

OSWICK THE OUTLAW;

OR THE

SAXON BANDITTI:



A JUVENILE DRAMATIC ROMANCE,
IN TWO ACTS;

*Interspersed with Songs, Choruses, Combats, and Processions;
and Illustrated with Elegant Engravings.*

WRITTEN BY GEORGE SMITH.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SMITH AND SON;
AND PRINTED BY THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY,
St. George's Fields.

1812.

34/8
FSU4

\$750.

Ann Gardner

October 31 1820



OSWICK THE OUTLAW;

OR THE

SAXON BANDITTI.

OSWICK THE OLYMPIAN

OF THE

SIXTH BRANCH

OSWICK THE OUTLAW;

OR THE

SAXON BANDITTI:



A JUVENILE DRAMATIC ROMANCE,
IN TWO ACTS;

*Interspersed with Songs, Choruses, Combats, and Processions;
and Illustrated with Elegant Engravings.*

WRITTEN BY GEORGE SMITH.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SMITH AND SON;
AND PRINTED BY THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY,
St. George's Fields.

1812.

OSWICK THE OUTLAW.

CHARACTERS.

OSWICK, (the Captain of a lawless Banditti.)

HUGO, (Oswick's chief and favourite Bravo.)

HUBERT, (a noble-minded Robber, disliked by Oswick.)

THEODORE, (in love with Julia, and supposed to be
murdered by Hugo.)

BARON MORTIMER, (Father of Julia.)

Banditti, Vassals, Peasants, &c.

JULIA, (confined and persecuted by Oswick.)

ELLEN, (Sister to Julia.)

BARONESS MORTIMER.

SENTINEL.

Time, the Eighth Century.

ACT I. SCENE I.

TIME—EVENING.

Interior of Oswick's Cottage.

A TEMPESTUOUS night—the vivid lightning is seen to sheet the sky through the window of the apartment—the rain patters against the dwelling, and the thunder is heard to roll in tremendous peals—Oswick is discovered sitting at an oaken table, in a musing posture, a taper and jug is placed beside him, and one arm rests on a formidable club—he appears calm and undisturbed amidst the terrors of the night—he rises and goes to the casement, which he opens, looks out, and appears anxiously listening to some distant noise—then retires from the window, and paces the apartment with anxious and hurried steps—suddenly a loud knocking is heard at

the door, and a piercing shriek is uttered by a female, followed by a solicitation of—

“ Help! help! two benighted strangers your mercy crave,
“ And from this dread storm a sinking female save.”

The storm continues, and the loud-pealing thunder seems to threaten a dissolution of nature—the female voice continues to implore compassion, and the knocking becomes more violent—Oswick appears callous and unmoved by the distress of the strangers, when the door is rudely burst open, and the male and female rush into the room—the Outlaw raises high his ponderous club, and, dæmon-like, threatens to punish the intrusion with immediate death—the female falls at his feet—and the man seizes the arm of Oswick and implores his mercy—the Outlaw thrusts the man rudely from him, and views the prostrate Julia with a savage smile—he snatches the taper, and gazes upon the lovely stranger’s charms, then, assisting her to rise, leads her to a seat, and beckons Theodore to follow her example—Julia, terrified as she is with the storm, appears still more shocked at the savage uncouth appearance of her host, and seems solicitous to again brave the inclemency of the weather—



*"The Outlaw raises high his ponderous Club
and demon like threatens immediate death."*

Oswick eyes them with a distrustful glance, and seeing Julia rise to request her companion to resume their journey, addresses her sternly :

“ Lady, resume your seat, and calm your fright !”

Then going to the window, and opening it, adds carelessly :

“ The storm continues, you cannot depart to-night.”

‘ Not to-night,’ repeat both the strangers; “ No, not to-night,” rejoins Oswick, sharply, pushing Julia rudely to her seat, (a loud clap of thunder is heard) Theodore boldly interposes, and half unsheaths his sword—Oswick grasps his club with fierceness, his eye-balls roll with contemptuous anger, and lifting a rugged horn, which is suspended from his girdle, blows a loud blast, which is presently answered by one without—Julia, pale and trembling, flies into the arms of her lover, who draws his sword, and various doubts seem struggling in his breast—at this instant Hugo, Oswick’s favorite Bravo, enters—Julia utters a shriek, and Theodore prepares to defend her with his life—the Outlaw, unmindful of their terror, addresses the Robber :

“ Hugo, I’ll have you prepare for supper.”

and observing him regard the strangers with attention, adds, in a voice of thunder:

“Fellow, d’ye hear?”

then somewhat more calm:

“These weary strangers stand in need of cheer.”

The Bravo leaves the apartment, and as he is going out casts a look of commiseration on Theodore and Julia, which does not escape the notice of Oswick. A short pause now ensues, Oswick rests upon his club, with his back towards his guests—Theodore appears to contemplate rushing upon him, but is restrained by Julia—Hugo now enters with the coarse food, Oswick snatches it from him, spreads it on the table, and invites the guests to partake, but they refuse, he falls to and drains the keg of its contents, then rising, and motioning the strangers to follow, leaves the apartment.

SCENE II.

Outside of Oswick’s Cottage in the Wood.

Oswick enters from the cottage, and is met by Hugo from the wood—the storm has subsided, and is succeeded by a calm and serene night. Oswick clasps the hand

of Hugo fervently, and looking cautiously around to see if they are observed, exclaims in a low tone:

“Hugo! can Oswick, your Captain, trust thee?”

Hugo.—‘Aye, Captain, did I ever from my duty flee.’

Oswick smiles, but it is the smile of doubt, and placing a dagger in his hand, adds—

“The *male* stranger must die—but have a care.

Hugo.—‘Aye, I understand you, but the female spare.’

Oswick nods assent. [*Exeunt at opposite sides.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in Oswick's Cottage.

Julia discovered sitting at the table in a mournful attitude—Theodore is pacing the room; he grasps his sword, apparently expecting some treachery, when Hugo enters from an inner apartment, with a lamp, desiring to conduct Theodore to his chamber—Julia, rising, hastily cries to her lover—

“Ah! do not leave me, Theodore, *you* cannot leave me.”

Hugo.—‘I am commanded to separate ye, d’ye see.’

Theodore, wound up to a pitch of frensy, appears determined to resist, and turning to Julia :

“ I will not leave thee, Julia ! leave thee, no, no ! ”

then to the Bravo :

“ Robber, with this answer to your Captain go :

“ That some armed friends our retreat will seek,

“ Companions of our journey, ere the day shall break.”

As he speaks he eyes the Robber, whose countenance undergoes various changes, and without another word hastily leaves the room ; the lovers, left alone, fly into each other's arms, and Theodore swears not to be overpowered but by superior strength—they immediately begin to examine the apartment with anxious curiosity, they try the door without success, it is fastened on the outside—they then approach the high gothic window, and Theodore, placing the table under it, ascends, opens it, and looks anxiously out, then turning to Julia, who tremblingly stands below, exclaims, in an accent of joy—

“ Julia, my love, this window is no great height,

“ You may safely into my arms alight ;

“ Haste, my Julia, ere the miscreant returns,

“ My soul with ardour and impatience burns.”

the harmony of the night—Hugo enters thoughtfully—
Oswick approaches him, and anxiously enquires, by
motions, if the deed is done—Hugo answers in the ne-
gative—the Outlaw, drawing his sword, exclaims in a
voice of thunder :

“ How now, coward—give me the dagger.”,

Then, in an ironic tone—

“ Does the qualms of conscience make thee stagger?”

Hugo expostulates by signs, and rejoins—

“ Hold, noble Captain, hold, and be wise,

“ An armed troop will meet them at sun-rise.”

Oswick hesitates for a few seconds, then confidently
exclaims—

“ Then let them come, and they’ll see our clan

“ Can fight and conquer them man to man ;

“ Those whom fate to our recess may drive,

“ Must not, *shall* not, depart alive ;

“ Let them be treble ; they fight for hire and by duty,

“ *We* for our heads—our lives—and booty.

“ Return me the dagger, *he* shall surely die.”

Hugo yields, retains the dagger, and replies—

“ Then, to obey you, Captain, I quickly fly.”

[*Exeunt Oswick and Hugo.*



Oswick and Hugo enter from the Wood and immediately perceive the fugitives

SCENE V.

Exterior of Oswick's Cottage.

The casement of the cottage is open—Theodore enters with a rude ladder, which he places to the window—Julia appears, and Theodore looking cautiously around, beckons her to descend, she steps out, and is beginning to alight; her back is towards Theodore, who is anxiously watching her every step—at this critical moment Oswick and Hugo enter from the wood, immediately perceive the fugitives, and, favoured by the darkness of the night, cautiously advance, and seizing Theodore, bear him off, stopping his mouth with a bandage to prevent his cries—Oswick instantly returns, places himself at the feet of the ladder, and receives the hapless and unsuspecting Julia in his arms—he exultingly brings her forward—at this moment a clashing of swords is heard—Julia discovers the deception, and conjecturing the dreadful truth, faints in the ruffian's arms, and is borne by him into the cottage.

[*This is all performed in a few seconds, and has a striking stage effect.*]

SCENE VI.

Interior of the Banditti's Cave.

The gang discovered seated at a long table—Hubert, the noble-minded Bravo, at their head—their booty is placed before them, and received with loud huzzas—the can goes briskly round, and joyous revelry resounds through the cave.

CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

Let others boast of simple joys,
 And hail the rising sun ;
 The time that suits our sport, my boys,
 Is when its course is run.

Oswick enters, followed by Hugo, the revelry ceases, Hubert leaves his station, and the gang appear disturbed—Oswick displays a bloody sword and scarf, which he receives from Hugo—the Banditti murmur, and seem dissatisfied at the wanton cruelty of their Chief—upon which Hubert, the least odious of the gang, steps forward and addresses them :

“ Comrades, in guiltless blood our daggers daily teem,

“ Our Captain's cruelty's the general theme ;

“ Our lives and liberties are all at stake,

“ Should we to Oswick our allegiance break ;

- “ This dangerous life too long we have led,
 “ Too often has the harmless stranger bled ;
 “ Our Captain seldom does encrease our wealth,
 “ But murders *wantonly*—and by stealth.
 “ Comrades, we have enough, and need him not,
 “ Let every man embrace a better lot.”

And displaying a scroll, on which is written, in large characters—

‘ *Ten Thousand Crowns for the HEAD of Oswick,
and pardon for the Gang.*’

- “ Refuse, and every man ere long will hang,
 “ Then *death* to Oswick, and *pardon* for the gang.”

This speech is received with a loud huzza, and the daggers of the gang fly from their sheaths, they surround their Captain, and threaten immediate death—Oswick, during this scene, appears callous and unmoved, he falls upon his knee, and bears his breast, a smile of gloomy triumph sits upon his features, and finding the gang hesitate and irresolute, addresses them to the following effect:—

- ‘ Who inspired that courage in your breast?
 ‘ Who was it fill’d your boasted chests?
 ‘ Who, when the Barons assail’d ye in the wood,
 ‘ Their superior numbers dauntless withstood,

- ‘ And drove them back, successful as they came,
 ‘ Trembling, and panic-struck, even at my name?
 ‘ Its true, rewards are offered for my head,
 ‘ But go ye and report that Oswick’s dead.
 ‘ Unlettered fools—who will plead the robber’s cause,
 ‘ Ye all will suffer to the imperious laws;
 ‘ Instead of *pardon*, ingloriously ye’ll hang,
 ‘ ’Tis Oswick *alone* that can *preserve* the gang:
 ‘ But strike, and let your daggers drink their fill,
 ‘ You’ll see that Oswick, e’en in *death*, will be Oswick still.

Hubert, at this heroic conduct of his chief, retires, confused and abashed, to a distant part of the cave, the gang sheath their daggers—Hugo assists his Captain to rise, and he is led by the band to the head of the table, and greeted with loud cheers.

CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

Our Captain, and Freedom, for ever!
 We’ll protect our treasure and cave,
 Until death our bonds shall dis sever,
 For ’tis Oswick alone that can save.
 Then, Oswick for ever, huzza!
 We laugh at the pardon and law.

[Scene closes.]

SCENE VII.

Interior of Oswick's Cottage.

Julia discovered leaning on the table, her hair dishevelled, her dress disordered, and a melancholy look of anguish sits upon her features.

AIR. — *Julia.*

Hark! Hark!

Pulsed is this heart with sorrow;

Mark! Mark!

Could I some consolation borrow;

Dark! Dark!

No distant hope to cheer the morrow,

No earthly comfort left for me.

Hark! Hark!

Sure I hear a distant tread;

Mark! Mark!

The cruel Oswick I'll not wed;

Dark! Dark!

Oh! then, is my lover dead?

The dreadful throb—now let me die.

She hears a step approach—she starts—Oswick enters, and with savage inhumanity displays to her distracted sight the bloody scarf and sword of her lover; she utters

a cry of anguish, and falls on the floor in a state of wild insensibility—an expression of exultation passes across the brutal visage of the Outlaw—he rudely raises her from the ground, elevates his frightful eye-brows, and awkwardly endeavours to assume a look of pity and consolation, and falling upon his knee, seizes her hand, and directs it to his impious lips—the offended virtue of Julia, rendered powerful by insult, gross and unmanly, spurns him indignantly from her, and with a look of ineffable contempt, draws from her vest a scroll, on which is inscribed, ‘*Julia abhors the murderer of her happiness.*’

Oswick at this moment appears to feel something like remorse agitate his breast, he seems to give way to reflection that gnaws his inmost soul, and pale and trembling rushes from the apartment, leaving on the table a paper, which, as soon as he has left the room, Julia snatches, and hastily reads the following words:

‘*Julia shall be Oswick’s—be wise—consider the man—reflect on his resources, and comply—resistance will be useless.*’

The agonized Julia drops the paper, and is making an effort to regain the chair, when Hubert cautiously

enters, disguised in a cloak—Julia screams—he approaches, and earnestly exclaims:

- “ Be not alarmed, fair Lady, but attend,
 “ Hubert is no *assassin*, but your friend;
 “ The gang I’ve offended one and all,
 “ And soon by Oswick’s revenge shall fall;
 “ Therefore intend my escape to make,
 “ Ere their vengeance on my head they take;
 “ I was not for a robber, Madam, made,
 “ But tyranny and poverty drove me to the trade:
 “ If I can assist you, this instant say’—

Julia earnestly—‘ O yes, *you* can, but *you* too may betray.’

Hubert—“ He who betrays a female in distress,

“ Is no *man*, but a monster in his dress.”

Julia falls upon her knees, and embraces the arm of Hubert—her heart appears overpowered with gratitude—the robber is affected—she rises hastily, goes to the table, and writes on a tablet, which she takes from her pocket, the following lines, addressed to her father, the Baron Mortimer:

‘ I may yet be happy, if this should reach you, on it depends my release from a situation shocking to humanity
 ‘ * * * * Theodore, the hapless * * * * * and Julia, your
 ‘ wretched Julia, must, ere long, submit to the embraces of

‘ a villain—I am in the power of Oswick the Outlaw—need I
‘ say more—escape without your aid is impossible—and save
‘ your Julia.’

which she fervently places in the hand of Hubert, who
vows to perform the trust with sacred fidelity.

[*Exeunt Hubert and Julia.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Interior of the Cave.

THE band discovered in various disguises, preparing for their different exploits—Oswick in the dress of a mendicant, his dark and lowering eye-brows are painted white, his beard is grey, and silvery is the hair that hangs upon his forehead—he is nearly bent double with age, a tattered cloak is thrown over him, and he leans upon a staff that trembles beneath his withered frame—the gang give an universal shout of applause, in admiration of his complete disguise.

CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

Adieu to our cave for awhile,
 For plunder and conquest we burn;
 We may wander, perhaps, many a mile,
 But crown'd with success shall return:
 We from the foe ne'er did fly,
 'Tis honour in battle to die.

SCENE II.

An open Landscape, with a majestic Castle in the distance.

Two females enter from a postern door of the Castle, which belongs to the Baron Mortimer—they are met by the fictitious mendicant, who hobbles towards them, and extending a cap, in a broken voice craves their charity :

“ Fair ladies, Heaven bless your days,

“ May ye be always guided in its ways ;

“ Ye have numbered but a few years,

“ And of age and poverty know not the cares ;

“ I have travelled many a tedious mile,

“ And have not eaten ought the while ;

“ Till Oswick, the Outlaw, reliev'd me with food,

“ As weary and exhausted I past the wood.”

1st Female—‘ From Oswick, the Outlaw, assistance crave,

2d Female—‘ The cruel Oswick—he does not save.’

The Mendicant fervently.

“ O yes, he does, to the *poor* he is a noble man,

“ Let the rich say of him what they can ;

“ But, ladies, yon clouds look black and lower,

“ Grant me a shelter from the threat'ning shower,

“ And I will disclose unto your ears,

“ Stories of him who all the country fears.”

The females, after some little hesitation, agree that he shall be admitted to the Castle—they beckon him to follow, which he does, with slow and tottering steps.

[*Exeunt into the Castle.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Baron's Castle.

The Baroness and Ellen enter, followed by Oswick, a servant brings in refreshments, they place a seat for the mendicant at the table, the females appear anxious to listen to him, he partakes voraciously of the food, and then proceeds to satisfy their curiosity:

“ Ladies, Oswick is cruel, and remorseless they say,
 “ And the harmless stranger delights to slay;
 “ But in judging of the worst, be candid, if we can,
 “ I believe, at heart, Oswick is a noble man.
 “ Ah, ladies! his body several wounds doth wear,
 “ But one there is on his breast I swear,
 “ That would your compassion melt,
 “ One which a furious peasant dealt.”

Oswick, at this moment in the energy of narration, forgets himself, both the females seem much interested in the story of the mendicant, when he rises from his seat hastily, and inadvertently bearing his breast, cries—

“ I will shew it ye, behold it here.”

The females start with affright, and Oswick revived to a sense of his imprudence, throws off his disguise, and seizing the arms of the Baroness and Ellen, and placing himself between them, exclaims—

“*I am Oswick, the Outlaw, you see, but do not fear.*”

Their cries alarm the Castle—the Baron rushes into the apartment, followed by his domestics—Oswick, driven to desperation, plants himself immediately before the fainting females, and drawing from his belt a dagger, threatens to plunge it in their bosoms if the guards advance a step—the Baron is transfixed with horror at the alarming situation of his wife and daughter :

“*Cowards, keep back, I am Oswick, you see!*”

Cries the robber, ‘*Oswick, the Outlaw,*’ is echoed by the guards, every heart beats tumultuous, and a hundred pikes are opposed to him. The dauntless Bravo keeps his ground, and grins with exultation at his power—the Baron approaches and implores the mercy of the Outlaw :

“*O spare them ! and place your trust in me,*

“*This purse and diamond for their ransom take,*

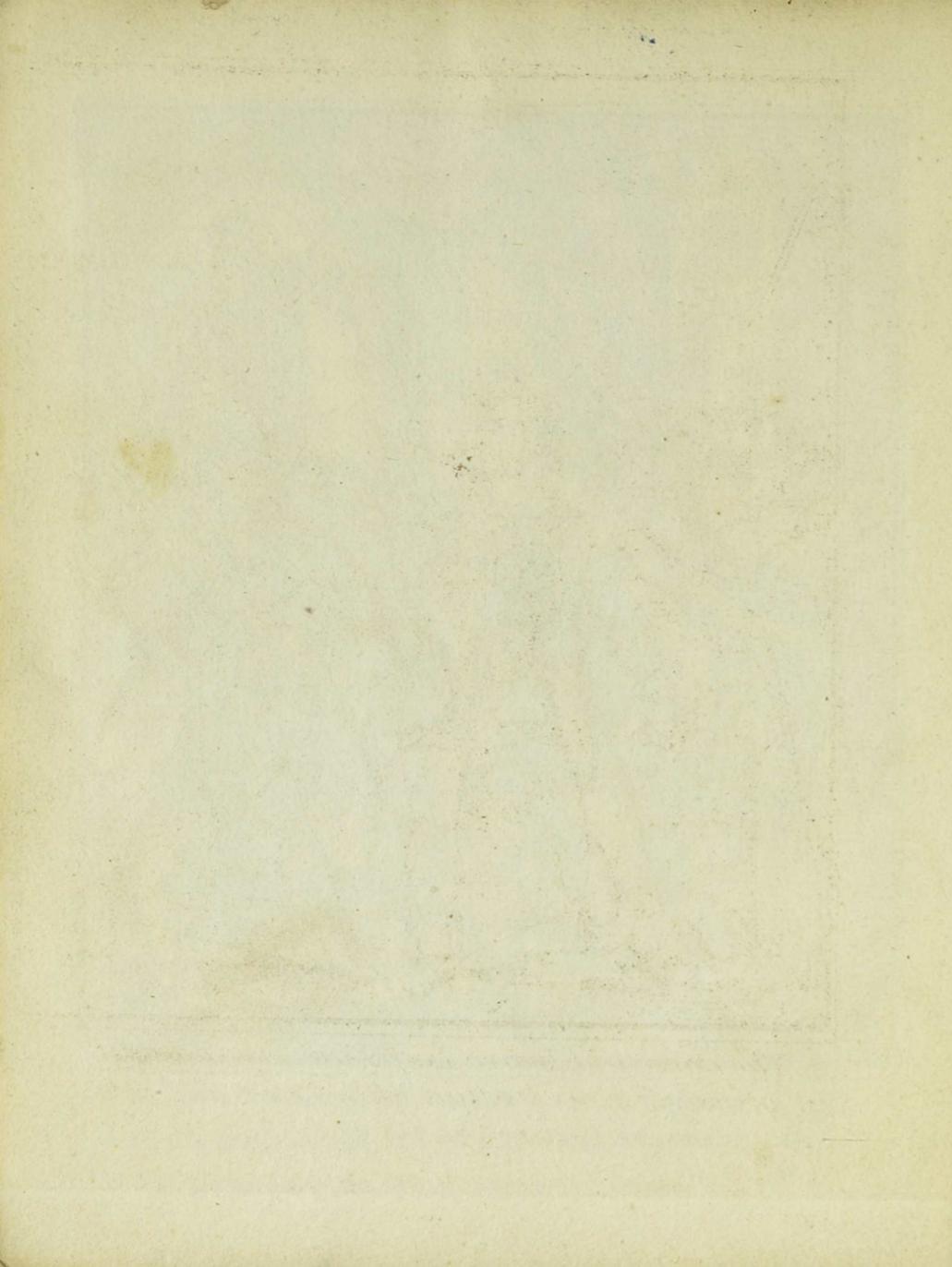
“*O spare them ! save them ! for mercy’s sake ;*

“*Safely from hence, if you their lives will spare,*

“*I will conduct you, most solemnly I swear.*”



*"The dauntless Bravo keeps his ground, and
grins with exultation at his power."*



Oswick, with a look of exultation, sheaths his dagger, resumes his disguise, sullenly accepts the purse, and the Baron's vassals conduct him from the Castle.

SCENE IV.

Interior of the Cave.

The gang have assembled, and are displaying their respective booties, Oswick enters pensively, apparently chagrined at his late failure—one of the band hastily enters, and puts into the hand of his Captain a scroll—

‘ *Hugo, your faithful Bravo, is taken prisoner by the
‘ Baron Mortimer.’*

The band appear much disturbed at the loss of Hugo, lest he should discover their retreat—Oswick exclaims :

“ Hugo the most cruel punishment will bear,
 “ Before he'll discover us readily I'll swear ;
 “ His services and courage to you is evident,
 “ And to die or rescue him is my intent ;
 “ And who is the Bravo among our clan
 “ But will join and rescue so brave a man ?”

‘ All, all,’ exclaim the band in one voice. Oswick throws off the mendicant's cloak, and habits himself in the dress of a Monk, pale is his cheek, and bald appears

the crown of his head, and a rosary is suspended from his waist, they exit, singing

“ We from the foe ne'er did fly,

“ 'Tis honour in battle to die.”

SCENE V.

Exterior of Mortimer Castle.

A dance of rustics on the green, at the conclusion Oswick enters from the wood, the peasants flock around him and crave his blessing, he enquires which is the prison of the Castle, they point it out, and offer to conduct him to the gate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VI.

A Court Yard and exterior of a Prison.

A sentinel pacing to and fro—the Monk approaches with a solemn and mournful step—the soldier opposes his pike to him, and demands his business—

“ I come from yonder Monastery to your prisoner,

“ The comforts of *religion* to administer.”

cries the hypocrite.

Sentinel—“ Holy Father, it is the Baron's strict decree,

“ That no Confessor shall the prisoner see;

“ And for *my* part, I think the caution wise,

“ Lest Oswick attempts a rescue in disguise.”



*"Oswick draws a dagger from his Cupuchin
and plunges it in the breast of the Soldier."*

Oswick—‘Canst thou think an impious Outlaw
 ‘Would thus venture in the face of law;
 ‘I will exhort him to surrender to your hands,
 ‘The remorseless *Oswick*, and his lawless bands.’

The soldier hesitates for a few moments, and then, taking a bunch of keys from his girdle, applies them to the iron door, it opens, and he bids the father enter. ‘Benedicite,’ cries the fictitious Monk, as he follows the Sentinel to the dungeon of Hugo.

SCENE VII.

Interior of the Dungeon.

Hugo discovered in chains, seated on a projecting stone, at the farther end of the prison—a basket of coarse bread and a pitcher of water is placed beside him, and a dim lamp faintly illumines the cell—*Oswick*, who had never before witnessed the inside of a dungeon, involuntarily shudders back, he bids the sentinel retire, while he communes with the culprit—the soldier obeys, and *Oswick* proceeds to the extremity of the cell, and makes himself known to Hugo, they cordially embrace each other, a short conference ensues, and they come forward to the entrance of the prison, but are opposed by the guard—*Oswick* draws a dagger from his capuchin,

and plunges it in the breast of the soldier, who falls extended on the ground—Oswick seizes his keys, unfastens the fetters of Hugo, and both precipitately leave the dungeon.

SCENE VIII.

An Apartment in the Baron Mortimer's Castle.

The Baron discovered writing at a table, a servant enters to announce a stranger, the Baron desires he may be admitted, and the servant returns introducing Hubert, the noble-minded Robber, in the dress of a soldier—he presents Julia's letter, the Baron starts at the superscription, and hastily peruses the contents, then embracing Hubert, and expressing his gratitude to him, exclaims—

“ Ah! my Julia, my hapless Julia—but no more,

“ I will rescue thee, and avenge the fate of Theodore.”

Hubert—‘ Haste then, my Lord, and your daughter save,

‘ Summon all your vassals, and I'll lead to the cave.’

[*Exeunt Baron and Hubert.*

SCENE IX.

Interior of Oswick's Cave.

The band arranged in solemn order, on each side a table is placed, in the middle on which burns several wax candles, and a Monk is discovered, hood-winked, with a book in his hand, waiting to perform some cere-

mony—Oswick and Hugo enter, leading in the reluctant Julia, pale and trembling, a melancholy calmness overspreads her features, and she appears insensibly indifferent to the fate awaiting her :

Oswick—“ Comrades, this lady I shall take to wife,

“ I love her, and will defend her with my life,

“ I trust, my friends, I shall have your voice.”

All—‘ Yes, noble Captain, we commend your choice.’

Oswick and Hugo lead Julia towards the table, and the Outlaw motions the Monk to perform the ceremony, at this moment a horn is sounded from without, the Monk hesitates—the gang look surprised—Oswick draws his sword, and forcibly retains the hand of his victim, when one of the spies belonging to the banditti hastily enters, and shewing a scroll, on which is written—

‘ *The Barons have united—the Wood is invested—
they fast approach, with Hubert the Deserter at
their head.*’

The gang appear dismayed—Julia utters a scream of joy—the Priest is about to leave the cave, but Oswick seizes him rudely by the throat, and threatens him with immediate death, unless he immediately performs the act—Hugo now interposes, and strongly urges his Captain to dispense with the ceremony, and prepare for the

attack of the Barons—Oswick, reluctantly, complies with the advice of his favourite, and orders Julia to be taken away, exclaiming to the guard:

“Should we be defeated, mark my word,

“Put the haughty Julia to the sword.”

Then turning to the gang, who appear sunken and dispirited, exclaims, in an enraged and maddened tone:

“What is’t ye fear, Cowards, unmanly and mean,

“Have ye ne’er before *this* any danger seen;

“Know, that every captive hero will surely hang,

“Then fight like tygers, and preserve the gang;

“My comrades, at your head I’ll firmly stand,

“And die, or live, with so brave a band.”

All—‘Lead on then, Captain, and you shall see,

‘We’ll all embrace Death or Victory.’

An universal shout is given—they rally round their Captain, vowing to stand by him to the last.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE X.

An open Plain.

The Baron’s soldiers and the banditti are seen engaged in all directions—alternately is heard the clashing of

arms and the shouts of victory—several inferior combats are sustained by the Baron's vassals and the Outlaw, when Oswick rushes on with impetuous rage—he grasps a sword in each hand—is met by Hubert, they rush upon each other, the combat is long and warmly contested—the Baron enters in wild despair for the safety of his daughter, and directs his fury also at the Outlaw, who courageously sustains for some time a combat so unequal—Hugo now enters to the relief of his Captain, and engages with the Baron, by whom he is disarmed, and just as he is in the act of plunging his sword in his body he pulls from his garment, and displays to the astonished sight of the Baron, a scroll—‘*Theodore is alive and saved by me.*’

The Baron drops his sword, and bids the Bravo rise—Oswick, who is nearly overpowered by Hubert, glances his eye at the scroll, and infuriated at the duplicity of Hugo, draws from his girdle a dagger, and leaving his antagonist for a moment, is about to strike it to the heart of Hugo—at this instant Theodore, who has been saved by the humanity of Hugo, rushes on with Julia in his arms, and dashes the weapon from the hand of the Outlaw—Julia flies into the arms of her father—Hubert shakes Hugo cordially by the hand—Oswick avails

himself of this moment, and unseen by his opponents, plunges his dagger to his heart, exclaiming in a faltering voice:

“ Ere your vengeance you take on me,
 “ Oswick is *Oswick* to the last you see.”

Falls a lifeless corse to the ground—the Baron joins the hands of Theodore and Julia—pardons Hugo, and presents him his purse—and embraces Hubert—the shouts of victory are heard, and the Baron’s soldiers wave the banners in the distance. The Baron, Theodore, Julia, Hubert, and Hugo, retire back, and the scene closes.

TO THE JUVENILE READER.

Thus fell Oswick, cruel Outlaw,
 Viler man the world ne'er saw;
 Insatiate robbery and strife
 Was the pleasure of his life;
 'Till in the deepest of his guilt,
 By avenging heaven his blood was spilt.
 Dear Friend, from him a lesson take,
 And peaceful rules your study make;
 Nor e'er give way to evil dictates,
 For bliss on virtuous conduct waits;
 While lawless guilt can ne'er escape,
 But punished must be, soon or late.

