

# THE WARLOCK

(A Haddon Hall Precursor?)

Libretto by ALFRED SMYTHE

Edited by David Trutt

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## INTRODUCTION

*Haddon Hall*, “An Original Light English Opera” opened at London’s Savoy Theatre on 24 September 1892. Music was composed by the famous Arthur Sullivan, with libretto by Sydney Grundy. *Haddon Hall* was a success in its day and has been kept alive since by the force of Sullivan’s music.

The Grundy *Haddon Hall* story is perhaps, of all versions, the most removed from historical accuracy and from authenticity of the accepted legend. It is prefaced by a “Note. — The clock of Time has been put forward a century [to the time of the Cromwell government], and other liberties have been taken with history.” The protagonists are Royalists and Puritans. In an unusual twist, George Vernon and John Manners, as Royalists, are nominally on the same side.

Only three historical figures survive: George Vernon, Dorothy Vernon and John Manners. Lady Vernon is the first wife of George Vernon brought back to life. Gone is Dorothy’s sister Margaret, to be replaced by George Vernon’s allusion to “my son—my only son—[who] died fighting for his country, on the sea.” Introduced is the fictional cousin Rupert Vernon, a professed Roundhead, who supports the Parliamentary cause in opposition to the Royalists.

Rupert lays claim to the *Haddon Hall* estates. Sir George believes that the parliament is likely to rule for Rupert and therefore favors him as the husband for Dorothy. “This marriage puts an end to doubts and questions that have troubled me, and would be grateful [pleasing] to the parliament, which loves me none too well.” The plot foundation of Grundy’s *Haddon Hall* is seen to have no historical nor legendary basis.

Present in the libretto is the ‘principled’ stance of John Manners; this serves to confuse the John - Dorothy love story. Sir George will remove his objection to John and take his chance with parliament if Manners will eschew the Royalist cause. “If he would sheath that sword—if he would only pay decent respect to parliament.” But Dorothy would rather lose *Haddon Hall* than have Manners compromise his Royalist beliefs. “He were a traitor and not worth my love!”

No one has previously considered where Grundy may have gotten the ideas for these unusual plot points. This editor became aware of a reference to a controversy between Alfred Smythe and Grundy, where Grundy may have appropriated ideas from Smythe’s *The Warlock* for use in *Haddon Hall*. Smythe was an Irish poet of some note, and with composer Edgar Little, created “an entirely new and original romantic comedy opera.”

*The Warlock* opened at Dublin's Queen's Royal Theatre on 1 February 1892. The setting is England at the time of the Cromwell government. A Royalist Lord resides in his castle with his beautiful daughter. The maid longs to be engaged to a handsome Cavalier. However Rupert, a Roundhead in Cromwell's army, is also in love with her. The Earl has no objection to the Cavalier; however the Earl would be in grave peril if the Roundhead did not succeed in his suit with the young maid. Also showing up is a traveling pedlar who introduces himself by means of a longish ditty. Thus are the main Act I plot points of *The Warlock*.

The summary of the previous paragraph applies equally well to Act I of *Haddon Hall*. In both operas, the threat from Rupert is removed when Charles II is installed as King and the Lord retains his possessions.

The music for *The Warlock* is probably lost, and the libretto is scarce. This book brings the libretto to light for those who have an interest in Victorian theatre; and for those who would wish to study some of the background pertaining to the reasonably well-known Sullivan opera (sans William Gilbert).

From *The Poets of Ireland, 1892-3* : Alfred Smythe — THE LADY ELWYNORE, a poem, Dublin, 1879; DOOM, a dramatic poem in five acts, Dublin, 1880; THE WARLOCK, comic opera in three acts, Dublin, 1892.

Born in Dublin in 1856. Is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, well-known as an elocutionist, and secretary of the Association of Elocutionists. He has written much for Chambers' Journal, Pen and Pencil, Irish Society, Whitehall Review, Dramatic Review, Pictorial World, etc. His *Warlock* was a success in Dublin, and the author had a controversy with Mr. Sydney Grundy about it, in which the latter was charged with appropriating many of the ideas of *The Warlock*, for his *Haddon Hall*, a later production. Mr. Smythe has written another comic opera since [*Victoire* in 1893]. He is a Justice of the Peace in Dublin. [For Smythe as a poet, see *Collected and Unpublished Poems*, 1931.]

From *British Musical Biography, 1897* : Edgar E. Little — Tenor vocalist and composer, resident in Dublin. Was for some time in the Chapel Royal Choir, Dublin Castle. He is the composer of a comedy opera, *The Warlock*, produced in Dublin February 1892; also *Victoire*, a military comedy (both books by Alfred Smythe), produced at Leinster Hall, Dublin 17 April 1893 with much success. Mr. Little is an amateur of considerable attainments, and holds an appointment in the Bank of Ireland.

# THE WARLOCK

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL  
ROMANTIC COMEDY OPERA

WRITTEN BY  
ALFRED SMYTHE

COMPOSED BY  
EDGAR LITTLE

Dedicated by permission to  
HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF ZETLAND

First produced Queen's Royal Theatre, 1st February 1892

## ORIGINAL CAST

ILBRAHIM (The Warlock)	MR. SMYTHE
THE EARL OF EPPING (Rosalie's Father)	MR. H. TISDALL
CAPT. RUPERT FORDE	MR. W. LOWTHER CAMPBELL
SIR RALPH LASCELLES (Rosalie's Fiancé)	MR. J. V. MULLEN
CHEAP JACK (Afterwards King's Jester)	MR. GEORGE CRAWFORD
MASTER JEREMY	MR. AUGUSTUS DAVOREN
TITUS BOWER (The Earl's Steward)	MR. HENRY THOMAS
CHIEF TROOPER	MR. E. C. COLLETT
PAGE	MASTER GEORGE FRY
MISTRESS MARGERY	MISS PRESCOTT
MISTRESS PRUE	MISS ISABEL MADDOCK
RACHEL	MISS EDITH GRANDISON
DAME JUDITH OAKLEY (Rosalie's Aunt)	MRS. BETHAM

AND

THE LADY ROSALIE	MISS DU BEDAT
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Guests, Retainers, Troopers, Pages, &c.

SCENE—BANQUET HALL IN THE CASTLE OF EPPING.

*Birthday Festival of the Lady Rosalie.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Sing aloud our lady's praises,	Stifle not the freeborn laughter,
Men and maidens joyous sing,	It is bidden to the feast;
Till one voice the strain upraises,	Strains of music follow after—
And the oaken rafters ring;	They are each a welcome guest.
She is tender, loving, gracious,	Sing aloud our lady's praises,
She is queen of many hearts,	Cavalier may catch the strains
And her fair domain is spacious,	As upon his sword he gazes,
Lit by smiles that love imparts.	Eager for the cause again.
Men and maidens blend your voices,	Sing aloud our lady's praises,
Minstrels strike the happy chord,	Men and maidens joyous sing,
Every faithful heart rejoices;	Till one voice the strain upraises,
Love into the wine is poured;	And the happy song takes wing.

PRUE. Why comes not sweet Mistress Margery to keep our Lady's natal day?

RACHEL. Alas! it is a sorry day for her—the anniversary of a sad event. Upon this day, a twelve month since, her lover died, and they say, poor soul, she passed the night in yonder churchyard—(*to the company*) and you know, good folk, the place is haunted.

ALL. Haunted!

RACHEL. Yea, 'tis true; a warlock lives among the tombs. Once a man like any other man, but now a self-created demon—

PRUE (*breathlessly*). Proficient in the black art—

RACHEL. Who draws the spirits of the dead around him, and rouses them to ghostly revels in the moonlight.

*Enter Dame Judith Oakley.*

JUDITH. I pray thee, Mistress Rachel, to have respect for my enfeebled nerves.

RACHEL. Thy pardon, my lady, yet 'tis better that my lips should mention them than that the spirits should manifest themselves.

JUDITH. Gracious, how thou dost terrify me.

RACHEL. Nay, do not fear, Dame Oakley; they are probably the spirits of thy dear, departed ancestors, whom thou dost so well revere.

JUDITH. Gracious me! much as I respect my ancestors, I do not desire a closer acquaintance with them.

*Enter Master Jeremy.*

JUDITH. A spirit! Titus, Titus, help!

JEREMY. What doth that old cat [Dame Judith] mean?

JUDITH. Titus [the steward] sustain me (*affects to faint*).

JEREMY. Good friends, I crave pardon if I intrude. I am a stranger to these parts, and hearing the sound of revelry from within, I thought to claim the hospitality which is a natural characteristic of my countrymen. (*aside to Titus, Dame Judith having recovered*) Who is yonder Jezebel?

TITUS. Hist! she is sister to the old gentleman.

PRUE (*aside*). Hush. (*aloud*) Thou hast not misjudged my Lord of Epping. Right welcome shalt thou be.

JEREMY. Thy master is a man most fortunate to possess so palatial an establishment.

PRUE. Most fortunate, good sir; a fair estate, unencumbered, and neither uncle, aunt, nor mother-in-law!

JEREMY. Then his estate, real and personal, is unencumbered. But hath thy master no family at all?

DUET—PRUE AND JEREMY.

P.	My Lord of Epping hath a sister A spinster somewhat elderly.	P.	And she is young and beautiful,
J.	If he had none he'd not have missed her, Nor would it matter much to me.	J.	Like only daughters as a rule.
P.	But she by virtue of her gold Is young and fair, altho' she's old!	P+J.	And she is young and beautiful Like only daughters as a rule.
P+J.	And she by virtue of her gold Is young and fair—altho' she's old!	P.	My Lord of Epping hath a servant. Thy servant sir, for I'm the maid.
P.	My Lord of Epping hath a daughter A jewel good as she is nice!	J.	A comely one as I'm observant But somewhat frisky I'm afraid!
J.	A gem thou'd say of purest water, No doubt she'll fetch a fancy price!	P.	My face indeed's my dowery,
		J.	'Twill always pass as currency!
		P+J.	This face indeed's the dowery, 'Twill always pass as currency.

PRUE. My Lord of Epping, however, hath no wife—a sad experience to my lord.

JEREMY. Pooh! a lucky man that he hath not one. Now might his head repose undisturbed upon its pillow, and his dreams be sweet, since the clapper hath fallen from the church bell—were it not that he is a heretic.

PRUE. My lord—But here comes my Lord of Epping; a noble head hath my Lord of Epping.

JEREMY. A lucky man to have it still. A week, mayhap, it might be deemed superfluous.

*Enter Earl of Epping.*

EARL. My good friends, I bid ye welcome all; and Judith, my warmest salutations.

JEREMY (*aside to Titus*). Say, which is she?

TITUS. Who?

JEREMY. The fair custodian of the money bags. Necessary evils, good sir. A man cannot do anything in this world without money.

TITUS. Oh, that he can.

JEREMY. What?

TITUS. Get into debt (*laughs*).

JEREMY (*impatiently*). Thou art a wag, and wouldst befool me. Which is the lady?

TITUS. See yonder.



JEREMY. What? that ugly—that is to say, that charming person; of a truth she appeals to my taste. (*aside*) A little closer acquaintance with this antiquated specimen's resources would exercise a most salutary influence upon my constitution. (*to Dame Judith*) Thy most obedient servant, madam (*bows*).

*Enter Margery.*

TITUS. Welcome, Mistress Margery; wouldst keep our lady's natal day?

MARGERY. In all good faith, I would, kind sir, though I am sad at heart betimes.

My mistress doth possess my heart, for who to see her can withhold their love?

TITUS. Another arrival, forsooth, but can I say another guest? Captain Forde, a creature of the Commonwealth.

JUDITH. A charming young man and a gallant soldier.

PRUE. A spy, who gloats o'er royal blood, and comes like a shadow to our feast.

MARGERY. Nay, nay, good friends, not quite so bad—he doth pretend unto my lady's hand.

JUDITH. Pretend, indeed; it is only the maid's vanity.

TITUS. I'm blest if that be not twice as bad—and she?

MARGERY. How canst thou ask? Detest him—but he is a Roundhead, and these are troublous times.

EARL (*to himself*). Aye, troublous times, but heaven will end them.

MARGERY. Rupert Forde's a dangerous man when crossed.

TITUS (*scornfully*). Crossed in love! He cannot even hope.

JUDITH. Crossed in love! Methinks she refuse the young man before he doth ask her.

PRUE. She is betrothed to young Sir Ralph, the handsome Cavalier.

JUDITH. Handsome indeed!

TITUS. Nay, not betrothed, but on the eve of it.

MARGERY. Hist! that is not for the Captain's ears.

JEREMY. He must not see me here (*hides behind Judith*).

TITUS. Let's leave him to his thoughts.

*Enter Captain Rupert Forde. Exit All Others.*

RUPERT (*in astonishment*). My faith! but this is manners. Faugh! these Royalist dogs want humbling—and I'd make them know it, were it not for (*pauses and looks around*)—Rosalie.

SONG, "ROSALIE."

Oh, Rosalie thy name is dear  
And doth sweet dreams impart,  
It sounds like music in mine ear  
Whose echoes reach my heart.  
Throughout my waking hours I see  
Thy image brightly fair,  
While with my slumbers tenderly  
Come visions blest with thoughts of thee  
That doth my soul ensnare.

| Oh, Rosalie! oh, Rosalie!  
| 'Tis thus my heart must cry  
| With every beat it gives for thee  
| Till thine shall make reply.

Oh, Rosalie the world is lone	Oh, Rosalie! oh, Rosalie!
And dark the pilgrim's way	'Tis thus my heart must cry
Without the smile I call my own	With every beat it gives for thee
To tell me it is day.	Till thine shall make reply.
Then let the beam from thy bright eyes	
Dispel the brooding shade,	
Till radiance as of paradise	
Pervades my life with glad surprise	
And all my sorrows fade.	

*Enter Judith (sighs).*

JUDITH. He hears not my sigh, the tender yearnings of my heart have failed to reach him (*cough*). That surely will startle him—no? Well, but he is absorbed. Sneezes are scarcely poetical, but I'll try one (*sneeze*). There now; I hope he heard that! (*Rupert sneeze*) At last the bond of sympathy hath united us.

RUPERT. Plague take the dust, it tickles one's nostrils. These frivolous people must have been dancing here.

JUDITH. What is that he said? I failed to catch his words; it seemed something about a heart beating for him—aye, in this bosom, sweet man. (*draws near*) My heart beats for thee.

RUPERT (*turning round*). Thy pardon, Dame—who'll beat me—the Royalists? Pooh! I can defend myself.

JUDITH. Nay, I say—

RUPERT. I know; 'tis good of thee to put me on my guard.

JUDITH (*softly*). But thy heart is vulnerable.

RUPERT. They'll get an inch of my trusty blade before they can reach it.

JUDITH. Nay, 'twas but a figure.

RUPERT. Aye, that's my figure!

JUDITH. Oh, but he is hopeless!

RUPERT. Hopeless? Not by any means. Rosalie must have me yet.

JUDITH (*throwing up her hands*). Rosalie! Oh, what silly infatuation. When I get her I'll tear her eyes out—the jade! *Exit Judith.*

*Re-enter Earl of Epping. Rupert starts when he sees the Earl.*

EARL (*stepping forward*). Good Master Forde, I bid thee welcome.

RUPERT. I come not to abide.

EARL. Why not? My daughter doth feast her friends to-night. She keeps her natal day.

RUPERT (*enthusiastically*). A well-favoured day indeed, sir, but I must to business.

EARL. The purport of it?

RUPERT. I am a soldier, terse in speech, 'tis this, I love thy daughter!

EARL (*with a spasm*). Well, 'tis sudden and strange.

RUPERT. Why strange? I must confess I fail to see why strange. What is thine answer?

EARL. Ask me not—'tis she who should decide. Be not precipitate, approach her gently, win her love, and then—then urge your suit. (*aside*) I dare not refuse an officer of Cromwell.

RUPERT. 'Tis well. I shall not neglect thine advice. For the present, farewell!

*Exit Rupert.*

EARL (*bitterly*). A Roundhead for a son-in-law. Good heavens! But I can trust to Rosalie to bring us through (*withdraws to the back of the stage and looks*). Ha, his step is light, he treads merrily adown the path, 'tis evident he counts on success. Ah, well, we shall see. Here comes Rosalie; I must reflect a little.

*Exit Earl of Epping. Enter Rosalie.*

SONG, "SWEET MUSIC."

Sweet music grows upon the earth,	Rejoice, ere noon he comes once more
The birds sing tenderly again;	From distant lands across the brine,
Each simple sound is fraught with mirth	My loved one from a foreign shore
And sighs give room to joyous strain!	That held his ardent gaze from mine.
With mourning once this heart was torn	Oh, lovely world, so fair, so bright,
And heaven was dark and earth was lone,	Which smiles as joy succeedeth pain,
The daylight came not with the morn	Thy groves no longer know the night,
The night winds wailed with weary moan.	And nature ne'er shall dim again.
Within the hour my sun shall shine	Within the hour my sun shall shine,
And gild my heart with beams of joy	Then shall my heart o'erflow with joy
When his dear eyes shall read in mine	When eyes no more for eyes shall pine,
The gladness knowing no alloy!	And gladness findeth no alloy.

*Re-enter Earl of Epping.*

EARL (*turns—to himself*). She loves Sir Ralph, and he, dear lad, doth return this day from France, and bears despatches from our light-hearted king. Heaven send good tidings of our bonny prince!

ROSALIE. Father.

EARL. My child, to-day I have had an offer for thine hand.

ROSALIE (*joyously*). 'Tis Ralph, ah, then he hath already come!

EARL. Nay, not Sir Ralph—another suitor, though possibly he may not suit as well.

ROSALIE (*proudly*). And who presumes to woo me without my permission?

EARL. An officer of General Cromwell.

ROSALIE (*with a sneer*). He honours me, but surely thou hast dismissed the man?

EARL. Nay, not so quick, 'twould not be wise to make an enemy of him, and I so steeped in treason to the state; thou must receive him courteously, and play him as an angler would his fish. Ere long, grant heaven, King Charley 'll have his rights, then thou may'st drop thy subterfuge.

ROSALIE. Still that may never be.

EARL. 'Twill surely be. I have his majesty's rights secured, and know the pulse of thousands in the land.

*Enter Page.*

PAGE. Sir Ralph is here, my lord.

ROSALIE (*delightedly*). So soon! then bid him come.

EARL. Nay, 'twere better I should see the lad alone. He bears despatches from the king.

ROSALIE (*with a pout*). Which means thou wouldst sooner have my room than my company.

*Exit Rosalie. Enter Ralph.*

EARL. Well Ralph, my lad, what tidings bringest thou?

*Enter Rupert at back of stage.*

RALPH. The king is well.

RUPERT (*aside*). The king, forsooth, the word is full of treason.

RALPH. He awaits eagerly the summons of his subjects to return and sends greetings unto thee.

EARL. We shall not long delay to place him on his throne.

RUPERT (*aside*). A plot, by heaven, a plot; good. Master Cromwell shall hear of this.

EARL. And the king's despatches?

RALPH. Await thee; when it is safe I shall produce them, meanwhile the doors are open and 'twould be dangerous.

EARL. Thy prudence doth commend itself. And so the king is well? So far so good.

TRIO—RALPH AND EARL AND RUPERT.

RALPH+EARL

Right glad are we to tell  
The king is blithe and well  
And happy as a king—  
That is as king uncrowned should be  
Without responsibility  
Which is a different thing—  
A different thing!

Right glad are we to tell  
The king is looking well  
With both his royal eyes,  
And would return but nation's laws  
Are full of such egregious flaws  
That he must needs be wise—  
Must needs be wise!

RUPERT

They say the king is well.  
I'm old enough to tell  
There's treason, sir, in that!  
For kings are just the sort of thing  
That like a hornet brave men sting,  
Can it be wondered at?  
Be wondered at!

RUPERT. Methinks grave plots menace the Commonwealth.

EARL. Can it be so, good friend?

RUPERT. Dost think I'm easily deceived. Thy companion is a traitor to the teeth.

RALPH. Good sir, thou art severe in speech.

RUPERT. This youth, who may he be?

EARL. A friend, well tried and faithful to—

RUPERT. His cause—no doubt! But 'tis ignoble cause. Ye both art true to that. But hark ye, a pair of rebels such as ye be, may swing at any moment from Tyburn's tree, and but obtain your fair desserts.

EARL (*aside*). All is lost. (*aloud*) Wouldst place my neck within the halter, sir, wherein have swung the murderer and highwayman?

RUPERT (*in half jest*). Perhaps my influence might obtain for thee the axe. But for this youth the halter's surely good enough!

RALPH. I care not, Captain Forde. my life is little worth. His lordship here is somewhat aged, I prithee have respect to him.

RUPERT (*scornfully*). His lordship! I recognise no such exalted title. Man is but a wretched worm, and I, myself, but a servant of the Commonwealth; and now, sirrah, deliver up instanter thy despatches.

RALPH. Nay, not to thee!

RUPERT. Then duty. Good Master Cromwell soon shall be aware of this.

EARL. Thou art precipitate, for surely thou wilt spare for somebody's sake. I hold the talisman.

RUPERT. And that?

EARL. My daughter, sir.

RALPH. Ye gods, but this is treason!

RUPERT (*unheeding*). Aye, thou art right.

RALPH. S'death! I cannot brook such words: I cannot even wait for axe or gibbet. Draw! my Captain Forde, defend thyself, or by heaven I'll run thee through!

RUPERT (*folding his arms*). I would not cross my sword with such as thee.

EARL (*aside*). Come, Ralph, my lad, for mercy's sake be prudent. Rosalie is thine—but what good player doth reveal his hand?

RALPH (*to Rupert*). Perhaps I would defile my blade.

RUPERT. This wild, hot-headed youth may hear of me again; but thou, good sir, hast spoken wisely. Good Master Cromwell shall remain in blissful ignorance of this, for 'tis too trivial for his ears. Yet, take advice, eschew the exiled prince, and then direct thy zeal to better cause that's nearer home—the Commonwealth.

EARL (*with assumed humility*). Good Master Forde, I value much thy words.

RUPERT. And thy most charming daughter, Mistress Rosalie?

EARL. Is thine, if thou dost win her love.

RALPH (*with a sneer*). No easy task.

RUPERT (*sharply*). For knaves like thee, perhaps; but I have naught to fear.

RALPH. My lady, sir, possesses but one heart, and that is pledged.

RUPERT (*sarcastically*). The sooner 'tis released from pawn the more secure her father's neck. (*distant chorus*) Hark! What's that?

EARL. They keep my daughter's natal day. Wilt stay, good Captain Forde, and join the festival?

RUPERT. 'Tis not for me, I'm not thy kith or kin—as yet. Good afternoon.

*Exit Rupert.*

RALPH. The varlet hath a cool audacity. And now, my lord, a word. Thou hast placed my lady Rosalie in a false position. I am bold enough to believe thy daughter loves me as only one sweet womankind can love.

EARL. 'Tis true, my lad, and I favour thy suit. This Roundhead officer will find his answer at the fountain head; thy victory then will be the greater—for thou, Ralph, know'st her heart.

*Chorus again. Guests and retainers enter. Table laid.*

EARL. Good friends, ye are welcome to this board.

RALPH (*rising*). A toast, my lord; a toast. Thy daughter, Lady Rosalie.

SIR RALPH'S "TOAST."

There is love in the tankard, there's love in my breast,  
And the fire in my hot blood will not let me rest;  
There's a song in the measure, I raise it in glee  
My loved one, my lady, to pledge it to thee.  
The wine-cup it sparkles—there's life in the toast,  
They'll find me not absent when called to my post.  
And thy ribbon I'll wear it, and proud shall I be  
To guard with mine honour the token for thee.

There is love in the flagon, there's love in my brain,  
And the toast to my lady, I drink it again;  
There's a wish in the wine-cup, let that be my plea  
My loved one, my lady, I pledge it to thee.  
The goblet is brimming—thy health, lady mine;  
There's might in my muscle, there's strength in the wine,  
And thy name shall be sacred though death be the fee  
In life-blood I'll pledge it, my lady to thee.

ALL. Fill up the tankard and banish the tear.

Drink to the lady and gay cavalier.

Sorrow we ne'er shall allow to come near.

*A hubbub outside. Cries of "Bring him in." Enter several men, bringing with them Cheap Jack.*

JACK. Easy, good knights and gentlemen; pray be of one mind; let there be no division amongst you. I had sooner remain entire.

ALL (*laughing*). Show us thy wares.

JACK (*with a face*). Beware, beware; have a care—for I am brittle.

RALPH. Who or what are you?

JACK (*to people*). Unhand me, sirs. I'm so pulled out I scarce have brea(d)th to tell the gentlemen.

SONG, "CHEAP JACK."

I'm a vendor by profession,  
On my back I have my pack,  
It is just the one possession  
Left poor Jack!

| If you've food at your collation,  
| I have food for contemplation  
| Which would awe this generation  
| In my pack;

And lest any should be curious,	Where I've cupids—full eleven—
Whether spendthrift or penurious,	Much nearer you than heaven,
Tho' they're cheap I've nothing spurious	And prayers some six or seven
On my back!	On my back;
To leave a good impression	It is true that they're in Latin,
I will make concession,	But they're bound in crimson satin,
Let you have a trinket	Bound to suit for night or matin—
For a very trifling sum,	So says Jack!
And I will not tease you,	Most unique is my position,
Which is sure to please you,	Tho' a pack is on my back,
On the understanding	I will do a small commission
That to buy you'll come.	On my track.
You see in my profession	And my name might be misleading,
There's a knack—for it's a tack	When with damsels I am pleading,
Requiring self-possession	For I'm called among the leading
Which some lack;	Ones "dear Jack!"
You must use the utmost suavity	Yet the term I own is trappy,
In address, avoid depravity,	For with business on the tapis—
And observe profoundest gravity—	And 'tis then I'm really happy—
That's the knack!	I'm cheap Jack!
You must make the prettiest speeches	ALL. To leave a good impression
In a way that practice teaches,	He will make concession
Till each maid to buy beseeches	Let us have a trinket
From your pack!	For a trifling sum;
Now I know no retrogression	And he will not tease us,
While the pack is on my back;	Which is sure to please us,
On I plod in my profession	On the understanding
With my pack.	That to buy we'll come.

*All gather round.*

JACK. Now what dost thou lack? What dost thou lack? Come buy, come buy! I have all sorts of curiosities and antiquities here. See, here is a corn from the little toe of William the Corn Curer, with a letter of guarantee from King Alfred the Great! And here, fair ladies, is a pot of Spanish rouge to make ye blush; I also have a fan to hide Dame Nature's cruder paint; 'tis sure to prove some lady's fan—see [fancy]. And here are bows of every shade and make—most necessary acquirements for the gentler sex. I've also ribbons for true-lovers' knots—not so dear at all—yet mayhap dear to the dears who've tied them. A timely remark for tide and time have respect for no man.

TITUS. Man, indeed, we are all gentlemen here.

JACK (*striking an attitude*). If thou art a gentleman thou art a pretty specimen—"When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?"

TITUS. Methinks I've heard that sentiment before!

JACK. It may be true—'tis not span-new. And here, gentlemen, are spurs to spur ye on to doughy deeds. (*to Ralph*) Indeed, sir, they'd be most appropriate to such as thee.

RALPH. Come, later on I shall buy of thee.

JACK. Ah, very well; till then I shall not say bye, bye!

EARL. Now for the fellow's history.

JACK. My tale is short. Of late I have been unfortunate, having descended last week as low as the common stocks. Although I come of good stock, and my stock-in-trade is of the best, here am I stumping the country to turn an honest penny; I, who was once the Merryman at court.

ALL. Merryman?

JACK. Aye, I was the King's Jester, but when his majesty lost his royal head, I lost my royal office. Ah me, alack a day!

EARL. The day may come when thou shalt resume thy cap and bells. In the meanwhile, Titus, fill the fellow out some wine.

JACK. Wine. Oh, I'm much obliged for thy civility. (*aside to Ralph*) Then here's to thee, kind sir, and thy fair lady, may Heaven make sweet thy nuptial day.

RALPH (*laughing*). We are not married yet.

JACK. Oh, marry! more's the pity.

JEREMY (*aside to Jack*). Say, dost thou know the best way to get rid of a troublesome companion?

JACK. Kill him.

JEREMY. Nay, unless I could bore him to death!

JACK. Thou dost not underestimate thy powers. Thou art just the man to do that same.

EARL. Now friends, to the dance!

CHORUS—GAVOTTE AND SONG.

Let us sing and dance together,	Oh, the joyous, joyous laughter,
Lightly tread the measure through,	Oh the merry, merry song!
While a smile of sunny weather	Rising to the echoing rafter
Gildeth all within our view.	As the strains are borne along.
Who would pass on to the morrow	Bright the beam upon our faces
Lest it should not prove so gay,	Doth outshine the gold of day,
Merry tune that knows no sorrow,	So the well-timed footsteps chases
Shall delight our hearts to-day.	All the cares of life away.

*Enter Ilbrahim disguised as a Mendicant.*

RALPH. Who is this?

ALL. Who?

ILBRAHIM. I am a wayfarer who, seeing the castle door ajar, and hearing festive music issuing from within, have come to solicit alms—but perhaps I trespass.

EARL. Nay, good father, my door is open to all on such a day as this.

ILBRAHIM. Nay, it is shut.

TITUS. Who shut it?

ILBRAHIM. 'Twas I as I passed the threshold. A company of armed men have crossed the moat; they seek treasonable despatches from thine exiled prince, and they have come hither to search for them.



*Enter Margery excitedly.*

MARGERY. Good sirs, good sirs, a company of troopers clamorously demand admittance.

RALPH. I trow this is the work of Master Forde.

EARL. So much for the word of a Puritan!

RALPH (*hotly*). The word of a hypocrite.

EARL. And what of the despatches?

RALPH. I have them here, sir (*touches his doublet*).

EARL. We must hide them without delay.

RALPH. Nay, they will search—stay, better far destroy them. I know their contents by heart (*he is about to hand them to the Earl when the mendicant intercepts them*).

EARL. We'll burn them.

ILBRAHIM (*holding them aloft*). Not so, they are written on a new invention called gelatine, possibly for safety's sake, so let's dissolve them in the wine; the knaves shall drink the king's despatches! 'twill be a glorious sight (*laughs*).

*Exit Ilbrahim.*

CHORUS—SONG.

Behold how they have all dissolved,	Pass the merry bowl around;
So we are now no more involved	Soldiers drink since ye have found
In grim treason 'gainst the state;	Naught of treason in the feast—
Let them enter, they who wait,	Ye are each a welcome guest—
And they the message of the king	Do not fear that such could flow
Shall drink while we triumphant sing.	From the butts of wine below!
<i>Enter soldiers who search.</i>	Soldiers drown each anxious care
See, see without success they search,	In the bowl of ruby wine;
Their faces solemn as a church;	Each a potion taking ere
As they have worked so hard we think	It is passed adown the line,
They surely now will bless a drink!	Smack his lips, and blink his eye—
	Wine's the sweeter on the sly!

*Soldiers drink and become hilarious. Re-enter Captain Rupert Forde.*

RUPERT. What means this confusion?

RALPH (*contemptuously*). Thy minions have found the treasonable documents.

RUPERT (*to soldiers*). Produce them.

SOLDIER (*hic*). The fact is (*hic*) there's no such thing as dock'ments.

RUPERT. Hast searched the entire premises?

SOLDIER. Aye, and waze our precious time.

RUPERT. Varlet, I shall pay thee off for this!

SOLDIER (*snapping his fingers*). That for thy pay, 'tis all it's worth!

*Rupert turns on his heel wrathfully.*

TITUS (*offering the bowl*). Wilt drink to the health of our lady?

RUPERT. Enough of this—I won't.

ROSALIE (*with a mock curtsey*). Good Master Forde, wouldst thou refuse to drink my health on this my natal day and I the suppliant?

*Rupert glances at Rosalie and smiles.*

RUPERT (*taking the bowl*). To thee, sweet Mistress Rosalie (*a long draught*).

*Titters heard all around as he sips His Majesty's despatches.*

TITUS (*proffering another goblet*). Wilt thou honor the toast of our lady's fiancé, Sir Ralph Lascelles?

RUPERT. Out on thine insolence, no! (*Dashes the goblet to the ground.*)

TITUS (*with a laugh*). We are converting him. He'll deem it a boon to drink the King's health next.

EARL. Hush!

RUPERT (*starting up*). The King's health! What meanest thou?

TITUS. Nothing; I spake in jest.

JEREMY. Verily, thou liest! I shall not bear this sin upon my soul. They have destroyed the—

TITUS (*placing his hand across his mouth*). Tut, man! I'll wring thine ugly neck!

EARL. We are exposed!

ROSALIE. Come, Captain Forde, thou'lt drink one other health?

RUPERT. And that?

ROSALIE (*with a laugh*). The King's!

RUPERT. Why, Rosalie, thou also jeerest me.

MARGERY. I would some power could make him drain the cup in honour of his Majesty.

TITUS. The Warlock's!

MARGERY. Aye, if such there be. (*The stage darkens.*)

JEREMY. Merciful heaven, the lights grow dim! What power is this?

*General consternation—Ilbrahim suddenly appears and Rupert honours the "King's" toast.*

CHORUS.

'Tis the Warlock, 'tis the dread Magician,  
Oh, how wild throbs each heart in our breast.  
What can be his dark unholy mission?  
He is a dread and unwelcome guest.

RUPERT.

Art thou of the dead or living?  
Comest thou from shades of night?  
Art thou demon unforgiving  
Seeking whom to curse or blight?

ILBRAHIM.

'Tis the Warlock! Heaven protect us all!  
Save us from his evil eye;  
May no danger on our lady fall,  
Nor anyone in the twelve months die.

Who I am, from whence I've wended  
'Tis not for me to reveal,  
Ere another day is ended  
Thou, perchance, my power shall feel.

END OF ACT I

SCENE—RUINED CLOISTERS IN THE CHURCHYARD AT EPPING.

*Enter Rosalie, accompanied by Dame Judith and Margery.*

ROSALIE. This is a lonely spot, and they say that spirits haunt these cloisters. Dost fear their presence, Margery?

MARGERY. I fear them not; why should I? Can they work me harm?

JUDITH. Dost know the Warlock dwells here amongst the tombs, and that he is a man who doth commune with evil spirits, and is deeply skilled in the forbidden art?

ROSALIE. Now! Dost thou hear that?

MARGERY. The Black Art?

JUDITH. Yea, truly; and dost thou not remember we all beheld him yesternight.

MARGERY. We'll go at once in search of him.

ROSALIE. Thou surely jestest.

MARGERY. Nay, my lady; never spake Margery more soberly. I fear him not!

ROSALIE. Thou'lt have to go alone.

JUDITH. Nay, I would gladly go with Margery in quest of this man. Mayhap he'll tell us our fortunes, and promise us each a lover; though I won't have a lover of ardent spirits.

ROSALIE. Forgettest thou, good aunt, the power that forced Captain Forde to honour the King's toast?

MARGERY. We're not afraid, my lady.

JUDITH. Nay, 'tis thou, bold face [Rosalie], who shalt tremble when I bring thee back an uncle.

ROSALIE. Well go, and I shall await thy return.

*Exit Judith and Margery. Rosalie seats herself.*

*Enter Sir Ralph unobserved—Stops as he sees Rosalie.*

RALPH (*aside*). The fates are favourable. I have longed for such a chance. (*aloud*) Rosalie!

ROSALIE. How thou didst frighten me.

RALPH. I startled thee, sweetheart!

ROSALIE. Nay, 'twas but a passing fear; 'tis gone. We had been speaking a moment since of ghosts.

RALPH. We? and who are we? That Roundhead rogue?

ROSALIE (*laughing*). Nay jealous gossip; Margery and I.

RALPH. And didst thou take me for a ghost?

ROSALIE. Nay, thou art too substantial, Sir; thou didst surprise me, that was all.

RALPH. And yet thou seemest pale, sweetheart. Wouldst like a colour in thy cheeks (*kissing her forehead*)?

ROSALIE (*haughtily*). Sir Ralph.

RALPH. Thou art not angry?

ROSALIE (*with a pout*). Thou art too free (*catches his eye—laughs*).

RALPH. Thy cheeks are like the red, red rose.

ROSALIE. I'll hide them then.

RALPH. Aye, here (*points to his breast*).

ROSALIE (*with mock austerity*). Nay, for 'twould be most unmaidenly. I fear thou art not good company. I shall seek out Margery.

RALPH. Dost think I'll let an opportunity like this escape me, Rosalie?

ROSALIE. What meanest thou?

RALPH. I mean to speak my mind. Sweetheart, I love thee.

ROSALIE. Sir Ralph!

RALPH. Nay look not startled, 'tis thy lover not his ghost this time that pleads with thee. Thou blushest, dearest; this I hold to be a lucky omen. Why be strange when we have known each other's hearts for so long? Dost love me, Rosalie?

ROSALIE (*shyly and reproachfully*). Dost doubt me Ralph?

RALPH (*tenderly*). I could not doubt thee, Rosalie.

ROSALIE. And dost thou also love me?

RALPH. As the skylark loves the azure sky, as the painted butterfly doth love the sun's bright beam, my love is not less great, it is my life, sweetheart.

*Enter Cheap Jack.*

JACK (*aside*). A love scene in a churchyard! Well this is interesting. H'm—a graveyard! a fitting spot to engrave it upon the memory—but 'twould be a grave offence to interrupt it.

ROSALIE. 'Tis strange the power of love. Thy words have filled me with a sweet contentment, while my heart o'erflows with song.

JACK. A well-matched couple and brimming over with love. There's so much honey here 'tis a wonder that the bees don't swarm to the spot!

DUET—ROSALIE AND RALPH.

Oh, love is a river both deep and strong,	The course of the love that is true, they say,
'Tis dimpled with smiles on its way along;	Doth never run smooth on its onward way,
Its glances are tender in the day-light,	A zephyr may ruffle the silver stream,
It floats like a dream thro' gloom of night,	A cloud may obscure the golden beam,
It yieldeth its soul under music's strain,	Yet river will glide in peace again,
It findeth a voice in sweet verse again:	And sunshine return after April rain.
And art, well no art can describe its power,	The saying may suit the bells of the fool,
'Tis sweet as perfume of trembling flower,	But we're the exception to prove the rule,
'Tis strong as the links of an iron chain,	Since ever for us hath true love run free,
And vast as the billows athwart the main.	And never shall change 'tween you and me.

RALPH. And never shall change, dear Rosalie.

ROSALIE. Never shall change.

RALPH. We'll seal that with a kiss.

JACK. The essence of two lips [tulips]. I ought to have a vial of that in my pack. He'll prove a ready purchaser.

RALPH. With a kiss, sweetheart.

*They are about to kiss when Jack, with an eye to business, believes that the proper moment has arrived to exhibit his wares, and unceremoniously thrusts his pack in between the lovers. Rosalie and Ralph start away from one another.*

JACK. Oh hi, oh hi, oh hi! Come buy, come buy! I have a thousand pretty and effective ornaments suitable for ladies, good sir. Pray make selection; or shall the lady choose? Hers is no mean judgment when she chooseth thee. Thou art a well-favoured cavalier.

RALPH. Away, fellow.

JACK. Which way, for I have lost my way.

RALPH. I'll soon show thee the way.

JACK. I thank thee, kind gentleman.

RALPH. Come, Rosalie, this fellow annoys me.

*Exit Rosalie and Ralph.*

JACK. They've shown me the way—the way of the world, and poor Jack is again crushed!

*Magician appears and looks at Jack.*

ILBRAHIM. Poor fool! And yet not half as great a fool as the pair of fools who talk of love, and sing of love, and believe in love. Bah! why Mother Earth gave birth to such simpletons is past my comprehension. Love is a bubble fated to burst; love is a dream destined to melt away; love is a lie created to deceive all youth!

MAGICIAN'S SONG.

They sing of love when years are few,	Oh, love is vain tho' men applaud—
And hearts unformed seek something new;	And beauty but a short-lived fraud,
The youth impassioned ardent sighs	They place the baubles in a crown
For golden hair and bright blue eyes,	And give to them a false renown;
His dreams of love are wondrous fair,	The cringing creatures homage pay
He sees no incompleteness there;	Unto these twain till close of day,
But life's best hours he sports away—	While knowledge in the heart is power,
To him immortal is the ray,	To live until death's solemn hour,
Which transient flies when fickle sun	Then give me knowledge for a bride—
To sullen cloud vacates its throne.	Not love, but it with me abide.

JACK. Methought I heard a voice.

ILBRAHIM. 'Twas mine.

JACK. And who art thou?

ILBRAHIM. I am a man; one who knows his fellow-men. I live in knowledge, and knowledge doth exist in me.

JACK. Now, I know thee; thou art the dread Warlock. Thou wouldst not harm Jack?

ILBRAHIM. Not I. Thou art a man unmoved by love, unlike the Roundhead Captain I conquered yesternight, a poor weak specimen of humanity, pining for the love of a woman whose heart is given to another.

*Enter Rupert.*

RUPERT (*aside*). To be made ridiculous in the eyes of a lady is an indignity I cannot brook. Blood alone will wipe out the dishonour. Fear finds no place in a soldier's heart. I shall seek out this magician, and chastise him as he deserves.

ILBRAHIM (*to Jack*). Bring hither the man.

JACK. I go, mysterious one (*looks back*). Wilt mind my pack? (*Knocks up against Rupert.*)

RUPERT. Zounds, man, the road is wide enough for two.

JACK (*mysteriously*). Come, there stands the—

RUPERT. Devil?

ILBRAHIM. No, man; thy time hath not yet arrived.

RUPERT (*grasping his sword*). Man! I fear thee not then, I have come in search of thee. I fear thee not.

ILBRAHIM. Not now, mayhap, but thou wilt soon. Now hearken; thou hast been crossed in love.

RUPERT. What has that to do with thee?

ILBRAHIM. Suppose I give thee power to bring the woman to thy feet. Dost think it possible?

RUPERT. While he is in the way, I doubt it.

ILBRAHIM. And doubting it thou doubtest me. And that after the strange humour that seized thee yesternight! Shall I convince thee?

RUPERT. I would thou didst convince me. My case seems well-nigh hopeless. (*aside*) I almost could forgive him the trick he played me were he to work that miracle.

ILBRAHIM. See yonder pedlar (*points to Jack*). If I exhibit my power o'er him wilt thou believe in me?

RUPERT. I will.

ILBRAHIM. Then go and talk to him.

RUPERT. Good evening Jack.

JACK. Thy servant, Master Forde.

RUPERT. Hast done good business to-day?

JACK. Nay, business is slack and my heart's as heavy as my pack.

RUPERT. And that is weighty oftentimes when they have purchased naught.

JACK. Aye, 'tis a heavy responsibility for I must choose what customers would wish to buy.

RUPERT. Then thou must acquire wisdom.

JACK. I have acquired it. In the late King's reign I was Court Fool—fool [full] of wisdom—wisdom to mind my own business and make it pay.—I am an exacting master and for labour expect a good return. So now let us return to our subject. I speak as a king.

RUPERT (*laughing*). Whose kingdom is a pack.

JACK. In which my subjects are packed. I tax my own ingenuity, my good sir, as to what may please the people and my subjects cheerfully respond to the tax. They return me an annual income, though, unfortunately the in-come does not always come in!

RUPERT. Thou say'st thou wert Court Jester?

JACK. I used to court—jest er [just a] little.

RUPERT. To the King, I mean?

JACK. No, the ladies.

RUPERT. Thou art a fool.

JACK (*in an injured tone*). I was.

ILBRAHIM. He is no fool; he hath a ready wit, and seems glib enough for speech.

RUPERT. Aye, truly, 'Tis only now that I commence to understand the man.

ILBRAHIM. Well, mark my power.

*The magician steps over to Jack, makes rapid passes across his eyes.*

*Jack starts, then grows rigid.*

ILBRAHIM. Thou art no longer Jack. Thou art an officer, and lead thy troops to battle.

JACK COMMENCES TO KEEP TIME WITH HIS FEET, AND SINGS.

With a rum-a-tum tum	Onward they go with a steady tread
To the roll of the drum	True to the voice of command ahead;
Beats my soldier's heart within,	Glory for those whom death layeth low;
And merry is the beat	Life for the friend but death to the foe,
Of the well-drilled feet	While with rum-a-tum tum
And the march of my well-armed men.	To the roll of the drum
	Beats my soldier's heart within.

*Magician again makes passes across eyes.*

ILBRAHIM. Thou art no longer an officer. A skipper on the briny deep hast thou become.

JACK HITCHES HIS BREECHES, HAULS AT IMAGINARY ROPES, AND SINGS.

With a yo-a-heave-ho!	Spirits are bold and our hearts are brave
While the sea winds blow,	Life it is freest upon the wave,
Haul the merry lads of mine;	Storm may descend like a bird of prey,
My barque flieth on	Songs they can charm all the clouds away,
Till the coast is gone	As with yo-a-heave-ho!
And we're out on the seething brine;	While the sea winds blow,
	Haul the merry lads of mine.

*Magician again makes passes across eyes.*

ILBRAHIM. Thou art no longer a skipper, but a minstrel lover, with his mandoline serenading his lady.

JACK PLAYS AN IMAGINARY INSTRUMENT, AS HE LIGHTLY DANCES TO THE TIME, AND SINGS.

With a ring-a-ting-ting	Down on my knees I would crave thine hand;
On the mandoline's string	Love overcometh—I cannot stand!
Will I sing thee a serenade!	Yet when thou sleepest a watch I'll keep
My heart will beat the time	Here in the night—if I cannot sleep,
In a rhythmic rhyme—	With a ring-a-ting-ting
I'm thine ardent lover, charming maid,	On the mandoline's string
	Will I sing thee a serenade.

*Magician again makes passes across eyes.*

ILBRAHIM. Thou art no longer the victim of love. but a monarch—king of the entire world.

JACK GRASPS A STICK, WHICH HE CONVERTS INTO A SCEPTRE, AND SINGS.

With a tar-an-ta-rar	Lands east and west in a grand array,
That's heard near and far,	Mutely bow down to my sceptre's sway,
Do I sit on a golden throne,	Straight in the line of ancestral kings,
I'm king of all the world	Doubling the pomp that a kingdom brings.
With my flag unfurled,	With a tar-an-ta-rar
I'm a monarch every inch thou'lt own;	That's heard near and far
	Do I sit on a golden throne.

*The passes are repeated.*

ILBRAHIM. Like crooked-back Richard, Jack's himself again.

*The Magician then waves a handkerchief across his eyes.*

*Jack looks confused and downcast.*

THEN BRIGHTENING UP HE SNATCHES HIS PACK FROM THE GROUND, AND SINGS.

With a hi-oh-hi-oh-hi!	Soldier on march, and a tar on the sea,
Come gather round and buy,	Monarch on throne, and a lover on knee—
I'm the victim of a regular sell;	Each have I been—till its strange how Jack
I'll sell you all in turn	Even came back to his humble pack.
I would have you learn,	So a hi-oh-hi-oh-hi!
Though unlettered I have had a spell.	Come gather round and buy
	From the victim of a regular sell.

ILBRAHIM (*triumphantly*). Dost doubt my power any more, vain man?

RUPERT (*impressed*). Thy power, I own, is marvellous, and I am strangely moved by what I've witnessed: yet, dread mortal, canst thou—wilt thou impart the secret of that power to me, whereby her will shall bend to mine?

ILBRAHIM. Aye, thou shalt see; 'tis but a test of will. Here, take these tablets.

Come, send a message to here by Jack asking her for an interview here.

RUPERT. She scarcely would obey the summons.

ILBRAHIM. Not in thine own name.

RUPERT. Then whose?

ILBRAHIM. In his. (*Rupert starts.*)

RUPERT. Good—I trust thee to explain. Here, Jack, wilt take a letter to a lady?

JACK. Let her [letter] alone take my advice—they lead a man into trouble.

RUPERT. Still jesting after thy fall from thy high estate. And what wouldst thou take for thy pack, sceptre and all?

JACK. Pardon, my ex-sceptre [exception]—for Richard's a stick again, and were I to apply the argument thou might'st have to stick to thy bargain.

RUPERT. Well, except thine ex-sceptre.

JACK. Thou hast influence, Master Roundhead, with yonder Magician. Prevail on him to bring back the king, to restore me to my royal office and the treasure shall be thine. As court fool let me ring out the joy-bells from my top story to celebrate the glad event.



RUPERT. Thou hast an eye to business!

JACK. Nay, my visual faculties are unimpaired—I have two eyes.

RUPERT. Now listen—

JACK. But, Master Roundhead, perhaps General Cromwell might indulge in a little innovation to do a fellow-creature a good turn.

RUPERT. What is that?

JACK. Have a jester at his court—I'm not particular.

ILBRAHIM. We lose time. Art thou willing to make money?

JACK. I am like an open purse, ready to close on it.

RUPERT. Thou shalt have gold.

JACK. Then I never miss a golden opportunity.

RUPERT. I require this message (*writes*) to be delivered to a lady. "Mistress Rosalie," at the Castle; dost know her?

JACK. Aye, well.

RUPERT. And thou must place it in her own hands.

JACK. Handsome is that handsome does.

RUPERT. And say it came from Sir Ralph Lascelles.

JACK. What, and make a liar [lyre] of myself? I hope the harpies [harpists] won't string me up at the cross roads!

RUPERT. Can I trust thee?

JACK. If it be only trust—I would prefer the money.

RUPERT. Fulfill thy duty and I shall pay thee liberally (*hands Jack the note*).

JACK (*cries as he exits*). Mind my pack.

*Magician spurns the pack contemptuously, then faces Rupert.*

ILBRAHIM. Now behold my power and fear nothing.

ILBRAHIM SINGS.

Come, spirits of the air come forth!

Your master calleth from the earth!

Come, give allegiance to our son

As ye of old to us have done!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We come, we come from starry lair—

We free-born spirits of the air;

As swift as thought we cleave the sky

In glad response to thy great cry.

Thy will be ours, to it we bow,

With spirit powers shall we endow

| The silent student at thy side,

| His wish, it shall not be denied.

| RUPERT SINGS.

| Dread spirits of the air I hear—

| Yet see not, tho' they hover near—

| Impart your knowledge to my mind,

| I glad accept your aid tho' blind.

| ILBRAHIM SINGS.

| 'Tis done, the power oh son be thine!

| Disciple shalt thou be of mine;

| Fear nothing, but thy will exert,

| 'Twill conquer tho' it shall not hurt.

ILBRAHIM. Mortals approach. Spirits away. (*A wild wail from the orchestra.*)

They're gone! *Enter Jack.*

JACK. I had not far to go; my golden opportunity hath not been lost. Now for the harvest. (*Steps forward, but draws back as Ilbrahim makes passes before Rupert.*) No, no; enough of that for me. Jack's been four people already, were he another he would not feel quite himself again. So no more of that stranger's magic this time (*draws back and watches*).

ILBRAHIM (*to Rupert*). Now, oh son, fear not to exert thy will.

JACK (*aside*). I don't want to lose my individuality.

ILBRAHIM. Commence by telling her that thou art Ralph.

RUPERT. But she would call me Ralph, which would be awkward.

ILBRAHIM. A little subterfuge is necessary here. Say Rupert hath usurped the name of Ralph, and thou—for spite—adoptest Rupert as thy name. She will believe thee, and the world will wonder.

RUPERT. Not more than I, forsooth. But tell me, sir, thy fee for this revelation? Surely thou hast a motive?

ILBRAHIM. A motive, aye. My motive is revenge.

JACK (*plucking at Rupert's sleeve*). Good Master Forde, thy benefactor shows his teeth. I pray thee have a care.

RUPERT (*hastily*). Art back? (*Jack nods.*) Didst give my note? (*Jack again nods.*) And doth she come?

JACK. She flies. *Exit Jack.*

ILBRAHIM. Thy heart would know my motive? Natural curiosity in man. I loved a woman once who ne'er returned my love but gave the passion which I coveted unto another. I hate the thought of love since then.

RUPERT. And yet thou offerest her love to me.

ILBRAHIM. To forward science. Love that is scientifically created is one of mortal's proudest triumphs; but sickly love that springs from sentiment, I scorn it. List, I slew her lover!

RUPERT (*starting back*). Murdered him?

ILBRAHIM. Nay, I slew him in my heart, and he withered like a flower that the hot wind of the desert hath swept across.

RUPERT. Why didst thou not scientifically obtain her love?

ILBRAHIM. Hers was a stronger will than mine.

*Rosalie enters hurriedly—looks about the stage  
and is about to pass off when Rupert intercepts her.*

ROSALIE. I prithee let me pass.

ILBRAHIM (*drawing back*). Keep cool and mind instructions.

RUPERT. Nay, not so quick, sweet Rosalie.

ROSALIE. Unhand me, sir, 'tis most unmanly.

RUPERT. Dost know me?

ROSALIE. When only yesternight I spake to thee; 'twould be strange I should forget thee.

RUPERT (*audaciously*). I am thy lover, Ralph.

ROSALIE. Thou dost befool me, sir, pray let me pass.

RUPERT. Stand back and look at me again. (*She draws back a few paces and he makes rapid passes across her face. She starts, then puts her hand to her head in a dazed fashion.*) I tell thee I am Ralph.

ROSALIE. Ralph? (*Rosalie sings "Spell Song."*)

What means this strange, resistless power		The captive soul of Babylon.
That subtly steals my will away,		And bid the cloud to pass away;
And plucks, as one might pluck a flower		Go! hideous dream—unholy spell!
The love from out my heart to-day?		Away, away—it lingers still;
What means this tremor thro' my frame,		How banish it I cannot tell
Like wind which shakes the aspen leaf		It hath bereft me of my will.
That fans the fitful pulse of flame		And yet a presence draweth near,
In me that's neither joy nor grief?		It must be love that dims the dream,
I dare not ask—I cannot tell—		That conquers all the trouble here
Some hidden cords still draw me on.		Within my heart, which reigned supreme.
I seem the victim of a spell—		Oh wondrous love, thy lance is sure,
A waking dream which won't be gone.		Thine armour bright, thy visage fair,
Oh, hideous power from whence thy source?		Can aught forbid thee to endure
From earth or darker spirit-land		When always nigh, and everywhere?
Where souls unholy raise their hoarse		I cannot say, nor do I ask
Discordant cries upon the strand,		What cast athwart my soul that spell;
Woe, woe is me! I am undone!		To know would be too great a task
Oh, power unseen release I pray		Since I rejoice that all is well.

RUPERT. Dear Rosalie.

ROSALIE. Dear Ralph.

*Enter Judith.*

JUDITH. Eh, what is this I see? My niece, the shameless thing, making love to the one man I've fancied for myself. As if Sir Ralph was not good enough for her. I suppose she would fling him to me now, but I won't have him. I'll have no cast-off goods—not even in the shape of a man!

*Exit Judith.*

RUPERT. Nay, Rosalie, though I am Ralph thou must call me Rupert. 'Tis a funny freak of mine, I own, but Roundhead Rupert hath usurped my name, and as exchange is scarcely robbery I have adopted his.

ROSALIE. Then thou art Rupert?

RUPERT. Rupert, aye—although I'm Ralph.

ROSALIE. Dost remember what thou saidst yesterday, Rupert?

RUPERT (*blunderingly*). O—o—aye, I remember. What is this it was, Rosalie?

ROSALIE. Thou dost remember when we said how the course of love that is true doth never run smooth on its onward way.

RUPERT. Yes, yes, I remember. (*aside*) Now I'm in for it.

ROSALIE. What, then, didst thou say?

RUPERT. I said—I said—What is this I said, Rosalie?

ROSALIE (*reproachfully*). Thou hast a fickle memory, dearest.

RUPERT. I said—I said—

ROSALIE. That our love never would change.

RUPERT. So I did, so I did; how stupid of me to allow so important a—a—sentiment to escape my memory.

ROSALIE. Nay, Rupert, strange but not stupid. Thou art too severe upon thyself. And so that hateful Forde hath dared to take thy name—I call that also strange!

RUPERT. Hateful, indeed!—indeed—indeed thou speakest truly, he is hateful.

ROSALIE. It was a goodly trick we played him yesternight (*laughs*).

RUPERT. Trick, indeed? Ah, true, a goodly trick; ha, ha—but to which do you refer?

ROSALIE. Thy memory again fails. Forgettest thou when we dissolved the King's despatches in the wine and made him drink them?

RUPERT (*aside*). Zounds! madam, didst thou do this? (*to himself*) I drank the King's health under protest, because a strange humour possessed me; but to be induced by a woman to drink the King's despatches, when I fondly believed she wished me to honour her toast—the idea is horrible. (*aloud*) A goodly trick, sweet Rosalie. (*aside*) 'Twas that which made the wine so bitter.

ROSALIE (*laughing*). Yea, and he drank my health, too, with such a solemn face, as though his life depended on it.

RUPERT (*groaning*). Oh, what a dupe! (*seriously*) I cannot approve of thy conduct Rosalie.

ROSALIE. Now thou art jealous, dearest.

RUPERT. Nay not jealous—(*aside*) and I could not account for their laughter.

*Re-enter Earl.*

EARL. Great heavens, my daughter here alone with Captain Forde, and where is Margery?

ROSALIE (*coaxingly to Rupert*). Nay, be not jealous Rupert; jealousy is an ugly shadow on the path of love.

EARL. She is a consummate player—and yet she doth o'erdo her part. I never meant such fervent utterance.

ROSALIE. And why shouldst thou be jealous, surely thou dost know my heart ere this, thou knowest that I love thee.

EARL. She loves him! But do I hear aright? This is not acting.

RUPERT. My Rosalie, I could not doubt thee even if I wished.

EARL. I call this dangerous, and must end the farce (*advancing*). Rosalie 'tis time thou didst return, I've come to fetch thee. This is a lonely spot for one of tender years.

ROSALIE (*smiling*). I am in goodly company dear father.

EARL (*aside*). I doubt it much. (*aloud*) Our friend will excuse thee for the present.

ROSALIE. Nay, Rupert, too, can come with us.

RUPERT. To be beside thee is my dearest wish.

EARL (*aside*). Not mine. (*aloud*) Come, child, thou dost forget that Captain Forde hath duties to perform. He is an officer and must return to his regiment.

RUPERT. Nay, none so pressing as my duty here. I would escort—

EARL. Nay, a military escort is hardly to be expected, we are but humble people, sir.

RUPERT. Am I to leave thee, Rosalie? 'Tis thou who must decide.

ROSALIE. Rupert I—

EARL. Rosalie, enough of this—the farce is well-nigh played out.

*Re-enter Ralph.*

RALPH (*aside*). The Roundhead Forde with Rosalie again!

EARL. Come Ralph, my lad, and end this interview. I must find Margery.

RALPH. It is a pleasant duty. (*Exit Earl. Ralph to himself*) The father fears to vex the man. I have a good idea, I shall be audaciously familiar to confound the rascal. (*Ralph advances to Rosalie from behind and places his hands upon her eyes.*) Unless thou tell'st thy captor's name thou art his prisoner sweetheart. (*Rosalie struggles—Ralph chuckling*) She doesn't know me.

ROSALIE (*angrily*). Unhand me, Sir. (*She gets free and after glancing indignantly at Ralph turns to Rupert and places her hand in his arm.*) Protect me from this person's insults.

RUPERT (*draws his sword and steps between them—says hotly*). Thou shalt answer to me Lascelles for this.

RALPH (*dazed*). Answer to thee. Rosalie what doth it mean? Great heaven am I dreaming or bewitched?

RUPERT. Come, Rosalie.

RALPH. Stay, sir; thou shalt not stir a step.

RUPERT. Pooh, and who shall hinder me?

RALPH (*draws his sword*). By heaven I shall!

ROSALIE (*stepping between*). Put up thy sword, Ralph Lascelles, and in future when in the presence of a lady learn to conduct thyself properly.

*Enter Margery.*

MARGERLY. My lord hath sent me; and oh, my dear mistress, what hath estranged thy heart to-day?

ROSALIE. I know not, Margery. Let it suffice thee that I've given my love to Rupert.

RUPERT. Well and nobly said. (*to Margery*) Now, Mistress, art thou satisfied?

QUARTETTE—RUPERT AND MARGERLY AND ROSALIE AND RALPH.

RUPERT SINGS.

All's well, my heart, for I have won  
The love of Mistress Rosalie;  
The spell hath worked its wonders on  
The heart that now is bound to me.

MARGERLY SINGS.

Oh, Lady mine, what means the change  
So suddenly come over thee?  
'Tis quite unnatural and strange,  
Nor can I think what it may be.

ROSALIE SINGS.

'Twere vain to strive, the spell hath won,  
My heart is now no longer free;  
A change hath o'er my spirit come,  
A sudden cloud of mystery.

RALPH SINGS.

Oh fickle heart of womankind!  
Now here, now there, it drifts along  
And sports with love since love is blind,  
Then strikes a discord in its song.

QUARTETTE—RUPERT AND MARGERY AND ROSALIE AND RALPH (CONTINUED).

RUPERT SINGS.	ROSALIE SINGS.
'Tis well, tis well, oh wondrous spell	I feel, alas, the spell hath won,
Which silent worketh, sure and swift	And I shall never more be free;
My hidden secret who can tell?	The sentiment of love is gone—
Nor dream that 'tis a wizard's gift.	'Tis science claims my heart from me.
MARGERY SINGS.	RALPH SINGS.
Misgivings rude convulse my frame,	Oh, woe is me, no gladness may
The strangest fears pervade my breast,	Illume my heart again with bliss;
I cannot lay it to her shame	I little thought to see the day
Although my heart refuse to rest.	She'd cast away my love for his!

RALPH. Faugh, my blood boils. I cannot see my beloved one carried off before my eyes, and let my sword repose within its scabbard. Thou, Roundhead dog! shall give me satisfaction. (*Both draw their swords, Rosalie clasps her hands around Rupert's neck while Margery clings to Ralph.*)

RUPERT. Unhand me, Rosalie, my love.

RALPH. Don't hamper me, good Margery. (*They lunge at each other.*)

RUPERT. Here's for the Commonwealth and Rosalie!

RALPH. Here's for my lady and the king!

*The Earl rushes in excitedly and dashes up their swords.*

EARL. No bloodshed, gentlemen, but hear the startling news, Oliver Cromwell is dead!

*Jack bursting in.*

JACK. Hurrah, I'm blest if Jack's not a fool again, hurrah! Long live the King!

RUPERT. Treason! Allegiance to Richard, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

JACK. Richard Cromwell shall never rule. There can be only one king of all fools—and that shall be Jack!

CROWD (*rushes in, crying*). Harrah! Hurrah! Long live the King!

CHORUS SINGS.

Long live the king,	May subjects keep loyal and true to his cause,
Ring, joybells, ring;	And wisdom impart a just tone to his laws;
Raise the glad strain	May health be his dower, may peace and fair fame
Again and again;	Attend on his acts and ennoble his name.
Long live the king,	Ring, joybells, ring,
Sing, comrades, sing.	Sing, comrades, sing;
	Long live the king let the heralds proclaim.

END OF ACT II

SCENE—THE EXTERIOR OF THE CASTLE OF EPPING.

*After the Restoration. Night—Party of Royalists proceeding to search for the Warlock in order to burn him at the stake.*

CHORUS SINGS.

Away with him, offspring of evil,	Sprinkle the dust with his ashes
Blemish on beautiful earth!	Far o'er the emerald plain
Back to his father the devil	Warning to them, who so rash as
He—the destroyer of mirth.	E'er to use witchcraft again.
The fieriest hands of the fuel	Away with the wretch and his magic
Pile round the terrible stake	Let the breeze kindle the flame
Only for good are we cruel,	Justice be done how e'er tragic—
Life that is hurtful to take.	Naught can be laid to one's shame.

*Exit All. Enter Rupert.*

RUPERT. They over estimate their strength. They go to drag the Warlock to the stake in the fire to expiate his crimes. 'Twill serve them well should he cast a spell upon them—aye, and destroy them in his wrath; but it doth not concern me—the place is quiet now and I shall soothe my love's soft slumbers with a song.

RUPERT ARIA. 'Tis night and lo the lurking shadows rest  
Like solemn pall athwart the forest's breast;  
A travelling cloud across the pale moon creeps,  
The songless-bird within its haven sleeps,  
And yonder in the castle in her room  
My love in sweetest dreams forgets the gloom.

RUPERT SERENADE. My love, my lady sleeps;  
She sleeps while the stars are bright,  
While the silver-sandalled moon-beam steals  
From out the courts of light,  
To my lady's room from the midnight sky  
Through the mullioned panes of her casement high,  
While the solemn chime from the clock tower peals  
And my love, my lady sleeps—  
Sleeps while the shadow falls  
Dark over ancestral halls,  
But the moonbeam cometh with armour bright  
From the courts of light as my lady's knight  
While my love, my lady sleeps.  
My love, my lady sleeps;  
She sleeps while I raise a strain  
That she hears in her slumber like a dream,  
She'll know when she wakes again;  
And her heart goes out to my song of love  
That I sing when the moon is in the sky above,  
And athwart the lattice falls a beam  
Where my love, my lady sleeps.

Sleeps while I raise my song  
 Which night-winds waft along  
 Through the still air laden with perfumed flowers  
 Till the echoes come from her father's towers—

Where my love, my lady sleeps.

There's one a vigil keeps  
 Then slumber on lady mine;  
 In thy dreams thou'lt hear the serenade  
 Of heart that is truly thine;  
 Then I'll sing thee softly a lullaby  
 While the stars are bright in the summer sky  
 And the moon lets loose her silver braid

While my loved one calmly sleeps.

Sleep then my lady fair  
 Love of the golden hair;  
 May thy dreams be sweet as the fragrant rose  
 And thy visions fair as the Alpine snows  
 Oh my love that calmly sleeps—

My love that calmly sleeps. (*The stage brightens.*)

RUPERT ARIA. The morning breaks when shadows flee away;  
 The birds awake to herald in the day;  
 The pale, white mists soft o'er the uplands steal;  
 The distant bells ring out a gladsome peal;  
 While thro' the woodland comes the mild-tongued breeze  
 In honied wooings to the whispering trees.

*Enter Jack attired as a jester.*

JACK. Ah, ha! So this is scientific love? What a strange resemblance doth it bear to its sentimental neighbour; yet now that I think of it there must ever be this resemblance between love and science. In both sleep is driven from its stronghold—for instance; the philosopher utilises the somnific hours by burning the midnight oil, while the lover undervalues his couch, arising at four o'clock in the morning to serenade his lady! One—the philosopher—has too much sense but keeps the surplus to himself; the other—the lover—hath not enough, nor can he supply the deficiency. After all, when I was a boy, I was like the lover and possibly plied a little of his trade on the sly, nor had I a reason to grieve o'er the deficiency—but I mustn't tell tales out of school, and it's a long time since the rule of three and I parted company. In those scatter-brain days I was wont to observe that the world had sense enough for two, nor was I incorrect for I have since found that the world is highly censorious.

RUPERT (*turning round*). Ha, the King's jester; but stay—I have seen his face.

JACK. Aye, I'm cheap Jack or dear Jack, which you will. The former name I have discarded, while the latter I still retain—at least amongst the ladies, but John is the name by which I'm known at Court. (*familiarly*) Say, which is the lady's window?

RUPERT. That's my affair.



JACK. Your affaire de coeur no doubt.

RUPERT. What brings thee here so early?

JACK. I might ask thee that, only like my last question it might tax thy politeness. The fact is I could not sleep and am prowling about like an evil spirit trying to increase my stock of diabolical jokes for the amusement of my royal master. Now to what are the early hours indebted for such an unwonted display of activity on thy part?

RUPERT. I had a nightmare, which is responsible for a similar coincidence.

JACK. Ah, that is a dark horse and a sorry steed. Shall I tell the real truth?

(sings) With a ring-a-ting-ting, will I sing thee a serenade!

RUPERT. I see thou hast overheard me.

JACK. Aye, I overheard thee. Thou art in love—I may also remark thou art in good voice!

RUPERT. Aye, I have reduced love to a science.

JACK. H'm, thou art certainly in love, but whether scientifically or sentimentally 'tis hard to say. The greater the resemblance the more difficult to discriminate which is which and which is—the other.

JACK SINGS.

Love is the same all the wide world through	Singular too, when the course hath been run
Science or sentiment nothing is new;	Two become one!—therein is the fun
It only requires a couple—that's two—	Since the knot that unites can not be undone
But each of a different gender.	—As unseen it defieth detection.
Love as a science is only a spell,	Here's some advice that I'll venture to give,
Love sentimental may sound very well,	Banish that love craze as long as you live—
But the one and the other are simply a sell,	It will give no pang when dead I conceive
And the glances are equally tender.	As death's for the knot a solution.
Couple or pair, or a brace if you will,	Oft for a trifle you'll pay a big price
Two was the number, and two it is still	Naught do I charge for this "fool's advice."
While three never was and three never will	Try platonic affection, you'll find it as nice
In love be considered perfection.	And 'twill save you a lot of confusion.

RUPERT. Thou seemest to have studied the subject.

JACK. Aye, tho' I have loved little and am little loved.

RUPERT. Which twain occur from a freak of temperament possibly. Love is a key that won't suit every lock.

JACK. Love is a key that suits but one lock.

RUPERT. Which?

JACK. Wedlock, and it is a lock that hath unfortunately been known to go out of order and then it becomes a deadlock!

RUPERT. I have always believed matrimony to be a condition of nuptial bliss.

JACK. More frequently of nuptial blizzards. But see we are not the only people who indulge in night-walking. If this be not Mistress Margery then am I not jester to his Most Gracious Majesty King Carolus Secundus.

RUPERT. I cannot bide the woman. She is my enemy.

JACK. Then why remain—don't think I want thy company!

RUPERT. Thou art insolent like all the king's herds.

JACK. Well, I may be free of speech, but 'tis my privilege even to His Majesty. I trow I have more honour in my carcase than to steal other people's sweethearts!

RUPERT (*hotly*). Wert thou not a fool by nature as well as profession I would give thee an inch of steel.

JACK. Faith thou wouldst swing for it; and a nice see-saw thou wouldst make.

RUPERT. Enough. I leave thee to entertain the wench.

*Exit Rupert. Enter Margery.*

JACK. Ah! Mistress Margery, dost know me?

MARGERY. 'Tis Jack! But thou art changed.

JACK. Aye, my attire is changed. I could not be expected always to wear the same garb; but thou wilt find no change in me (*turns out his pockets*).

MARGERY. My life, but thou lookest well.

JACK. Swear not by life, it is a riddle that puzzles everybody—though I do not intend to give it up till I die!

MARGERY. What a beautiful dress! Who chose it for thee?

JACK. 'Tis the king's taste. Since the restoration of our merry monarch, I, too, have been restored to my princely office, and am proud to rank amongst his majesty's boon companions.

MARGERY. And where is thy pack?

JACK. As for my pack, I have appointed a successor who pays me a tidy commission for my august patronage—but thou, also, hast been patrolling the night!

MARGERY. 'Tis true. Alas, Jack, I'm ill at ease. My mistress, sweet Lady Rosalie, is bewitched, and poor Sir Ralph doth rave like any lunatic, while my Lord of Epping hath completely broken down.

JACK. That is bad news.

MARGERY. Bad news, and nothing can be done.

JACK. I'm not so sure of that. Now listen, I shall advise thee. Words of wisdom shall fall from the lips of even a fool. 'Tis the work of the Warlock Ilbrahim that hath wrought this; he hath imparted his power to the Roundhead, Forde, who but a short while ago, hath left me in anger. Conquer the wizard by force of a superior will, and I take it the power of the other will also be over-thrown.

MARGERY. Thy reasoning is good, Master Jack; but how overcome the wizard?

JACK. I have it. I heard him say a woman, and only one woman, so far as he knew, possessed a superior strength of will to his. Find her and thou shalt achieve success.

MARGERY. How would it be possible? Can'st thou give me no clue?

JACK. Stay, I can! 'Twas the woman he loved in early days; a woman who scorned his love, and thus embittered his life and made him what he is. He would have won her love in a scientific manner were it not that her will was more powerful than his!

MARGERY (*embracing him*). Jack, thou dear, good, handsome creature, thou—

JACK (*aghast*). Mistress Margery!

MARGERY. O, thou hast made me so happy, with thy dear, ugly, wrinkled, old, good-tempered face.

JACK (*aside*). Is she making love to me? But what means her change of tactics? She called me handsome a moment ago—she is as full of moods as a weather-cock; (*aloud*) Ah, Mistress Margery, my face is seamed with smiles; the footprints left in the many weary miles of jests that I've traversed in my life.

MARGERY. Well, thou hast done one good action.

JACK. My actions are like my jests, some bad, some good. Have I given thee a clue to the woman?

MARGERY. Thou hast.

JACK. I am curious. Lives she within any reasonable distance?

MARGERY. Aye, for I am she.

JACK (*starting*). Thou! Then take thine eyes off me, I have had too much of that sort of thing. 'Tis quite enough to be one person in a life time without being half a dozen!

MARGERY. I go, dear Jack (*slaps him*).

JACK (*discomposed*). Don't jingle my bells. I'm not quite used to them yet, and it unnerves me after the intelligence thou hast imparted.

MARGERY. Now to right things.

JACK. Stay!

MARGERY. What is it.

JACK. My fee.

MARGERY. Thy fee! What shall I give thee?

JACK. Thou hast a fine voice. Wilt sing me a song?

MARGERY. Aye, that I shall, and gladly.

MARGERY SINGS.

Only the stars and I were awake		Only the stars and I were awake
All nature was sleeping away,		Alone—tho' not lonely was I—
And scarcely a bar of light told the break		The silence around me I cared not to break,
To east of another new day.		Above was the star-spangled sky.
Only the stars and I were awake,		And in my breast which harboured no ache
The sails of the windmill were still—		My heart sang its own joyous song
For even the breeze a slumber must take		Of love and of life when daylight shall break
And leave for a season the mill.		Above for the glittering throng.

Only the stars above in the sky  
Like aspen-leaves trembling as night-winds sigh,  
Keeping so far, yet coming so nigh,  
Only the stars and I! (*Exit Margery, abruptly.*)

JACK. Had she waited I would have thrown platonic to the wind and asked her for a kiss. Preachers, as a rule, never practise what they preach, nor are they expected to. Ah, me, poor Jack is again crushed. To think that after the weather was just commencing to become pleasantly warm, the icebergs should appear within sight of haven to chill the atmosphere. However, I'll follow her.

*Exit Margery. Exit Jack. Enter Dame Judith.*

JUDITH. I do believe I am in love. In love at last and at my time of life. Let me diagnose the symptoms; a sort of indescribable twitter at times agitates my frame. My heart beats and yet it doesn't beat; and my sight, which used to be remarkably quick and keen, occasionally fails me without a moment's notice—especially when he is near. Ah, Rupert Forde, don't spurn the soul passion of a woman—a woman who knows her temperament as well as her leech [doctor], for the passing fancy of a pair of insipid eyes and a milk and water face! Ah, Rupert—what a charming name for a charming young man! 'Tis true that he is younger than I; yet I have the cash, and if that doesn't weigh heavier when placed in the balance then are the conclusions of science at an end.

*Enter Jeremy.*

JEREMY. Ah, madam, I have been seeking thee.

JUDITH. What, that man again! Will he never cease to persecute me?

JEREMY. 'Tis fortunate I have found thee alone.

JUDITH (*aside*). Most unfortunate. What am I to do?

JEREMY. Madam, I am encouraged by thy silence (*falls on his knees*). I would solicit the honour of thy hand in a matrimonial alliance.

JUDITH (*screaming*). What. Dost thou desire me to marry thee?

JEREMY. Yea, verily, gentle charmer. (*aside*) The old rat!

JUDITH. And thou wouldst marry me—me or my money?

JEREMY. Thyself. Men do not woo for money now-a-days. Sordid motives are a remnant of a barbaric age which is rapidly become extinct. (*rising*) The world is becoming so pure now-a-days [17th century], that in the nineteenth century men and women shall have developed wings!

JUDITH. No doubt they will be fully feathered, but there will be a liberal allowance of the tar brush.

JEREMY. Thou art determined to pitch [tar] into what I say; but I can be patient, save when awaiting thy reply, gentle lady. Wilt thou be mine?

JUDITH SINGS.

A wink is as good as a nod	She scorneth her lord's too feeble praise—
They say to a sightless horse,	She speaketh so well for herself.
But a nod or a wink, a wink or a nod	I know just a thing or two,
To me is the same of course!	My eyes they were given me to see!
Two pennies are better than one,	He who asks a kiss, I'll measure him two,
A shilling's as good as twelve pence,	Now what do you think of me?
Take one from two and you leave but one—	If my question you deem too hard,
Now that's what I call common sense.	I tell you just what I shall do,
There's a slip twixt the cup and the lip:	I'll give you a nut to crack less hard—
So experience hath taught us all,	Now what do I think of you?
But sure as the cup shall slip from your lip,	I'm not such a fool as I look!
That proverb from mine must fall.	Now which seemeth better to thee—
Lovely woman requires no praise,	To be a greater fool than you look,
So long as she's not on the shelf!	Or look a greater fool than you be?

*Exit Judith.*

JEREMY. She—she won't have me! What an old spit-cat! The remnant of the barbaric age would be dear at any price.

*Great commotion heard without.—Re-enter the crowd dragging Ilbrahim with them. They bind Ilbrahim to a post, but when the Warlock's arms are free he makes rapid passes, and casts a spell over the entire company, who remain stationary in various positions.*

ILBRAHIM (*recites*). Arise, spirits of the dead. Hither gather spirits of the air.  
Transfix with hidden shafts these impious ones.

*Re-enter Margery.*

ILBRAHIM. Withdraw thy holy eyes.

MARGERY. Nay, I shall subdue thee with mine eyes, aye, and humble thy wicked heart. My will shall conquer thine!

ILBRAHIM. Mercy, woman, by the love I bore thee—honourable love, for might I not have triumphed over one so weak as thou by such a will as mine!

MARGERY. Nay, thou didst try thy power and hast failed; now, it is my turn.

ILBRAHIM. What wouldst thou?

MARGERY. Release thy captives.

ILBRAHIM. They are released.

*All are re-animated and rush off the stage.*

MARGERY. And withdraw thy witchcraft from my mistress, Lady Rosalie.

ILBRAHIM. But—

MARGERY. No buts for me—obey!

ILBRAHIM. It shall be, yet such a spell as hers must fall on someone else.

*Re-enter Jack.*

JACK. Ah, just in time. Bewitch the Roundhead, Forde. Dame Judith is o'er head and ears in love with him, 'twould make a pretty match.

ILBRAHIM. Thy words have the ring of common sense—it shall be done.

*Enter Rupert with Rosalie. Enter Ralph on the side. Ilbrahim suddenly makes passes, and Rosalie starts away from Rupert, who endeavours to detain her.*

ROSALIE. Unhand me, sir—Ralph!

RALPH (*ecstatically*). Rosalie, my love!

ROSALIE. Protect me from this person.

RUPERT. Zounds, what means this?

MARGERY. It means that the game is up!

ILBRAHIM. That love hath conquered.

RUPERT. What! dost mean that science hath succumbed to such a puny force as love?

ILBRAHIM. Interpret as thou wilt.

RUPERT (*to Jack*). And this is thy work, thou wicked man.

JACK. Wicked, but converted.

ILBRAHIM. Go cheer Dame Judith's heart, and take my blessing.

RUPERT. What—She? And what of thee?

JACK. Condemn him to love until his life's end, and let his hopeless heart beat itself to a pulp against its prison bars!

ILBRAHIM. Thou lovest Judith (*makes passes*)!

RUPERT (*abstractedly*). What? Her! Dame Judith—dear Judith—my first—my only love.

JEREMY. Thou hast made a first rate bargain, thou hast secured an inestimable treasure.

*Enter Titus.*

ILBRAHIM (*to Rupert*). Where art thou going?

RUPERT. I am going to seek my Judith.

ILBRAHIM. Nay, she already comes, I have willed her to know thine heart. (*turning to Ralph and Rosalie*) Now to make amends, join hands, love like yours shall live; live to beautify the earth, live to blossom in heaven!

MADRIGAL. ILBRAHIM SINGS.

The clouds have passed for ever,		The tide of love flows brightly,
A beam now gilds the stream:		Its waters swift and clear,
For love flows like a river		With song it glideth lightly
That glides through realms of dream.		And charms the lover's ear.
Upon its face is glory		There's virtue in the measure,
Reflected from on high,		A salve for hearts that ache,
While sweet the old, old story		For love finds always pleasure
It tells in passing by.		To raise the hearts that break.

*Enter troopers, followed by Dame Judith in helmet.*

JUDITH. Halt!

TITUS. She—she hath married the whole troop!

JEREMY. She hath taken over command! I knew she would; 'twas the fate of any man who would take her.

JUDITH. Rupert.

RUPERT (*saluting*). Aye, Captain.

JUDITH. Attention! Eyes right!—forward!—halt!—embrace!—salute! (*They kiss. Jack imitates Rupert's movements.*) —Dress up! (*Rupert sidles up to Judith followed by Jack.*) —Shoulder arms! (*Rupert puts his arm round Judith's neck while Jack starts away with a grimace.*)

JACK. I've gone far enough.

JUDITH. See what it is to choose a military man for a husband; he understands the word of command—perfectly.

JEREMY. She's a day's march past the barbaric age now! Yea, beyond doubt—and beyond data—she is in the Amazonian era, when it is prophesied the world will lose its equilibrium.

*Enter Earl.*

EARL. The glad intelligence hath but just reached me that the Warlock's spell hath been removed and that he hath restored Rosalie and Ralph to one another. Come, Titus, fetch goblets hither and let us drink his health.

ILBRAHIM. Nay; however the Warlock's fangs have been drawn. Henceforth he shall cross this scene no more.

JACK (*aside to the audience*). Until to-morrow night at eight o'clock, sharp! [next play's performance] We're all tamed now even to the Warlock and the Captain [Forde]. Oh, what a domestic menagerie we are having, dear boys!

TITUS. Aye, and since the apple of discord hath been removed, let us salute the happy pair.

JACK. Apple—pear—behold, history repeats itself. The unfortunate apple is swallowed by (*points*) the fortunate pair!

FINALE.

THE WARLOCK'S EXORCISM.

By all that's bright and good and pure,	By fragrance of sweet smelling flowers
By every scene on earth that's fair;	By lofty ever changing sky—
By touching chords that men allure	Away dark souls of unblest hours
Wherein the holy breathe a prayer;	And to the voiceless shadows fly!

BETROTHAL MARCH.

Fair and bright, filled with light	Hand in hand, joyous stand,
Come sweet dreams of love	While the hearts within
Blessed by Heaven above.	Heaven's refrain begin;
Banish tears, love now cheers,	Magic's spell endeth well,
And for thee, gay and free,	And for thee, gay and free,
Life shall be.	Life shall be.

DUET, ROSALIE AND RALPH.

Sing beloved the heart's own music	In the brightness of the day;
Let the strains be light and gay,	Futures lie o'er golden tiles
All the spectral shades have vanished	And our paths are lit with smiles.

RUPERT SINGS.

Pretty faces all are hollow,	Science whispers in mine ear;
Beauty's but a thin veneer	Common-sense and gold I wed
Love still bids my hear be merry,	Sentiment in me is dead!

CHORUS.

Fashion from sweet flowers a garland,	While the brave deserves the fair—
And salute the happy pair,	Thus do love and truth unite
Beauty now demands the bravest	In a future every bright!

CURTAIN.

From *The Era*, London, England, February 6, 1892.

“THE WARLOCK.”

A New and Original Romantic Comedy-Opera in Three Acts, by Messrs Alfred Smythe and Edgar Little, Produced at the Queen’s Royal Theatre, Dublin, on Monday, Feb. 1st, 1892.

Ilbrahim . . . . .	Mr ALFRED SMYTHE
The Earl of Epping . . . . .	Mr H. TISDALL
Captain Rupert Forde . . . . .	Mr W. LOWTHER-CAMPBELL
Sir Ralph Lascelles . . . . .	Mr. J. V. MULLEN
Cheap Jack . . . . .	Mr GEORGE CRAWFORD
Master Jeremy . . . . .	Mr AUGUSTUS DAVOREN
Titus Bower . . . . .	Mr HENRY THOMAS
Chief Trooper . . . . .	Mr E. C. COLLETTE
Page . . . . .	Master GEORGE FRY
Mistress Margery . . . . .	Miss PRESCOTT
Mistress Prue . . . . .	Miss ISABEL MADDOCK
Rachel . . . . .	Miss EDITH GRANDISON
Dame Judith Oakley . . . . .	Mrs BETHAM
The Lady Rosalie . . . . .	Miss DU BEDAT

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The Queen’s Theatre was crowded on Monday, when took place the production of this new opera by Messrs Smythe and Little. The plot is laid in the time of the Commonwealth, just before the Restoration. Woven with many exciting events in connection with the rival parts of the Cavaliers and Roundheads are the extraordinary scientific mysticisms of a magician, interspersed with the passion of a love-sick trio, and the humours of a lively Cheap Jack. The magician and Jack consider love a purely scientific affair. “Poor fool!” soliloquises the magician when he finds Jack dreaming away his time after his adventure with the lovers. “Poor fool! And yet not half as great a fool as the pair who talk and sing of love and believe in love. Bah! Love is a bubble fated to burst—a dream destined to melt away. Love is a lie created to deceive all youth!” So thinks Jack; but he’s a light cynic too, and he declares as he sings, that—

Love is the same all the wide world through,  
 Science or sentiment—nothing is new!  
 It simply requires a couple—that’s two—  
 Only each of a different gender!

Jack and the magician are the centrepieces of the play. During the chimerical evolutions of the Cromwellian troopers and the love, hatred, and ardour of Sir Ralph, Rosalie, and Captain Forde, Jack continues his dissertations and the magician his strange performances.



In the first act the curtain rises upon the scene of a banquet in the castle of the Earl of Epping, where numerous guests have congregated to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Rosalie, the Earl's daughter, of whom they sing in an inspiring opening chorus. To this banquet comes Captain [Rupert] Forde, a Cromwellian officer, to claim the hand of Rosalie, the betrothed of Sir Ralph Lascelles, who, with the Earl, is plotting against the Commonwealth. After Captain Forde's departure Sir Ralph's arrival is announced. Disguised as a mendicant, the Magician appears to warn the company of a troop of soldiers who are marching to the castle in order to gain possession of compromising despatches. The Earl is about to destroy these documents, when the Magician discovers them to be inscribed on gelatine, and he dissolves them into wine, with which the troopers are regaled. Captain Forde, returns to find his men in a state of high hilarity; but although his anger is aroused, he is afterwards induced to drink to Rosalie's health. A general titter runs through the company at this spectacle, and Rosalie endeavours to get him to further drink to the King's health, but to no avail. What power is there that can make him drain the cup? is asked by Margery. "The Warlock's," is whispered quietly; and at this moment the old mendicant suddenly appears with the goblet, and forces Captain Forde to drink the wine. Amidst a scene of exciting terror the guests observe that the old beggar has become transformed into the awful "Warlock," and break forth into a tuneful chorus:

'Tis the Warlock; he's the dread magician.  
 Oh, how wild beats the heart within the breast!  
 What can be his strange, unholy mission—  
 He the grim unwelcome guest?

The opening of the second act discovers Rosalie, Margery, and Dame Judith amongst the ruined cloisters in the churchyard at Epping, known as the home of "The Warlock." Margery and Dame Judith leave Rosalie to go in search of the magician, and then follows a love scene between Rosalie and Sir Ralph, which Cheap Jack, unperceived, is a witness of. He remains concealed until he rushes in to offer them the choice of his pack just as the lovers are on the point of cementing their vows with a kiss. They leave Jack in disgust, and he is afterwards joined by the Magician and Captain Forde. In order to prove to the latter his power over mortals, the Magician, by turns, makes poor Jack believe himself everything, from a skipper to a king of the world. By the same means Rosalie is made to fancy that Captain Forde is Ralph, and she gives her hand to the Roundhead soldier. Gloomy complications arise on this reaction of Rosalie's affection, and a quarrel is raging between Ralph and Captain Forde when the startling news is announced "Cromwell is dead," and the Commonwealth is ended.

Act three opens after the Restoration, when Captain Forde, the scientific lover, is found serenading his lady-love in true sentimental style. Jack informs Margery of the power possessed by the Magician, and by her stronger will she assists Rosalie to cure herself of her misplaced love, and saves the "Warlock" from the vengeance of the people, who are on the point of burning him as a wizard. Rosalie returns to her old love, and the curtain falls on her happy betrothal.

Mr Smythe, the author of the libretto, is to be congratulated on his success, and Mr Little's music is certainly meritorious. Miss Du Bedat sang splendidly, and her acting as Lady Rosalie was excellent. Dame Judith Oakley had a capable exponent in Mrs Betham. Mr W. Lowther Campbell had studied well the part of Captain Rupert Forde, and achieved a great success. That of Sir Ralph Lascelles was sustained by Mr J. V. Mullen, in good style. Mr George Crawford was very humorous as Cheap Jack, and Mr Augustus Davoren was a good representative of Master Jeremy. Mr Henry Thomas played well as Titus Bower, and Miss Edith Grandison filled effectively the part of Rachel. Miss Prescott deserves praise for her careful portrait of Margery, and Miss Isabel Maddock was quite equal to the requirements of Mistress Prue. Mr E. C. Collett mad a fine manly trooper, and Master George Fry was efficient as a page. Ilbrahim was well impersonated by Mr Alfred Smythe, and Mr H. Tisdall did what was wanted cleverly as the Earl of Epping. The way in which the piece was mounted and stage-managed reflected great credit on Mr J. W. Whitbread.

From the *Irish Daily Independent*, Dublin, Ireland, October 5, 1892.

“STRANGE RESEMBLANCE”

The account which has appeared in the *Independent* of the plot of the new comic opera by Mr. Sydney Grundy and Sir Arthur Sullivan, “Haddon Hall,” has given rise to much surprise amongst Dubliners who have witnessed the performance of “The Warlock,” first at the Queen’s and then at the Gaiety Theatres in the early part of the present year. What is quite remarkable is the strange resemblance which “Haddon Hall” bears in many respects to Messrs. Alfred Smythe and Edgar Little’s highly successful work. The public attention has been so keenly attracted by the similarity of portions of the plot structure of Mr. Sydney Grundy’s libretto to Mr. Alfred Smythe’s book, that we think it only fair to the author of the earlier opera, which first saw the light in Dublin, and is the composition of a Dublin man, to refer to some of them. In order that they may be seen at a glance we place them side by side:—

“THE WARLOCK.”	“HADDON HALL.”
Family at Epping Castle; father, sister, daughter.	Family at Haddon Hall; father, mother, daughter.
Time—That of the Cavaliers and Roundheads.	Time—That of the Cavaliers and Roundheads.
Curtain rises on a company who celebrate the birthday of daughter.	Curtain rises on a company who celebrate the marriage of daughter.
Daughter has two lovers—one a Cavalier, the other a Roundhead.	Daughter has two lovers—one a Cavalier, the other a Roundhead.
The Roundhead’s name is Rupert.	The Roundhead’s name is Rupert.
She favours the Cavalier lover.	She favours the Cavalier lover.
There is a comic entry of a pedlar with patter song, who cracks [chats] up his wares.	There is a comic entry of a pedlar with patter song, who cracks [chats] up his wares.
The Puritans are introduced to provide the fun of the piece.	The Puritans are introduced to provide the fun of the piece.
Pedlar takes a letter from lover to daughter.	Pedlar takes a letter from lover to daughter.
2nd act opens with a night scene.	2nd act opens with a night scene.
Earl brings intelligence that Charles has been proclaimed king.	Cavalier’s servant brings the intelligence that Charles has been proclaimed king.

It is pointed out that if the above are merely coincidences they are somewhat remarkable.

From *The Era*, London, England, October 22, 1892.

“IMAGINARY PLAGIARISM”

In a recent interview with our Special Commissioner Mr SYDNEY GRUNDY sturdily defended the practice of adaptation from the French, with especial reference to his own particular method of conveyance. Mr GRUNDY, like most modern adaptors, has the courage of his opinions. In the old times, as he truly says, BOUCICAULT and TOM TAYLOR “calmly refrained from giving the critics any hint of the source of their inspiration.” The modern plagiarist boldly proclaims the source of his ideas, on the programme of the first night’s performance at any rate. How much of this honesty is due to the promptings of conscience, and how much to an increase of erudition in the critics, which makes it better on the whole to “own up” than to be found out, it is difficult to say. The result, however, is pretty much the same in the end.

An unpleasant result of the practice of adaptation is the growth of uneasy suspicion, and this occasionally becomes as morbid as was the political imagination of “patriots” at a certain stage of the French Revolution. “Give a dog a bad name,” says the proverb, “and hang him,” and a hardened adaptor like Mr GRUNDY is likely to be unjustly accused. In such a case it becomes a duty to defend him. We cannot, for instance, admit any serious foundation to the charge recently made that the libretto of *Haddon Hall* is a plagiarism upon that of *The Warlock*, a romantic comedy-opera by Alfred Smythe and Edgar Little, produced at the Queen’s Theatre, Dublin, on Feb. 1st last. The manner in which the accusation has been brought is interesting, as an example of the method in which these charges are trumped up.

Certain non-essential points of resemblance in the two librettos have been selected, and placed side by side for comparison. Thus, we are told that in both cases the time of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads has been selected, that the name of one of the latter in both operas is “Rupert,” that in each the daughter of a country gentleman favours her Cavalier lover, and rejects a Puritan; that there is in each work a comic pedlar, who cries, “Come buy, come buy,” and sings, “On my back I have my pack;” and that the proclamation of Charles II as King assists the climax of both “books.” [Note: *The Warlock* has “Come buy” and “On my back I have my pack.” while *Haddon Hall* has “Who’ll buy” and “On his back he may carry a pack.”] Those who have neither seen *The Warlock* nor read an analysis of the plot may thus imbibe an uneasy suspicion that the brilliant book of *Haddon Hall* was not entirely original. Let us hasten to reassure these doubters. The similarities are merely in unimportant details; the differences are in essentials. The libretto of *The Warlock* is a kind of fairy story, and the leading character is a magician. The tale is, perhaps, hardly worth telling at length; but when we say that the climax of one of the acts is the transformation of an old mendicant into an awful “Warlock” or sorcerer, and that the same “uncanny” personage by his weird art makes several of the characters believe themselves to be others of diametrically opposite character, the difference between *The Warlock* and *Haddon Hall* is easily detectable. The resemblances which have been selected are just those which would be almost certain to occur in any libretto the scene of which was laid in or about the Cromwellian period. Mr GRUNDY has been, in our opinion, most unfairly and disingenuously accused.

From *The Era*, London, England, November 12, 1892.

“THE WARLOCK” AND “HADDON HALL”

**TO THE EDITOR OF THE ERA.**

Sir,—My attention has just been called to the leader in your issue of October 22, referring to an “accusation” which you say has been “trumped up” against Mr Sydney Grundy of plagiarising *The Warlock*. As the librettist of *The Warlock*, I beg to say positively that no accusation whatever has been brought against Mr Grundy. Resemblances of a striking kind were pointed out and adverted to in the public press, and Mr Grundy *volunteered* to defend himself against a charge of plagiarism never brought, or (as has been said by you) never “trumped up,” against him. All that was asked was a candid announcement in the newspaper that our opera had appeared eight months before his. This seems a simple request.

If it be perfectly fair and honest to emphasize any differences existing in the structure of the plots of the two operas, it undeniably is fair and just to allude to, and to draw attention to, similarities which speak for themselves. Of course such similarities are only evident to those who have taken the trouble to read both the libretti through. If *The Warlock* had appeared now for the first time, it would have been hissed unmercifully as a gross plagiarism. This is the general opinion on this side of the water, where our humble effort was a decided success.

I beg to enclose you a copy of the correspondence, which, I may mention, originated with Mr Grundy, and hope you will do me the justice (after your article of October 22) of publishing it and this letter.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ALFRED SMYTHE, J.P., F.R.G.S. [Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society]  
14, Harcourt-street, Dublin, Nov. 5th, 1892.

LETTER FROM MR SYDNEY GRUNDY TO MR ALFRED SMYTHE.

Winter Lodge, Addison-road, W., Oct. 7th, 1892.—

Dear Sir,—Only this morning have I received from Romeike’s [Press Cutting Agency] the cuttings from Dublin journals pointing out the similarities between *Haddon Hall* and *The Warlock*. Your opera was produced in February last. When I assure you that, in the first week of that month, in the study of Sir Arthur Sullivan at the Villa Marie, Monte Carlo, I saw the (almost) complete score (of course, not orchestrated) of acts one and two of *Haddon Hall*, you will understand that my share of the work had been practically completed long before your opera saw the light. In fact, we must have been working on the same theme at the same time; the curious coincidence is that we should have pitched on the same period. All the other coincidences flow from that, and are not in themselves very surprising. What is infinitely more surprising is, that until an hour ago I never heard of *The Warlock*, and of the scores of theatrical people concerned in the Savoy rehearsals not one apparently had heard of it; certainly, nobody mentioned it.

The coincidence is very strange, when one considers that it is not the period of the legend. What attracted me to the particular epoch we both selected was the theatrical superstition that no piece pitched in that period is ever a success. In *A Pair of Spectacles* (adaptation) I tried to explode the venerable superstition of the critics that a story 'strong in female interest is essential.' In both cases I have succeeded beyond my hopes. The Savoy is crammed every night (thanks, of course, to Sir Arthur's beautiful music), and the booking is phenomenal. I sincerely trust that your opera will be as successful whenever reproduced. Faithfully yours (signed), SYDNEY GRUNDY. Another coincidence! The name of Sir Arthur Sullivan's private secretary is Smythe.

—To Alfred Smythe, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.

MR ALFRED SMYTHE'S REPLY.

14, Harcourt-street, Dublin, Oct. 10th, 1892.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of yours of October 7th. As you have seen the great similarity which exists in characters and, in many instances, situations and sentiment in your libretto of *Haddon Hall* with my *Warlock*, you will easily understand how very seriously this will affect the reproduction of my work. I am, however, most anxious to favourably entertain any reasonable proposition you can suggest whereby the similarities pointed out in your libretto may be rendered less apparent.

Faithfully yours (signed), ALFRED SMYTHE.

—To Sydney Grundy, Esq.

LETTER FROM MR GRUNDY.

Winter Lodge, Addison-road, W., Oct. 12th, 1892.—

Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of October 10th, I have no proposition to make. It is impossible to alter *Haddon Hall*. The piece has been produced, the libretto has been published, and the music has been engraved; and, under any circumstances, I should not feel called upon to alter it. Similarly, were I in your position, I should not run the risk of converting a success into a failure by altering *The Warlock*. You will find that any resemblance it may bear to *Haddon Hall* will be no bar whatever to its reproduction, and may possibly, by provoking curiosity, enhance its success.

Faithfully yours (signed), SYDNEY GRUNDY.

—To Alfred Smythe, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.

MR ALFRED SMYTHE'S REPLY.

14, Harcourt-street, Dublin, Oct. 15th, 1892.

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 12th. In it you allude to the resemblance borne by *The Warlock* to *Haddon Hall*, instead of the resemblance of *Haddon Hall* to *The Warlock*—a resemblance somewhat similar to that of a child to a mother, inasmuch as one saw the light before the other! Considering the admitted similarity which your later work bears to mine, registered eight months before, as you do not see your way to altering your libretto, I hold that it would only be fair to me to state in the principal London dailies—say *Times* and *Telegraph*—that my work was first in the field, and (if you wish, for your own vindication) that the similarities were mere coincidences.

Faithfully yours (signed), ALFRED SMYTHE.

—To Sydney Grundy, Esq.

LETTER FROM MR GRUNDY.

Winter Lodge, Addison-road, W., Oct. 18th, 1892.—

Dear Sir,—If Peter is like Paul, Paul is like Peter. No 'vindication' of myself is necessary. So far as I am aware, not a living human being (unless it be yourself) suspects for one moment that I have stolen your ideas. From your allusion to 'mother' and 'child,' and the general tone of your letters, I am afraid you still cherish a lingering belief that I have committed a contemptible literary larceny. Well, as you do not know me, it is not unnatural that you should think so. I can only assure you that you are mistaken. The fact that you were first (not 'in the field') but in production is obvious, and has already been sufficiently published. Here the advantage was entirely yours, and if anybody could be damaged, it was I. But nobody has been damaged, as it has turned out. I am sure that a moment's reflection will show you how absurd it would be for me to protest my honesty in newspapers that never impugned it. I may add, in conclusion, that the apparently curious circumstance that I saw no notice of *The Warlock* is explained by the fact that the week in which it was produced was the very week when I was in Monte Carlo.

Faithfully yours (signed), SYDNEY GRUNDY.

—To Alfred Smythe, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.

MR ALFRED SMYTHE'S REPLY.

14, Harcourt-street, Dublin, Oct. 20th, 1892.

Dear Sir,—Neither can I agree with you that 'nobody has been damaged,' nor am I of opinion that the priority of my opera has been 'sufficiently published.' I consider that my work has suffered very materially, and, as there has been so much comment on this side of the water respecting the strange similarities which exist between the two libretti, I feel bound, in self-protection, to give some further information to the public; therefore, I suppose you can have no possible objection to allowing the press to see our correspondence? With reference to my thinking that you have 'stolen my ideas,' as you seem to infer—in face of your emphatic denial I should be sorry to allow myself to harbour the thought; my contention is—that the striking resemblances that exist (whether by accident or design is immaterial) between *Haddon Hall* and *The Warlock* (a copyright work) are in the opinion of myself and my supporters calculated to interfere with the future success of the earlier production. Faithfully yours (signed), ALFRED SMYTHE.  
—To Sydney Grundy, Esq.

THE END