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*(The servants having spread the table stand behind Wallace.)*

*Mentieth*—Is it not time peace came to our distracted country? It makes my heart bleed when I think of good Alexander's reign and times.

contrast it with these confused and bloody

*Wallace*—I agree. but say better those times of trial to slavery. My sword shall not know its sheath until Scotland is free.

*Menteith*—You know not what is before you. (Turns the loaf, when all five spring upon Wallace, who, after desperate resistance, is shackled.)

*Menteith*—I am winded—Harry, take a brand from the hearth and wave it out of the window. 'Tis the signal to the English captain.

Enter a body of English soldiers.

*Menteith*—Captain, this is your prisoner. Take him away quickly. (Aside, I cannot bear to look on him.)

*Wallace*—(As he is borne out by the soldiers.)—*Mentieth*, under the guise of hospitality you have betrayed me. While Scotland endures, your name shall be linked with that of Judas Iscariot.

*Scene V, Fenchurch St., London.*

*First Citizen*—Will you tell me why this crowd?

*Second Citizen*—Waiting to see the great Scots rebel, whom the soldiers call the Wicked Wallace.