall we let her go?

Vandersplocken. (R.) Yaw! it vas petter to have her on de outside, comrade.

Schenck. So it vill. Ve has petter let her out. I vill see if she knows de vord. Vat ish de password, eh?

Elpsy. I give neither password nor countersign. I go and come as I list, and no man shall hinder me. Stand aside!

[*She strikes them with her wand, unbars the gate in c., and rushes through.*]

Schenck. Ve must let her go without the password.

Vandersplocken. No, comrade; ve shall be shot!

Schenck. And hanged, too! (*They rush up to the gate. ELPSY closes it in their faces.*) The tyvil! It is locked inside!

Vandersplocken. And she did not say York?

Schenck. No; nor New Amsterdam neider. There is no need of keeping guard, comrade; nobody can get in.

Vandersplocken. Thunder! no more dey can, hey!

Schenck. Tyfil! no! Ve vill go and get some schistam!

Vandersplocken. So ve vill, and some fresh pipes, too.

[*They shoulder their guns and exit, R., 1 E.*]

SCENE III. — *An old-fashioned Apartment, with centre windows and balcony. Handsome curtains at window, backed by moonlight waters, and the furniture of the apartment antique. A sofa, R. H. On the floor, R. C., a silk flag, with a toar's head, pierced with an arrow. Table and two Gothic chairs, L. H. Handsome candlesticks on table. KATE discovered looking through the window.*

Kate. No, it is not he. Such was not the fashion of his sails; nor does the flag of England fly from his mast-head, as it was wont to do. O, that he would return and relieve my anxious watchings! Yet, perhaps, this stranger may bring news of him. (*Music.* KATE takes up the flag and puts it on the table, L. H. A silver arrow is thrown into the window. KATE starts and picks it up.) A silver arrow! What can it mean? "Field of Archery, Castle Cr., May, 1694." Merciful heavens! it is the same — who can have done this! Whence comes it? 'T is Lester!

[KYD, after throwing the arrow, appears at the balcony.]

Kyd. It is Lester!

Kate. Stand, sir! Whoever thou art, approach no nearer, or I alarm the house! (*KYD has by this time come down, and is kneeling at her feet.*) Robert of Lester!

Kyd. I am he.

Kate. Leave me, sir.

Kyd. Dearest Kate—

Kate. Robert of Lester, I bid you leave me. Your presence is an intrusion, sir!

Kyd. Have you forgotten, Kate, how we have rambled, entwined in each other's arms, as we walked along the shore of Castle Cor?—how we loved one another?

Kate. Robert! Robert!

Kyd. Will you spurn him? You have loved, and still love.

Kate. Hold! I love thee not! A maiden may once love, and, finding she has loved unworthily, hate.

Kyd. Dearest Kate, at one moment terror is depicted on your face; at another, tenderness. It could not be thus if your scorned me.

Kate. Robert, I cannot listen to you! 'T is dangerous if—if I did love thee still! Thy crimes—

Kyd. Ha! do you know me?

Kate. I do as the Kyd, the pirate Kyd.

Kyd. (*Fiercely.*) Who told thee this?

Kate. Elpsy.

Kyd. When?

Kate. Yesterday.

Kyd. The foul fiend! I can no longer woo her as Lester! Ten minutes since, this false witch told me the lie! Were I the Kyd, am I the fiend that gossip makes me?

Kate. Thou art no longer Lester. In thee alone I see the terrible Kyd. Shame! that a noble, for a light word spoken by a spirited maiden in anger, should thus have cast himself away!

Kyd. Thou dost yet believe me to be Lester; but—

Kate. I will hear no palliation. Thou didst leave me, therefore we are no longer aught to each other.

Kyd. There was an insuperable barrier, a dark stain—

Kate. I no longer love thee, Robert! and, if I did, crime on thy part has placed between us a wall as high as heaven.

Kyd. (*Taking her hand.*) Dear Lady Kate!

Kate. Release my hand! and remember, when you fashion your speech, that you address Lady Catharine of Bellamont.

Kyd. Do you believe the tales of crime men charge me with? still less the lies of that false witch?

Kate. Thou canst say nothing I will believe. He who told me thy cruel deeds is as thou wert once—the soul of truth and honor.

Kyd. Who is this man of honor?

Kate. A naval officer, who was taken prisoner in the Indian seas by a rover, and afterwards made his escape by stratagem.

Kyd. This rover was—

Kate. Robert Kyd.

Kyd. There was but one of rank ever escaped me. Know you an officer named Fitzroy?

Kate. Fitzroy?

Kyd. Ay, I said Fitzroy! Rupert Fitzroy. By the rood, lady, there are the very initials! So this little pretty emblem can tell tales! I see it all! (*Sternly.*) Woman, you know this Rupert Fitzroy well?

Kate. You have no right to question, and I refuse to answer.

Kyd. So I have a rival! Love for him, and not my crimes, leads you to scorn me thus. A proper youth, that you are ashamed to own, — perhaps the fisher lad, — has taken my place. I have heard he took to the seas.

Kate. He no longer lives. If he did he were worthier than thou.

Kyd. You love Fitzroy?

Kate. I do.

Kyd. Then, by the heavens above, thou shalt repent thy love! and he, crossing my path, ere the sun that shall rise to-morrow be a month older (*seizes the arrow out of KATE'S hand*), you and yours shall curse the day you ever braved the power of the pirate Kyd!

[*Exit KYD, L. D.*]

Kate. Stay! Lester, stay! Elpsy's words are ringing in my ears! Lester a pirate! a gibbet his doom! Father, help! Father! Rupert!
[*Staggers up to the balcony, and faints on sofa.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Rocky Landscape. Night. 1 G.*

Enter LAWRENCE, CARL, and four pirates, L. H.

Lawrence. (s. c.) I wish the captain would hurry along a bit! Some blundering Dutchman will see our boat. They are so fond of firing off their guns on the fort.

Carl. (R. H.) He does a deal of shore cruising. What's in the wind?

Lawrence. A petticoat. Did n't we run down the coast of Ireland twice to bring her away at night; and was n't we chased off by a fleet each time? If our craft had n't legs like a race-horse, we should have been in Execution Dock, every mother's son of us.

Carl. He won't let us go ashore for a frolic.

Lawrence. Griffen swears he will go, and I don't see why we could not have a dance at Jost Stolls. We have money enough, and what is the use of it if we can't spend it?

Carl. So I say. (*Foolsteps, R. H. CARL goes to wing, R. H., and looks off.*) I hear a step.

Lawrence. (*Crossing R. H.*) Who goes there?

Kyd. (*Without, R. H.*) The silver arrow.

Lawrence. Advance! 'T is the captain.

Enter KYD, R., 1 E., enveloped in a cloak.

Kyd. So, Lawrence, you are on the alert. You *should* be so, for we are surrounded by enemies. You must learn to challenge lower, under the guns of the fort. The Dutch warriors are full of bustle.

Lawrence. I always laugh at these Dutch warriors. They touch off their pieces with their pipes. Their powder smells more of tobacco than sulphur.

Kyd. Truce to this jesting ! Get the boat from under the rock.

Lawrence. (L. C.) What course now, captain ?

Kyd. Towards Hell Gate.

Lawrence. Come along, boys ! —

Kyd. There is a prying fellow dogging my steps from the river. Keep your eye upon the shore as we go along. I go to get a charm that shall protect us all from the king's cruisers. (*Exit LAWRENCE, CARL, and pirates.*) Rupert Fitzroy to have Kate Bellamont ? No, by heaven ! Rather than see her the wife of another, my own hand shall take her life ; I might have done it. Yet Elpsy said, a better way would be to ensnare her on board my vessel ; that *be* my plan — perhaps this night, ay, this very night !

[*Music.* *Exit KYD, L. H., 1 E.*]

SCENE V. — *Half dark. Interior of the Witch's Hut, composed of rocks, trees, old boats, &c., on R. H. flat, an invisible transparency of the pirates boarding the Ger Falcon on the L. H. flat. Another transparency of a pirate hanging on a gibbet, both to be lighted up at the end of the act. In the C. a cauldron. A spinning-wheel, painted red, R. H., with red yarn on it. Two seats on stage. A skull, with a thigh-bone fastened to it for a ladle. Skeletons and skulls around the stage. Cotton batting, wet with fluid, to light for incantation. The trap to be masked in with a crocodile ; a serpent to twist around ELPSY's waist ; another for her head, and two others for her arms.]*

[*Music.* *ELPSY discovered.*]

Elpsy. Chance has done much to aid me in my great schemes. But for chance, since we parted in Hurtel's tower, I might not have seen him more. To bury his ill-gotten gold he passed my hut ; since then I have him in my power ; crime has made him fear me ; for him I have prepared the rites. I know Kate will refuse him. I would not have her wed with honor to herself ; I would have her humbled. Never shall I rest in my grave or out till he is Lord of Lester, and Kate of Bellamont his wife.

Kyd. (*Without.*) Ho, there, Elpsy !

Elpsy.

Enter, mortal, if thou bear
Priest nor bible, cross nor prayer.

[*Music.* *Enter KYD, through the opening C., down L. H.*]

Kyd. I am here !

Elpsy. Welcome, mortal, I have waited for thee. Kneel !

Kyd. Wherefore should I kneel ?

Elpsy. To swear.

Kyd. The oath ?

Elpsy. To assume the title of Lester, and wed the heiress of Bellamont.

Kyd. Without thy aid I have sworn that — I have seen her !

Elpsy. And she has scorned thee !

Kyd. She has. Foul witch, thou didst betray me to her !

Elpsy. Thou hast learned this of her, ha ! ha ! ha ! I told her who thou wert, that she *might* scorn thee !

Kyd. Dost thou not wish me to marry her ?

Elpsy. Yes ; but only against her will.

Kyd. Otherwise she never will. I will not bear the haughty scorn with which she has received me. Witch, I am ready to take the oath. But, if I take it, thou shalt give me thy aid in avenging myself.

Elpsy. On her ?

Kyd. Yes ; but through her lover.

Elpsy. Has she a lover ? Who is he ?

Kyd. Thine art should have told thee this — a Captain Fitzroy.

Elpsy. He who commanded the ship that brought them hither. (*Aside.*) Where were my wits not to suspect this ? I have seen him, Robert. Did she confess her love ?

Kyd. She did. I have sworn to see him and cross blades with him. I claim of thee to exert thy skill and art to aid me in success of my revenge. I am told thou hast an amulet, which, worn on the bosom, gives him who wears it a charmed life, and causes him to prosper in all his undertakings. This amulet I ask of thee.

Elpsy. First take the oath. Lay thy right hand upon the head of the serpent that binds my waist, thy left hand upon thy heart, and, kneeling, swear to obey me in resuming thy earldom and thy wooing of Catharine of Bellamont, and it shall be thine.

Kyd. (*Kneeling.*) I swear it.

Elpsy. On thy soul's forfeit.

Kyd. This I promise, on my soul's forfeit.

Cusha. (*Under trap, R. T. B.*) On thy soul's forfeit !

Kyd. Woman, what has thou caused me to do ?

Elpsy. No evil, so thou break not thy oath.

Cusha. (*Under stage, L. H.*) Break not thy oath ! (*R. T. B.*)

Kyd. Sorceress, I will not break my oath ! I have yielded to thee, now yield to me ! If thou wilt give me the amulet, and put thy arts to work, and send me prosperous winds, I will, ere the month end, hold this Fitzroy my prisoner ; and then, by the cross, in my very cabin shall he witness my bridal !

Elpsy. 'T is well — go.

Kyd. The amulet.

Elpsy. Thou shalt not have it.

Kyd. Give it me, or I will wring thy shrivelled neck for thee !

Elpsy. Lay thy finger on me, and thy arm shall be palsied forever. Thou shalt not wear it !

Kyd. I will, if I tear it from thee by violence !

Elpsy. Then 't will do thee no good. Thou shalt have it but with the rites.

Kyd. Give it me, with every hellish charm thou canst invent, to accomplish my aims. Now for the future I neither care nor fear. Give me the amulet.

Elpsy. I obey ! Slave, appear ! (*Trap bell. Music. ELPSY waves her wand, and CUSHA rises through the stage. KYD views him with horror.*) Kindle the magic flame ! [*Gong. Music. CUSHA with his torch lights the fluid in the cauldron. ELPSY sits at the wheel.*]

Elpsy. (*Whirling the spindle.*)

Turn the spindle ;
Mortals ask,
A web of proof
From the charmed roof ;

A bleeding lock
Of the victim's hair
Given to earth,
Sea, sky, and air.

[*Music.* ELPSY breaks the thread, rises from her seat, and advances towards KYD, L. H.]

Elpsy. Kneel, mortal, kneel, and let me sever
The pledge that makes thee his forever.

[*Music.* KYD kneels. ELPSY takes a dagger from her bosom, and twines her fingers in a lock of KYD's hair, and holds the dagger above his head.]

Elpsy. Dost thou believe, Robert Kyd, Robert Kyd,
Nor earth, nor air, water, nor fire,
Ball, nor steel, nor mortal ire,
My potent charm, have power to harm
Till it fulfils its destiny ?

Kyd. (L. H.) I do.

Elpsy. I take the seal, I take the pledge,
That soul and body thou engage ;
When thy master calls for thee,
Ready, ready thou shalt be.

Kyd. I will !

[*Music.* ELPSY cuts off the lock of hair with her dagger, KYD kneeling. ELPSY goes up and stands behind the cauldron and commences dividing into four parts.]

Elpsy. (*Music.*) Prince of Air, take the pledge.
(*Throwing into the air. Wind and rain.*)

(*Music.*) Prince of Earth, take the pledge.
(*Throwing it to the ground. Gong, thunder.*)

(*Music.*) Prince of Sea, take the pledge.

(*Throwing it into the cauldron. Gong, thunder, rain, lightning.*)

(*Music.*) Prince of Fire, take the pledge. 0

(*Throwing it into the fire. Loud crash of thunder, gong, lightning, rain, wind.*)

Kyd. (*Rising with terror.*) Sorceress, avaunt ! I will no more of this !

Elpsy. Now, the lead.

[*Ready trap-bell. CUSHA puts the leaden bullet in the skull.*]

Elpsy.

Fire and water, perform the task,
A charmed life a mortal asks.

[*Music.* She puts bullet into the cauldron, and stirs it up with the skull ladle. Thunder, rain, wind, gong, and all kinds of immortal noises. Stage dark.]

Kyd. (*Aghast and horror-struck.*) Merciful heavens, protect me !
[R. T. B. Trap sinks with CUSHA.]

Elpsy. Fool ! by that word, thou hast taken from the charm one half its power ! It will protect thee from ball, but not from steel ;

from earth and fire, but not from water and air; else, with this amulet against thy heart, thou wouldst bear a charmed life.

Kyd. 'Tis nothing lost. If ball can harm me not, a strong arm, quick eye, and faithful cutlass shall protect me against steel. Thou hast insured me victory in love and revenge.

Elpsy. I have.

Kyd. More I ask not. Water can scarce drown me, since my home is on the sea; air I fear not.

Elpsy. Take heed, lest one day thou die not in it!

Kyd. Ha! what mean you?

Elpsy. Kneel, while I hang this amulet about thy neck.

[*KYD kneels. ELPSY places the amulet about his neck.*]

Mortal! naught can injure thee;
Spread thy sail, and sweep the sea;
Vengeance now is in thy hand,
Be thy foe on sea or land.
If the oath be kept not well,
Behold the ill, and guard the spell!

[*Music. Stage dark as possible. Gong. KYD rises and goes L. H. cor. ELPSY, R. cor. The transparency on R. H. flat is lit up, showing the Ger Falcon and the pirate ship sinking.*]

Kyd. I laugh at danger such as that!

[*Thunder. KYD crosses to R. H. ELPSY takes the stage, L. H. Gong. The transparency, L. H. flat, is lighted up, showing a man hanging on a gibbet.*]

Kyd. Ha! what do I see? Witch! hag! what is that?

Elpsy. The pirate's doom!

[*Music. ELPSY is pointing towards the transparency, and KYD stands aghast with horror. Gong. Thunder, &c. &c. The transparency is kept lit up until the act drops. Quick drop.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III. — THE FIGHT.

He bore a charmed life o'er earth and sea ;
No fiend so feared, no spirit dread as he !

SCENE I. — *Cabin of the Ger Falcon, 1 a.*

Enter CAPTAIN FITZROY, *followed by* GRACE *and* EDWIN, R. H., 1 E.

Fitzroy. WELL, Edwin, what do you make of the sail ?

Edwin. They think it *may* be a merchantman !

Fitzroy. It may be a buccaneer ! Craft of any sort are so scarce at this season, in these colonial seas, that the chances are three to one for a pirate ! Is he standing south by east ?

Edwin. He is.

Fitzroy. We shall intercept him by sunset, if the wind holds. Edwin, methinks you are getting sad. This station does not suit your ambition. You would be an officer instead of a clerk.

Edwin. No, sir ; I am content to be as I am, so I can be near — that is, I —

Fitzroy. Pshaw, my fair youth ! I know not what to make of thee ; thou hast some deep untold grief at heart. If it be a love secret, a tale of cruel maidens and broken promises, make me your confidant.

Edwin. I have a tale of love, but not of mine.

Fitzroy. I will hear it, and then tell thee if I think it thine or no.

Edwin. There was once a noble maiden that loved a peasant youth, handsome and brave. The maiden was proud, and independent of spirit, and loved him for himself ; for title, wealth, and rank she thought not of.

Fitzroy. Générous creature ! and this humble peasant loved her in return.

Edwin. No !

Fitzroy. No ! He was ignoble, indeed, and her love was ill placed. Poor lady !

Edwin. Nay ; he loved another !

Fitzroy. Ha ! was it so ? Then I must pardon him ! But did she tell him of her love ?

Edwin. Never !

Fitzroy. Who was this village maiden, that supplanted her ?

Edwin. She was no lowly maid, but noble as herself?

Fitzroy. Did she love him in return?

Edwin. (*Hesitating.*) Nay! not then.

Fitzroy. Edwin, you are giving me my own history! You hang your head! What! is it *I* of whom you speak?

Edwin. I gave no name. Time went on, and her love grew, unseen and unknown. She exerted her influence, and had him (for he took to the seas) elevated from rank to rank. At length he became a captain. Years elapsed and she had not seen him; still she heard of his gallant deeds, and rejoiced in her secret heart with all of the love—

Fitzroy. And still she loved him?

Edwin. Better and better; absence only increased her passion. She resolved to see him, and, unknown, to win his love, for she thought time had caused him to forget his first passion for the noble maid who had discarded him for his low birth. The father of the maid was appointed governor of a distant province, and this youth was appointed to command the vessel in which they were to embark. Love roused her fears; she resolved to go in the same ship and be a check upon the renewal of his love.

Fitzroy. Your story interests me. Do not pause. Go on.

Edwin. She disguised herself as a page, and offered herself as his secretary.

Fitzroy. This is a wondrous tale! Proceed.

Edwin. She was received, and sailed with him. The maiden he had loved in youth he wooed and won. He had taken another name with his better fortunes. The disguised girl witnessed the progress of his love with a breaking heart.

Fitzroy. She should have made known her love, and it might have met return.

Edwin. She could not, yet she could not leave him.

Fitzroy. Had it been my case, I should have loved her for her devotion. Love begets love, and so does gratitude.

Edwin. What if you loved another?

Fitzroy. Not while I loved another; but if my love had met no return, my heart would have turned to this heroic maiden, whose love had led her in disguise to follow me over the sea.

Edwin. Wouldst thou have done this?

[*Enter* KENARD, R. H., 1 E.]

Kenard. The strange sail has suddenly changed her course, and is standing towards us.

Fitzroy. What do you make of her?

Kenard. Her hull has lifted and shows a tier of ports, a red riband around her bends, polacre-rigged, and courses up, with a bow as sharp as a canoe?

Fitzroy. 'Tis the Kyd! Hoist the ensign, Kenard, and be ready to pitch a shot from the weather bow-gun across her fore-foot!

Kenard. We will be ready for him, sir. Shall I give orders to double-shot the gun? Always be ready! that's my maxim.

Fitzroy. I will go on deck and give the necessary orders myself.

Edwin, you stay below during the action. Kenard, stay here till I return. *[Exit FITZROY, R. H.]*

Edwin. Shall we have a fight, Kenard?

Kenard. I hope so, if it is the Kyd! I long to carry him into York Bay. He's a devil! Do you intend to stand by a gun?

Edwin. I? Yes; though a battle on the sea must be a dreadful scene!

Kenard. Dreadful? The best thing in life! Nothing does me so much good as to hear the iron rattling among the rigging, and smell the smoke of burnt powder! Our captain will do this pirate's business for him, I'll warrant you!

Edwin. I was once in a battle, but I can't realize the scene.

Kenard. You are too young, and it's no use to tell you about our craft; she is a tight craft for one so gayly painted, — something like a woman that don't look as if she could bear much rough weather, but after the first of the gale has washed off her gingerbread-work, she'll outride a storm that a liner would be glad to get rid of.

Edwin. I hope no ill will happen to Fitzroy — Captain Fitzroy.

Kenard. He's a true sailor, like me, and never hopes to die on the land. Bury me, if I must die, in the deep sea; let the green waves, that knocked me about when living, cover me when dead. Let me be buried where the ripples of driving keels are heard, and the song of the sailor shall be my requiem.

Edwin. You are eloquent.

[Boatswain whistles ready. Wind.]

Kenard. Am I? Hark! The wind is rising; 't is going to blow! That pirate don't mind a storm no more than a Dutchman does tobacco smoke. He'd scud through any storm like the Flying Dutchman!

Edwin. I hope 't is not the Kyd. There is no honor in fighting with a pirate, and more danger than with another craft.

Kenard. Yes, young man.

Fitzroy. (*Without, R. H.*) Kenard, come on deck. Let Edwin bring up my glass.

Kenard. Ay! ay! sir. You hear, youngster? Come along.

[Exit KENARD, R. H.]

Edwin. I will obey. Heaven preserve him through all dangers! I will not leave his side; the blow that reaches his heart must first pierce mine. Rupert, do I not love thee? *[Exit EDWIN, R. H.]*

SCENE II. — *Cabin of the Silver Arrow, 1 a.*

Enter ROBERT KYD, followed by TURILL, L. H., 1 e.

Kyd. My hour of revenge is near. Turill, you resigned your command to me. Though second in command on board of the Silver Arrow, you are in my confidence. I have a charm against all danger from this vessel in the distance.

Turill. Well, captain, that's what I want to know. You seem to steer as if you were in chase. I have not asked the cause; suppose you give us sailing orders!

Kyd. The man at the wheel has orders how to steer.

Turill. He has?

Kyd. You remember Fitzroy, of the British navy, whom we captured in the Mediterranean.

Turill. I do ; a proper youth for a woman's eye.

Kyd. One woman's eye he shall never see again ! That man has crossed me in my love. He is master of the brig-of-war sent out in quest of us. Three days ago a vessel, answering the description of the *Ger Falcon*, was becalmed off the Capes of Delaware. The *Silver Arrow* is now on his track. When we meet, my revenge will be gratified !

Turill. This is a king's ship.

Kyd. At long shot we shall stand no chance with him. We must run on board at every hazard ! If he sinks the *Silver Arrow* alongside, we must fight hand to hand. (*Speaking off R. H.*) Call down the men not on duty !

Lawrence. (*Without, R. H.*) Ay ! ay ! sir.

[*Boatswain whistles, R. H., 2 E.*]

Kyd. And you, *Turill*, look to the working of the ship.

[*Whistles again, R. H.*]

Turill. I will, sir. Shall I send up the black flag ?

Kyd. Yes, and let the *Silver Arrow* be emblazoned on it. Show this *Fitzroy* that *Kate of Bellamont* is the prize that urges me on to my revenge.

Enter CARL, EVANS, LOFF, LAWRENCE, Pirates and HEMLOCK. They form a circle around KYD.

Kyd. Now, my brave men, a king's ship sent to carry us in chains to England, is in sight, and of more than equal strength ! You have never failed me ; will you now ?

Lawrence. No ! long live the *Kyd* !

[*The pirates give three cheers.*]

Hemlock. I s'pose, if I'm in Turkey, I must do as the Turkeys do. So, long live the *Kyd*, by *Judas* !

Kyd. What strange voice is that ?

Hemlock. (*Crossing to c., goes up to KYD.*) It's mine, *Horse-bean Hemlock*, of Connecticut, late of New York and now —

Kyd. How came you here, on board the *Silver Arrow* ?

Hemlock. Well, I'll tell you : I was trying to get a chance to see how you managed things. I got on a pretty hard train, and, on the night you went to the witch's hut, I followed you, and hid in the big boat, and you started off in such an all-fired hurry, I could n't get out, by *Judas* !

Kyd. Did you think, foolish man, to ensnare the *Kyd* — he that for five years past has baffled human cunning or mortal power ? I know your business ; now become one of these, or you walk the plank !

Hemlock. Well, I have stuck my nose into a pretty scrape ! Well, *Mr. Kyd*, I believe I shall do just about as you want to have me, by *Judas* !

Kyd. A vessel is now approaching us. The black flag is nailed to the mast. Swear to be with us in battle till victory is ours, or death, and you are safe.

Hemlock. I do ! I swear it, by *Judas* ! (*Aside.*) That an't a very bad oath.

Kyd. Lawrence, take charge of him. Now, my brave fellows, for the attack! At my signal throw yourselves on board. Flesh your blades in the carcasses of these hounds of justice! Give no quarter to beards, but spare bright eyes. Remember, strike not a woman, or dread the vengeance of the *Kyd*! To the deck! to the deck!

[*Exit KYD, L. H., 1 E. Pirates give three cheers and exit, R., 1 E.*]

Hemlock. If I am taken I shall be hanged with the rest of the pirates! There's no dodging cannon balls, by *Judas*! What shall I do? (*Dark stage. Shout, R. H.*) That don't sound like old *Hemlock*. (*Attempts to sing.*) O, dear, if I am obliged to live in this place all the time, I shall die by inches, and, as I am not the smallest among creeping things, I shall die a long death!

Enter TURILL, L. H.

Turill. I want you on deck.

Hemlock. What for?

Turill. There is a king's ship bearing down for us. You must fight.

Hemlock. Which is the easiest way to die, to be cut in two with a cannon ball or to be frightened to death? For it seems to me one of 'em I've got to take.

Turill. Easiest always to die bravely.

Hemlock. Did you ever try it?

Turill. No. We have no cowards on board of the *Silver Arrow*. I'll place you at my gun, and, if you show fear, I'll ram you into it, and send you on board of the king's ship in a hurry.

Hemlock. I should n't like that, by *Judas*! I think I'll try the being frightened to death first, and if that don't do I can be shot afterwards.

Turill. Come! to the deck! The men are now serving out the grog. I shall keep an eye on you.

Hemlock. I shan't go to meeting next Sunday, I'm afraid. O! what would *Patience Beanpole* say, if she knew I was on board the vessel of *Kyd*?

[*Gun fired, R. H.*]

Turill. Ah! the sport's begun. I must be on deck. Come!

[*Exit TURILL, L. H., 1 E.*]

Hemlock. Sport! O, dear! catching codfish or selling tin-kitchens is better sport than this, by *Judas*!

[*Two guns fired, R. U. E. HEMLOCK runs off, L. H.*]

SCENE III. — *Deck of the Ger Falcon. Masts, sails, &c. Shrouds practical on both masts. Hatchway grating. Capstan. A raised poop, R. H. Four guns on deck, with three barrels in each, and loaded. A gun on poop deck, with two barrels, loaded. Boarding-pikes and cutlasses in racks around the masts, &c. Wings clear off at back. Sea-cloth down back by dark horizon. Men at different stations. Some in the shrouds. KENARD mid-ships. Men loading guns. FITZROY on poop deck, with glass. EDWIN near him.*

Fitzroy. Stand by me, men — ready! (*Sailors descend from shrouds.*) *Kenard*, point a gun, and disable his bowsprit. (*KENARD*

aims and fires. Sailors re-load the gun.) I can see their leader's face. Edwin, go below. Your station is not here.

Edwin. I will not leave your side.

Fitzroy. As you will, then. Men, your lives depend upon your retaining your ship. Do not forget you are fighting for your sweethearts and wives; that your foes are bloodthirsty buccaneers, who fight from desperation, and show no mercy.

Kenard. He is going to run us on board. (*Gun fired, R. U. E.*) Stand by, Grenaders!

[*Music. The Silver Arrow appears, R. U. E. Shouts on board of both vessels. The Silver Arrow fires. KYD is seen on the bow waving his sword.*]

Kyd. Fitzroy, surrender to the Kyd!

Kenard. Shall we answer him?

Fitzroy. Grenaders, ready!

Kenard. All ready.

Fitzroy. Cast.

[*Pistols fired R. and L. Music. Men discharge hand grenades. The Silver Arrow shoots off, L. H. U. E.*]

Kenard. He's an old hand, sir. His helm was hard up too soon. They all fell short.

Fitzroy. Give him your guns.

[*Music. The Silver Arrow fires. The firing kept up on board of the Ger Falcon. The Silver Arrow appears again, L. U. E. Strikes the brig and falls off, her mast crippled.*]

Kyd. (*Standing on the bow of Silver Arrow.*) Our ship is sinking! On board the king's ship, men, on board! (*Music. Pirates board the brig. The pirates and sailors engage. After a struggle the pirates drive the English sailors aft, R. H. The Silver Arrow is seen to sink. KYD is standing on the bulwarks of the Ger Falcon. The pirates L. H. FITZROY and EDWIN on poop.*) Farewell to thee, brave galley! Now, my boys, we have no vessel but this! Five minutes will tell whether it belongs to his majesty or the Kyd. On, then; but spare that boy and the captain.

[*Music. General engagement. KENARD and TURILL. Pirates and sailors. FITZROY meets KYD, C. LAWRENCE and CARL rush between them. End of combat. KYD leaps on gun, L. H. FITZROY, R. C. EDWIN on poop deck.*]

Edwin. The guns are loaded with grape on the quarter deck.

Fitzroy. Every Englishman throw himself upon the deck! Fire!

[*English sailors all fall on the deck.*]

Kyd. Down, men! down! (*They do so. EDWIN touches off the gun.*) On! on! The brig is ours! (*Music. General fight. Both parties. KENARD and KYD fight. FITZROY among the pirates fighting. HEMLOCK enters during fight.*) Dash at them, ye devils! Charge the quarter deck; but touch not the two I have named for my game! (*The crew of the Ger Falcon are overpowered. KYD on the quarter deck. Meets EDWIN. A combat, and EDWIN is disarmed.*)

FITZROY is overpowered and brought to c. The same time KYD disarms EDWIN. *Picture.*)

Kyd. (On quarter deck.) Clear the deck of the dead and wounded. I want no hospital of the brig. Put irons on that captain.

Lawrence. Ay, ay, sir!

[Pirates throw over the dead of both parties. LAWRENCE and CARL put irons on FITZROY, who goes on quarter deck. Pirates set on guns, and some go off, L. H., ready to rush on with CARL, &c. EDWIN and KYD on poop deck.]

Kyd. Griffin, prepare the plank. [Descends from deck.]

Turill. You do not mean —

Kyd. It matters not to you what I mean. You have questioned my orders of late too boldly. Bring the brig to, and get out the plank.

Turill. There has been blood enough shed. I'll do no more of it.

Kyd. Ha! mutiny!

Turill. I will be a butcher no longer.

Kyd. Will you do your duty, sir?

Turill. To work the ship, but not to take more life.

Kyd. (R. C.) You are mad, Griffin! I am master here, and my authority must not be questioned, even by you. I would not take your life. (*Touching the pistols in his belt.*) You are not alone in this!

Turill. I am not. I was master once. Ho, lads, a Griffin!

[CARL and six pirates rush on from L. H., shouting, and stand L. H. The other pirates are grouped about.]

Kyd. To your post, men! Griffin, bring the brig to!

Turill. Never! Now is our time! We have lost our vessel for a woman. [Six pirates draw their swords.]

Kyd. Back, dogs! Do you fear me singly? Stand where you are. (*KYD rushes on TURILL, and disarms him.*) Go to your duty! I spare your life!

Turill. I never will do duty under Robert Kyd! Never!

Kyd. Then go to the devil, with my compliments!

[KYD shoots TURILL, who falls in the arms of CARL and EVANS.]

Turill. Kyd, you have saved me from the gallows. Your death will not be so noble as mine.

[Dies, and is taken off, L. H., by CARL and EVANS.]

Kyd. Now, fellows, to your duty! The first who falters shares the same fate! (*The mutineers sheathe their cutlasses and retire.*) Lawrence, you are my lieutenant. Bring hither my victim! Prepare the plank. (*Music. CARL and EVANS bring on the plank and place it across bulwarks.*) Now, Rupert Fitzroy, prepare to die! I will give you a free leap into the other world, as your blood is gentle, sir, and will set aside the hempen cravat from the yard-arm. Many a better man has gone to his account than Mark Meredith!

Fitzroy. (*Starting and gazing at KYD.*) Ha! you know me, then?

Kyd. Thou hast heard whether I do or not.

Fitzroy. Who, then, art thou?

Kyd. It matters not. You must die! The proverb saith "There is but one step between this world and the next." You will soon learn if

it is true. The step is rather a wet one. But there is a fire, that priests prate about, will soon dry you.

Edwin. Surely you will not be so inhuman as to do so foul a murder!

Kyd. Who is the blacker murderer, this man who robs me of my good name, or I who merely take his life?

Fitzroy. I robbed you not of it.

Kyd. We are losing time. Lead him to his death.

Fitzroy. Impossible! You will not carry out a suggestion so infernal?

Edwin. (*Crosses to E.*) Nay, you will not do such cold bloody murder. (*Kneeling.*) O! spare him, and I will be your slave!

Kyd. Will you walk to the gangway, or shall my men conduct you?

Fitzroy. Farewell, Edwin! We shall soon meet beyond the skies!

Edwin. (*Embracing Fitzroy.*) Fitzroy, no!

[*Faints in FITZROY'S arms. CARL and EVANS advance and take EDWIN from FITZROY'S arms, and take him off, L., 2 E.*]

Fitzroy. I am ready.

Kyd. Perhaps you have a last request to make, — perhaps some maiden will ask how Fitzroy died? I'll bear the message. Ere to-morrow night I shall see the peerless Kate of Bellamont. She'll love me for bringing it. I've had love favors on my own account of this willing maid ere now.

Fitzroy. Villain! thou liest!

Kyd. Ask her when you meet hereafter in the other world, for you meet no more in this! Thou hast nothing, then, to ask?

Fitzroy. I have one request.

Kyd. Name it.

Fitzroy. Take off my chains, and let me freely spring into the grave you have destined for me.

Kyd. Knock off his chains. (*LAWRENCE and CARL take them off.*) What else?

Fitzroy. This broad-sword.

[*Seizes a cutlass from the belt of LAWRENCE. The pirates rush between KYD and FITZROY.*]

Kyd. Not a blow, men! He is mine. I will tame him down ere long. (*Music. Pirates retreat. Combat. KYD disarms FITZROY, and he falls on one knee. KYD'S sword at his throat.*) I will not strike. Set upon him, men! Cut him to pieces! He is yours! (*Music. KYD ascends the quarter deck. The pirates rush upon FITZROY. FITZROY picks up a sword, strikes, and throws off the pirates. He mounts a gun and springs into the sea. The pirates fire their pistols at him.*) He is no more! Henceforth I am the sole lord of Lester!

[*The pirates group about, and shout as the act drops.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

He would then make the nearest isle,
And go at night, by stealth,
To hide within the earth a while
His last ill-gotten wealth.

SCENE I. — *Water Landscape. 2 a. Evening.*

Enter KATE, L., 1 E., meeting FITZROY disguised as a fisherman, from R., 1 E.

Kate. Do you come to bring news of Fitzroy?

Fitzroy. Lady, I am but a poor shipwrecked mariner; yet I do bear sad news for thee.

Kate. Of whom?

Fitzroy. Fitzroy. He has been captured by a pirate, and made his prisoner.

Kate. And his secretary, Edwin? Does he live?

Fitzroy. Alas! I know not!

Kate. O! that I had died ere this dreadful news had reached me!

Fitzroy. Nay, dearest Kate, I am here! It is Fitzroy who clasps thee to his breast!

Kate. Fitzroy?

Fitzroy. None else, Kate!

Kate. How could you put me to such a trial?

Fitzroy. Forgive me! I planned it not. My brig was taken. I was condemned by Kyd to walk the plank. A fisherman rescued me from the sea. From him I borrowed this disguise, and was, at the moment, tempted to try your affection.

Kate. Robert, poor Robert, to what height of crime has passion led thee! Thou wast my first, my only love!—Ha, Fitzroy; why is thy eye with fierce scrutiny fixed on me? [FITZROY starts.]

Fitzroy. It has reached my ears,—how, it matters not,—that since my departure, you and this freebooter Kyd have met in private! From his own lips there fell dark words of favor given and received, as—

Kate. Fitzroy, cease! I have pledged my father to marry thee. I look upon thee as my husband. I will keep nothing from thee.

Fitzroy. Do you not love me, Kate?

Kate. If I had never loved till now, I should love thee, Rupert, next to my life. The Kyd is — is Lester. He told me so himself.

Fitzroy. You have met, then?

Kate. I have, Rupert.

Fitzroy. He pressed upon thee his former passion?

Kate. Fitzroy, I will not be interrogated. My woman's pride should rise in my defence, and meet with scorn the foul aspersion that lurks beneath thy words. I will excuse you. You are soured by the recent loss of your brig, and so I forgive you.

Fitzroy. This is no answer, lady. This Lester, or Kyd, I well know, loves you. Thinking me dead, he will again press his suit — you do not hear!

Kate. I — I was thinking of Lester.

Fitzroy. She loves me not! I have been blinded by my own deep passion! His life shall pay me for my error. [Exit L., 1 E.]

Kate. Shall I see him again? Come, Rupert, I will go home. Do not yield to these moods of jealousy. (*She turns and finds he has gone.*) Gone! Am I dreaming? (*Enter EDWIN, R., 1 E.*) Edwin Gerald, is it you? You, then, are safe? I congratulate you with all my heart.

Edwin. I am safe, lady; but —

Kate. You bring me news of Fitzroy's death?

Edwin. Did you believe such my message? I know not whether he lives or not.

Kate. You were attached to him?

Edwin. I was. Now that he is no more, I have no longer reason for this disguise; and here —

Kate. Do nothing rashly, sir. If you were about to tell me he loved me, I can tell you he has told me so himself within this half hour.

Edwin. How! Explain!

Kate. He is alive, and well.

Edwin. Alive! Thank Heaven! How was it?

Kate. He was driven overboard, as you believed, but was saved by a fisherman. He will rejoice at your escape. How was it, fair sir?

Edwin. Kyd retained me to bear a message to his lady love. For this purpose I am landed now, and guided hither. Fitzroy, you say, lives?

Kate. Give me the letter! Wait but a moment. Perhaps I am wrong. I will read it. [Opens the letter and reads.]

“DEAREST KATE: *Let me see you for a brief moment by the linden-tree that grows at the foot of the Roundel. I am desperate. Refuse not this request, lest the guilt of my suicidal blood follow your soul.* LESTER.”

I gaze upon the words till they seem composed of fire! Heaven guide me in this strait! My brain is crazed! The struggle is over! I will meet him. (*To EDWIN.*) Return, and say I will come.

[Exit L., 1 E.]

Edwin. I shall redeem my oath and regain my liberty. O, Kate! Kate! you do not know my heart! [Exit R., 1 E.]

Enter HEMLOCK, R., 2 E., in haste.

Hemlock. I'm on land again; by Judas! The Kyd will attack the town. I must go to Jost Stoll's, and let the people know that I am about again. A pretty tall cruise I had, by Judas! If I have n't seen sights of all sorts, sizes, and colors, I don't know! If I could only get into Kyd's cave! I've written a song about him. He'll be hung some day. I've got his dying speech written already.

[*Song.* Air — “*My name is Captain Kyd,*” and exit L., 1 E.]

SONG. — *Hemlock.*

Now, you captains, brave and bold,
Hear my song, hear my song;
Now, captains, brave and bold, hear my song;
As on briny seas you've rolled,
O listen, captains bold,
How I plundered her for gold;
Hear my song,
How I plundered her for gold,
Hear my song.

My name was Captain Kyd,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
My name was Robert Kyd,
As I sailed, &c.
My name was Robert Kyd,
And so wickedly I did,
All laws I did forbid, as I sailed, &c.
I steered from sound to sound, as I sailed,
I steered, &c.
I steered from sound to sound,
And many ships I found,
Them I burnt and run aground,
As I sailed, as I sailed.

I spied three ships of France, as I sailed, &c.
I spied, &c.
I made the captain dance
On nothing; then by chance
On their wealth I did advance, as I sailed.
A Spanish ship I met, as I sailed,
And a lady fair did get, as I sailed;
Her lover then I slew,
And of his heart I made a stew,
Which I made her eat a dinner new,
As I sailed, &c.

I had a rival once, as I sailed;
He proved himself a dunce, as I sailed;
He was sent to capture me —
Captain Kidd, upon the sea —
I made him walk the plank particularly,
As I sailed, &c.

He began to raise a squall, as I sailed,
He began, &c.
But his courage I did fall,
His feelings I did maul,
I served him pretty tall,
As I sailed.

O, a Yankee followed me, as I sailed,
 He wan't skeered by piracy, as I sailed ;
 From him I got a shock,
 That will send me to the dock ;
 Hurrah ! shouted out Hemlock,
 As I was nailed.

And now I write my life, as I sailed,
 And a letter to my wife, as I sailed ;
 I 'm going to be hung,
 Although I am so young,
 And my life to you is sung,
 For I 'm nailed.

I revelled in blood, as I sailed. (*Repeat.*)
 I 've caused tears to flow a flood,
 I 've nipped beauty in the bud ;
 My heart is black as mud,
 As I sailed, &c.

Not half my deeds are told, as I sailed,
 I did do much for gold, as I sailed ;
 I cruised along New England's shore,
 Where I murdered many more,
 And left them in their gore,
 As I sailed.

SCENE II. — *Dark Stage. Landscape. The Linden-Tree.*
Night, 1 G.

Enter KYD, L. H., 1 E., enveloped in a cloak.

Kyd. 'T is past the hour ! The moon is mountains high in the heavens, and yet she comes not ! Cursed oversight in making that boy my messenger ! He has told the tale of Fitzroy's fate, and she 'll not meet his murderer ! Ha ! a form ! Hers in a thousand ! Aid me, all good angels ! (*Enter KATE, R. H., 1 E., enveloped in a mantle.*) Most kind, dear Kate, forgive the rude and angry haste with which I last left you ! You are, indeed, kind. My strong love told me my appeal would not be made in vain. (*Kneels.*)

Kate. (*Retreating.*) Let this distance be between us. You have desired me to see you.

Kyd. I have. Is there no hope for me, Kate ?

Kate. How mean you ?

Kyd. Is there no hope of pardon for the penitent ?

Kate. Heaven forgives the penitent !

Kyd. And will you be less indulgent ? The seal I have lost is your heart. I would be replaced.

Kate. Speak no more on that theme, or our conference is ended.

[*Going, R. H.*]

Kyd. Stay ; be not hasty. Nothing that is rumored against me has been proved ; and I bear the king's commission against piracy.

Kate. The more guilty thou, that, under its cover, commit piracies till now unheard of.

Kyd. 'T is false !

Kate. I 've heard enough. I could tell thee more of a recent occurrence.

Kyd. Ha ! has the boy told ?

Kate. Nothing. I know nothing. Go on, slay and pillage. You have a love for human blood, and, like the wolf that has once tasted it, will taste no other. Glut thyself till thou art fully satisfied!

Kyd. Kate!

Kate. Away, sir! Speak not — come not near me! Thy touch, thy very glance, is pollution!

Kyd. By the cross, if thou wilt act the queen, then will I play the king! My letter to thee was but a hook cunningly baited. I knew you would snap at it. I have given thee time enough, and now will draw thee in a captive. (*Seizes KATE.*)

Kate. Unhand me, Lester! Release me, and I forgive you!

Kyd. You are mine, proud beauty! I have been the plaything of your pride too long!

Kate. Unhand me, sir!

Kyd. Pardon me, if I am somewhat rough. On shipboard I will atone for it.

Kate. Heaven, then, has given me this in my hour of need!

[*Music. Snatches a pistol from KYD's belt, and, springing from him, levels it.*]

Kyd. Ha! ha! my pretty one, you do the heroine excellently! Give me that pretty toy, sweet Kate. It becomes not a lady's finger.
[*Advancing towards her.*]

Kate. Back, sir, or I'll fire!

Kyd. Nay, then, I must risk it. [*Advancing towards her.*]

Kate. Heaven forgive me!

[*KATE fires. KYD staggers back. A roll of drum is heard. Guns fired, and distant shouts, U. E. L. H.*]

Kyd. Ah! we shall meet again! Lawrence, to the boat!

[*KYD rushes off, L., 1 E. Report of gun, L. U. E.*]

Kate. Will he escape?

Enter FITZROY, R. H., 1 E.

Fitzroy. Lady Catharine, why are you here?

Kate. Ha! Fitzroy, you have come! I am glad to see you. have been insulted, and by Robert Lester!

[*Distant shouts, L. U. E.*]

Fitzroy. Then you shall be avenged!

Kate. Do you promise it?

Fitzroy. By the love I bear you, I swear it!

Kate. Avenge me! Wipe out the stain my woman's pride has suffered, and I will be thy slave!

Fitzroy. I would rather that thou wouldst be my bride.

[*Takes her hand.*]

Kate. Rupert Fitzroy, touch me not, think not of love! When thou hast captured this freebooter — when I behold him bound at my feet, so low that I can place my foot on his neck — then I will be thy bride!

Fitzroy. The Kyd shall die! I swear it!

[*Crosses L. H.*]

Kate. Be sure you keep your oath.

Fitzroy. Or never will I see your face again.

Kate. I am now calm. In the house is the flag I have worked for you. It bears your initials, with the arms of my house conjoined. Take it, and beneath it win thy bride. You have heard me. The flag is ready. *Fitzroy, farewell!* [*Exit, KATE, R. H.*]

Fitzroy. Lovely lady, is there a way for me to win thy love? Grant, Heaven, that once again on equal terms I may meet this pirate Kyd! Despite the charm he wears, or name of terror rightly earned, his life is mine! I swear it!

Enter HEMLOCK, R., 1 E.

Hemlock. By Judas! is it you, or not? Well, I thought you was food for fishes!

Fitzroy. Whence comest thou?

Hemlock. From Kyd's vessel. I was in the fight with your brig, saw the whole scrape, and wrote his dying speech. I'll sing it to you. [*Sings, "My name is Captain Kyd," &c.*]

Fitzroy. Do you know his intentions?

Hemlock. Well, I can guess them!

Fitzroy. Inform me.

Hemlock. Well, his vessel, that is yours as was, is going through Hell Gate to sea, so as to avoid you in your vessel. They are going to bury their money, and the old witch is going to help 'em. Then he is going to carry a lady on board, and sail on a cruise.

Fitzroy. Part of this plan has already failed. Do you know where the witch resides?

Hemlock. Everywhere! Sometimes, on a broomstick in the air, I've seen her riding straddle; I *have*, by Judas! and a pretty tall knot she was going, I tell you!

Fitzroy. Show me the cave, and I will reward you. On shore and on the water shall he be attacked. The citizens are already under arms. Will you assist us in a righteous cause? He dead, our houses will be safe.

Hemlock. Yes; I calculate it's best to keep out of a fight when you can; but if it comes eternal hard shoving, then it's best to go into it purty tall, by Judas! I've made his dying speech, and divided it into verses, to sing to the gals. I'll give you an idea of it. I mean to sing it when I'm fishing. The music of it will make the cod bite purty tall, by Judas! You see, I've made it out that he was caught by me. [*Sings.*]

Now to Execution Dock
I must go, I must go.
To Execution Dock I must go;
To Execution Dock,
Found out by one Hemlock
Horsebean, O, what a shock!
I must go, I must go.

You see I made it out he wrote it himself.

[*Exit FITZROY, L. H., Hemlock following, singing.*]

SCENE III. — *Darl*.

ELPSY'S *Hut, the same as Scene V., Act II. Music.* ELPSY discovered over fire. KYD enters through opening, c., down L. H.

Elpsy. Welcome, Robert Kyd ! I smell blood ! Thou hast been at thy old trade. Hast thou had revenge ?

Kyd. I have ! His vessel is mine ; him have I slain !

Elpsy. Did I not promise thee this ? Now thou art come to do my will, and to fulfil thy oath.

Kyd. I have seen her within the hour.

Elpsy. And she has scorned thee !

Kyd. Yes ! I tried love at first, but it would not do, and —

Elpsy. You then tried force ?

Kyd. I did.

Elpsy. And she is now in thy state cabin.

Kyd. No ; I was bearing her to my boat, when she drew a pistol from my belt, and shot me here.

Elpsy. And she ?

Kyd. Fled like a deer. The town was in arms ! I believe a score of balls struck my person. Yet they seemed to fall from my cloak like hailstones !

Elpsy. It was the amulet.

Kyd. True, woman ! Yet I was wounded by a pistol in this girl's hand. Your charm has failed !

Elpsy. No ! Did I not tell thee — if not, be it known thee — that ne'er devil wrought a charm woman may not undo ! What wilt thou do now ?

Kyd. Return to Ireland, and lay claim to the earldom. None will see in the Earl of Lester the outlaw Kyd.

Elpsy. Bury your treasures here, and sail for Ireland. After thou art Lord of Lester, remove them.

Kyd. They have cost much blood ! [Crosses R. Music.]

Enter CARL, EVANS, LAWRENCE, and LOFF, through c.

Kyd. What means this alarm ?

Lawrence. We are surprised ! The river is full of boats, rowing this way. They have taken possession of the brig.

Kyd. Go, some of you, and prevent their landing ! They know not of this retreat. (*Exit* EVANS and CARL, c. R.) What is their number ?

Lawrence. There are six boats, with twenty men in each, and along the shore numbers join them.

Kyd. What ! is the Kyd so formidable, then ? [Going c.]

Elpsy. Stay, Robert ; go not yet.

Kyd. Face them ! Each man fight for his life ! Two men guard the entrance ! [*Exit* LAWRENCE and LOFF, c. R.]

Elpsy. Preserve the amulet, and you are safe.

Kyd. Let them come !

Elpsy. Robert, I feel that fate is busy in this hour !

[*Report of guns and shouts without, R. and L. H.*]

Kyd. Ha ! they come. This is no place for me ! (*Noise of swords*)

and shots, R. U. E. FITZROY runs on, c., followed by HEMLOCK, four sailors, Dutchmen, two men with chains, SCHENCK, VARDEN, VANDER-SPOCKEN, and others. FITZROY comes down L. H. KYD, R. H. HEMLOCK at back, c.) What! does the sea give back its dead? (*Gasping with horror on FITZROY, and draws his cutlass.*) Can it be? Speak I conjure thee, if thou art flesh and blood!

Fitzroy. Monster! this day shall terminate thy career of crime!

Kyd. Flesh or blood, I'll have a bout with thee here for Kate of Bellamont.

Fitzroy. Here, villain, for thyself, then! [*Music. During the combat, KYD loses the amulet. KYD staggers and falls, R. H. cor.*]

Kyd. Strike. [*FITZROY is in the act of doing so. KATE rushes in from C. R., followed by EDWIN. KATE rushes between KYD and FITZROY. EDWIN gets down L. C. The men on the R. H. seize KYD, overpower him and chain him.*]

Kate. (R. C.) Save him, Fitzroy! Pirate as he is, vanquished, disgraced, he is my first, my only love!

Elpsy. (C. To *Kate.*) Well done, maiden! (*To EDWIN.*) The fisher's boy will do for thee!

Fitzroy. (L. H.) Grace! and I—

Grace. (L. C.) If you are the fisher's boy.

Kyd. (R. H.) Kate, thy hand! Heaven forgive me — that is —

Elpsy. Robert, have I lived to see thee the gibbet's victim? Die! [*ELPSY attempts to stab FITZROY, who is L. GRACE prevents her. The men seize ELPSY, and take back, c.*]

Elpsy. Robert, I am thy mother! the fisher's daughter! the demon of Hurltel of the Red Hand! I disown you! [*Music. Pirates and sailors rush on through c., fighting. The pirates are overpowered. During the conflict, KYD breaks from the men, and rushes at FITZROY. He is caught by the men, and dragged back, just as he was in the act of striking FITZROY with his chains.*]

Kyd. That is the true Lord of Lester! [*Music. Flourish and shouts. KYD, R. H. cor., overpowered with chains. KATE, R. C. ELPSY in the custody of two sailors. GRACE, L. C., FITZROY, L. H., HEMLOCK, L. cor. Sailors and Dutchmen in the back-ground, standing over the vanquished pirate. Shouts, and curtain falls.*]

Spencer's Boston Theatre.

Price, 12 1-2 Cents, each. Ten for One Dollar.

BOUND VOLUMES. \$1.

VOL. XVI.

- 121 The Wonder,
- 122 The Rights of Man.
- 123 Robert Emmet,
- 124 My Husband's Ghost.
- 125 Fighting by Proxy, [Game]
- 126 Two Can Play at that
- 127 Unprotected Female,
- 128 Green Buses.

VOL. XVII.

- 129 Flowers of the Forest,
- 130 Forty and Fifty,
- 131 Who Stole the Pocketbook
- 132 A Bachelor of Arts,
- 133 My Son Diana,
- 134 The Midnight Banquet.
- 135 Unwarrantable Intrusion.
- 136 Mr. & Mrs. White.

VOL. XVIII.

- 137 A Quiet Family.
- 138 Husband of an hour,
- 139 Love's Labour's Lost,
- 140 The Naiad Queen.
- 141 Caprice.
- 142 Cool as a Cucumber,
- 143 Sudden Thoughts,
- 144 Jumbo Jun.

VOL. XIX.

- 145 The Cradle of Liberty.
- 146 A Blighted Being.
- 147 Little Toddlekins,
- 148 The Lost Ship,
- 149 A Lover by Proxy, [Pail,
- 150 Maid with the Milking
- 151 Country Squire,
- 152 Perplexing Predicament.

VOL. XX.

- 153 Fraud and its Victims,
- 154 Dr. Dilworth.
- 155 Out to Nurse
- 156 Putnam.
- 157 The King and Deserter,
- 158 A Lucky Hit,
- 159 The Dowager,
- 160 La Fiammina,

VOL. XXI.

- 161 A Hard Struggle,
- 162 Gwinneth Vaughan,
- 163 The Love Knot.
- 164 Metamora, Burlesque,
- 165 Dreams of Delusion,
- 166 The Shaker Lovers,
- 167 Ticklish Times, [Tiger,
- 168 Twenty Minutes with a

VOL. XXII.

- 169 Miralda or the Justice of
- 170 Heads or Tails. [Tacon,
- 171 A Soldiers' Courtship,
- 172 Lavater, or Not a bad
- 173 The Noble Heart, [Judge,
- 174 Coriolanus,
- 175 The Winter's Tale,
- 176 Servants by Legacy,

VOL. XXIII.

- 177 Eveleen Wilson,
- 178 Nick Whiffles,
- 179 The Queen's Heart,
- 180 Dying for Love,
- 181 The Pirate's Legacy,
- 182 An Alarming Sacrifice,
- 183 The Valet de Sham,
- 184 Nicholas Nickleby.

VOL. XXIV.

- 185 The Last of the Pigtails,
- 186 King Rene's Daughter,
- 187 The Grotto Nymph,
- 188 The Charcoal Burner,
- 189 Adelgitha,
- 190 A Devilish Good Joke,
- 191 A Twice Told Tale,
- 192 Pas de Fascination.

VOL. XXV.

- 193 Senor Valiente,
- 194 Faust and Marguerite,
- 195 Rural Felicity,
- 196 Ivanhoe,
- 197 The Olio, Part 1,
- 198 The Olio, " 2,
- 199 Shakespeare Proverbs,
- 200 By Mrs. Cowden Clarke,

VOL. XXVI.

- 201 The Boy Martyrs.
- 202 Mary's Birthday,
- 203 Avenger or Moor of Sicily
- 204 The Lady and the Devil.
- 205 The Revolutionary Soldier.
- 206 A Man without a Head
- 207 The Trumpeter's Daugh-
- 208 Seeing Warren, [ter

VOL. XXVII.

- 209 Green Mountain Boy.
- 210 West End. or Irish heiress.
- 211 Don't forget your Opera
- 212 "That Nose." [Glasses,
- 213
- 214
- 215
- 216

VOL. XXVIII.

- 217
- 218
- 219
- 220
- 221
- 222
- 223
- 224

VOL. XXIX.

- 225
- 226
- 227
- 228
- 229
- 230
- 231
- 232

VOL. XXX.

- 233
- 234
- 235
- 236
- 237
- 238
- 239
- 240

Agent for LACY'S ACTING DRAMAS,
AND THE BRITISH THEATRE,

WILLIAM V. SPENCER,

94 Washington Street, Boston.

Price - - - 10 Cents.

“Lay the proud usurpers low.”

WAR SONGS

OF THE

AMERICAN UNION.

Applicable to the present issue, and to the right
side of that issue.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM V. SPENCER,

94 Washington Street.

1861

FOURTEEN DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

16 Jul '56 GB

JUL 1 2 1956 LTB

YB 74508

Gaylamount
Pamphlet
Binder
Gaylord Bros., Inc.
Steckton, Calif.
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

M35105

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

