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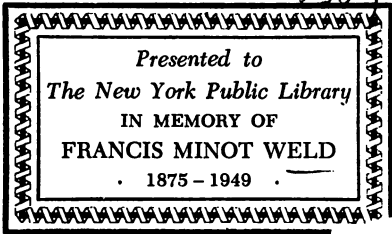
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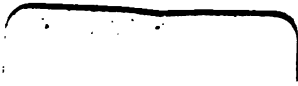


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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
S. T. COLERIDGE.

---

VOL. II.





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
S. T. COLERIDGE,  
INCLUDING THE DRAMAS OF  
WALLENSTEIN, REMORSE, AND ZAPOLYA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.



VOL. II.

LONDON:  
WILLIAM PICKERING.

MDCCCXXVIII.

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THE RIME  
OF  
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

VOL. II.

B

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in Tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.

T. BURNET: ARCHÆOL. PHIL. p. 68.

THE RIME  
OF  
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

---

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.

"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,

"Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

An ancient  
Mariner meet-  
eth three Gal-  
lants bidden to  
a wedding-  
feast, and det-  
taineth one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,

"And I am next of kin;

"The guests are met, the feast is set:

"May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

"There was a ship," quoth he.

"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"

Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
 The wedding-guest stood still,  
 And listens like a three years child :  
 The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :  
 He cannot chuse but hear ;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
 Merrily did we drop  
 Below the kirk, below the hill,  
 Below the light house top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The Sun came up upon the left,  
 Out of the sea came he !  
 And he shone bright, and on the right  
 Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
 Till over the mast at noon—  
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she ;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest heareth  
the bridal music ; but  
the mariner continueth  
his tale.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot chuse but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong :  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

The ship  
drawn by a  
storm toward  
the south pole.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold :  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.



The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen :  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around :  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound !

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross :  
Thorough the fog it came ;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
The helmsman steered us through !

And lo ! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward, through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine ;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

“ God save thee, ancient Mariner !  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—  
Why look’st thou so ? ”—With my cross-bow  
I shot the ALBATROSS.

The ancient  
Mariner  
inhospitably  
killeth the  
pious bird of  
good omen.

THE RIME  
OF  
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART THE SECOND.

---

THE Sun now rose upon the right :  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

His ship-  
mates cry out  
against the  
ancient Mari-  
ner, for killing  
the bird of  
good luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe :  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow !

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
 The glorious Sun uprist :  
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That brought the fog and mist.  
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
 That bring the fog and mist.

But when the  
 fog cleared  
 off, they jus-  
 tify the same,  
 and thus make  
 themselves  
 accomplices  
 in the crime.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
 The furrow followed free :  
 We were the first that ever burst  
 Into that silent sea.

The fair  
 breeze con-  
 tinues ; the  
 ship enters  
 the Pacific  
 Ocean and  
 sails north-  
 ward, even  
 till it reaches  
 the Line.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
 'Twas sad as sad could be ;  
 And we did speak only to break  
 The silence of the sea !

The ship hath  
 been suddenly  
 becalmed.

All in a hot and copper sky,  
 The bloody Sun, at noon,  
 Right up above the mast did stand,  
 No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;  
 As idle as a painted ship  
 Upon a painted ocean.

And the Al- Water, water, every where,  
batross begins  
to be avenged. And all the boards did shrink ;  
Water, water, every where,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night ;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A spirit had And some in dreams assured were  
followed  
them ; one of Of the spirit that plagued us so :  
the invisible  
inhabitants of Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
this planet,  
neither depar- From the land of mist and snow.  
ted souls nor  
angels ; con-  
cerning whom  
the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psel-  
lus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or ele-  
ment without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root ;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

The ship-  
mates, in their  
sore distress,  
would fain  
throw the  
whole guilt on  
the ancient  
Mariner: in  
sign whereof  
they hang the  
dead sea-bird  
round his  
neck.

THE RIME  
OF  
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART THE THIRD.

---

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time ! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

The ancient  
Mariner be-  
holdeth a sign  
in the element  
afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist :  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !  
And still it neared and neared :  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 We could nor laugh nor wail;  
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 Agape they heard me call:  
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
 And all at once their breath drew in,  
 As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
 Hither to work us weal;  
 Without a breeze, without a tide,  
 She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

The western wave was all a-flame.  
 The day was well nigh done!  
 Almost upon the western wave  
 Rested the broad bright Sun;  
 When that strange shape drove suddenly  
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.



As if through a dungeon-grate he peered,  
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears !  
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres !

And its ribs  
are seen as  
bars on the  
face of the set-  
ting Sun.

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate ?  
And is that Woman all her crew ?

The spectre-  
woman and her  
death-mate,  
and no other on  
board the ske-  
leton-ship.

Is that a DEATH ? and are there two ?  
Is DEATH that woman's mate ?

Like vessel,  
like crew !

*Her* lips were red, *her* looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold :  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-Mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

DEATH, and  
LIFE-IN-  
DEATH have  
diced for the  
ship's crew,  
and she (the  
latter) winneth  
the ancient  
Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice ;  
“ The game is done ! I've, I've won ! ”  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :  
 At one stride comes the dark ;  
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight  
 within the  
 courts of the  
 sun.

We listened and looked sideways up !  
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
 My life-blood seemed to sip !  
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed  
     white ;  
 From the sails the dew did drip—  
 Till clombe above the eastern bar  
 The horned Moon, with one bright star  
 Within the nether tip.

At the rising  
 of the Moon.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon  
 Too quick for groan or sight,  
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
 And cursed me with his eye.

One after  
 another,

Four times fifty living men,  
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
 They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates  
 drop down  
 dead ;

But LIFE-IN-  
DEATH be-  
gins her work  
on the ancient  
Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

THE RIME  
OF  
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART THE FOURTH.

---

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.\*

The wedding-guest  
feareth that a spirit is  
talking to him;

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—  
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!  
This body dropt not down.

But the an-  
cient Mariner  
assureth him  
of his bodily  
life, and pro-  
ceedeth to re-  
late his horri-  
ble penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

\* For the two last lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. WORDSWORTH. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.

He despiseth  
the creatures  
of the calm. The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie :  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on ; and so did I.

And envieth  
that they  
should live,  
and so many  
lie dead. I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away ;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray ;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat ;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse  
liveth for him  
in the eye of  
the dead men. The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they :  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

ophan's curse would drag to Hell  
 it from on high ;  
 h ! more horrible than that  
 arse in a dead man's eye !  
 days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
 et I could not die.

oving Moon went up the sky,  
 o where did abide :  
 she was going up,  
 . star or two beside—

In his loneli-  
 ness and fixed-  
 ness he yearn-  
 eth towards  
 the journeying  
 Moon, and the  
 stars that still  
 sojourn, yet  
 still move on-

and every where the blue sky, belongs to them, and is their ap-  
 rest, and their native country and their own natural homes,  
 ey enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet  
 a silent joy at their arrival.

eams bemocked the sultry main,  
 April hoar-frost spread ;  
 here the ship's huge shadow lay,  
 harmed water burnt away  
 and awful red.

d the shadow of the ship,  
 hbed the water-snakes :  
 moved in tracks of shining white,  
 when they reared, the elfish light  
 ff in hoary flakes.

By the light of  
 the Moon he  
 beholdeth  
 God's crea-  
 tures of the  
 great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship  
 I watched their rich attire :  
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
 They coiled and swam ; and every track  
 Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty  
 and their  
 happiness.

O happy living things ! no tongue  
 Their beauty might declare :  
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
 And I blessed them unaware ?  
 He blesseth  
 them in his  
 heart. Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
 And I blessed them unaware.

The spell be-  
 gins to break.

The self same moment I could pray ;  
 And from my neck so free  
 The Albatross fell off, and sank  
 Like lead into the sea.

THE RIME  
OF  
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART THE FIFTH.

---

OH SLEEP! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;  
And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of  
the holy  
Mother, the  
ancient Mari-  
ner is refresh-  
ed with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.



I moved, and could not feel my limbs :  
 I was so light—almost  
 I thought that I had died in sleep,  
 And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth  
 sounds, and  
 seeth strange  
 sights and  
 commotions in  
 the sky and  
 the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :  
 It did not come anear ;  
 But with its sound it shook the sails,  
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !  
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
 To and fro they were hurried about !  
 And to and fro, and in and out,  
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;  
 And the rain poured down from one black  
 cloud ;  
 The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
 The Moon was at its side :

waters shot from some high crag,  
lightning fell with never a jag,  
er steep and wide.

oud wind never reached the ship,  
ow the ship moved on !  
ath the lightning and the Moon  
lead meu gave a groan.

The bodies of  
the ship's  
crew are in-  
spired, and  
the ship moves  
on ;

groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
spake, nor moved their eyes ;  
l been strange, even in a dream,  
ve seen those dead men rise.

ielmsman steered, the ship moved on ;  
ever a breeze up blew ;  
ariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
e they were wont to do :  
raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
ere a ghastly crew.

ody of my brother's son  
by me, knee to knee :  
dy and I pulled at one rope,  
said nought to me.

But not by  
the souls of  
the men, nor  
by demons of  
earth or mid-  
dle air, but  
by a blessed  
troop of ange-  
lic spirits, sent  
down by the  
invocation of  
the guardian  
saint.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner!”

Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !

’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,

Which to their corpses came again,

But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,  
And clustered round the mast ;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun ;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning !

And now ’twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute ;  
And now it is an angel’s song,  
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
 A pleasant noise till noon,  
 A noise like of a hidden brook  
 In the leafy month of June,  
 That to the sleeping woods all night  
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
 Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
 Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
 From the land of mist and snow,  
 The spirit slid : and it was he  
 That made the ship to go.  
 The sails at noon left off their tune,  
 And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome  
 spirit from the  
 south-pole  
 carries on the  
 ship as far as  
 the line, in  
 obedience to  
 the angelic  
 troop, but  
 still requireth  
 vengeance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
 Had fixed her to the ocean :  
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
 With a short uneasy motion—  
 Backwards and forwards half her length  
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
 She made a sudden bound :  
 It flung the blood into my head,  
 And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spirit's fell, low dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong ; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
 I have not to declare ;  
 But ere my living life returned,  
 I heard and in my soul discerned  
 Two VOICES in the air.

“ Is it he ? ” quoth one, “ Is this the man ?  
 By him who died on cross,  
 With his cruel bow he laid full low,  
 The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself  
 In the land of mist and snow,  
 He loved the bird that loved the man  
 Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,  
 As soft as honey-dew :  
 Quoth he, “ The man hath penance done,  
 And penance more will do.”

THE RIME  
OF  
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART THE SIXTH.

---

FIRST VOICE.

BUT tell me, tell me ! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?  
What is the OCEAN doing ?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,  
The OCEAN hath no blast ;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see ! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.

## FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner  
hath been  
cast into a  
trance ; for  
the angelic  
power causeth  
the vessel to  
drive north-  
ward faster  
than human  
life could  
endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind ?

## SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !  
Or we shall be belated :  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The superna-  
tural motion  
is retarded ;  
the Mariner  
awakes, and  
his penance  
begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather :  
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high ;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :  
All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never passed away :  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

nd now this spell was snapt : once more  
viewed the ocean green,  
nd looked far forth, yet little saw  
f what had else been seen—

The curse is  
finally  
expiated.

ike one, that on a lonesome road  
both walk in fear and dread,  
nd having once turned round walks on,  
nd turns no more his head ;  
ecause he knows, a frightful fiend  
both close behind him tread.

ut soon there breathed a wind on me,  
for sound nor motion made :  
is path was not upon the sea,  
a ripple or in shade.

t raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
like a meadow-gale of spring—  
t mingled strangely with my fears,  
et it felt like a welcoming.

wiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
et she sailed softly too :  
weetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
n me alone it blew.



And the an-  
cient Mariner  
beholdeth his  
native  
country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
The light-house top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep away.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

The angelic  
spirits leave  
the dead  
bodies,

A little distance from the prow  
 Those crimson shadows were :  
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
 Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

And appear  
 in their own  
 forms of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
 And, by the holy rood !  
 A man all light, a seraph-man,  
 On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :  
 It was a heavenly sight !  
 They stood as signals to the land,  
 Each one a lovely light :

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
 No voice did they impart—  
 No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank  
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
 I heard the Pilot's cheer ;  
 My head was turned perforce away,  
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast:  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :  
It is the Hermit good !  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away  
The Albatross's blood.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

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PART THE SEVENTH.

THIS Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !  
He loves to talk with mariners  
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of  
the Wood,

He kneels at morn, and noon and eve—  
He hath a cushion plump :  
'Tis the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

He skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,  
Why this is strange, I trow !  
Where are those lights so many and fair,  
That signal made but now ?”

Approacheth  
the ship with  
wonder.

“ Strange, by my faith !” the Hermit said—  
 “ And they answered not our cheer !  
 The planks looked warped ! and see those sail  
 How thin they are and sere !  
 I never saw aught like to them,  
 Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
 My forest-brook along ;  
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
 That eats the she-wolf’s young.”

“ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—  
 (The Pilot made reply)  
 I am a-feared”—“ Push on, push on !”  
 Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
 But I nor spake nor stirred ;  
 The boat came close beneath the ship,  
 And straight a sound was heard.

The ship sud-  
denly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
 Still louder and more dread :  
 It reached the ship, it split the bay ;  
 The ship went down like lead.

tunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
 Which sky and ocean smote,  
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
 My body lay afloat ;  
 But swift as dreams, myself I found  
 Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient  
 Mariner is  
 saved in the  
 Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
 The boat spun round and round ;  
 And all was still, save that the hill  
 Was telling of the sound.

moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked  
 and fell down in a fit ;  
 the holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
 and prayed where he did sit.

took the oars : the Pilot's boy,  
 Who now doth crazy go,  
 laughed loud and long, and all the while  
 his eyes went to and fro.  
 " Ha ! ha !" quoth he, " full plain I see,  
 the Devil knows how to row."

and now, all in my own countree,  
 stood on the firm land !

The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient  
Mariner  
earnestly  
entreateth the  
Hermit to  
shrieve him ;  
and the pe-  
nance of life  
falls on him.

“ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !”

The Hermit crossed his brow.

“ Say quick,” quoth he, “ I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou ?”

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woeful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale ;  
And then it left me free.

And ever and  
anon through-  
out his future  
life an agony  
constraineth  
him to travel  
from land to  
land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,

That agony returns ;

And till my ghastly tale is told,

This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;  
I have strange power of speech ;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me :  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !  
The wedding-guests are there :

But in the garden-bower the bride  
 And bride-maids singing are ;  
 And hark the little vesper bell,  
 Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been  
 Alone on a wide wide sea :  
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
 Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
 'Tis sweeter far to me,  
 To walk together to the kirk  
 With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,  
 And all together pray,  
 While each to his great Father bends,  
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
 And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell  
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !  
 He prayeth well, who loveth well  
 Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach,  
 by his own  
 example,  
 love and  
 reverence to  
 all things that  
 God made and  
 loveth.



He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn :  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

**CHRISTABEL.**



## PREFACE.\*

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THE first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety seven, at Stowey in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the loveliness of a vision ; I trust that I shall yet be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come.

It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is among us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional ; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great ; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present

\* To the edition of 1816.

poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this dog-grel version of two monkish Latin hexameters :

'Tis mine and it is likewise your's  
But an if this will not do ;  
Let it be mine, good friend ! for I  
Am the poorer of the two.

I have only to add, that the metre of the *Christabel* is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle : namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion.

## CHRISTABEL.

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### PART THE FIRST.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,  
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock ;  
Tu—whit !——Tu—whoo !  
And hark, again ! the crowing cock,  
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
Hath a toothless mastiff, which  
From her kennel beneath the rock  
Maketh answer to the clock,  
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour ;  
Ever and aye, by shine and shower ;  
Sixteen short howls, not over loud ;  
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark ?  
The night is chilly, but not dark.  
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,  
It covers but not hides the sky.

The moon is behind, and at the full ;  
And yet she looks both small and dull.  
The night is chill, the cloud is gray :  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wood so late,  
A furlong from the castle gate ?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight ;  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
And naught was green upon the oak,  
But moss and rarest misletoe :  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel !  
It moaned as near, as near can be,  
But what it is, she cannot tell.—

On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek—  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were



And wildly glittered here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she—  
Beautiful exceedingly !

Mary mother, save me now !  
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou ?

The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet :—  
Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak for weariness.  
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear,  
Said Christabel, How camest thou here ?  
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,  
Did thus pursue her answer meet :—

My sire is of a noble line,  
And my name is Geraldine :  
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :  
They choked my cries with force and fright,  
And tied me on a palfrey white.  
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.

They spurred amain, their steeds were white ;  
And once we crossed the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
I have no thought what men they be ;  
Nor do I know how long it is  
(For I have lain entranced I wis)  
Since one, the tallest of the five,  
Took me from the palfrey's back,  
A weary woman, scarce alive.  
Some muttered words his comrades spoke :  
He placed me underneath this oak,  
He swore they would return with haste ;  
Whither they went I cannot tell—  
I thought I heard, some minutes past,  
Sounds as of a castle bell.  
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she,)  
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand  
And comforted fair Geraldine :  
O well bright dame may you command  
The service of Sir Leoline ;  
And gladly our stout chivalry  
Will he send forth and friends withall  
To guide and guard you safe and free  
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose: and forth with steps they passed  
That strovad to be, and were not, fast.  
Her gracious STARS the lady blest,  
And thus spake on sweet Christabel;  
All our household are at rest,  
The hall as silent as the cell,  
Sir Leoline is weak in health  
And may not well awakened be,  
But we will move as if in stealth  
And I beseech your courtesy  
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well;  
A little door she opened straight,  
All in the middle of the gate;  
The gate that was ironed within and without,  
Where an army in battle array had marched out.  
The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And Christabel with might and main  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate:  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

And Christabel devoutly cried,  
To the lady by her side,  
Praise we the Virgin all divine  
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !  
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,  
I cannot speak for weariness.  
So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court : right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
The mastiff old did not awake,  
Yet she an angry moan did make !  
And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?  
Never till now she uttered yell  
Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch :  
For what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,  
Pass as lightly as you will !  
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying ;  
But when the lady passed, there came  
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;

And Christabel saw the lady's eye,  
And nothing else saw she thereby,  
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,  
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.  
O softly tread, said Christabel,  
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare  
And jealous of the listening air  
They steal their way from stair to stair  
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,  
And now they pass the Baron's room,  
As still as death with stifled breath !  
And now have reached her chamber door;  
And now doth Geraldine press down  
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,  
And not a moonbeam enters here.  
But they without its light can see  
The chamber carved so curiously,  
Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
All made out of the carver's brain,  
For a lady's chamber meet :  
The lamp with twofold silver chain  
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;  
But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,  
And left it swinging to and fro,  
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,  
I pray you, drink this cordial wine !  
It is a wine of virtuous powers ;  
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,  
Who am a maiden most forlorn ?  
Christabel answered—Woe is me !  
She died the hour that I was born.  
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,  
How on her death-bed she did say,  
That she should hear the castle bell  
Strike twelve upon my wedding day.  
O mother dear ! that thou wert here !  
I would, said Geraldine, she were !

But soon with altered voice, said she—  
“ Off, wandering mother ! Peak and pine !  
“ I have power to bid thee flee.”  
Alas ! what ails poor Geraldine ?

Why stares she with unsettled eye?  
Can she the bodiless dead espy?  
And why with hollow voice cries she,  
“ Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—  
“ Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
“ Off, woman, off! ’tis given to me.”

Then Christabel knelt by the lady’s side,  
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—  
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—  
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!  
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
And faintly said, “ ’tis over now!”

Again the wild-flower wine she drank :  
Her fair large eyes ’gan glitter bright,  
And from the floor whereon she sank,  
The lofty lady stood upright ;  
She was most beautiful to see,  
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—  
All they, who live in the upper sky,  
Do love you, holy Christabel!  
And you love them, and for their sake  
And for the good which me befel,

Even I in my degree will try,  
Fair maiden, to requite you weil.  
But now unrobe yourself; for I  
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, so let it be!  
And as the lady bade, did she.  
Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
And lay down in her loveliness,

But through her brain of weal and woe  
So many thoughts moved to and fro,  
That vain it were her lids to close;  
So half-way from the bed she rose,  
And on her elbow did recline  
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,  
And slowly rolled her eyes around;  
Then drawing in her breath aloud,  
Like one that shuddered, she unbound  
The cincture from beneath her breast:  
Her silken robe, and inner vest,  
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,  
Behold! her bosom and half her side——



A sight to dream of, not to tell!  
O shield her ! shield sweet Christabel !

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs :  
Ah ! what a stricken look was hers !  
Deep from within she seems half-way  
To lift some weight with sick assay,  
And eyes the maid and seeks delay ;  
Then suddenly as one defied  
Collects herself in scorn and pride,  
And lay down by the Maiden's side !—  
And in her arms the maid she took,

Ah wel-a-day !

And with low voice and doleful look  
These words did say :  
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,  
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel !  
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow  
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow ;  
But vainly thou warrest,  
For this is alone in  
Thy power to declare,  
That in the dim forest  
Thou heardest a low moaning,

And foundest a bright lady, surpassingly fair :  
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in  
    charity,  
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

THE  
CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST.

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It was a lovely sight to see  
The lady Christabel, when she  
Was praying at the old oak tree.  
    Amid the jagged shadows  
    Of mossy leafless boughs,  
    Kneeling in the moonlight,  
    To make her gentle vows ;  
Her slender palms together prest,  
Heaving sometimes on her breast ;  
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—  
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,  
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,  
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me !)  
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,

Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,  
Dreaming that alone, which is—  
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,  
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?  
And lo! the worker of these harms,  
That holds the maiden in her arms,  
Seems to slumber still and mild,  
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,  
O Geraldine! since arms of thine  
Have been the lovely lady's prison.  
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—  
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,  
The night-birds all that hour were still.  
But now they are jubilant anew,  
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!  
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel  
Gathers herself from out her trance;  
Her limbs relax, her countenance  
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids  
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—  
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!  
And oft the while she seems to smile  
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,  
Like a youthful hermitess,  
Beauteous in a wilderness,  
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.  
And, if she move unquietly,  
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,  
Comes back and tingles in her feet.  
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.  
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,  
What if she knew her mother near?  
But this she knows, in joys and woes,  
That saints will aid if men will call:  
For the blue sky bends over all!

## CHRISTABEL.

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### PART THE SECOND.

EACH matin bell, the Baron saith,  
Knells us back to a world of death.  
These words Sir Leoline first said,  
When he rose and found his lady dead :  
These words Sir Leoline will say,  
Many a morn to his dying day,  
And hence the custom and law began,  
That still at dawn the sacristan,  
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,  
Five and forty beads must tell  
Between each stroke—a warning knell,  
Which not a soul can choose but hear  
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell !  
And let the drowsy sacristan  
Still count as slowly as he can !

There is no lack of such, I ween  
As well fill up the space between.  
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,  
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,  
With ropes of rock and bells of air  
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,  
Who all give back, one after t'other,  
The death-note to their living brother ;  
And oft too, by the knell offended,  
Just as their one ! two ! three ! is ended,  
The devil mocks the doleful tale  
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still ! through mist and cloud  
That merry peal comes ringing loud ;  
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,  
And rises lightly from the bed ;  
Puts on her silken vestments white,  
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,  
And nothing doubting of her spell  
Awakens the lady Christabel.  
“ Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel ?  
“ I trust that you have rested well.”

And Christabel awoke and spied  
The same who lay down by her side—

O rather say, the same whom she  
Raised 'up beneath the old oak tree!  
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!  
For she belike hath drunken deep  
Of all the blessedness of sleep!  
And while she spake, her looks, her air  
Such gentle thankfulness declare,  
That (so it seemed) her girded vests  
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.  
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,  
"Now heaven be praised if all be well!"  
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,  
Did she the lofty lady greet  
With such perplexity of mind  
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed  
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed  
That He, who on the cross did groan,  
Might wash away her sins unknown,  
She forthwith led fair Geraldine  
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall  
Are pacing both into the hall,



And pacing on through page and groom  
Enter the Baron's presence room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest  
His gentle daughter to his breast,  
With cheerful wonder in his eyes  
The lady Geraldine espies,  
And gave such welcome to the same,  
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,  
And when she told her father's name,  
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,  
Murmuring o'er the name again,  
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother:

They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,  
Stood gazing on the damsel's face ;  
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine  
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,  
His noble heart swelled high with rage ;  
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,  
He would proclaim it far and wide  
With trump and solemn heraldry,  
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,  
Were base as spotted infamy !  
“ And if they dare deny the same,  
“ My herald shall appoint a week,  
“ And let the recreant traitors seek  
“ My tourney court—that there and then

“ I may dislodge their reptile souls  
“ From the bodies and forms of men !”  
He spake : his eye in lightning rolls !  
For the lady was ruthlessly seized ; and he kenn  
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend !

And now the tears were on his face,  
And fondly in his arms he took  
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,  
Prolonging it with joyous look.  
Which when she viewed, a vision fell  
Upon the soul of Christabel,  
The vision of fear, the touch and pain !  
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again  
(Ah, woe is me ! Was it for thee,  
Thou gentle maid ! such sights to see ?)

Again she saw that bosom old,  
Again she felt that bosom cold,  
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound :  
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,  
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid  
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,  
And in its stead that vision blest,

Which comforted her after-rest,  
 While in the lady's arms she lay,  
 Had put a rapture in her breast,  
 And on her lips and o'er her eyes  
 Spread smiles like light !

With new surprise,

“ What ails then my beloved child ?”  
 The Baron said—His daughter mild  
 Made answer, “ All will yet be well !”  
 I ween, she had no power to tell  
 Aught else : so mighty was the spell.  
 Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,  
 Had deemed her sure a thing divine,  
 Such sorrow with such grace she blended,  
 As if she feared, she had offended  
 Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid !  
 And with such lowly tones she prayed,  
 She might be sent without delay  
 Home to her father's mansion.

“ Nay !

“ Nay, by my soul !” said Leoline.  
 “ Ho ! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine !  
 “ Go thou, with music sweet and loud,  
 “ And take two steeds with trappings proud,  
 “ And take the youth whom thou lov'st best  
 “ To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,

“ And clothe you both in solemn vest,  
“ And over the mountains haste along,  
“ Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,  
“ Detain you on the valley road.  
“ And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,  
“ My merry bard ! he hastes, he hastes  
“ Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,  
“ And reaches soon that castle good  
“ Which stands and threatens Scotland’s wastes.

“ Bard Bracy ! bard Bracy ! your horses are fleet,  
“ Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,  
“ More loud than your horses’ echoing feet !  
“ And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,  
“ Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall !  
“ Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—  
“ Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.  
“ He bids thee come without delay  
“ With all thy numerous array ;  
“ And take thy lovely daughter home,  
“ And he will meet thee on the way  
“ With all his numerous array  
“ White with their panting palfreys’ foam,  
“ And, by mine honour ! I will say,  
“ That I repent me of the day

n I spake words of fierce disdain  
 Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—  
 or since that evil hour hath flown,  
 y a summer's sun have shone;  
 ne'er found I a friend again  
 : Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

dy fell, and clasped his knees,  
 ce upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;  
 bracy replied, with faltering voice,  
 acious hail on all bestowing:—  
 ords, thou sire of Christabel,  
 veeter than my harp can tell;  
 ight I gain a boon of thee,  
 lay my journey should not be,  
 ange a dream hath come to me:  
 I had vowed with music loud  
 ar yon wood from thing unblest,  
 ed by a vision in my rest!  
 i my sleep I saw that dove,  
 gentle bird, whom thou dost love,  
 all'st by thy own daughter's name—  
 oline! I saw the same,  
 ring, and uttering fearful moan,  
 g the green herbs in the forest alone.

Which when I saw and when I heard,  
I wonder'd what might ail the bird :  
For nothing near it could I see,  
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old  
tree.

And in my dream, methought, I went  
To search out what might there be found ;  
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,  
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.  
I went and peered, and could descry  
No cause for her distressful cry ;  
But yet for her dear lady's sake  
I stooped, methought the dove to take,  
When lo ! I saw a bright green snake  
Coiled around its wings and neck.  
Green as the herbs on which it couched,  
Close by the dove's its head it crouched ;  
And with the dove it heaves and stirs.  
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers !  
I woke ; it was the midnight hour,  
The clock was echoing in the tower ;  
But though my slumber was gone by,  
This dream it would not pass away—  
It seems to live upon my eye !  
And thence I vowed this self-same day,  
With music strong and saintly song

To wander through the forest bare,  
Lest aught unholy loiter there.

Thus Bracy said : the Baron, the while,  
Half-listening heard him with a smile ;  
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,  
His eyes made up of wonder and love ;  
And said in courtly accents fine,  
Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,  
With arms more strong than harp or song,  
Thy sire and I will crush the snake !  
He kissed her forehead as he spake,  
And Geraldine in maiden wise,  
Casting down her large bright eyes,  
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine  
She turned her from Sir Leoline ;  
Softly gathering up her train,  
That o'er her right arm fell again ;  
And folded her arms across her chest,  
And couched her head upon her breast,  
And looked askance at Christabel——  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well !

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,  
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,  
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,  
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread



At Christabel she looked askance !—  
 One moment—and the sight was fled !  
 But Christabel in dizzy trance,  
 Stumbling on the unsteady ground—  
 Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound ;  
 And Geraldine again turned round,  
 And like a thing, that sought relief,  
 Full of wonder and full of grief,  
 She rolled her large bright eyes divine  
 Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas ! her thoughts are gone,  
 She nothing sees—no sight but one ! But  
 The maid, devoid of guile and sin,  
 I know not how, in fearful wise  
 So deeply had she drunken in  
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,  
 That all her features were resigned  
 To this sole image in her mind :  
 And passively did imitate  
 That look of dull and treacherous hate,  
 And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,  
 Still picturing that look askance,  
 With forced unconscious sympathy  
 Full before her father's view—  
 As far as such a look could be,  
 In eyes so innocent and blue !

And when the trance was o'er, the maid  
Paused awhile, and, inly prayed,  
Then falling at her father's feet,  
" By my mother's soul do I entreat  
" That thou this woman send away !"  
She said ; and more she could not say,  
For what she knew she could not tell,  
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,  
Sir Leoline ? Thy only child  
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,  
So fair, so innocent, so mild ;  
The same, for whom thy lady died !  
O by the pangs of her dear mother  
Think thou no evil of thy child !  
For her, and thee, and for no other,  
She prayed the moment ere she died :  
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,  
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride !  
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,  
Sir Leoline !

And would'st thou wrong thy only child,  
Her child and thine ?  
Within the Baron's heart and brain  
If thoughts, like these, had any share,

They only swelled his rage and pain,  
And did but work confusion there.  
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,  
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,  
Dishonoured thus in his old age ;  
Dishonoured by his only child,  
And all his hospitality  
To the insulted daughter of his friend  
By more than woman's jealousy,  
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—  
He rolled his eye with stern regard  
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,  
And said in tones abrupt, austere—  
Why, Bracy ! dost thou loiter here ?  
I bade thee hence ! The bard obeyed ;  
And turning from his own sweet maid,  
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,  
Led forth the lady Geraldine !

## THE

## CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND.

---

A little child, a limber elf,  
Singing, dancing to itself,  
A fairy thing with red round cheeks  
That always finds, and never seeks,  
Makes such a vision to the sight  
As fills a father's eyes with light ;  
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast  
Upon his heart, that he at last  
Must needs express his love's excess  
With words of unmeant bitterness.  
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together  
Thoughts so unlike each other ;  
To mutter and mock a broken charm,  
To dally with wrong that does no harm.

Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty  
At each wild word to feel within  
A sweet recoil of love and pity.  
And what, if in a world of sin  
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)  
Such giddiness of heart and brain  
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,  
So talks as it's most used to do.

**PROSE IN RHYME :**  
**OR,**  
**EPIGRAMS, MORALITIES, AND THINGS**  
**WITHOUT A NAME.**

---

*\*Ερως ἄει λάληθρος ἕταιρος.*

---

In many ways does the full heart reveal  
The presence of the love it would conceal ;  
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know,  
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would shew.



DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE,  
THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE.

A SOLILOQUY.

---

UNCHANGED within to see all changed without,  
Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.  
Yet why at others' Wanings shouldst thou fret ?  
Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,  
Hadst thou withheld thy love or hid thy light  
In selfish forethought of neglect and slight.  
O wiselier then, from feeble yearnings freed,  
*While, and on whom, thou may'st—shine on! nor*  
heed

Whether the object by reflected light  
Return thy radiance or absorb it quite :  
And tho' thou notest from thy safe recess  
Old Friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,  
Love them for what they *are* : nor love them less,  
Because to *thee* they are not what they *were*.



SONG.  

---

THO' veiled in spires of myrtle wreath,  
Love is a sword that cuts its sheath  
And thro' the clefts, itself has made  
We spy the flashes of the Blade !

But thro' the clefts, itself had made,  
We likewise see Love's flashing blade  
By rust consumed or snapt in twain :  
And only Hilt and Stump remain.

## PHANTOM OR FACT?

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

AUTHOR.

Thy form there sate beside my bed,  
 With a feeding calm its presence shed,  
 Love so pure from earthly leaven  
 Unnethe the fancy might control,  
 Thy own spirit newly come from heaven  
 Its gentle way into my soul!  
 The change—It had not stir'd, and yet  
 What change how fain would I forget?  
 Flushing back, like one that had mistook!  
 Ah, wandering, disavowing Look!  
 In another, feature, look, and frame,  
 Alas, methought, I knew, it was the same!

FRIEND.

Floating Tale, to what does it belong?  
 A story? Vision? or an idle Song?  
 Or say at once, within what space  
 Did this wild disastrous change took place?

AUTHOR.

Call it a *moment's* work (and such it seems)  
This Tale's a Fragment from the Life of Dreams;  
But say, that years matur'd the silent strife,  
And 'tis a Record from the Dream of Life.

## WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED 21st. FEBRUARY, 1827.

---

AL Nature seems at work. Stags leave their lair—  
 The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing  
 And WINTER slumbering in the open air,  
 Sees on his smiling face a dream of Spring!  
 And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

How well I ken the banks where Amaranths blow,  
 Where traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.  
 Oom, O ye Amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,  
 For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!  
 With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:  
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?  
 WORK WITHOUT HOPE draws nectar in a sieve,  
 And HOPE without an object cannot live.

### YOUTH AND AGE.

---

VERSE, a Breeze mid blossoms straying,  
 Where HOPE clung feeding, like a bee—  
 Both were mine! Life went a maying  
     With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,  
                     When I was young!

*When* I was young?—Ah, woful WHEN!  
 Ah for the Change 'twixt Now and Then!  
 This breathing House not built with hands,  
 This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er aery Cliffs and glittering Sands,  
 How lightly *then* it flashed along:—  
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
 On winding Lakes and Rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of Sail or Oar,  
 That fear no spite of Wind or Tide!  
 Nought cared this Body for wind or weather  
 When YOUTH and I liv'd in't together.

FLOWERS are lovely; LOVE is flower-like;  
 FRIENDSHIP is a sheltering tree;

the Joys, that came down shower-like,  
 of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,  
 Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful ERE,  
 Which tells me, YOUTH's no longer here !  
 O YOUTH ! for years so many and sweet,  
 'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,  
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
 'T cannot be, that Thou art gone !  
 Why Vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—  
 And thou wert aye a Masker bold !  
 What strange Disguise hast now put on,  
 To *make believe*, that thou art gone ?  
 See these Locks in silvery slips,  
 His drooping Gait, this altered Size :  
 But SPRINGTIDE blossoms on thy Lips,  
 And Tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
 Life is but Thought : so think I will  
 That YOUTH and I are House-mates still.

A DAY DREAM.  

---

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut :—  
I see a Fountain, large and fair,  
A Willow and a ruined Hut,  
And thee, and me and Mary there.  
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!  
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green Willow!

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,  
And that and summer well agree :  
And, lo! where Mary leans her head,  
Two dear names carved upon the tree!  
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow :  
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas Day! But now few, large, and bright  
The stars are round the crescent moon!  
And now it is a dark warm Night,  
The balmiest of the month of June!

A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting  
 shines and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet  
 fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest !  
 For dearly, ASRA ! love I thee !  
 This brooding warmth across my breast,  
 This depth of tranquil bliss—ah me !  
 'Tis count, Tree and Shed are gone, I know not whither,  
 but in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,  
 By the still dancing fire-flames made ;  
 And now they slumber, moveless all !  
 And now they melt to one deep shade !  
 But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee :  
 I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel  
 thee !

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—  
 'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow !  
 But let me check this tender lay  
 Which none may hear but she and thou !  
 Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,  
 Murrur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women !



TO A LADY,  
OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION THAT  
WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS.

---

NAY, dearest Anna! why so grave?  
I said, you had no soul, 'tis true!  
For what you *are*, you cannot *have*:  
'Tis I, that *have* one since I first had *you*!

---

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold  
Why Love must needs be blind,  
But this the best of all I hold—  
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are  
He guesseth but in part;  
But what within is good and fair  
He seeth with the heart.

INES SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS  
OF BERENGARIUS.

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088.

---

more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope  
n shall I now before my God appear,  
him to be acquitted, as I hope ;  
him to be condemned, as I fear.—

REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE.

x amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,  
of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said :  
e a hope spring from that humble fear.  
are not strong alike through storms to steer  
ht onward. What? though dread of threatened  
death  
dungeon torture made thy hand and breath  
nstant to the truth within thy heart?  
t truth, from which, through fear, thou twice  
didst start,  
: haply told thee, was a learned strife,  
ot so vital as to claim thy life :

And myriads had reached Heaven, who never knew  
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!

Ye, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,  
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,  
And proudly talk of *recreant* BERENGARE—  
O first the age, and then the man compare!  
That age how dark! congenial minds how rare!  
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!  
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!  
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,  
He only disenchanted from the spell,  
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,  
Moved in the scanty circlet of his light:  
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray  
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?

The ascending Day-star with a bolder eye  
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!  
Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry  
The spots and struggles of the timid DAWN;  
Lest so we tempt th' approaching NOON to scorn  
The mists and painted vapours of our MORN.

## THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

his brimstone bed at break of day  
ting the DEVIL is gone,  
t his little snug farm of the earth  
e how his stock went on.

he hill and over the dale  
e went over the plain,  
ackward and forward he swished his long tail  
entleman swishes his cane.

ow then was the Devil drest ?  
e was in his Sunday's best :  
cket was red and his breeches were blue  
ere was a hole where the tail came through.

w a LAWYER killing a Viper  
ung heap beside his stable,  
e Devil smiled, for it put him in mind  
in and *his* brother, Abel.

A POTHECARY on a white horse  
 Rode by on his vocations,  
 And the Devil thought of his old Friend  
 DEATH in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,  
 A cottage of gentility !  
 And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin  
 Is pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,  
 Quoth he ! we are both of one college  
 For I myself sate like a cormorant once  
 Fast by the tree of knowledge\*.

\*And all amid them stood the TREE OF LIFE  
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold (query *paper-money* :) and next to  
 Our Death, the TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, grew fast by

•     •     •     •     •     •  
 •     •     •     •     •     •

So clomb this first grand thief—  
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life  
 Sat like a cormorant.—PAR. LOST. IV.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of  
*readings* obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect  
 to find it noted, that for "LIFE" *Cod. quid. habent*, "TE"

In the river there plied, with wind and tide,  
 A pig, with vast celerity,  
 And the Devil look'd wise as he saw how the while,  
 Cut its own throat. There! quoth he with a smile  
 Does "England's commercial prosperity."

Though indeed THE TRADE, i. e. the bibliopolic, so called  
 «ξόχη» may be regarded as LIFE sensu *eminentiori*; a sugges-  
 tion, which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line, who  
 hearing a description of the net profits, dinner parties,  
 country houses, &c. of the trade, exclaimed, "Ay! that's what  
 all LIFE now!"—This "Life, *our* Death," is thus happily  
 contrasted with the fruits of Authorship.—Sic nos non nobis  
 blificamus Apes.

Of this poem, which with the Fire, Famine and Slaughter  
 first appeared in the Morning Post, the three first stanzas, which  
 are worth all the rest, and the ninth, were dictated by Mr.  
 Athey. See Apologetic Preface. Vol. 1. p. 337. Between the  
 eighth and the concluding stanza, two or three are omitted,  
 grounded on subjects that have lost their interest—and for  
 other reasons.

If any one should ask, who General —— meant, the  
 author begs leave to inform him, that he did once see a red-  
 headed person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a  
 general; but he might have been mistaken, and most cer-  
 tainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity,  
 the Author never meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put  
 the concluding stanza to his doggerel.

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw  
A solitary cell,  
And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint  
For improving his prisons in Hell.

\* \* \* \* \*

General —— burning face  
He saw with consternation,  
And back to hell his way did he take,  
For the devil thought by a slight mistake  
It was general conflagration.

THE ALIENATED MISTRESS :

A MADRIGAL.

(FROM AN UNFINISHED MELODRAMA.)

---

LADY.

Love be dead (and you aver it!)  
Tell me, Bard! where Love lies buried.

POET.

Love lies buried where 'twas born  
Ah faithless nymph! think it no scorn  
If in my fancy I presume  
To name thy bosom poor Love's Tomb,  
And on that Tomb to read the line,  
Here lies a Love that once was mine,  
But took a chill, as I divine,  
And died at length of a decline.



CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT.

---

SINCE all, that beat about in Nature's range,  
 Or veer or vanish ; why should'st thou remain  
 The only constant in a world of change,  
 O yearning THOUGHT, that liv'st but in the brain ?  
 Call to the HOURS, that in the distance play,  
 The faery people of the future day——  
 Fond THOUGHT ! not one of all that shining swarm  
 Will breathe on *thee* with life-enkindling breath,  
 Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,  
 Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death !  
 Yet still thou haunt'st me : and though well I see,  
 She is not thou, and only thou art she,  
 Still, still as though some dear *embodied* Good,  
 Some *living* Love before my eyes there stood  
 With answering look a ready ear to lend,  
 I mourn to thee and say——“ Ah ! loveliest Friend !  
 “ That this the meed of all my toils might be,  
 “ To have a home, an English home, and thee !  
 “ Vain repetition ! Home and Thou are one.  
 “ The peacefull'st cot, the moon shall shine upon,

“ Lulled by the Thrush and wakened by the Lark  
 “ Without thee were but a becalmed Bark,  
 “ Whose Helmsman on an Ocean waste and wide  
 “ Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.”

And art thou nothing ? Such thou art, as when  
 The woodman winding westward up the glen  
 At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze  
 The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,  
 Sees full before him, gliding without tread,  
 An image\* with a glory round its head :  
 The enamoured rustic worships its fair hues,  
 Nor knows, he *makes* the shadow, he pursues !

2

\* This phenomenon, which the Author has himself experienced,  
 and of which the reader may find a description in one of the  
 earlier volumes of the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, is  
 applied figuratively in the following passages of the AIDS to  
 REFLECTION :

“ Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of  
 music, on different characters, holds equally true of Genius : as  
 many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed,  
 irritated. The beholder either recognizes it as a *projected form of*  
*his own Being, that moves before him with a Glory round its head,*  
 or recoils from it as a spectre.”—AIDS TO REFLECTION, p. 220.

THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

---

ERE the birth of my life, if I wished it or no  
 No question was asked me—it could not be so!  
 If the life was the question, a thing sent to try  
 And to live on be YES: what can No be? to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't returned as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wea  
 Think first, what you ARE! Call to mind what y  
 WERE!

I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,  
 Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.  
 Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?  
 Make out the Invent'ry; inspect, compare!  
 Then die—if die you dare!

THE BLOSSOMING  
OF THE  
SOLITARY DATE TREE.

A LAMENT.

---

to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other tion from the uninspired Hebrew Writers, an Apologue or cal Tradition to the following purpose: le our first parents were yet standing before their offended and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper e beginning, presumptuously took on himself the charac- dvocate or moderator, and pretending to intercede for exclaimed: "Nay, Lord, in thy justice, for the Man least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to t, and let Adam remain here all the days of his now mor- and enjoy the respite thou mayest grant him, in this thy e which thou gavest to him, and hast planted with every asant to the sight of man and of delicious fruitage." And d of the Most High answered Satan: "*The tender mercies icked are cruel.* Treacherous Fiend! guilt deep as thine ot be, yet the love of kind not extinguished. But if hav- e what thou hast done, thou had'st yet the heart of man thee, and the yearning of the soul for its answering image npleting counterpart, O spirit, desperately wicked! the e thou counselest had been thy own."

The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnæus, of a Date-tree in a nobleman's garden which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from a Date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting; and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the author, at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite Metre.

S. T. C.

THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY  
DATE-TREE:

A LAMENT.

---

1.

BENEATH the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the Thrones of Frost, through the absence of objects to reflect the rays. "What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own." The presence of

• a ONE,

The best belov'd, who loveth me the best,

is for the heart, what the supporting air from within is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. Deprive it of this, and all without that would have buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen and crushes it into flatness.

2.

The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the sense; the more exquisite the individual's capacity of joy, and the more ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it, whether

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in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them ?

3.

Hope, Imagination, honourable Aims,  
 Free Commune with the choir that cannot die,  
 Science and Song, delight in little things,  
 The buoyant child surviving in the man,  
 Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,  
 With all their voices mute—O dare I accuse  
 My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,  
 Or call my niggard destiny! No! no!  
 It is her largeness, and her overflow,  
 Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

4.

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,  
 But tim'rously beginning to rejoice  
 Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start  
 In lonesome tent, I listen for *thy* voice.  
 Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!  
 Then melts the bubble into idle air,  
 And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

5

The mother with anticipated glee  
 Smiles o'er the child, that standing by her chair  
 And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee  
 Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare

To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight  
She hears her own voice with a new delight ;  
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes  
aright,

## 6

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!  
But should disease or chance the darling take,  
What then avails those songs, which sweet of yore  
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake ?  
Dear maid ! no prattler at a mother's knee  
Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize *thee* :  
Why was I made for Love and Love denied to me ?



FANCY IN NUBIBUS,  
OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

---

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,  
Or let the easily persuaded eyes  
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould  
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low  
And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold  
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go  
From mount to mount through CLOUDLAND, gor-  
geous land!  
Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,  
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand  
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light  
Beheld the ILLIAD and the ODYSSEE  
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

## THE TWO FOUNTS.

ANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY WITH  
 UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE  
 ATTACK OF PAIN.

---

As my last waking thought, how it could be,  
 thou, sweet friend, such anguish should'st  
 endure :

When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he  
 did tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Thought he fronted me with peering look  
 on my heart ; and read aloud in game  
 loves and griefs therein, as from a book ;  
 uttered praise like one who wished to blame.

Every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin  
 FOUNTS there are, of SUFFERING and of CHEER !  
 to let forth, and *this* to keep within !  
 she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of PLEASURE only will to all dispense,  
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress  
Choked or turned inward; but still issue thence  
Unconquered cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny Bow,  
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,  
Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below  
Stands smiling forth, unmoved and freshly bright:

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,  
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,  
Or ere they sank to earth in vernal showers,  
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

Ev'n so, Eliza! on that face of thine,  
On that benignant face, whose look alone  
(The soul's translucence through her chrystal shrine!)  
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own

A Beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,  
But with a silent charm compels the stern  
And tort'ring Genius of the BITTER SPRING,  
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found  
In passion, spleen, or strife,) the FOUNT OF PAIN  
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,  
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain ?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam  
On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,  
Had passed : yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,  
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream :

Till audibly at length I cried, as though  
Thou had'st indeed been present to my eyes,  
O sweet, sweet sufferer ! if the case be so,  
I pray thee, be *less* good, *less* sweet, *less* wise !

In every look a barbed arrow send,  
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live !  
Do *any* thing, rather than thus, sweet friend !  
Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give !

PREFATORY NOTE  
TO THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

---

A PROSE composition, one not in metre at least, seems *prima facie* to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 1798, near Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, at which place (*sanctum et amabile nomen!* rich by so many associations and recollections) the Author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighbourhood of a dear and honoured friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another, whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connection with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the schema and the contents for each of the three books or cantos, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My partner undertook the first canto; I the second: and which ever had *done first*, was to set about the third. Almost thirty years have passed by; yet at this moment I cannot without something more than a smile moot the question which of the two things was the more impracticable, for a mind so eminently original to compose another man's thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so austere and pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand

able countenance as at the moment when having dispatched  
 rn portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to  
 rith my manuscript—that look of humourous despondency  
 on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-  
 is admission of failure struggling with the sense of the ex-  
 ng ridiculousness of the whole scheme—which broke up  
 ough: and the Ancient Mariner was written instead.  
 ears afterward, however, the draft of the Plan and proposed  
 ents, and the portion executed, obtained favor in the eyes  
 re than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could  
 ut have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality  
 een thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I  
 mined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in  
 as, and made some progress in realizing this intention, when  
 se gales drove my bark off the “Fortunate Isles” of the  
 s; and then other and more momentous interests prompted  
 rent voyage, to firmer anchorage and a securer port. I  
 in vain tried to recover the lines from the Palimpsest tablet  
 y memory: and I can only offer the introductory stanza,  
 b had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring  
 nd’s judgment on the metre, as a specimen.

Encinctured with a twine of leaves,  
 That leafy twine his only dress!  
 A lovely Boy was plucking fruits,  
 By moonlight, in a wilderness.  
 The morn was bright, the air was free,  
 And fruits and flowers together grew  
 On many a shrub and many a tree:  
 And all put on a gentle hue,  
 Hanging in the shadowy air  
 Like a picture rich and rare.

It was a climate where, they say,  
The night is more belov'd than day.  
But who that beauteous Boy begull'd,  
: That beauteous Boy to linger here ?  
Alone, by night, a little child,  
In place so silent and so wild—  
Has he no friend, no loving Mother near ?

I have here given the birth, parentage, and premature decease of the "Wanderings of Cain, a poem,"—intreating, however, my Readers not to think so meanly of my judgment as to suppose that I either regard or offer it as any excuse for the publication of the following fragment, (and I may add, of one or two others in its neighbourhood) in its primitive crudity. But I should find still greater difficulty in forgiving myself, were I to record *pro tædio publico* a set of petty mishaps and annoyances which I myself wish to forget. I must be content therefore with assuring the friendly Reader, that the less he attributes its appearance to the Author's will, choice, or judgment, the nearer to the truth he will be.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

### CANTO II.

---

A LITTLE further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight!" Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight, and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

"It is dark, O my father!" said Enos, "but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight."

"Lead on, my child!" said Cain: "guide me, little child!" And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. "The fir branches drip upon thee, my son." "Yea, pleasantly, father, for



I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leapt away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would be good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me?" Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils.

o I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space ! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice ; and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me ; the mighty one who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove ; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father, " Arise my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher." And Cain said, " How knowest thou ?" and the child answered—" Behold the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest ; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him : and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly ; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air ; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child

was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls on the Bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath: and the black abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophecy

nutely of things that then were not; steeples, and settlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its point and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Wo, is me! wo, is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning in the heavy-sailing Night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his Father's robe, and raised his eyes to his Father, and listening whispered, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice. O my father! this is it:"

and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet can not refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos glided forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother ABEL whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of Soul, the SHAPE fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, "Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice my son?" "Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said. "The Creator

of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sat beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child; "I know where the cold waters are but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion." Having

uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands; and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and he walked slowly back to the rocks; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground; and Cain once more sat beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable

unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The shape arose and answered, "O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!"

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.





**REMORSE.**

**A TRAGEDY.**

**IN FIVE ACTS.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

**MARQUIS VALDEZ**, Father to the two brothers, and Donna  
Teresa's Guardian.

**DON ALVAR**, the eldest son.

**DON ORDONIO**, the youngest son.

**MONVIEDRO**, a Dominican and Inquisitor.

**ZULIMEZ**, the faithful attendant on Alvar.

**ISIDORE**, a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.

**FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION.**

**NAOMI.**

**MOORS, SERVANTS, &c.**

**DONNA TERESA**, an Orphan Heiress.

**ALHADRA**, Wife to Isidore.

**Time.** The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil war  
against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution  
which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade  
the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

## REMOUSE.

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### ACT I.—SCENE I.

*The Sea Shore on the Coast of Granada.*

DON ALVAR, *wrapt in a Boat cloak, and ZULIMEZ*  
*(a Moresco) both as just landed.*

ZULIMEZ.

No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!

ALVAR.

My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment  
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.  
If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,  
Tis surely this—after long years of exile,  
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,  
To hail at once our country, and our birth place.  
Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press  
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!

ZULIMEZ.

Then claim your rights in it! O, revered Don Alvar,  
Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.  
It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,  
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!

ALVAR.

Remember, Zulimez ! I am his brother,  
Injured indeed ! O deeply injured ! yet  
Ordonio's brother.

ZULIMEZ.

Nobly minded Alvar !  
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.

ALVAR.

The more behoves it, I should rouse within him  
REMOUSE ! that I should save him from himself.

ZULIMEZ.

REMOUSE is as the heart in which it grows :  
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews  
Of true repentance ; but if proud and gloomy,  
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost  
Weeps only tears of poison !

ALVAR.

And of a brother,  
Dare I hold this, unproved ? nor make one effort  
To save him ?—Hear me, friend ! I have yet to tell  
thee,  
That this same life, which he conspired to take,  
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,  
And at the imminent hazard of his own.  
Add too my oath—

ZULIMEZ.

You have thrice told already  
 The years of absence and of secrecy,  
 On which a forced oath bound you : if in truth  
 The suborned murderer have the power to dictate  
 A binding oath—

ALVAR.

My long captivity  
 Left me no choice : the very *Wish* too languished  
 With the fond *Hope* that nursed it ; the sick babe  
 Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.  
 But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy ;  
 The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,  
 No motive could have tempted him to falsehood ;  
 On the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,  
 When with abhorrence of his own black purpose  
 The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,  
 Fell from his palsied hand—

ZULIMEZ.

Heavy presumption !

ALVARA.

Not weighed not with me—Hark ! I will tell thee all ;  
 As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base  
 Cliff of yonder cliff—

ZULIMEZ.

That rocky seat you mean,  
 Shaded by the billows?—

ALVAR.

There Teresa met me

The morning of the day of my departure.  
 We were alone : the purple hue of dawn,  
 Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,  
 And blending with the blushes on her cheek  
 Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.  
 There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa  
 The angel of the vision !            *[then with agitation.*

Had'st thou seen

How in each motion her most innocent soul  
 Beamed forth and brightened, thou thyself would'st  
 tell me,

Guilt is a thing impossible in her!

She must be innocent !

ZULIMEZ. *(with a sigh.)*

Proceed, my Lord !

ALVAR.

A portrait which she had procured by stealth,  
 (For even then it seems her heart foreboded  
 Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)  
 A portrait of herself with thrilling hand  
 She tied around my neck, conjuring me  
 With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred  
 To my own knowledge : nor did she desist,  
 Till she had won a solemn promise from me,  
 That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it

ll my return. Yet this the assassin knew  
new that which none but she could have disclosed.

ZULIMEZ.

. damning proof!

ALVAR.

My own life wearied me!

And but for the imperative Voice within  
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.  
That Voice, which quelled me, calmed me: and I  
sought

The Belgic states: there joined the better cause;  
And there too fought as one that courted death!  
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,  
In death-like trance: a long imprisonment followed.  
The fullness of my anguish by degrees  
Waned to a meditative melancholy;  
And still the more I mused, my soul became  
More doubtful, more perplexed; and still Teresa  
Night after night, she visited my sleep,  
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,  
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me!  
Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,  
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless!  
Hear then my fix'd resolve: I'll linger here  
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—  
The Moorish robes?—



REMORSE.

ZULIMEZ.

All, all are in the sea-cave,  
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners  
Secrete the boat there.

ALVAR.

Above all, the picture  
Of the assassination—

ZULIMEZ.

Be assured  
That it remains uninjured.

ALVAR.

Thus disguised  
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—*wife!*  
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,  
And this the hour; her words, her very looks  
Will acquit her or convict.

ZULIMEZ.

Will they not know you?

ALVAR.

With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly  
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,  
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,  
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,  
Have done already half the business for us.  
Add too my youth, when last we saw each other.  
Manhood has sworn my chest, and taught my voice

A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead :  
 And what the mind believes impossible,  
 The bodily sense is slow to recognize.

ZULIMEZ.

'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.  
 Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,  
 Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,  
 I will seek our mariners ; and in the dusk  
 Transport whate'er we need to the small dell  
 In the Alpuzarras—there where Zagri lived.

ALVAR.

I know it well : it is the obscurest haunt  
 Of all the mountains— [both stand listening.  
 Voices at a distance !

Let us away! [Exeunt.

---

SCENE II.

*Enter TERESA and VALDEZ.*

TERESA.

I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son  
 And Alvar's brother.

VALDEZ.

Love him for himself,  
 Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

TERESA.

I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez,  
But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain  
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

VALDEZ.

Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,  
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee  
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!  
Thy dying father comes upon my soul  
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;  
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,  
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty  
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah not for this,  
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,  
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,  
The victim of a useless constancy.  
I must not see thee wretched.

TERESA.

There are woes

Ill bartered for the garishness of joy!  
If it be wretched with an untired eye  
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;  
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,  
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,  
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again  
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched

To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,  
 To go through each minutest circumstance  
 Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures  
 Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them ;  
 '(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid  
 Who drest her in her buried lover's clothes,  
 And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft  
 Hung with her lute, and played the self same tune  
 He used to play, and listened to the shadow  
 Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,  
 And if indeed it be a wretched thing  
 To trick out mine own death bed, and imagine  
 That I had died, died just ere his return !  
 Then see him listening to my constancy,  
 Or hover round, as he at midnight oft  
 Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon ;  
 Or haply in some more fantastic mood,  
 To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers  
 Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,  
 And there to wait his coming ! O my sire !  
 My Alvar's sire ! if this be wretchedness  
 That eats away the life, what were it, think you,

\* [Here Valdez bends back, and smiles at her wildness,  
 which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing  
 half-playful tone and manner, apologizes for her fancy, by the  
 little tale in the parenthesis.]

If in a most assured reality  
 He should return, and see a brother's infant  
 Smile at him from *my* arms?

Oh what a thought! [*Clasping her forehead.*]

VALDEZ.

A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty  
 thought.

The very week he promised his return——

TERESA. (*abruptly.*)

Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,  
 After those three years travels! we had no fears—  
 The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,  
 Almost endeared his absence! Yet the gladness,  
 The tumult of our joy! What then if now——

VALDEZ.

O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,  
 Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!  
 Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies—  
 Hectic and unrefreshed with rest——

TERESA. (*with great tenderness.*)

My father!

VALDEZ.

The sober truth is all too much for me!  
 I see no sail which brings not to my mind  
 The home-bound bark in which my son was captured  
 By the Algerine—to perish with his captors!

TERESA.

O! he did not!

VALDEZ.

Captured in sight of land!  
 Upon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower  
 might have seen——

TERESA.

His capture, not his death.

VALDEZ.

How aptly thou forget'st a tale  
 When ne'er didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio  
 Both the pirate and his prize go down,  
 The same storm that baffled his own valour,  
 Thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes:  
 Ouant Ordonio! (*pauses, then tenderly*) O beloved  
 Teresa,  
 Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,  
 Most delight his spirit, go, make thou  
 Brother happy, make his aged father  
 Rest to the grave in joy.

TERESA.

For mercy's sake  
 Let me no more! I have no power to love him.  
 Proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,  
 Let me like dew damps of the unwholesome night:  
 Love, a timorous and tender flower,  
 Lies beneath his touch.

VALDEZ.

You wrong him, maiden !  
 You wrong him, by my soul ! Nor was it well  
 To character by such unkindly phrases  
 The stir and workings of that love for you  
 Which he has toiled to smother. 'Twas not well,  
 Nor is it grateful in you to forget  
 His wounds and perilous voyages, and how  
 With an heroic fearlessness of danger  
 He roam'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.  
 It was not well—You have moved me even to tears.

TERESA.

Oh pardon me, Lord Valdez ! pardon me !  
 It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,  
 A most ungrateful speech ! But I am hurried  
 Beyond myself, if I but hear of one  
 Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not  
 Born in one day, like twins of the same parent ?  
 Nursed in one cradle ? Pardon me, my father !  
 A six years' absence is a heavy thing,  
 Yet still the hope survives——

VALDEZ. (*looking forward.*)

Hush ! 'tis Monviedro.

TERESA.

The Inquisitor ! on what new scent of blood ?

*Enter MONVIEDRO with ALHADRA.*

MONVIEDRO. (*having first made his obeisance to  
VALDEZ and TERESA.*)

Peace and the truth be with you! Good my Lord,  
My present need is with your son.

[*Looking forward.*

We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

*Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.*

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman  
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

ORDONIO.

Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?

MONVIEDRO.

My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse  
To his false creed, so recently abjured,  
The secret servants of the inquisition  
Have seized her husband, and at my command  
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,  
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,  
As surety for his soundness in the faith.  
Though lessened by experience what small trust  
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,  
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,  
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour  
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,  
Thus far prevailed with me that——



ORDONIO.

Reverend father,  
I am much beholden to your high opinion,  
Which so o'erprizes my light services.

[*then to ALHADRA.*]

I would that I could serve you ; but in truth  
Your face is new to me.

MONVIEDRO.

My mind foretold me,  
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,  
'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,  
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely  
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,  
Should prove the patron of this infidel!  
The guarantee of a Moresco's faith!  
Now I return.

ALHADRA.

My Lord, my husband's name  
Is Isidore. (ORDONIO *starts.*)—You may remember it:  
Three years ago, three years this very week,  
You left him at Almeria.

MONVIEDRO.

Palpably false!  
This very week, three years ago, my lord,  
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)  
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,  
The *murderers* doubtless of your brother Alvar!

[TERESA looks at MONVIEDRO with disgust and horror. ORDONIO's appearance to be collected from what follows.

MONVIEDRO. (*to Valdez and pointing at Ordonio.*)  
 What is he ill, my Lord? how strange he looks!

VALDEZ. (*angrily.*)  
 You pressed upon him too abruptly, father!  
 The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.

ORDONIO. (*starting as in sudden agitation.*)  
 Heavens! I?—I doted? (*then recovering himself.*)  
 Yes! I doted on him.

[ORDONIO walks to the end of the stage,  
 Valdez follows, soothing him.

TERESA. (*her eye following Ordonio.*)  
 He do not, can not, love him. Is my heart hard?  
 Is my heart hard? that even now the thought  
 should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it!

MONVIEDRO.  
 The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!  
 They will return. In very truth, I grieve  
 To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me woman!

ALHADRA. (*to Teresa.*)  
 O gentle lady! make the father stay,  
 Until my lord recover. I am sure,  
 What he will say he is my husband's friend.

TERESA.

Stay, father! stay! my lord will soon recover.

ORDONIO, (*as they return to VALDEZ.*)

Strange, that this Monviedro  
Should have the power so to distemper me!

VALDEZ.

Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!

MONVIEDRO.

My lord, I truly grieve——

ORDONIO.

Tut! name it not.

A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.  
As to this woman's husband, I *do* know him.  
I know him well, and that he *is* a Christian.

MONVIEDRO.

I hope, my lord, your merely human pity  
Doth not prevail——

ORDONIO.

'Tis certain that he *was* a catholic;  
What changes may have happened in three years,  
I can not say; but grant me this, good father:  
Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,  
You'll grant me your authority and name  
To liberate his house.

MONVIEDRO.

Your zeal, my lord

for late merits in this holy warfare  
authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

ORDONIO.

Send you home within an hour.

VALDEZ.

Do not return with us and take refreshment.

ALHADRA.

Set my husband's free ! I may not do it.  
Stay here.

TERESA. (*aside.*)

What of this Isidore ?

VALDEZ.

Daughter !

TERESA.

Without your permission, my dear lord,  
I will yet awhile t' enjoy the sea breeze.

[*Exeunt Valdez, Monviedro and Ordonio.*]

ALHADRA.

Where he goes ! a bitter curse go with him,  
and a long curse !

*(if recollecting herself, and with a timid look)*  
Send me to him, don't you, lady ?

TERESA. (*perceiving that Alhadra is conscious  
she has spoken imprudently.*)

Do not send me ! my heart is sad for you.

ALHADRA.

These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!  
 As I came on, his face so maddened me,  
 That ever and anon I clutched my dagger  
 And half unsheathed it——

TERESA.

Be more calm, I pray you.

ALHADRA.

And as he walked along the narrow path  
 Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager;  
 'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember  
 That his Familiars held my babes and husband.  
 To have leapt upon him with a tyger's plunge,  
 And hurl'd him down the rugged precipice,  
 O, it had been most sweet!

TERESA.

Hush! hush for shame!

Where is your woman's heart?

ALHADRA.

O gentle lady!

You have no skill to guess *my* many wrongs,  
 Many and strange! Besides, (*ironically*) I am a  
 Christian,  
 And Christians never pardon—'tis their faith!

TERESA.

Shame fall on those who so have shewn it to thee!

ALHADRA.

know that man; 'tis well he knows not me.  
 Five years ago (and he was the prime agent)  
 Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.

TERESA.

What might your crime be?

ALHADRA.

I was a Moresco!

They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,  
 Into a dungeon of their prison house,  
 Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,  
 No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,  
 It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,  
 Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed  
 One human countenance, the lamp's red flame  
 Lowered as it entered, and at once sunk down.  
 Oh miserable! by that lamp to see  
 My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread  
 Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—  
 My rage had dried away its natural food.  
 In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,  
 Which haply told me, that the all-cheering Sun  
 Was rising on our Garden. When I dozed,  
 My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers  
 And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,

I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises  
 And peevish cries so fretted on my brain  
 That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

TERESA.

O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

ALHADRA.

What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right  
 That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,  
 What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?  
 Great Evils ask great Passions to redress them,  
 And Whirlwinds fittest scatter Pestilence.

TERESA.

You were at length released?

ALHADRA.

Yes, at length

I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!  
 'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—  
 For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,  
 A trance comes on which makes me o'er again  
 All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,  
 And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,  
 That you would start and shudder!

TERESA.

But your husband—

ALHADRA.

A month's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.

REMORSE.

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TERESA.

Alas, poor man!

ALHADRA.

He hath a lion's courage,  
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance;  
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart  
He worships nature in the hill and valley,  
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—  
*Enter ALVAR disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish  
garments.*

TERESA.

Know you that stately Moor?

ALHADRA.

I know him not:

But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,  
Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.

TERESA.

The Alpuxarras? Does he know his danger,  
So near this seat?

ALHADRA.

He wears the Moorish robes too,  
As in defiance of the royal edict.

*[Alhadra advances to Alvar, who has walked  
to the back of the stage. near the rocks.  
Teresa drops her veil.*



ALHADRA.

Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,  
 Monviedro, of known hatred to our race—

ALVAR. (*interrupting her.*)

You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.

ALHADRA.

He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him:  
 Speak to him, Lady—none can hear *you* speak,  
 And not believe you innocent of guile.

TERESA.

If aught enforce you to concealment, Sir—

ALHADRA.

He trembles strangely.

[*Alvar sinks down and hides his face in his robe.*]

TERESA.

See we have disturbed him

[*approaches nearer to her.*]

I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,  
 For you seem faint, and the night breeze blow  
 healing.

I pray you think us friends!

ALVAR. (*raising his head.*)

Calm, very calm!

'Tis all too tranquil for reality!

And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,  
That voice, that innocent voice! She is no traitress!

TERESA.

Let us retire. (*haughtily to Alhadra.*)

[*They advance to the front of the Stage.*]

ALHADRA. (*with scorn.*)

He is indeed a Christian.

ALVAR. (*aside.*)

She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!

Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments?

(*To Teresa.*)

Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturbed you:

I had just started from a frightful dream.

TERESA.

Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said,

They prophecy—

ALVAR.

The Past lives o'er again

In its effects, and to the guilty spirit

The ever frowning Present is its image.

TERESA.

Traitress! (*then aside.*)

What sudden spell o'ermasters me?  
 Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman  
 [*Theresa looks round uneasily, but gradually  
 comes attentive as Alvar proceeds in the  
 speech.*]

ALVAR.

I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I leant  
 With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,  
 Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me :  
 For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.  
 This maid so idolized that trusted friend  
 Dishonoured in my absence, soul and body !  
 Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,  
 And murderers were suborned against my life.  
 But by my looks, and most impassioned words,  
 I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,  
 Even in the assassins' hearts ! they made their tea  
 And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.

ALHADRA.

You are lost in thought : hear him no more s  
 Lady !

TERESA.

From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,  
 And slight things bring on me the idle mood !  
 Well sir, what happened then ?

ALVAR.

On a rude rock,  
 On a rude rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,  
 These thready leaves to the low-breathing gale  
 Like a soft sound most like the distant ocean,  
 Passed, as though the hour of death were passed,  
 I were sitting in the world of spirits—  
 All things seemed unreal! There I sate—  
 The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,  
 Dark, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour  
 The storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,  
 The woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one  
 Havock.

A second flash of lightning shewed a tree  
 Felled by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous :  
 My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,  
 And with loud voice and clamorous agony  
 Calling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,  
 Praying, that REMORSE might fasten on their hearts,  
 And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable  
 To the gored lion's bite!

TERESA, (*shuddering.*)

A fearful curse!

ALHADRA. (*fiercely.*)

Didst thou dreamt you not that you returned and killed them?  
 Didst thou dreamt you of no revenge?

ALVAR. (*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress.*) She would have died,  
 Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!  
 And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,  
 I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,  
 And leapt myself into an unblest grave!  
 I prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts:  
 For still I loved her!

ALHADRA.

And you dreamt all this?

TERESA.

My soul is full of visions all as wild!

ALHADRA.

There is no room in this heart for puling love tales.

TERESA. (*Lifts up her veil, and advances to Alvar.*)  
 Stranger farewell! I guess not who you are,  
 Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.  
 Your mien is noble, and I own, perplexed me  
 With obscure memory of something past,  
 Which still escaped my efforts, or presented  
 Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.  
 If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling  
 Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,  
 Drove you to this, your not ungentle, wildness—  
 You have my sympathy, and so farewell!

But if some undiscovered wrongs oppress you,  
And you need strength to drag them into light,  
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,  
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,  
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

[*Exeunt Teresa and Alhadra.*]

ALVAR. (*alone.*)

'Tis strange! It cannot be! *my* Lord Ordonio!  
*Her* Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!  
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough!  
How sad she looked, and pale! but not like guilt—  
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!  
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,  
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent?  
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her?  
But ere she married him, he had stained her honour  
Ah! there I am hampered What if this were a lie  
Framed by the assassin? Who should tell it *him*,  
If it were truth? Ordonio would not tell him.  
Yet why one lie? all else, I *know*, was truth.  
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience!  
And she referred to *me*—fondly, methought!  
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?  
Here where we played together in our childhood?  
Here where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek  
Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feelings

She had fainted in my arms ? It can not be !  
 'Tis not in nature ! I will die believing,  
 That I shall meet her where no evil is,  
 No treachery, no cup dashed from the lips.  
 I'll haunt this scene no more ! live she in peace !  
 Her husband—aye her *husband!* May this angel  
 New mould his canker'd heart ! Assist me, heaven  
 That I may pray for my poor guilty brother. [*Exit.*]

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ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A wild and mountainous Country. ORDONIO and ISIDORE are discovered, supposed at a little distance from ISIDORE's house.*

ORDONIO.

Here we may stop : your house distinct in view,  
 Yet we secured from listeners.

ISIDORE.

Now indeed

*My* house ! and it looks cheerful as the clusters  
 Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,  
 That over-brows it ! Patron ! Friend ! Preserver !—  
 Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle  
 You gave it me : next rescued me from suicide

r my follies I was made to wander,  
 uths to feed, and not a morsel for them :  
 for you, a dungeon's slimy stones  
 n my bed and pillow.

ORDONIO.

Good Isidore !

s to me ? It is enough, you know it.

ISIDORE.

on trick of Gratitude, my lord,  
 to ease her own full heart——

ORDONIO.

Enough !

epaid ceases to be a debt.  
 e it in your power to serve me greatly.

ISIDORE.

r my lord ? I pray you to name the thing.  
 climb up an ice-glazed precipice  
 : a weed you fancied !

ONIO (*with embarrassment and hesitation.*)

Why—that—Lady—

ISIDORE.

three years, my lord, since last I saw you :  
 u a son, my lord ?

ORDONIO.

O miserable— [aside.

you are a man, and know mankind.



I told you what I wished—now for the *truth*—  
She loved the man you kill'd.

ISIDORE. (*looking as suddenly alarmed.*)

You jest, my lord?

ORDONIO.

And till his death is proved she will not wed me.

ISIDORE.

You sport with me, my lord?

ORDONIO.

Come, come! this fool

Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it!

ISIDORE.

I can bear this, and any thing more grievous  
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?

ORDONIO.

Why you can utter with a solemn gesture  
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,  
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—

ISIDORE.

I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.

ORDONIO.

In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.  
She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true:  
Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense!  
Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.  
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive.

Shivers, and can not keep the tears in her eye :  
 And such do love the marvellous too well  
 Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy  
 With a strange music, that she knows not of—  
 With fumes of frankincense, and mummery,  
 Then leave, as one sure token of his death,  
 That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck  
 I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

ISIDORE.

Will that be a sure sign ?

ORDONIO.

Beyond suspicion.

Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,  
 (By some base spell he had bewitched her senses)  
 She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth,  
 As made this heart pour gall into my veins.  
 And as she coyly bound it round his neck  
 She made him promise silence ; and now holds  
 The secret of the existence of this portrait  
 Known only to her lover and herself.  
 But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,  
 And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

ISIDORE.

But now I should have cursed the man who told me  
 You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—  
 But this I can not do.

ORDONIO.

Where lies your scruple?

ISIDORE. (*with stammering.*)

Why—why, my lord!

You know you told me that the lady lov'd you,  
 Had loved you with *incautious* tenderness;  
 That if the young man, her betrothed husband,  
 Returned, yourself, and she, and the honour of both  
 Must perish. Now, though with no tenderer scruples  
 Than those which being *native* to the heart,  
 Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—

ORDONIO. (*aloud, though to express his contempt  
 he speaks in the third person.*)

This Fellow is a Man—he killed for hire  
 One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples!

[*Then turning to Isidore.*]

These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—  
 Pish, fool! thou blunder'st through the book of guilt,  
 Spelling thy villainy.

ISIDORE.

My lord—my lord

I can bear much—yes, very much from you!  
 But there's a point where sufferance is meanness;  
 I am no villain—never kill'd for hire—  
 My gratitude—

ORDONIO.

O aye—your gratitude!  
 a well-sounding word—what have you done  
 with it?

ISIDORE.

offers his past favours for my virtue—

ORDONIO. (*with bitter scorn.*)

Virtue—

ISIDORE.

o o'erreach me—is a very sharper,  
 could not speak of gratitude, my lord.  
 not 'twas your brother!

ORDONIO. (*alarmed.*)

And who told you?

ISIDORE.

myself told me.

ORDONIO.

Ha! you talk'd with him!  
 those, the two Morescoes who were with you?

ISIDORE.

fell in a night brawl at Malaga.

ORDONIO. (*in a low voice.*)

My brother—

ISIDORE.

my lord, I could not tell you!  
 I lost away the thought—it drove me wild.  
 listen to me now—I pray you listen—

ORDONIO.

Villain! no more. I'll hear no more of it.

ISIDORE.

My lord, it much imports your future safety  
That you should hear it.

ORDONIO. (*turning off from Isidore.*)

Am not I a Man?

'Tis as it should be! tut—the deed itself  
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler!

ISIDORE.

We met him in the very place you mentioned.  
Hard by a grove of firs—

ORDONIO.

Enough—enough—

ISIDORE.

He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;  
In fine, compelled a parley

ORDONIO. (*sighing, as if lost in thought.*)

Alvar! brother!

ISIDORE.

He offered me his purse—

ORDONIO. (*with eager suspicion.*)

Yes?

ISIDORE. (*indignantly.*)

Yes—I spurned it—

He promised us I know not what—in vain!  
Then with a look and voice that overawed me,

**He said, What mean you friends? My life is dear :**  
**I have a brother and a promised wife,**  
**Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,**  
**That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.**  
**There was a likeness in his face to yours**  
**I asked his brother's name: he said—Ordonio,**  
**Son of lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.**  
**At length I said (if that indeed I said it,**  
**And that no Spirit made my tongue its organ,)**  
**That woman is dishonored by that brother,**  
**And he the man who sent us to destroy you.**  
**He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,**  
**He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd**  
**As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—**  
**Aye, just as you look now—only less ghastly!**  
**At length recovering from his trance, he threw**  
**His sword away, and bade us take his life**  
**It was not worth his keeping.**

ORDONIO.

And you kill'd him?

Oh blood hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!  
 He was his Maker's Image undefac'd!     [*a pause.*  
 It seizes me—by Hell I will go on!  
 What—would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't  
           save thee!                             [*a pause.*  
 Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!

ISIDORE. (*aside.*)

Were he alive he had returned ere now  
The consequence the same—dead through his plotting!

ORDONIO.

O this unutterable dying away—here—  
This sickness of the heart! [*a pause.*]

What if I went

And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?  
Aye! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool!  
[*a pause.*]

What have I done but that which nature destined,  
Or the blind elements stirred up within me?  
If good were meant, why were we made these Beings?  
And if not meant—

ISIDORE.

You are disturbed, my lord!

ORDONIO. (*starts, looks at him wildly; then, after  
a pause, during which his features are forced into  
a smile.*)

A gust of the soul! i'faith, it overset me.  
O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!  
Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

ISIDORE. (*in a low voice.*)

I'll perish first!

ORDONIO.

What dost thou mutter of?

ISIDORE.

Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

ORDONIO.

There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask  
you.

ISIDORE.

They'll know my gait : but stay ! last night I watched  
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,  
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild  
flowers.

I had followed him at distance, seen him scale  
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance  
Stoln after him unnoticed. There I marked,  
That mid the chequer work of light and shade  
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,  
But those on which the moonlight fell : and once  
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A Wizard—  
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

ORDONIO.

Doubtless you question'd him ?

ISIDORE.

'Twas my intention,  
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.  
But lo ! the stern Dominican, whose spies  
Lurk every where, already (as it seemed)  
Had given commission to his apt familiar



To seek and sound the Moor ; who now returning,  
 Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.  
 I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him  
 In that lone place, again concealed myself :  
 Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,  
 And in *your* name, as lord of this domain,  
 Proudly he answered, " Say to the lord Ordonio,  
 " He that can bring the dead to life again!"

ORDONIO.

A strange reply !

ISIDORE.

Aye, all of him is strange.  
 He called himself a Christian, yet he wears  
 The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

ORDONIO.

Where does this wizard live ?

ISIDORE. (*pointing to the distance.*)

You see that brooklet?

Trace its course backward : through a narrow opening  
 It leads you to the place.

ORDONIO.

How shall I know it?

ISIDORE.

You cannot err. It is a small green dell  
 Built all around with high off-sloping hills,  
 And from its shape our peasants aptly call it

The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,  
 And round its banks tall wood that branches over,  
 And makes a kind of faery forest grow  
 Down in the water. At the further end  
 A puny cataract falls on the lake ;  
 And there, a curious sight ! you see its shadow  
 For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,  
 Up through the foliage of those faery trees.  
 His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.

ORDONIO. (*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of  
 the scene, and then turning round to Isidore.*)

Ha !—Who lurks there ! Have we been overheard ?  
 There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glit-  
 ters——

ISIDORE.

'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the  
 other,  
 Form a mock portal with their pointed arch ?  
 Pardon my smiles ! 'Tis a poor Idiot Boy,  
 Who sits in the Sun, and twirls a Bough about,  
 His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.  
 And so he sits, swaying his cone-like Head,  
 And staring at his Bough from Morn to Sun-set  
 See-saws his Voice in inarticulate Noises.

ORDONIO.

'Tis well ! and now for this same Wizard's Lair

ISIDORE.

Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash,  
 Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters  
 O'er the old thatch.

ORDONIO.

I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exeunt Ordonio and Isidore.*]

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 SCENE II.

*The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers Alvar, Zulimez and Alhadra, as on the point of leaving.*

ALHADRA. (*addressing Alvar.*)

Farewell then! and though many thoughts perplex  
 me,

Aught evil or ignoble never can I  
 Suspect of Thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,  
 The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need  
 Of such a leader.

ALVAR.

Nobly minded woman!

Long time against oppression have I fought,  
 And for the native liberty of faith  
 Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:

TIME, as he courses onward, still unrolls  
 The volume of Concealment. In the FUTURE,  
 As in the optician's glassy cylinder,  
 The indistinguishable blots and colours  
 Of the dim PAST collect and shape themselves,  
 Upstarting in their own completed image  
 To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty,  
 And what I sought I found : but ere the spear  
 Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form  
 Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose  
 To the Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart !

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,  
 Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee :  
 For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.  
 Once more farewell.

[*Exit Alhadra.*

Yes, to the Belgic states  
 We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,  
 Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.  
 Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice  
 Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance  
 Of our past services.

ZULIMEZ.

And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,  
You let a murderer hold ?

ALVAR.

O faithful Zulimez !

That my return involved Ordonio's death,  
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,  
Yet bearable :—but when I see my father  
Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,  
Which soon must be his grave, and my TERESA—  
Her husband proved a murderer, and *her* infants  
*His* infants—poor TERESA !—all would perish,  
All perish—all ! and I (nay bear with me)  
Could not survive the complicated ruin !

ZULIMEZ. (*much affected.*)

Nay now ! I have distress'd you—you well know,  
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome !  
You are a painter\*, one of many fancies !  
You can call up past deeds, and make them live  
On the blank canvas ; and each little herb,  
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,  
You have learnt to name——

Hark ! heard you not some footsteps ?

\* Vide Appendix.

ALVAR.

What if it were my brother coming onwards?  
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

*Enter ORDONIO.*

ALVAR. (*starting.*)

It is he!

ORDONIO. (*to himself as he enters.*)

If I distinguished right her gait and stature,  
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,  
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,  
In the night air, doth not more naturally  
Attract the night flies round it, than a conjuror  
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

[*Addressing Alvar.*

You know my name, I guess, if not my person.  
I am Ordonio, son of the lord Valdez.

ALVAR. (*with deep emotion.*)

The Son of Valdez!

*Ordonio walks leisurely round the room, and looks  
attentively at the plants.*

ZULIMEZ. (*to Alvar.*)

Why what ails you now?  
How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish  
you?

ALVAR.

To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!

ORDONIO. (*returning, and aloud.*)  
 Plucked in the moonlight from a ruined abbey—  
 Those only, which the pale rays visited!  
 O the unintelligible power of weeds,  
 When a few odd prayers have been muttered o'er  
 them:

Then they work miracles! I warrant you,  
 There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks  
 Some serviceable imp.

There's one of you  
 Hath sent me a strange message.

ALVAR.

I am he.

ORDONIO.

With you, then, I am to speak:

(*Haughtily waving his hand to Zulimez.*)

And mark you, alone. [*Exit Zulimez.*]  
 "He that can bring the dead to life again!"—  
 Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard,  
 But one that strips the outward rind of things!

ALVAR.

'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,  
 That are all dust and rottenness within.  
 Would'st thou I should strip such?

ORDONIO.

Thou quibbling fool,

What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journeyed  
hither,  
To sport with thee?

ALVAR.

O no, my lord! to sport  
Best suits the gaiety of innocence.

ORDONIO, (*aside.*)

O what a thing is man! the wisest heart  
A Fool! a Fool that laughs at its own folly,  
Yet still a fool! [*Looks round the cottage.*]

You are poor!

ALVAR.

What follows thence?

ORDONIO.

That you would fain be richer.  
The inquisition, too—You comprehend me?  
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,  
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty:  
And for the boon I ask of you but this,  
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

ALVAR. (*solemnly.*)

Thou art the son of Valdez! would to Heaven  
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.

ORDONIO.

The slave begins to soften. [*aside.*]

You are my friend



“ He that can bring the dead to life again,”  
Nay, no defence to me ! The holy brethren  
Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.

*(then with great bitterness.)*

Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee !

ALVAR. *(aside.)*

Alas ! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.

ORDONIO.

I love a lady, and she would love me

But for an idle and fantastic scruple.

Have you no servants here, no listeners ?

*[Ordonio steps to the door.]*

ALVAR.

What, faithless too ? False to his angel wife ?  
To such a wife ? Well might'st thou look so wan,  
Ill-starr'd Teresa !——Wretch ! my softer soul  
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience !

ORDONIO.

In truth this lady lov'd another man,

But he has perish'd.

ALVAR.

What ! you kill'd him ? hey ?

ORDONIO.

I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it !

Insolent slave ! how dar'dst thou—

*[turns abruptly from Alvar, and then to himself.]*

Why! what's this?

'Twas idiotcy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,  
And wear a fool's cap—

ALVAR. (*watching his agitation.*)

Fare thee well—

I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

[*Alvar is retiring.*]

ORDONIO. (*having recovered himself.*)

Ho!

[*calling to Alvar.*]

ALVAR.

Be brief, what wish you?

ORDONIO.

You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself  
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

ALVAR.

I listen to you.

ORDONIO.

In a sudden tempest,

Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—  
The fellow——

ALVAR.

Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart  
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?  
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.

ORDONIO. (*hesitating.*)

Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.

ALVAR. (*with eager vehemence.*)  
 Are you not wedded then ? Merciful Heaven !  
 Not wedded to TERESA ?

ORDONIO.

Why what ails thee ?  
 What, art thou mad ? why look'st thou upward so ?  
 Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air ?

ALVAR. (*recollecting himself.*)  
 Proceed, I shall be silent.

[*Alvar sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face*

ORDONIO.

To Teresa ?

Politic wizard ! ere you sent that message,  
 You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient  
 In all my fortunes. Hah ! you prophecied  
 A golden crop ! Well, you have not mistaken—  
 Be faithful to me and I'll pay thee nobly.

ALVAR. (*lifting up his head.*)  
 Well ! and this lady !

ORDONIO.

If we could make her certain of his death,  
 She needs must wed me Ere her lover left her,  
 She tied a little portrait round his neck,  
 Entreating him to wear it.

ALVAR. (*sighing.*)

Yes ! he did so !

ORDONIO.

Why no : he was afraid of accidents,  
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.  
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,  
Till his return.

ALVAR.

What ! he was your friend then ?

ORDONIO. (*wounded and embarrassed.*)

He was his friend.—

Now that he gave it me,

This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—  
Can call the dead man up—he will not come—  
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence.  
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you  
Something he wore about him when he died.  
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar  
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.  
What say you now ?

ALVAR. (*after a pause.*)

Ordonio, I will do it.

ORDONIO.

We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,  
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.  
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense,  
(For I have arranged it—Music, Altar, Incense)  
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,

And here, what you will value more, a purse.  
Come early for your magic ceremonies.

ALVAR.

I will not fail to meet you.

ORDONIO.

Till next we meet, farewell!

[Exit Ordonio.]

ALVAR. (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away  
and gazes passionately at the portrait.*)

And I did curse thee?

At midnight? on my knees? and I believed  
*Thee* perjurd, *thee* a traitress! *Thee* dishonor'd?  
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!  
Should not thy *inarticulate Fondnesses*,  
Thy *Infant Loves*—should not thy *Maiden Vows*  
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet Image  
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,  
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble—  
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,  
Who spake pollution of thee! barter for Life  
This farewell Pledge, which with impassioned Vow  
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my Death-  
pang!

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,  
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,

Which ever smiled on me ! Yet do not scorn me—  
I sp'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear Portrait ! rescued from a traitor's keeping,  
I will not now profane thee, holy Image,  
By a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find  
The picture, which will wake the hell within him,  
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

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ACT III.—SCENE I.

*1 Hall of Armory, with an Altar at the back of the  
Stage. Soft Music from an Instrument of Glass  
or Steel.*

*VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe,  
are discovered.*

ORDONIO.

This was too melancholy, Father.

VALDEZ.

Nay,

My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.  
Once he was lost ; and after weary search  
We found him in an open place in the wood,  
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,  
Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore

Some strangely moving notes : and these, he said,  
 Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw  
 Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:  
 And lower down poor ALVAR, fast asleep,  
 His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me  
 To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe  
 A silver toy his grandam had late given him.  
 Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—  
 Even so !—He had outgrown his infant dress,  
 Yet still he wore it.

ALVAR.

My tears must not flow !

I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father !

*Enter TERESA, and Attendants.*

TERESA.

Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,  
 And I submit ; but (Heaven bear witness for me)  
 My heart approves it not ! 'tis mockery.

ORDONIO.

Believe you then no preternatural influence :  
 Believe you not that spirits throng around us ?

TERESA.

Say rather that I have imagin'd it  
 A possible thing : and it has sooth'd my soul  
 As other fancies have ; but ne'er seduced me  
 To traffic with the black and frenzied hope

That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.  
 (*To Alvar.*) Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you  
 here,  
 On such employment! With far other thoughts  
 I left you.

ORDONIO. (*aside.*)

Ha! he has been tampering with her?

ALVAR.

O high-soul'd Maiden! and more dear to me  
 Than suits the *Stranger's* name!—

I swear to thee

I will uncover all concealed guilt.

Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind  
 the scene.*]

ALVAR.

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm  
 I call up the Departed!

Soul of Alvar!

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:  
 So may the Gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,  
 Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one  
 Of that innumerable company  
 Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,  
 Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,  
 With noise too vast and constant to be heard:



Fittest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless,  
 And rapid Travellers ! what ear unstunn'd,  
 What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against  
 The rushing of your congregated wings ?

[*Music.*

Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head !

[*Music expressive of the movements and images  
 that follow.*

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert Sands,  
 That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,  
 A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion  
 To the parch'd caravan that roams by night !  
 And ye build up on the becalmed waves  
 That whirling pillar, which from Earth to Heaven  
 Stands vast, and moves in blackness ! Ye too split  
 The ice mount ! and with fragments many and huge  
 Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulphs  
 Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff !  
 Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,  
 Till from the blue swoln Corse the Soul toils out,  
 And joins your mighty Army.

[*Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three  
 words, "Hear, Sweet Spirit."*

Soul of Alvar !

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker Charm !  
 By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang

a half dead, yet still undying Hope,  
 less visible before our mortal sense !  
 shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,  
 or knells and masses that redeem the Dead !

## SONG.

*Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instru-  
 ment as before.*

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,  
 Lest a blacker charm compel !  
 So shall the midnight breezes swell  
 With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,  
 In a Chapel on the shore,  
 Shall the Chaunters sad and saintly,  
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,  
 Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,  
 Miserere Domine !

Hark ! the cadence dies away  
 On the yellow, moonlight sea :  
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,  
 Miserere Domine !      [*A long pause.*]

## ORDONIO.

he innocent obey nor charm nor spell !  
 My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,

Burst on our sight, a passing visitant !  
 Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee.  
 O 'twere a joy to me !

ALVAR.

A joy to thee !

What if thou heard'st him now ? What if his spirit  
 Re-enter'd it's cold corse, and came upon thee  
 With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard ?  
 What if (his stedfast Eye still beaming Pity  
 And Brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,  
 Lest he should look at thee, and with one look  
 Hurl thee beyond all power of Penitence ?

VALDEZ.

These are unholy fancies !

ORDONIO. (*Struggling with his feelings.*)

Yes, my father,

He is in Heaven !

ALVAR. (*Still to Ordonio.*)

But what if he had a brother,  
 Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,  
 The name of heaven would have convulsed his face,  
 More than the death-pang ?

VALDEZ.

Idly prating man !

Thou hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother  
 Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him !  
 He is most virtuous.

ALVAR. (*still to Ordonio.*)

What, if his very virtues  
 Had pampered his swoln heart and made him proud?  
 And what if Pride had duped him into guilt?  
 Yet still he stalked a self-created God,  
 Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;  
 And one that at his Mother's looking-glass  
 Would force his features to a frowning sternness?  
 Young Lord! I tell thee, that there are such Beings—  
 Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,  
 To see these most proud men, that loath mankind,  
 At every stir and buz of coward conscience,  
 Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!  
 Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music again.*]

TERESA.

'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!  
 But whatsoever it mean, I dare no longer  
 Be present at these lawless mysteries,  
 This dark Provoking of the Hidden Powers!  
 Already I affront—if not high Heaven—  
 Yet Alvar's Memory!—Hark! I make appeal  
 Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence  
 To bend before a lawful Shrine, and seek  
 That voice which whispers, when the still Heart listens,  
 Comfort and faithful Hope! Let us retire.

ALVAR. (*to Teresa anxiously.*)

O full of faith and guileless love, thy Spirit  
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt  
Surprise the guilty : thou art innocent!

[*Exeunt Teresa and Attendant.*

(*Music as before.*)

The spell is mutter'd—Come, thou wandering Shape,  
Who own'st no Master in a human eye,  
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,  
If he be dead, O come! and bring with thee  
That which he grasp'd in death! But if he live,  
Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*the whole Music clashes into a Chorus.*

CHORUS.

Wandering Demons hear the spell!  
Lest a blacker charm compel—

[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and  
an illuminated picture of Alvar's assassination  
is discovered, and having remained a few se-  
conds is then hidden by ascending flames.*

ORDONIO. (*starting in great agitation.*)

Duped! duped! duped!—the traitor Isidore!

[*At this instant the doors are forced open, Mon-  
viedro and the familiars of the inquisition,  
servants, &c. enter and fill the stage.*

MONVIEDRO.

First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak!

The holy judges of the Inquisition  
 Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, lord  
 Valdez?

Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.  
 There is a dungeon underneath this castle,  
 And as you hope for mild interpretation,  
 Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

ORDONIO. (*recovering himself as from stupor, to  
 servants.*)

Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!  
 [*All rush out in tumult.*]

## SCENE II.

*Inferior of a Chapel, with painted Windows.*

*Enter TERESA.*

When first I entered this pure spot, forebodings  
 Press'd heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,  
 Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,  
 A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,  
 Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear  
 As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm  
 Beats on the roof of some fair banquet room,  
 While sweetest melodies are warbling—

*Enter VALDEZ.*

VALDEZ.

Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,  
And extricate us from this net of peril!

TERESA.

Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

VALDEZ.

O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!  
This was no feat of mortal agency!  
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!  
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanished,  
Self-kindled, self-consum'd: bright as thy Life,  
Sudden and unexpected as thy Fate,  
Alvar! My Son! My Son!—The Inquisitor—

TERESA.

Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

VALDEZ.

How often would He plead for these Morescoes!  
The brood accurst! remorseless, coward murderers!

TERESA. (*wildly.*)

So? so?—I comprehend you—He is——

VALDEZ. (*with averted countenance.*)

He is no more!

TERESA.

O sorrow! that a Father's Voice should say this,  
A Father's Heart believe it!

VALDEZ.

A worse sorrow

Fancy's wild Hopes to a heart despairing!

TERESA.

se rays that slant in through those gorgeous  
windows,

n yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass,  
they not Light?—Even so that voice, Lord  
Valdez!

ich whispers to my soul, though haply varied  
many a Fancy, many a wishful Hope,  
aks yet the Truth: and Alvar lives for me!

VALDEZ.

, for three wasting years, thus and no other,  
has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!  
child, we must not give religious faith  
every voice which makes the heart a listener  
ts own wish.

TERESA.

I breath'd to the Unerring  
mitted prayers. Must those remain unanswer'd,  
impious Sorcery, that holds no commune  
with the lying spirit, claim belief?

VALDEZ.

st to day, not now for the first time  
Alvar lost to thee—

*[turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.]*



Accurst assassins!

Disarmed, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,  
At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relict  
More dear than was his life——

TERESA. (*with faint shriek.*)

O Heavens! *my* portrait!  
And he *did* grasp it in his death pang!

Off, false Demon,  
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head!

[*Ordonio enters with the keys of the dungeon  
in his hand.*]

Hush! who comes here? 'The wizard Moor's em-  
ployer!

Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us  
From wicked thoughts——

[*Valdez moves towards the back of the stage  
to meet Ordonio, and during the concluding  
lines of Teresa's speech appears as eagerly  
conversing with him.*]

*Is Alvar dead? what then?*

The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one!

Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—

Away! they see me not—*Thou* seest me, Alvar!

To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,

One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—

There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore me.

[*retires out of sight.*]

ORDONIO. (*as he advances with Valdez.*)

These are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not,  
That I too had received the wizard's message,  
"He that can bring the dead to life again."  
But now he is satisfied, I plann'd this scheme  
To work a full conviction on the culprit,  
And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

VALDEZ.

'Tis well, my son! But have you yet discovered  
(Where is Teresa?) what those speeches meant—  
Pride, and Hypocrisy, and Guilt, and Cunning?  
Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you,  
And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trembled—  
Why—why, what ails you now?—

ORDONIO. (*confused.*)

Me? what ails me?

A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd  
At any other time.—Why scan you me?

VALDEZ.

His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers,  
Bore reference to the assassins——

ORDONIO.

Dup'd! dup'd! dup'd!

The traitor, Isidore! [*a pause, then wildly.*]

I tell thee, my dear father!

I am most glad of this.

VALDEZ. (*confused.*)

True—Sorcery

Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us  
To the discovery of the murderers.  
I have their statures and their several faces  
So present to me, that but once to meet them  
Would be to recognize.

ORDONIO.

Yes! yes! we recognize them.

I was benumb'd, and staggered up and down  
Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!  
My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,  
As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now 'tis sun-  
shine,

And the blood dances freely through its channels!

[*turns off abruptly; then to himself.*]

This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore!

[*then mimicking Isidore's manner and voice.*]

“A common trick of gratitude, my lord!”

Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect

His “own full heart”—'twere good to see its colour.

VALDEZ.

These magic sights! O that I ne'er had yielded  
To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,  
But that in spite of your own seeming faith  
I held it for some innocent stratagem,

Which Love had prompted, to remove the doubts  
Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!

ORDONIO. (*in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself.*)  
Love! Love! and then we hate! and what? and  
wherefore?

Hatred and Love! Fancies opposed by fancies!  
What? if one reptile sting another reptile?  
Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature  
Hath one disfeaturing stain the less upon it.  
Are we not all predestined Transiency,  
And cold Dishonour? Grant it, that this hand  
*Had* given a morsel to the hungry worms  
Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?  
That this must needs bring on the idiotcy  
Of moist-eyed Penitence—'tis like a dream!

VALDEZ.

Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feeling——  
[*averting himself.*]

Almost I fear, it hath unhinged his brain.

ORDONIO. (*now in soliloquy, and now addressing his  
father: and just after the speech has  
commenced, Teresa reappears and ad-  
vances slowly.*)

Ûay, I had laid a body in the sun!  
Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corse

A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings  
In place of that one man.—Say, I had *kill'd* him!

[*Teresa starts, and stops listening.*]

Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all  
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,  
As that one life, which being push'd aside,  
Made room for these unnumbered—

VALDEZ.

O mere madness!

[*Teresa moves hastily forwards, and places herself  
directly before Ordonio.*]

ORDONIO. (*Checking the feeling of surprize and  
forcing his tones into an expression  
of playful courtesy.*)

Teresa? or the Phantom of Teresa?

TERESA.

Alas! the Phantom only, if in truth  
The substance of her Being, her Life's life,  
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound—  
(*a pause.*)

Where—

(Even coward Murder grants the dead a grave)

O tell me, Valdez!—answer me, Ordonio!

Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband?

ORDONIO.

There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!

In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierc'd darkness!

er while we LIVE—  
 inward day that never, never sets,  
 ares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!

er his rocky grave the Fir-grove sighs  
 lulling ceaseless dirge! 'Tis well with HIM.

[*Strides off in agitation towards the altar, but  
 returns as Valdez is speaking.*]

TERESA. (*recoiling with the expression appropriate  
 to the passion.*)

ie rock! the fir-grove! [To Valdez.

Did'st thou hear him say it?

ush! I will ask him!

VALDEZ.

Urge him not—not now!

his we beheld. Nor *He* nor I know more,  
 han what the magic imagery revealed.

he assassin, who pressed foremost of the three——

ORDONIO.

tender-hearted, scrupulous, *grateful* villain,  
 hom I will strangle!

VALDEZ. (*looking with anxious disquiet at his Son,  
 yet attempting to proceed with his description.*)

While his two companions——

ORDONIO.

ead! dead already! what care we for the dead?

VALDEZ. (*to Teresa.*)

Pity him ! soothe him ! disenchant his spirit !  
 These supernatural shews, this strange disclosure,  
 And this too fond affection, which still broods  
 O'er Alvar's Fate, and still burns to avenge it—  
 These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,  
 Distemper him, and give reality  
 To the creatures of his fancy.

ORDONIO.

Is it so?

Yes ! yes ! even like a child, that too abruptly  
 Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep  
 Starts up bewildered and talks idly.

(*Then mysteriously.*)                      Father !

What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,  
 Even now were digging ours' ? What if the bolt,  
 Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,  
 Yet miss'd its true aim when it fell on Alvar ?

VALDEZ.

Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather,  
 He was their advocate ; but you had march'd  
 With fire and desolation through their villages.—  
 Yet he by chance was captured.

ORDONIO.

Unknown, perhaps,

Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murdered.  
 Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle Lady?

VALDEZ.

What seek you now?

TERESA.

A better, surer light

To guide me——

*Both VALDEZ and ORDONIO.*

Whither?

TERESA.

To the only place

Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.  
 These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me!  
 Detain me not! a dim power drives me hence,  
 And that will be my guide.

VALDEZ.

To find a lover!

Suits that a high born maiden's modesty?  
 O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!

TERESA.

Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.  
 And am I hastening to the arms——O Heaven!  
 I haste but to the grave of my beloved!

*[Exit, Valdez following after her.]*

ORDONIO.

This, then, is my reward! and I must love her?



Scorn'd! shudder'd at! yet love her still? yes! yes!  
 By the deep feelings of Revenge and Hate  
 I will still love her—woo her—*win* her too!  
 (*a pause*) Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait  
 Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd  
 To escape the crueller flames——My soul shouts  
 triumph!

The mine is undermined! Blood! Blood! Blood!  
 They thirst for thy blood! *thy* blood, Ordonio!

[*a pause.*]

The Hunt is up! and in the midnight wood  
 With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek  
 A timid prey: and lo! the tiger's eye  
 Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch!

To Isidore I will dispatch a message,  
 And lure him to the cavern! aye, that cavern!  
 He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,  
 Whence he shall never, never more return!

[*Looks through the side window.*]

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,  
 And now 'tis gone! All shall be done to night.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it ; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight. Isidore alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.*

ISIDORE.

Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving !  
 ' His life in danger, no place safe but this !  
 ' 'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude."  
 And yet—but no ! there can't be such a villain.  
 It can not be !

Thanks to that little crevice,  
 Which lets the moonlight in ! I'll go and sit by it.  
 To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,  
 Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—  
 Any thing but this crash of water drops !  
 These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence  
 With puny thwartings and mock opposition !  
 So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.

*[He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight : returns after a minute's elapse, in an extasy of fear.*

A hellish *pit*! The very same I dreamt of!  
 I was just in—and those damn'd fingers of ice  
 Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it  
 mov'd.

*[Isidore stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time Ordonio enters with a torch, and halloos to Isidore.]*

ISIDORE.

I swear that I saw something moving there!  
 The moonshine came and went like a flash of light-  
 ning—

I swear, I saw it move.

ORDONIO. *[goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn.]*

A jutting clay stone  
 Props on the long lank weed, that grows beneath:  
 And the weed nods and drips.

ISIDORE. *(forcing a laugh faintly.)*

A jest to laugh at!  
 It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.

ORDONIO.

What scar'd you, then?

ISIDORE.

You see that little rift?  
 But first permit me!  
*[Lights his torch at Ordonio's and while lighting it,*

(A lighted torch in the hand,  
no unpleasant object here—one's breath  
loats round the flame, and makes as many colours  
as the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)  
Do you see that crevice there?  
My torch extinguished by these water drops,  
and marking that the moonlight came from thence,  
stept in to it, meaning to sit there;  
but scarcely had I measured twenty paces—  
my body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced  
almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink  
of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine  
filling the Void so counterfeit'd Substance,  
that my foot hung aslant adown the edge.  
Was it my own fear?

Fear too hath its instincts!  
And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,  
and there are Beings that live, yet not for the eye)  
An arm of frost above and from behind me  
'luck'd up and snatched me backward. Merciful  
Heaven!

(ou smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!  
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

ORDONIO.

It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.

ISIDORE.

If every atom of a dead man's flesh  
Should creep, each one with a particular life,  
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!  
Or had it drizzled needle points of frost  
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

ORDONIO. (*interrupting him.*)

Why Isidore,  
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,  
I grant you, even a *brave* man for a moment—  
But such a panic—

ISIDORE.

When a boy, my Lord!

I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,  
Push'd in huge stones and heard them strike and  
rattle

Against its horrid sides: then hung my head  
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments  
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,  
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never  
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,  
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould  
Close at its edge.

ORDONIO.

Art thou more coward now?

ISIDORE.

ll him, that fears his fellow man, a coward!  
 ear not man—but this inhuman cavern,  
 were too bad a prison house for goblins.  
 side, (you'll smile my lord) but true it is,  
 last night's sleep was very sorely haunted  
 what had passed between us in the morning.  
 sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at  
 Forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—  
 w seeing nothing and imagining nothing,  
 t only being *afraid*—stifled with Fear!  
 ile every goodly or familiar form  
 d a strange power of breathing terror round me!  
 w you in a thousand fearful shapes;  
 d, I entreat your lordship to believe me,  
 my last dream—

ORDONIO.

Well?

ISIDORE.

I was in the act  
 falling down that chasm, when Alhadra  
 k'd me: she heard my heart beat.

ORDONIO.

Strange enough!

d you been here before?

RE MORSE.

ISIDORE.

Never, my lord !  
 But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,  
 Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

ORDONIO. (*stands lost in thought, then after a pause.*)  
 I know not why it should be! yet it is—

ISIDORE.

What is, my lord ?

ORDONIO.

Abhorrent from our nature,  
 To kill a man.—

ISIDORE.

Except in self defence.

ORDONIO.

Why that's my case ; and yet the soul recoils  
 from it—

'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,  
 Have sterner feelings ?

ISIDORE.

Something troubles you.  
 How shall I serve you ? By the life you gave me,  
 By all that makes that life of value to me,  
 My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,  
 Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,  
 If it be innocent ! But this, my lord !

place where you could perpetrate,  
propose, a wicked thing. The darkness,  
when strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,  
the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.  
be innocent.

*He utters these words in a low, darkly, and in the feeling of self justification,  
as what he conceives of his own character and  
actions, speaking of himself in the third person.*

ORDONIO.

Thyself be judge.  
Our family knew this place well.

ISIDORE.

When? my lord?

ORDONIO.

Who's it, who or when?  
I'll tell his tale to thee.

*[They hang up their torches on some ridge in  
the cavern.]*

a man different from other men,  
despised them, yet revered himself.

ISIDORE. (*aside.*)

Who's despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!  
I'll guard however: no surprize.

*[Then to Ordonio.]*

Who was mad?

ORDONIO.

All men seemed mad to him!



Nature had made him for some other planet,  
 And pressed his soul into a human shape  
 By accident or malice. In this world  
 He found no fit companion.

ISIDORE.

Of himself he speaks. [*aside.*]

Alas! poor wretch!

Mad men are mostly proud.

ORDONIO.

He walked alone,  
 And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.  
 Something within would still be shadowing out  
 All possibilities; and with these shadows  
 His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,  
 A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest:  
 To this in moody murmur and low voice  
 He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:  
 The man who heard him.—

Why didst thou look round?—

ISIDORE.

I have a prattler three years old, my lord!  
 In truth he is my darling, As I went  
 From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—  
 But I am talking idly—pray proceed!  
 And what did this man?

ORDONIO.

With his human hand

He gave a substance and reality  
 To that wild fancy of a possible thing—  
 Well it was done! *[then very wildly.]*

Why babblest thou of guilt?  
 The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.  
 And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?

ISIDORE.

I would my lord you were by my fire-side,  
 I'd listen to you with an eager eye,  
 Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight,  
 But I do listen—pray proceed my lord.

ORDONIO.

Where was I?

ISIDORE.

He of whom you tell the tale—

ORDONIO.

Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,  
 Tamed himself down to living purposes,  
 The occupations and the semblances  
 Of ordinary men—and such he seemed!  
 But that same over ready agent—he—

ISIDORE.

Ah! what of *him*, my lord?

ORDONIO.

*He* proved a traitor,  
 Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor,

And they between them hatch'd a damned plot  
 To hunt him down to infamy and death.  
 What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name  
 Since he dared do it —

*[Ordonio grasps his sword, and turns off from  
 Isidore, then after a pause returns.]*

Our links burn dimly.

ISIDORE.

A dark tale darkly finished! Nay, my lord!  
 Tell what he did.

ORDONIO.

That which his wisdom prompted—  
 He made the Traitor meet him in this cavern,  
 And here he kill'd the Traitor.

ISIDORE.

No! the fool!

He had not wit enough to be a traitor.  
 Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen  
 That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie  
 To murder his own brother, would not scruple  
 To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,  
 And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

ORDONIO.

Thou would'st not then have come, if—

ISIDORE.

Oh yes, my lord!

would have met him arm'd, and scar'd the coward.

*[Isidore throws off his robe; shews himself armed and draws his sword.]*

ORDONIO.

Now this is excellent and warms the blood!  
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back  
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my Ven-  
geance

Beckons me onwards with a Warrior's mien,  
And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of—  
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it  
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

ISIDORE.

And all my little ones fatherless—

Die thou first.

*[They fight, Ordonio disarms Isidore, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. Isidore hurries into the recess with his torch, Ordonio follows him; a loud cry of "Traitor! Monster!" is heard from the cavern, and in a moment Ordonio returns alone.]*

ORDONIO.

I have hurl'd him down the Chasm! Treason for  
Treason.

He *dreamt* of it: henceforward let him sleep,

A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.  
His *dream* too is made out—Now for his friend,

[*Exit Ordonio.*]

---

SCENE II.\*

*The Interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle,  
with the Iron Gate of Dungeon visible.*

TERESA.

Heart-chilling Superstition! thou canst glaze  
Ev'n Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.  
In vain I urge the tortures that await him;  
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,  
My second mother, shuts her heart against me!  
Well, I have won from her what most imports  
The present need, this secret of the dungeon  
Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!  
No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted  
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,  
I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborned him  
To act some part in some unholy fraud;  
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose  
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,  
And that Ordonio meditates revenge!

\* Vide Appendix. A.

But my resolve is fixed ! myself will rescue him,  
And learn if haply he know aught of Alvar.

*Enter VALDEZ.*

VALDEZ.

Still sad ?—and gazing at the massive door  
Of that fell Dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,  
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it  
When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeant threats.  
Now by my faith, Girl ! this same wizard haunts thee !  
A stately man, and eloquent and tender—

*[with a sneer.]*

Who they need wonder if a lady sighs  
Even at the thought of what these stern Domini-  
cans—

TERESA. *(with solemn indignation.)*

The horror of their ghastly punishments  
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,  
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,  
If it were possible I could feel more,  
Even though the dearest inmates of our household  
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are—

VALDEZ.

Hush, thoughtless woman !

TERESA.

Nay it wakes within me  
More than a woman's spirit.

VALDEZ.

No more of this—  
 What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!  
 I dare not listen to you.

TERESA.

My honoured lord,  
 These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er  
 I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,  
 As if to give a voice to the mute Image.

VALDEZ.

———— We have mourned for Alvar.  
 Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.  
 Have I no other son?

TERESA.

Speak not of him!  
 That low imposture! That mysterious picture!  
 If this be madness, must I wed a madman?  
 And if not madness, there is mystery,  
 And guilt doth lurk behind it.

VALDEZ.

Is this well?

TERESA.

Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?  
 How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear,  
 Displaced each other with swift interchanges?  
 O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.——

**I** would call up before thine eyes the image  
**O**f my betrothed Alvar, of thy First-born !  
 His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,  
 His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips !  
 That spiritual and almost heavenly light  
 In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,  
 Virtue's own native heraldry ! to man  
 Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.  
 Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread  
 Wide round him ! and when oft with swelling tears,  
 Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd  
 The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,  
 Oh, what a Grief was *there*—for Joy to envy,  
 Or gaze upon enamour'd !

O my father !

Recall that morning when we knelt together,  
 And thou didst bless our loves ! O even now,  
 Even now, my sire ! to thy mind's eye present him  
 As at that moment he rose up before thee,  
 Stately, with beaming look ! Place, place beside him  
 Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance !  
 Then bid me (Oh thou could'st not) bid me turn  
 From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind !  
 To take in exchange that brooding man, who never  
 Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.



VALDEZ.

Ungrateful woman ! I have tried to stifle  
 An old man's passion ! was it not enough,  
 That thou hast made my son a restless man,  
 Banish'd his health, and half unhing'd his reason ;  
 But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion ?  
 And toil to blast his honour ? I am old,  
 A comfortless old man !

TERESA.

O Grief ! to hear  
 Hateful intreaties from a voice we love !

*Enter a peasant and presents a letter to Valdez.*

VALDEZ (*reading it.*)

" He dares not venture hither ! " Why what can this  
 mean ?

" Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,  
 " That watch around my gates, should intercept him ;  
 " But he conjures me, that without delay  
 " I hasten to him — for my own sake entreats me  
 " To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd —  
 " He will reveal a secret, the joy of which  
 " Will even outweigh the sorrow. " — Why what can  
 this be ?

Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,  
 To have in me an hostage for his safety.

Nay, that they dare not? Ho! collect my servants!  
I will go thither—let them arm themselves.

[*Exit Valdez.*]

TERESA. (*alone.*)

The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.  
O'er anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear  
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,  
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return  
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,  
When we two went to walk at even tide;  
When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard  
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us  
In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmur'd!  
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure  
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,  
And the deep sigh seemed to heave up a weight  
Of bliss, that pressed too heavy on the heart.

(*a pause.*)

And this majestic Moor, seems he not one  
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar  
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,  
And guides me to him with reflected light?  
What if in yon dark dungeon coward Treachery

Be groping for him with envenomed poignard—  
 Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—  
 I'll free him. [Exit Teresa.]

---

SCENE III.

*The mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress.*

ALHADRA.

Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem  
 As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold ;  
 The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,  
 The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,  
 Lie in the silent moonshine ; and the owl,  
 (Strange ! very strange !) the screech-owl only wakes !  
 Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty !  
 Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song  
 To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.  
 Why such a thing am I !—Where are these men ?  
 I need the sympathy of human faces,  
 To beat away this deep contempt for all things,  
 Which quenches my revenge. Oh ! would to Alla,  
 The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed  
 To bring me food ! or rather that my soul

Could drink in life from the universal air !  
 It were a lot divine in some small skiff  
 Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,  
 To float for ever with a careless course,  
 And think myself the only Being alive !

My children !—Isidore's children !—Son of Valdez,  
 This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward Tyrant !  
 To stupify a Woman's Heart with anguish,  
 Till she forgot—even that she was a Mother !

[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round Alhadra, and remain silent till the Second in command, Naomi, enters, distinguished by his dress and armour, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other Moors.*

NAOMI.

Woman ! May Alla and the prophet bless thee !  
 We have obeyed thy call. Where is our chief ?  
 And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments ?

ALHADRA. (*raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle.*)

Warriors of Mahomet ! faithful in the battle !  
 My countrymen ! Come ye prepared to work

An honourable deed ? And would ye work it  
 In the slave's garb ? Curse on those Christian robes !  
 They are spell-blasted : and whoever wears them,  
 His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,  
 And his bones soften.

NAOMI.

Where is Isidore ?

ALHADRA. (*in a deep low voice.*)

This night I went from forth my house, and left  
 His children all asleep : and he was living !  
 And I return'd and found them still asleep,  
 But he had perished—

ALL MORESCOS.

Perished ?

ALHADRA.

He had perished !

Sleep on, poor babes ! not one of you doth know  
 That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan !  
 Why should we wake them ? Can an infant's arm  
 Revenge his murder ?

ONE MORESCOE (*to another.*)

Did she say his murder ?

NAOMI.

Murder ? Not murdered ?

ALHADRA.

Murdered by a Christian !

[*They all at once draw their sabres.*]

ALHADRA. (*To Naomi, who advances from the circle.*)  
 Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword;  
 This is thy chieftain's! [*He steps forward to take it.*  
 Dost thou dare receive it?

For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,  
 No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart  
 Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword  
 Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez!

[*a pause.*]

Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!

NAOMI.

He dies, by Alla!

ALL. (*kneeling.*)

By Alla!

ALHADRA.

This night your chieftain armed himself,  
 And hurried from me. But I followed him  
 At distance, till I saw him enter—*there!*

NAOMI.

The cavern?

ALHADRA.

Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.  
 After a while I saw the son of Valdez  
 Rush by with flaring torch: he likewise entered.  
 There was another and a longer pause;  
 And once, methought I heard the clash of swords!  
 And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared:

He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,  
 And seemed as he were mirthful ! I stood listening,  
 Impatient for the footsteps of my husband !

NAOMI.

Thou called'st him ?

ALHADRA.

I crept into the cavern—

'Twas dark and very silent. (*Then wildly.*)

What saidst thou ?

No ! no ! I did not dare call, Isidore,  
 Lest I should hear no answer ! A brief while,  
 Belike, I lost all thought and memory  
 Of that for which I came ! After that pause,  
 O Heaven ! I heard a groan, and followed it :  
 And yet another groan, which guided me  
 Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,  
 A hideous light ! his torch lay on the ground ;  
 Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink :  
 I spake ; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan  
 Came from that chasm ! it was his last ! his dea  
 groan !

NAOMI.

Comfort her, Alla,

ALHADRA.

I stood in unimaginable trance  
 And agony that cannot be remembered,

Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan !  
But I had heard his last : my husband's death-  
groan ?

NAOMI.

Haste ! let us onward.

ALHADRA.

I looked far down the pit—  
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment :  
And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,  
My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,  
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof  
Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood !  
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,  
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,  
And it said, Vengeance !—Curses on my tongue !  
The moon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here ;  
And he hath not had vengeance ! Isidore !  
Spirit of Isidore ! thy murderer lives !  
Away ! away !

ALL.

Away, away !

*[She rushes off, all following her.]*



## ACT V.—SCENE I.

*A Dungeon.**ALVAR (alone) rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

ALVAR.

And this place my forefathers made for man!  
 This is the process of our Love and Wisdom  
 To each poor brother who offends against us—  
 Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?  
 Is this the only cure? Merciful God!  
 Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up  
 By Ignorance and parching Poverty,  
 His energies roll back upon his heart  
 And stagnate and corrupt, till, chang'd to poison,  
 They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot!  
 Then we call in our pampered mountebanks;  
 And this is their best cure! uncomforted  
 And friendless Solitude, Groaning and Tears,  
 And savage Faces, at the clanking hour,  
 Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon  
 By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies  
 Circled with evil, till his very soul  
 Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed  
 By sights of evermore deformity!

With other ministrations thou, O Nature!  
 Healest thy wandering and distempered child :  
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,  
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;  
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters !  
 Till he relent, and can no more endure  
 To be a jarring and a dissonant thing  
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;  
 But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,  
 His angry spirit healed and harmonized  
 By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary ! Yon rude bench of stone,  
 In that dark angle, the sole resting-place !  
 But the self-approving mind is its own light,  
 And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart  
 Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

*[retires out of sight.*

*Enter TERESA with a Taper.*

TERESA.

It has chilled my very life—my own voice scares me ;  
 Yet when I hear it not, I seem to lose  
 The substance of my being—my strongest grasp  
 Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.  
 I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds  
 Blend with this strangled light ! Is he not here—

*[looking round.*

O for one human face here—but to see  
 One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!  
 It is but my own fear! The life within me,  
 It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,  
 Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!

[*shuddering.*]

If I faint? If this inhuman den should be  
 At once my death-bed and my burial vault?

[*Faintly screams as Alvar emerges from the recess.*]

ALVAR. (*rushes towards her, and catches her as  
 she is falling.*)

O gracious heaven! it is, it is Teresa!  
 Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock  
 Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,  
 And Joy complete what Terror has begun.  
 O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!  
 Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!  
 Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

TERESA. (*recovering, looks round wildly.*)

I heard a voice; but often in my dreams  
 I hear that voice! and wake, and try—and try—  
 To hear it waking! but I never could—  
 And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—  
 Murdered perhaps! And I am faint, and feel  
 As if it were no painful thing to die!

ALVAR. (*eagerly.*)

Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,

Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture;  
Framed by a guilty wretch.

TERESA. (*retires from him, and feebly supports  
herself against a pillar of the dungeon.*)

Ha! Who art thou?

ALVAR. (*exceedingly affected.*)

Suborned by his brother—

TERESA.

Didst't thou murder him?

And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,  
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

ALVAR.

Ordonio—he—

TERESA.

If thou didst murder him—

His spirit ever at the throne of God  
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,  
With tears in Heaven!

ALVAR.

Alvar was not murdered.

Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!

TERESA. (*wildly.*)

Nay, nay, but tell me!

[*a pause, then presses her forehead.*]

O 'tis lost again!

This dull confused pain—

[*a pause, she gazes at Alvar*]

Mysterious man !

Methinks I can not fear thee : for thine eye  
Doth swim with love and pity—Well ! Ordonio—  
Oh my foreboding heart ! And *he* suborned thee,  
And thou didst spare his life ? Blessings shower  
on thee,

As many as the drops twice counted o'er  
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa !

ALVAR.

I can endure no more. The Moorish Sorcerer  
Exists but in the stain upon this face.  
That picture—

TERESA. (*advances towards him.*)

Ha ! speak on !

ALVAR.

Beloved Teresa !

It told but half the truth. O let this portrait  
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here !  
Thy much deceived but ever-faithful Alvar.

[*takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*]

TERESA. (*receiving the portrait.*)

The same—it is the same. Ah ! Who art thou ?  
Nay I will call thee, ALVAR ! [*she falls on his neck.*]

ALVAR.

O joy unutterable !

But hark ! a sound as of removing bars  
At the dungeon's outer door. . A brief, brief while

onceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.  
 or the honour of our race, for our dear father;  
 for himself too (he is still my brother)  
 let me recall him to his nobler nature,  
 that he may wake as from a dream of murder!  
 let me reconcile him to himself,  
 open the sacred source of penitent tears,  
 and be once more his own beloved Alvar.

TERESA.

O my all-virtuous Love! I fear to leave thee  
 With that obdurate man.

ALVAR.

Thou dost not leave me!  
 but a brief while retire into the darkness:  
 that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!

TERESA.

The sound of thy voice shall be my music!  
 [*retiring, she returns hastily and embracing Alvar.*  
 Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?  
 is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [*Exit.*  
 [*A noise at the Dungeon door. It opens, and*  
*Ordonio enters, with a goblet in his hand.*

ORDONIO.

Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood  
 I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,  
 And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.



Which moves this way and that, its hundred limbs,  
 Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,  
 It were an infinitely curious thing!  
 But it has life, Ordonio ! life, enjoyment !  
 And by the power of its miraculous will  
 Wields all the complex movements of its frame  
 Unerringly to pleasurable ends !  
 Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim  
 I would remove it with an anxious pity !

ORDONIO.

What meanest thou ?

ALVAR.

There's poison in the wine.

ORDONIO.

Thou hast guessed right ; there's poison in the wine.  
 There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it ?  
 For one of us must die !

ALVAR.

Whom dost thou think me ?

ORDONIO.

The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

ALVAR.

I know him not.

And yet, methinks, I have heard the name but lately.  
 Means he the husband of the Moorish woman ?  
 Isidore ? Isidore ?



ORDONIO.

Good ! good ! that Lie ! by heaven it has restored me.  
Now I am thy master !—Villain ! thou shalt drink it,  
Or die a bitterer death.

ALVAR.

What strange solution  
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,  
And drug them to unnatural sleep ?  
[*Alvar takes the goblet, and throwing it to the  
ground with stern contempt.*

My master !

ORDONIO.

Thou mountebank !

ALVAR.

Mountebank and villain !  
What then art thou ? For shame, put up thy sword !  
What boots a weapon in a withered arm ?  
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest !  
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,  
And turn it to a motionless distraction !  
Thou blind self-worshipper ! thy pride, thy cunning,  
Thy faith in universal villany,  
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn  
For all thy human brethren—out upon them !  
What have they done for thee ? have they given thee  
peace ?

Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made  
 The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight?  
 Art happy when alone? Can'st walk by thyself  
 With even step and quiet cheerfulness?  
 Yet, yet thou may'st be saved——

ORDONIO. (*vacantly repeating the words.*)

Saved? saved?

ALVAR.

One pang!

Could I call up one pang of true Remorse!

ORDONIO.

He told me of the babes that prattled to him,  
 His fatherless little ones! Remorse! Remorse!  
 Where got'st thou that fool's word? Curse on Remorse!  
 Can it give up the dead, or recompact  
 A mangled body? mangled—dashed to atoms!  
 Not all the blessings of an host of angels  
 Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!  
 And though thou spill thy heart's blood for atone-  
 ment,  
 It will not weigh against an orphan's tear!

ALVAR. (*almost overcome by his feelings.*)

But Alvar——

ORDONIO.

Ha! it choaks thee in the throat,  
 Even thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out——

Still Alvar!—Alvar!—howl it in mine ear!  
 Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,  
 And shoot it hissing through my brain!

ALVAR.

Alas!

That day when thou didst leap from off the rock  
 Into the waves, and grasped thy sinking brother,  
 And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valdez,  
 How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!  
 Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,  
 And thou wert dear to him: heaven only knows  
 How very dear thou wert! Why did'st thou hate him?  
 O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,  
 And weep forgiveness!

ORDONIO.

Spirit of the dead!

Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild  
 At its own dreams!—off—off—fantastic shadow!

ALVAR.

I fain would tell thee what I am? but dare not!

ORDONIO.

Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—  
 I fear thee, Man!

TERESA. (*rushing out and falling on Alvar's neck.*)

Ordonio! 'tis thy Brother.

[*Ordonio with frantic wildness runs upon Alvar with his sword. Teresa flings herself on Ordonio and arrests his arm.*

Stop, madman stop!

ALVAR.

Does then this thin disguise impenetrably  
hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds  
and long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,  
have marred perhaps all trait and lineament  
of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,  
thy anguish for thy guilt!

Ordonio—Brother!

Say, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

ORDONIO. (*drawing back, and gazing at Alvar with  
a countenance of at once awe and terror.*)

Touch me not!

Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

[*He attempts to fall on his sword, Alvar and Teresa  
prevent him.*

ALVAR.

We will find means to save your honour. Live,  
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!  
Spare his grey hairs!

TERESA.

And you may yet be happy.

ORDONIO.

O horror! not a thousand years in heaven  
 Could recompose this miserable heart,  
 Or make it capable of one brief joy!  
 Live! Live! Why yes! 'Twere well to live with you:  
 For is it fit a villain should be proud?  
 My Brother! I will kneel to you, my Brother!

[*kneeling.*]

Forgive me, Alvar!—*Curse* me with forgiveness!

ALVAR.

Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee!  
 Now is the time for greatness! Think that heaven—

TERESA.

O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.

ORDONIO. (*pointing at the vacancy.*)

Yes mark his eye! there's fascination in it!  
 Thou saidst thou didst not know him—That is he!  
 He comes upon me!

ALVAR.

Heal, O heal him heaven!

ORDONIO.

Nearer and nearer! and I can not stir!  
 Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?  
 He would have died to save me, and I killed him—  
 A husband and a father!—

TERESA.

Some secret poison

Drinks up his spirits !

ORDONIO. (*fiercely recollecting himself.*)

Let the Eternal Justice

Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—

I will not bear to live—to live—O agony !

And be myself alone my own sore torment !

[*the doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in  
rush Alhadra, and the band of Morescoes.*]

ALHADRA.

Seize first that man !

[*Alvar presses onward to defend Ordonio.*]

ORDONIO.

Off, Ruffians ! I have flung away my sword.

Woman, my life is thine ! to thee I give it !

Off ! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,

I'll rend his limbs asunder ! I have strength

With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

ALHADRA.

My husband—

ORDONIO.

Yes, I murdered him most foully.

ALVAR and TERESA.

O horrible !

ALHADRA.

Why didst thou leave his children ?  
 Demon, thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell  
 To lap their blood. Then, then I might have  
 hardened

My soul in misery, and have had comfort.  
 I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,  
 And bade the race of men raise up a mourning  
 For a deep horror of a desolation,  
 Too great to be one's soul's particular lot!  
 Brother of Zagri ! let me lean upon thee.

*[struggling to suppress her feelings.]*  
 The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,  
 I have not seen *his* blood—Within an hour  
 Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,  
 Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!  
 Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee  
 thence!

TERESA.

He doth repent ! See, see, I kneel to thee !  
 O let him live ! That aged man, his father—

ALHADRA. *(sternly.)*

Why had he such a son ?

*[shouts from the distance of, Rescue ! Rescue !*

*Alvar ! Alvar ! and the voice of Valde  
 heard.*

ALHADRA.

Rescue?—and Isidore's Spirit unavenged?

The deed be mine! [*suddenly stabs Ordonio.*]

Now take my Life!

ORDONIO. (*staggering from the wound.*)

ATONEMENT!

ALVAR. (*while with Teresa supporting Ordonio.*)

Thou hast avenged Heaven

Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished

hope—

But go! my word was pledged to thee.

ORDONIO.

Away!

I have not my Father's Rage! I thank thee! Thou—

[*then turning his eyes languidly to Alvar.*]

Thou hast avenged the blood of Isidore!

Thou stood in silence like a slave before her

That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,

That I might satiate this self-accusing heart

With bitterer agonies than death can give.

Give me, Alvar!—

Oh!—could'st thou forget me! [*Dies.*]

[*Alvar and Teresa bend over the body of Ordonio.*]

ALHADRA. (*to the Moors.*)

Thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordained it wisely,

That still extremes bring their own cure. That point



In misery, which makes the oppressed Man  
 Regardless of his own life, makes him too  
 Lord of the Oppressor's—Knew I an hundred men  
 Despairing, but not palsied by despair,  
 This arm should shake the Kingdoms of the World;  
 The deep foundations of iniquity  
 Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;  
 The strong holds of the cruel men should fall,  
 Their Temples and their mountainous Towers should  
 fall ;

Till Desolation seemed a beautiful thing,  
 And all that were and had the Spirit of Life,  
 Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,  
 Conquering and still to conquer!

*[Alhadra hurries off with the Moors ; the stage fills  
 with armed peasants, and servants, Zulimez  
 and Valdez at their head. Valdez rushes into  
 Alvar's arms.]*

ALVAR.

Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,  
 Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy  
 Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.

*[both kneel to Valdez.]*

VALDEZ.

My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, heaven!

REMORSE.

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TERESA.

Me too, my Father ?

VALDEZ.

Bless, Oh bless my children !

*[both rise.]*

ALVAR.

Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,  
Were ominous. In these strange dread events  
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,  
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.  
Our inward Monitress to guide or warn,  
If listened to ; but if repelled with scorn,  
At length as dire REMORSE, she reappears,  
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears !  
Still bids, Remember ! and still cries, Too late !  
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

## APPENDIX.

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THE following Scene, as unfit for the Stage, was taken from the Tragedy, in the year 1797, and published in the Lyrical Ballads. But this work having been long out of print, and it having been determined, that this with my other Poems in that collection (the NIGHTINGALE, LOVE, and the ANCIENT MARINER) should be omitted in any future edition, I have been advised to reprint it, as a Note to the second Scene of Act the Fourth, p. 202.

*Enter TERESA and SELMA.*

TERESA.

'Tis said, he spake of you familiarly,  
As mine and Alvar's common foster-mother.

SELMA.

Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,  
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet Lady,  
As often as I think of those dear times,  
When you two little ones would stand, at eve,  
On each side of my chair, and make me learn  
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk  
In gentle phrase; then bid me sing to you——  
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what *has* been!

TERESA.

But that entrance, Selma?

SELMA.

Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

TERESA.

No one.

SELMA.

My husband's father told it me,  
Poor old Sesina—angels rest his soul;  
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw  
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam  
Which props the hanging wall of the old Chapel?  
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,  
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined  
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool  
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,  
And reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost.  
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,  
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—  
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,  
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,  
And whistled, as he were a bird himself:  
And all the autumn 'twas his only play  
To gather seeds of wild-flowers, and to plant them  
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.  
A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood,  
A grey-haired man, he loved this little boy:  
The boy loved him, and, when the friar taught him,  
He soon could write with the pen; and from that time  
Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle.  
So he became a rare and learned youth:  
But O! poor wretch! he read, and read, and read,  
'Till his brain turned; and ere his twentieth year  
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:  
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray

With holy men, nor in a holy place.  
 But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,  
 The late Lord Valdez ne'er was wearied with him.  
 And once, as by the north side of the chapel  
 They stood together, chained in deep discourse,  
 The earth heaved under them with such a groan,  
 That the wall tottered, and had well nigh fallen  
 Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened;  
 A fever seized him, and he made confession  
 Of all the heretical and lawless talk  
 Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized,  
 And cast into that hole. My husband's father  
 Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart:  
 And once as he was working near this dungeon,  
 He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,  
 Who sung a doleful song about green fields,  
 How sweet it were on lake or wide savannah  
 To hunt for food, and be a naked man,  
 And wander up and down at liberty.  
 He always doted on the youth, and now  
 His love grew desperate; and defying death,  
 He made that cunning entrance I described,  
 And the young man escaped.

TERESA.

'Tis a sweet tale:  
 Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,  
 His rosy face besotted with unwiped tears.  
 And what became of him?

SELMA.

He went on shipboard  
 With those bold voyagers who made discovery

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Of golden lands. Seaina's younger brother  
 Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,  
 He told Sesina, that the poor mad youth,  
 Soon after they arrived in that new world,  
 In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,  
 And all alone set sail by silent moonlight  
 Up a great river, great as any sea,  
 And ne'er was heard of more: but 'tis supposed,  
 He lived and died among the savage men.

---

*Note to the words "you are a painter," p. 162, Scene II.  
 Act II.*

The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as (if I may say so without disrespect to the Public) to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere *fancy* portrait; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of one,\* who still lives, *noblitate felix, arte clarior, vitâ colendissimus.*

ZULIMEZ. (*speaking of Alvar in the third person.*)

Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.  
 He told me, too, how in his early youth,  
 And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance  
 To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice;  
 There won the love of that divine old man,  
 Courted by mightiest kings, the famous TITIAN!  
 Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,  
 By the sweet mystery of lines and colours  
 Changed the blank canvass to a magic mirror,  
 That made the Absent present; and to Shadows

\* Sir George Beaumont. [Written 1814.]

Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and motion.  
He loved the old man, and revered his art:  
And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,  
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn  
But this inalienable ornament,  
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal  
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,  
Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.  
The Art, he honoured thus, requited him:  
And in the following and calamitous years  
Beguiled the hours of his captivity.

ALHADRA.

And then he framed this picture ? and unaided  
By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman ?

ALVAR.

A potent spell, a mighty talisman !  
The imperishable memory of the deed,  
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation !  
So vivid were the forms within his brain,  
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them !

# ZAPOLYA:

A CHRISTMAS TALE,

IN TWO PARTS.

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Πὰρ πυρὶ χρῆ τοιαῦτα λέγειν χειμῶνος ἐν ὄρῳ.

APUD ATHENÆUM.

---

PART I.

THE PRELUDE

ENTITLED

“THE USURPER’S FORTUNE.”





## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the Winter's Tale of Shakspeare, except that I have called the first part a Prelude instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the Æschylian Trilogy of the Agamemnon, the Orestes, and the Eumenides. Though a matter of *form* merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act. This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the *Time* of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (i. e. render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it, as a Christmas tale.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## CHARACTERS.

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### Men.

EMERICK . . . . . Usurping King of Illyria.  
RAAB KIUPRILI . . . . . An Illyrian Chieftain.  
CASIMIR . . . . . Son of Kiuprili.  
CHEF RAGOZZI . . . . . A Military Commander.

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### Women.

ZAPOLYA . . . . . Queen of Illyria.



## ZAPOLYA.

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### SCENE I.

*Front of the Palace with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a military Guard-house. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace. CHEF RAGOZZI, at the door of the Guard-house, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.*

CHEF RAGOZZI.

MY eyes deceive me not, it must be he.  
Who but our chief, my more than father, who  
But Raab Kiuprili moves with *such* a gait?  
Lo! e'en this eager and unwonted haste  
But agitates, not quells, its majesty.  
My patron! my commander! yes, 'tis he!  
Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.

*Drums beat, &c. the Guard turns out. Enter RAAB*

KIUPRILI.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*Making a signal to stop the drums, &c.*)

Silence! enough! This is no time, young friend!  
For ceremonious dues. The summoning drum,

Th' air-shattering trumpet, and the horseman's clatter,  
 Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.  
 Soldiers, 'tis well! Retire! your General greets you,  
 His loyal fellow-warriors. [ *Guards retire.* ]

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Pardon my surprise.

Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended!  
 What may these wonders prophecy?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Tell me first,

How fares the king? His majesty still lives?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

We know no otherwise; but Emerick's friends  
 (And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Ragozzi! I have reared thee from a child,  
 And *as* a child have reared thee. Whence this air  
 Of mystery? That face was wont to open  
 Clear as the morning to me, shewing all things.  
 Hide nothing from me.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

O most loved, most honoured,  
 The mystery, that struggles in my looks,  
 Betrayed my whole tale to thee, if it told thee  
 That I am ignorant; but fear the worst.

stery is contagious. All things here  
of motion: and yet all is silent:  
l men's hopes infect the good with fears.  
AB KIUPRILI. (*His hand to his heart.*)  
rembling proof within, how true thou speakest.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

e prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,  
plendid arms, pays the commander's debts,  
is whispered) by sworn promises  
himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard  
— (*then in a subdued and saddened voice.*)  
at my lord will learn too soon himself.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Well then, let it come! Worse scarce can come.  
ter written by the trembling hand  
l ANDREAS calls me from the camp  
mediate presence. It appoints me,  
een, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,  
the royal infant. Day by day,  
of ZAPOLYA's soothing cares, the king  
only to behold one precious boon,  
h his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

ber you, my lord! that Hebrew leech,  
face so much distempered you?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Barzoni ?

I held him for a spy ; but the proof failing  
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself)  
I sent him from the camp.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

To him in chief.

Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hide nothing, I conjure you ! What of him ?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

With pomp of words beyond a soldier's cunning,  
And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and wh  
pers ;

Talks in dark words of women's fancies ; hints  
That 'twere a useless and a cruel zeal  
To rob a dying man of any hope,  
However vain, that soothes him : and, in fine,  
Denies all chance of offspring from the Queen.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The venomous snake ! My heel was on its head,  
And (fool ! ) I did not crush it !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Nay, he fears,

Zapolya will not long survive her husband.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Manifest treason ! Even this brief delay  
Half makes me an accomplice—(If he live,)

[*Is moving toward the palace.*]

If he but live and know me, all may—

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Halt! [*Stops him.*]

On pain of death, my Lord ! am I commanded  
To stop all ingress to the palace.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Thou !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

No Place, no Name, no Rank excepted—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Thou !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprili !  
I give it as a weapon to *thy* hands,  
Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,  
Useless to thee 'tis worthless to myself.  
Thou art the framer of my nobler being :  
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,  
One honourable hope, but calls thee father.  
Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace,  
*Is* guarded from within, that each access  
*Is* thronged by armed conspirators, watched by Ruf-  
fians



Pampered with gifts, and hot upon the spoil  
 Which that false promiser still trails before them.  
 I ask but this one boon—reserve my life  
 Till I can lose it for the realm and thee !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

My heart is rent asunder. O my country,  
 O fallen Illyria, stand I here spell-bound ?  
 Did my King love me ? Did I earn his love ?  
 Have we embraced as brothers would embrace ?  
 Was I his Arm, his Thunder-bolt ? And now  
 Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream ?  
 Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up  
 Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I  
 Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak  
 Gore my own breast ?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith  
 To the royal line of Andreas.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hark, Ragozzi !

Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration :  
 Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.  
 Come thou with me ! They have heard my voice in  
 flight,  
 Have faced round, terror-struck, and feared no  
 longer

The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.

Ha! what is this?

[*Black Flag displayed from the Tower of the Palace : a Death-bell tolls, &c.*

Vengeance of Heaven! He is dead.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I fear,  
That these black death-flags are but treason's signals.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*looking forwards anxiously.*)  
A prophecy too soon fulfilled! See yonder!  
O rank and ravenous wolves! the death-bell echoes  
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Precise and faithful in their villainy  
Even to the moment, that the master traitor  
Had pre-ordained them.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Was it over haste,  
Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason  
Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth  
Their infamous plot even to an idiot's sense.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurp'd! Heaven's  
· justice  
Bought like themselves!

[*During this conversation music is heard, first so-*

*lemn and funereal, and then changing to spirited and triumphal.*

Being equal all in crime  
Do you press on, ye spotted parricides!  
For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,  
The prize of foremost impudence in guilt?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The bad man's cunning still prepares the way  
For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi!

*[musing to himself—then*

*Ragozzi! I applaud,*

In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward  
And keeps the life-spark warm of future action  
Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.  
Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt thee:  
I shall not misconceive the part thou playest.  
Mine is an easier part—to brave the Usurper.

*[Enter a procession of Emerick's Adherents, Nobles, Chieftains, and Soldiers, with Music. They advance toward the front of the Stage. Kiuprili makes the signal for them to stop.—The Music ceases.*

LEADER OF THE PROCESSION.

The Lord Kiuprili!—Welcome from the camp.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,

A good time come ye hither, if ye come  
 As loyal men with honourable purpose  
 To mourn what can alone be mourned; but chiefly  
 To enforce the last commands of royal Andreas  
 And shield the Queen, Zapolya : haply making  
 The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

LEADER.

Our purpose demands speed. Grace our procession :  
 A warrior best will greet a warlike king.

RAAB KIUPRILLI.

This patent written by your *lawful* king,  
 Lo ! his own seal and signature attesting)  
 Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring,  
 The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.

*[Voices of Live King Emerick ! an Emerick ! an  
 Emerick !*

What means this clamour? Are these madmen's  
 voices ?

Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued  
 To infamize the name of the king's brother  
 With a lie black as Hell? unmanly cruelty,  
 Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason? [*murmurs.*  
 What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here  
 Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?  
 One that has taken from you your sworn faith,  
 And given you in return a Judas' bribe,

Infamy now, oppression in reversion,  
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?

*[Loud murmurs, followed by cries—Emerick! No  
Baby Prince! No Changelings!]*

Yet bear with me awhile! Have I for this  
Bled for your safety, conquered for your honour!  
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded  
Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice  
Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points  
With gore from wounds, I felt not? Did the blast  
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numbed,  
Till my hard flesh distinguished not itself  
From the insensate mail, its fellow warrior?  
And have I brought home with me **VICTORY**,  
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed **PEACE**,  
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,  
As if I had charmed a goddess down from Heaven?  
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne  
Of usurpation!

*[Murmurs increase—and cries of Onward! onward!]*

Have you then thrown off shame,  
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,  
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies  
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,  
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,  
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,

This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes  
Of gold plucked from the images of gods  
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

*[during the last four lines, enter Lord Casimir, with  
expressions of anger and alarm.]*

CASIMIR.

Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand  
The elected King, our chosen Emerick?

*[starts—then approaching with timid respect.]*

My father!

RAAB KIUPRILI. *(turning away.)*

Casimir! He, he a traitor!

Too soon indeed, Ragozzi! have I learnt it. *[aside.]*

CASIMIR. *(with reverence.)*

My father and my lord!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

I know thee not!

LEADER.

Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

A holy name and words of natural duty  
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

CASIMIR.

O hear me, Sire! not lightly have I sworn  
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre  
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.

The queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring  
 At least is doubtful : and of all our nobles,  
 The king, inheriting his brother's heart,  
 Hath honoured us the most. *Your rank, my lord!*  
 Already eminent, is—all it can be—  
 Confirmed : and me the king's grace hath appointed  
 Chief of his council and the lord high steward.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

(Bought by a bribe !) I know thee now still less.

CASIMIR. (*struggling with his passion.*)

So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here,  
 That no power, save that holy name of father,  
 Could shield the man who so dishonoured me.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bond-slave,  
 Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,  
 School'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurp'd titles,  
 And scream, Long live king Emerick!

LEADERS.

Aye, king Emerick!

Stand back, my lord ! Lead us, or let us pass.

SOLDIER.

Nay, let the general speak!

SOLDIERS.

Hear him! Hear him!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hear me,

Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,  
 Hear, and avenge me ! Twice ten years have I  
 Stood in your presence, honoured by the king :  
 Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you,  
 Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe ?  
 Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear ?  
 Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights  
 Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended ?  
 And shall I now be branded by a traitor,  
 A bought bribed wretch, who, being called *my* son,  
 Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant  
 Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave ?  
 The underling accomplice of a robber,  
 That from a widow and a widow's offspring  
 Would steal their heritage ? To God a rebel,  
 And to the common father of his country  
 A recreant ingrate !

CASIMIR.

Sire ! your words grow dangerous.

High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem  
 Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue,  
 To guard his country's safety by what means  
 It best may be protected—come what will  
 Of these monk's morals !



RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aside.*)

Ha! the elder Brutus  
Made his soul iron, though *his* sons repented.  
*They* BOASTED not *their* baseness.

[*starts, and draws his sword.*

Infamous changeling!

Recant this instant, and swear loyalty,  
And strict obedience to thy sovereign's will;  
Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,  
Thou diest——

[*Chiefs, &c. rush to interpose; during the tumult enter, Emerick, alarmed.*

EMERICK.

Call out the guard! Ragozzi! seize the assassin.—  
Kiuprili? Ha!——[*with lowered voice, at the same  
time with one hand making signs to the guard  
to retire.*——

Pass on, friends! to the palace.

[*Music recommences.—The Procession passes into  
the Palace.—During which time Emerick and  
Kiuprili regard each other steadfastly.*

EMERICK.

What? Raab Kiuprili? What? a father's sword  
Against his own son's breast?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

'Twould best excuse him,  
Were he *thy* son, Prince Emerick. *I* abjure him.

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EMERICK.

is my thanks, then, that I have commenced  
sign to which the free voice of the nobles  
h called me, and the people, by regards  
ove and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

at right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow  
them?

EMERICK.

what right dares Kiuprili question me?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

a right common to all loyal subjects—  
me a duty! As the realm's co-regent  
ointed by our sovereign's last free act,  
it by himself.—(*Grasping the patent.*)

EMERICK. (*With a contemptuous sneer.*)

Aye!—Writ in a delirium!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

rewise ask, by whose authority  
access to the sovereign was refused me?

EMERICK.

whose authority dared the general leave  
camp and army, like a fugitive?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

ugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,  
n, open-eyed, upon the face of death!

A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements  
 To be belated in a loyal purpose—  
 At the command, Prince ! of *my* king and thine,  
 Hither I came; and now again require  
 Audience of Queen Zapolya; and (the States  
 Forthwith convened) that thou dost shew at large,  
 On what ground of defect thou'st dared annul  
 This thy king's last and solemn act—hast dared  
 Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,  
 And conscience should have made thee, a protector.

EMERICK.

A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning!  
 Yet for thy past well-doing—and because  
 'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief  
 Long cherished, that Illyria had in thee  
 No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover  
 Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,  
 That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light  
 And fostering breeze of glory all deservings,  
 I still had placed *thee* foremost.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince ! I listen.

EMERICK.

Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,  
 Maddened with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—

CASIMIR.

He! speak the whole truth! Say, her *fraud's* detected!

EMERICK.

According to the sworn attests in council  
her physician—

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aside.*)

Yes! the Jew, Barzoni!

EMERICK.

Under the imminent risk of death she lies,  
irrecoverable loss of reason,  
known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.

CASIMIR. (*to Kiuprili.*)

Trust me, my lord! a woman's trick has duped you—  
too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas,  
in for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly  
for her recovery, that (the States convened)  
may take council of her friends.

EMERICK.

Right, Casimir!

I give my pledge, lord general. It shall stand  
on her own will to appear and voice her claims;  
which in truth I hold the wiser course)  
I will all the past passed by, as family quarrels,  
the Queen Dowager, with unblenched honors,  
and name her state, our first Illyrian matron.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince Emerick! you *speak* fairly, and your pledge  
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.

CASIMIR.

My lord! you scarce know half his grace's goodness.  
The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,  
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,  
Her relative, the venerable abbess,  
Hath, at his grace's urgency, wooed and won for me.

EMERICK.

Long may the race, and long may that name flourish,  
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have rendered  
Dear and illustrious to all true Hlyrians.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*sternly.*)

The longest line, that ever tracing herald  
Or found or feigned, placed by a beggar's soul  
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison:  
And with the soul, the conscience is co-eval,  
Yea, the soul's essence.

EMERICK.

Conscience, good my lord,  
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,  
That a free nation should be handed down,  
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance  
And the blind law of lineage? That whether infant  
Or man matured, a wise man or an idiot,

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Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance  
 Of a free people's destiny, should fall out  
 In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,  
 Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless ?  
 Or haply that a nation's fate should hang  
 On the bald accident of a midwife's handling  
 The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull ?

CASIMIR.

What better claim can sovereign wish or need,  
 Than the free voice of men who love their country ?  
 Those chiefly who have fought for 't? Who by right  
 Claim for their monarch one, who having obeyed,  
 So hath best learnt to govern : who, having suffered,  
 Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him ?  
 Whence sprang the name of Emperor ? Was it not  
 By nature's fiat ? In the storm of triumph,  
 'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice  
 Make itself heard : Let the commanding spirit  
 Possess the station of command !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince Emerick,  
 Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.

EMERICK. (*Aside to Casimir.*)

Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit!  
 Bind him to us!—Thy Father thaws apace!

[*then aloud.*]

Leave us awhile, my Lord!—Your friend, Ragozi,  
Whom you have not yet seen since his return,  
Commands the guard to-day.

*[Casimir retires to the Guard-house; and after  
time appears before it with Chef Ragozi.]*

We are alone.

What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili?  
Then, with your assent—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Mistake not for assent

The unquiet silence of a stern Resolve  
Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee,  
Prince!

And I have watched thee, too; but have small faith in  
A plausible tale told with a flitting eye.

*[Emerick turns as about to call for the Guard.]*

In the next moment I am in thy power,  
In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,  
Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,  
Thou diest that instant.

EMERICK.

Ha, ha!—Well; Sir!—Conclude your homily.

RAAB KIUPRILI. *(in a somewhat suppressed voice.)*  
A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded  
Against all means of proof, detects itself.  
The Queen mew'd up—this too from anxious care

And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth  
 With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee  
 Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion,  
                   falsehood,  
 Coils round in its perplexity, and fixes  
 Its sting in its own head?

EMERICK.

Aye! to the mark!

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aloud: he and Emerick  
 standing at equi-distance from the Palace and  
 the Guard-House.*)

Had'st thou believed thine own tale, hadst thou  
                   *fancied*

Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,  
 Would'st thou have pilfered from our school-boys  
                   themes

These shallow sophisms of a *popular choice*?  
 What people? How convened? or, if convened,  
 Must not the magic power that charms together  
 Millions of men in council, needs have power  
 To win or wield them? Better, O far better  
 Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains  
 And with a thousand-fold reverberation  
 Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,  
 Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!  
 By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power,



To deepen by restraint, and by prevention  
 Of lawless will to amass and guide, the flood  
 In its majestic channel, is man's task  
 And the true patriot's glory! In all else  
 Men safer trust to Heaven, than to themselves  
 When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds  
 Where folly is contagious, and too oft  
 Even wise men leave their better sense at home  
 To chide and wonder at them when returned.

EMERICK. (*Aloud.*)

Is't thus, thou scoff'st the people? most of all,  
 The soldiers, the defenders of the people?

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*Aloud.*)

O most of all, most miserable nation,  
 For whom the Imperial power, enormous bubble!  
 Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shattered  
 By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery!  
 Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far,  
 (Which is the noblest station of true warriors)  
 In rank licentious idleness beleaguer  
 City and Court, a venom'd thorn i' the side  
 Of virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,  
 Still ravening for fresh largess! But with such  
 What title claim'st thou, save thy birth? What merit  
 Which many a liegeman may not plead as well,  
 Brave though I grant thee? If a life outlaboured  
 Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,

For the land's fame and weal; if large acquests,  
 Made honest by the aggression of the foe  
 And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety;  
 If victory, doubly-wreathed, whose under-garland  
 Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling  
 Thro' the grey olive-branch; if these, Prince Emerick!  
 Give the true title to the throne, not *thou*—  
 No! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy  
 Be judge and arbiter between us!) I,  
 I were the rightful sovereign!—

EMERICK.

I have faith

That thou both think'st and hop'st it. Fair Zapolya,  
 A provident lady—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Wretch beneath all answer!

EMERICK.

Offers at once the royal bed and throne!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,  
 Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,  
 Is more than to be king; but see! thy rage  
 Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho!

[to the Guard.

EMERICK.

Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian!

Thus long I have listened.—Guard—ho! from the  
Palace.

*[The Guard post from the guard-house with Chef Ragozzi at their head, and then a number from the Palace—Chef Ragozzi demands Kiuprili's sword, and apprehends him.]*

CASIMIR.

O agony! (*to Emerick.*) Sire, hear me!

*[to Kiuprili, who turns from him.]*

Hear me, Father!

EMERICK.

Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!  
Who pleads for *his* life, strikes at mine, his sovereign's.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

As the Co-regent of the Realm, I stand  
Amenable to none save to the States  
Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,  
Yet witness ye that before God and man  
I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason,  
And on strong grounds attain him with suspicion  
Of murder—

EMERICK.

Hence with the madman!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Your Queen's murder,  
The Royal orphan's murder: and to the death

efy him, as a tyrant and usurper.

*[hurried off by Ragozzi and the Guard.]*

EMERICK.

re twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre  
his insolence shall be avenged

CASIMIR

O banish him!

his infamy will crush me. O for my sake,  
banish him, my liege Lord!

EMERICK. *(scornfully)*

What? to the army?

e calm, young friend! Nought shall be done in anger.  
he child o'er-powers the man. In this emergence  
must take counsel for us both. Retire.

*[Exit Casimir in agitation.]*

EMERICK *(alone, looks at a Calendar.)*

he changeful planet; now in her decay,  
lips down at midnight, to be seen no more.  
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,  
ursed by the last look of the waning moon:  
nd my bright destiny, with sharpened horns,  
ball greet me fearless in the new-born crescent.

*[Exit.]*

*Scene changes to another view, namely, the back of the Palace—a Wooded Park, and Mountains.—*  
*Enter ZAPOLYA, with an Infant in Arms.*

ZAPOLYA.

Hush, dear one! hush! My trembling arm disturbs thee!

Thou, the protector of the helpless! thou,  
 The widow's husband and the orphan's father,  
 Direct my steps! Ah whither? O send down  
 Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,  
 Driven forth into the cruel wilderness!

Hush, sweet one! Thou art no Hagar's offspring:

Thou art

The rightful heir of an anointed king!

What sounds are those? It is the vesper chaunt  
 Of labouring men returning to their home!

Their queen has no home! Hear me, heavenly Father!  
 And let this darkness——

Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings  
 To hide and shield us! Start'st thou in thy slumbers?  
 Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush!  
 Betray not thy poor mother! For if they seize thee  
 I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe  
 Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha! what? A soldier?

[*she starts back—and enter CHEF RAGOZZI,*

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CHEF RAGOZZI.

Sure heaven befriends us. Well ! he hath escaped !  
 O rare tune of a tyrant's promises  
 That can enchant the serpent treachery  
 From forth its lurking hole in the heart. "*Ragozzi!*  
 "*O brave Ragozzi! Count! Commander! What not?*"  
 And all this too for nothing! a poor nothing!  
 Merely to play the underling in the murder  
 Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!  
 Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour  
 Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st *me* too  
 A serviceable villain. Could I now  
 But gain some sure intelligence of the queen:  
 Heaven bless and guard her!

ZAPOLYA. (*coming fearfully forward.*)

Art thou not Ragozzi?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

The Queen! Now then the miracle is full!  
 I see heaven's wisdom is an over-match  
 For the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste!

ZAPOLYA.

Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong thee!  
 This is thy sovereign's child; Oh, pity us,  
 And be not treacherous! [*kneeling.*]

CHEF RAGOZZI. (*raising her.*)

Madam! For mercy's sake!

ZAPOLYA.

But tyrants have an hundred eyes and arms!

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Take courage, madam! 'Twere too horrible,  
(I can not do't) to swear I'm not a monster!—  
Scarce had I barr'd the door on Raab Kiuprili—

ZAPOLYA.

Kiuprili! How?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

There is not time to tell it.—

The tyrant called me to him, praised my zeal,  
(And be assured I overtopt his cunning  
And seemed right zealous.) But time wastes: In fine,  
Bids me dispatch my trustiest friends, as couriers  
With letters to the army. The thought at once  
Flashed on me. I disguised my prisoner—

ZAPOLYA.

What Raab Kiuprili?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Yes! my noble general!

I sent *him* off, with Emerick's own pacquet,  
Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him—

ZAPOLYA.

Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem  
sinking!—

CHEF RAGOZZI. (*supporting her.*)

Heaven still befriends us. I have left my charger,  
 A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,  
 One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,  
 Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.  
 The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's guesses,  
 Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road  
 The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop  
 To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds  
 The treasure which I convoy!

ZAPOLYA.

One brief moment,  
 That praying for strength I may *have* strength. This  
 babe,  
 Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence  
 Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!  
 Through thee, dear babe, the inspiring thought pos-  
 sessed me,  
 When the loud clamor rose, and all the palace  
 Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!)  
 Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way  
 To the deserted chamber of my lord.—

[*then to the infant.*]

And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,  
 And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!  
 Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty.



As I removed the seal, the heavy arm  
 Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger  
 Seemed pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!  
 Lo, I was standing on the secret door,  
 Which, through a long descent where all sound  
 perishes,

Led out beyond the palace. Well I knew it—  
 But *Andreas* framed it not! *He* was no tyrant!

. CHEF RAGOZZI.

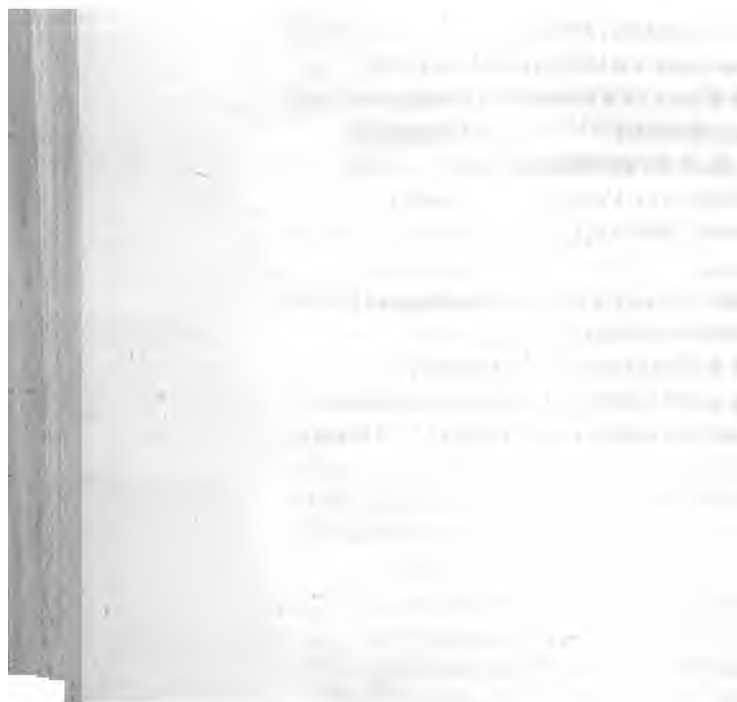
Haste madam! Let me take this precious burden!  
 [*he kneels as he takes the child.*]

ZAPOLYA.

Take him? And if we be pursued, I charge thee,  
 Flee thou and leave me! Flee and save thy king!—  
 [*then as going off, she looks back on the palace.*]  
 Thou tyrant's den, be called no more a palace!  
 The orphan's angel at the throne of heaven  
 Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee  
 A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.  
 Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion  
 Stand sentry at thy portals! Faith and honour,  
 Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted  
 nation:

And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,  
 False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine,  
 (Fateful conjunction of malignant planets)

Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers  
Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,  
And when they cry : *Lo ! a male child is born !*  
The mother shall make answer with a groan.  
For bloody usurpation, like a vulture,  
Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.  
Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,  
They shall be mocked with *sounds* of liberty,  
And liberty shall be proclaimed alone  
To thee, O Fire ! O Pestilence ! O Sword !  
Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatched  
hence,  
(*Again to the infant.*) Poor friendless fugitive ! with  
mother's wailing,  
Offspring of Royal Andreas, shalt return  
With trump and timbrel-clang, and popular *shout*  
In triumph to the palace of thy fathers ! *{Exeunt.*



**ZAPOLYA.**

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**PART II.**

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**THE SEQUEL**

**ENTITLED**

**“THE USURPER’S FATE.”**

**VOL. II.**

**T**

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

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*Men.*

- OLD BATHORY . . . . . A Mountaineer.  
BETHLEN BATHORY . The young Prince Andreas, supposed Son  
of Old Bathory.  
LORD RUDOLPH . . . A Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.  
LASKA . . . . . Steward to Casimir, betrothed to Glycine.  
PESTALUTZ . . . . . An Assassin, in Emerick's employ.
- 

*Women.*

- LADY SAROLTA . . . . . Wife of Lord Casimir.  
GLYCINE . . . . . Orphan Daughter of Chef Ragossi.
- 

Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which Emerick remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.

USURPATION ENDED ;  
OR,  
SHE COMES AGAIN.

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ACT I.—SCENE I.

*A Mountainous Country. BATHORY'S Dwelling at the end of the Stage. Enter LADY SAROLTA and GLYCINE.*

GLYCINE.

WELL then ! Our round of charity is finished.  
Rest, Madam ! You breathe quick.

SAROLTA.

What tired, Glycine ?  
No delicate court-dame, but a mountaineer  
By choice no less than birth, I gladly use  
The good strength nature gave me.

GLYCINE.

That last cottage  
Is built as if an eagle or a raven  
Had chosen it for her nest.

SAROLTA.

So many are  
The sufferings which no human aid can reach,

It needs must be a duty doubly sweet  
To heal the few we can. Well! let us rest.

GLYCINE.

There? [*Pointing to Bathory's dwelling. Sarolta answering, points to where she then stands.*]

SAROLTA.

Here! For on this spot Lord Casimir  
Took his last leave. On yonder mountain-ridge  
I lost the misty image which so long  
Lingered, or seemed at least to linger on it.

GLYCINE.

And what if even now, on that same ridge,  
A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening,  
As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last  
To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,  
Who but Sarolta's own dear lord returned  
From his high embassy?

SAROLTA.

Thou hast hit my thought!  
All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,  
The restless hope fluttered about my heart.  
Oh we are querulous creatures! Little less  
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;  
And little more than nothing is enough  
To discontent us.—Were he come, then should I  
Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier

To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.

GLYCINE.

But our best sports belike, and gay processions  
Would to my Lord have seemed but work-day sights  
Compared with those the royal court affords.

SAROLTA.

I have small wish to see them. A spring morning  
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds,  
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops  
(Each orb'd drop an orb of glory in it)  
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retirement  
Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred ;  
But, in good truth, his loving jealousy  
Did but command, what I had else entreated.

GLYCINE.

And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta,  
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,  
So beautiful besides, and yet so stately——

SAROLTA.

Hush ! Innocent flatterer !

GLYCINE.

Nay ! to my poor fancy  
The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,  
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious.

SAROLTA.

So doth the ignorant distance still delude us !



Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,  
 In its mere self a cold, drear, colourless void,  
 Seen from below and in the large, becomes  
 The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods!  
 Well! but this broil that scared you from the dance!  
 And was not Laska there: he, your betrothed?

GLYCINE.

Yes, madam! he was there. So was the maypole,  
 For we danced round it.

SAROLTA.

Ah, Glycine! why,  
 Why did you then betroth yourself?

GLYCINE.

Because

My own dear lady wished it! 'twas *you* asked me!

SAROLTA.

Yes, at my lord's request, but never wished,  
 My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.  
 Thou knowest not yet the duties of a wife.

GLYCINE.

Oh, yes! It is a wife's chief duty, madam!  
 To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,  
 And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska  
 But I shall tremble.

SAROLTA.

Not with fear, I think,

For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the  
cottage. [*Exit Glycine into the cottage, Sarolta*  
*continues her speech looking after her.*

Something above thy rank there hangs about thee,  
And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,  
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,  
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel  
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!  
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that—the courage,  
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give  
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee!  
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,  
Or there's no faith in instinct!

[*angry voices and clamour within, re-enter Glycine.*

GLYCINE.

Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,  
And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head,  
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,  
Bethlen, that brave young man! 'twas he, my lady,  
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders,  
And, in mere spite and malice, now they charge him  
With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.  
Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This  
way!

Lady Sarolta's here.

[*calling without.*

SAROLTA.

Be calm, Glycine.

*Enter LASKA and Servants with OLD BATHORY.*

LASKA. (*to Bathory.*)

We have no concern with you! What needs your presence?

OLD BATHORY.

What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy  
To be slandered by a set of coward-ruffians,  
And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice!—  
To tell its own tale?

[*Laska and servants bow to Lady Sarolta.*]

SAROLTA.

Laska! What may this mean?

LASKA. (*pompously, as commencing a set speech.*)

Madam! and may it please your ladyship!  
This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,  
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,  
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,  
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir:  
The lord high steward of the realm, moreover—

SAROLTA.

Be brief! We know his titles!

LASKA.

And moreover  
Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.  
And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,  
Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants;  
Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,

his badge of livery of your noble house,  
and trampled it in scorn.

SAROLTA. (*to the servants who offer to speak.*)

You have had your spokesman!

Where is the young man thus accused?

OLD BATHORY.

I know not:

But if no ill betide him on the mountains,  
He will not long be absent!

SAROLTA.

Thou art his father?

OLD BATHORY

None ever with more reason prized a son;  
Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.  
But more than one, now in my lady's presence,  
Witnessed the affray, besides these men of malice;  
And if I swerve from truth——

GLYCINE.

Yes! good old man!

My lady! pray believe him!

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine!

Be silent I command you. [*then to Bathory.*]

Speak! we hear you!

OLD BATHORY.

My tale is brief. During our festive dance,

Your servants, the accusers of my son,  
 Offered gross insults, in unmanly sort,  
 To our village maidens. He, (could he do less?)  
 Rose in defence of outraged modesty,  
 And so persuasive did his cudgel prove,  
 (Your hectoring sparks so over brave to women  
 Are always cowards) that they soon took flight,  
 And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,  
 Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words  
 Which their own threats provoked.

SAROLTA.

Old man! you talk  
 Too bluntly! Did your son owe no respect  
 To the livery of our house?

OLD BATHORY.

Even such respect  
 As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf  
 That hath began to worry the poor lambs!

LASKA.

Old insolent ruffian!

GLYCINE.

Pardon! pardon, madam!  
 I saw the whole affray. The good old man  
 Means no offence, sweet lady!—You, yourself,  
 Laska! know well, that these men were the ruffians!  
 Shame on you!

SAROLTA. (*speaks with affected anger.*)

What! Glycine? Go, retire!

[*Exit Glycine mournfully.*]

Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,  
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,  
Might have complained to *us*. Was ever access  
Denied you? Or free audience? Or are we  
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants?

OLD BATHORY.

So then! So then! Heaven grant an old man patience!  
And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,  
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine  
While he goes ask their master, if perchance  
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage?

LASKA.

Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's presence!  
I will report her further will!

SAROLTA.

Wait then,

Till thou hast learnt it! Fervent good old man!  
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on  
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning!

[*then speaks to the servants.*]

Hence! leave my presence! and you Laska! mark me!  
Those rioters are no longer of my household!  
If we but shake a dew-drop from a rose

In vain would we replace it, and as vainly  
 Restore the tear of wounded modesty  
 To a maiden's eye familiarized to licence.—  
 But these men, Laaka—

LASKA. (*aside.*)

Yes now 'tis coming

SAROLTA.

Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards,  
 That they have sought to piece out their revenge  
 With a tale of words lured from the lips of anger  
 Stamps them most dangerous; and till I want  
 Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need  
 Their services. Discharge them! You, Bathory!  
 Are henceforth of my household! I shall place you  
 Near my own person When your son returns  
 Present him to us!

OLD BATHORY.

Ha! what strangers\* here!  
 What business have they in an old man's eye?  
 Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden—  
 I can not—must not—let you be deceived.  
 I have yet another tale, but [*then to Sarolta aside.*]  
 not for all ears!

\* Refers to the tear, which he feels starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed unconsciously from Mr. Worth's Excursion.

## SAROLTA.

[ oft have passed your cottage, and still praised  
its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms  
The gusts of April showered aslant its thatch.  
Come, you shall show it me! And, while you bid it  
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness  
The oil of gladness glittering on the water  
Of an ebbing grief.

[*Bathory bowing, shows her into his cottage.*

LASKA. (*alone.*)

Vexation! baffled! school'd!

Ho! Laska! wake! why? what can all this mean?  
She sent away that cockatrice in anger!  
Oh the false witch! It is too plain, she loves him.  
And now, the old man near my lady's person,  
She'll see this Bethlen hourly!

[*Laska flings himself into the seat. Glycine  
peeps in timidly.*

GLYCINE.

Laska! Laska!

Is my lady gone?

LASKA. (*surlily.*)

Gone.

GLYCINE.

Have you yet seen him?

Is he returned?

[*Laska starts up from his seat.*



Has the seat stung you, Laska?

LASKA,

No, serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me; you!  
What? you would cling to him again!

GLYCINE.

Whom!

LASKA.

Bethlen! Bethlen!

Yes; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him!  
Ha! you forget the scene of yesterday!  
Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams,  
And your pretended fears!

GLYCINE.

*Your* fears, at least,  
Were real, Laska! or your trembling limbs  
And white cheeks played the hypocrites most vilely!

LASKA.

I fear! whom? What?

GLYCINE.

I know, what *I* should fear,  
Were I in Laska's place.

LASKA.

What?

GLYCINE.

My own conscience,  
For having fed my jealousy and envy  
With a plot, made out of other men's revenges,

Against a brave and innocent young man's life !  
Yet, yet, pray tell me !

LASKA. (*malignantly.*)

You will know too soon.

GLYCINE.

Would I could find my lady ! though she chid me—  
Yet this suspense— [going.

LASKA.

Stop ! stop ! one question only—

I am quite calm—

GLYCINE.

Ay, as the old song says,

Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove.

Nay now, I have marred the verse : well ! this one  
question—

LASKA.

Are you not bound to me by your own promise ?

And is it not as plain—

GLYCINE.

Halt ! that's two questions.

LASKA.

Pshaw ! Is it not as plain as impudence,  
That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar,  
Bethlen Bathory ? When he was accused,  
Why pressed *you* forward ? Why did *you* defend him ?

GLYCINE.

Question meet question : that's a woman's privilege.

Why, Laska, did *you* urge Lord Casimir  
To make my lady force that promise from me?

LASKA.

So then, you say, Lady Sarolta *forced* you?

GLYCINE.

Could I look up to her dear countenance,  
And say her nay? As far back as I wot of  
All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.  
How could it be then, but that her requests  
Must needs have sounded to me as commands?  
And as for love, had I a score of loves,  
I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.

LASKA.

Not one for Bethlen?

GLYCINE.

Oh! that's a different thing.  
To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious  
To his good old father. But for *loving* him—  
Nay, *there*, indeed, you are mistaken, Laska!  
Poor youth! I rather think I *grieve* for him;  
For I sigh so deeply when I think of him!  
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,  
And my heart beats; and all because I dreamt  
That the war-wolf\* had gored him as he hunted  
In the haunted forest!

\* For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see  
Drayton's *Moon-calf*, Chalmers' *English Poets*, Vol. IV. p. 136.

LASKA.

You dare own all this?

Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.

Mine, pampered Miss! you shall be; and I'll make you  
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my fingers  
Tingle already! [*makes threatening signs.*]

GLYCINE. (*aside.*)

Ha! Bethlen coming this way!

[*Glycine then cries out as if afraid of being beaten.*]

Oh, save me! save me! Pray don't kill me, Laska!

*Enter BETHLEN in an Hunting Dress.*

BETHLEN.

What, beat a woman!

LASKA. (*to Glycine.*)

O you cockatrice!

BETHLEN.

Unmanly dastard, hold!

LASKA. (*pompously.*)

Do you chance to know

Who—I—am, Sir?—('Sdeath! how black he looks!)

BETHLEN.

I have started many strange beasts in my time,  
But none less like a man, than this before me  
That lifts his hand against a timid female.

LASKA.

Bold youth! she's mine.

ZAPOLYA.

GLYCINE.

No, not my master yet,  
 But only *is* to be; and all, because  
 Two years ago my lady asked me, and  
 I promised *her*, not *him*; and if *she'll* let me,  
 I'll *hate* you, my lord's steward.

BETHLEN.

Hush, Glycine!

GLYCINE.

Yes, I do, Bethlen; for he just now brought  
 False witnesses to swear away your life:  
 Your life, and old Bathory's too.

BETHLEN.

Bathory's!

Where is my father? Answer, or——Ha! gone!

*[Laska during this time slinks off the Stage, with  
 threatening gestures to Glycine.]*

GLYCINE.

Oh, heed not *him*! I saw you pressing onward,  
 And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,  
 It is *your* life, they seek!

BETHLEN.

My life?

GLYCINE.

Alas,

Lady Sarolta even——

BETHLEN.

She does not know me!

GLYCINE

What she did! she could not then have spoken  
such stern countenance. But though she spurn  
me,  
kneel, Bethlen—

BETHLEN.

Not for me, Glycine!

What have I done? or whom have I offended?

GLYCINE.

Your words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the king.

[*Bethlen mutters to himself indignantly.*]

GLYCINE. (*aside.*)

Who looks the statue, in our hall, o'the god  
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent!

BETHLEN. (*muttering aside.*)

King!

GLYCINE.

How often have I wished *you* were a king.  
You would protect the helpless every where,  
As you did us. And I, too, should not then  
Suffer for you, Bethlen, as I do; nor have  
Tears come in my eyes; nor dream bad dreams  
That you were killed in the forest; and then Laska  
Would have no right to rail at me, nor say

(Yes, the base man, he says,) that I—I love you.

BETHLEN.

Pretty Glycine! wert thou not betrothed—  
But in good truth I know not what I speak.  
This luckless morning I have been so haunted  
With my own fancies, starting up like omens,  
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream  
Both asks and answers wildly.—But Bathory?

GLYCINE.

Hist! 'tis my lady's step! She must not see you!

[*Bethlen retires.*]

*Enter from the Cottage SAROLTA and BATHORY.*

SAROLTA.

Go, seek your son! I need not add be speedy

You here, Glycine?

[*Exit Bathory.*]

GLYCINE.

Pardon, pardon Madam!

If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,  
You could not have him harmed.

SAROLTA.

Be calm, Glycine!

GLYCINE.

No, I shall break my heart.

[*Sobbing.*]

SAROLTA. (*taking her hand.*)

Ha! is it so?

O strange and hidden power of sympathy,

of like fates, though all unknown to each,  
 make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's  
 ring by dim disquiet!

GLYCINE.

Old Bathory—

SAROLTA.

his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.  
 a good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen  
 a most noble and deserving youth.

GLYCINE.

Why does not mock me?

SAROLTA.

Where is Laska?

Why not told thee?

GLYCINE.

Nothing. In his fear—

He I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—  
 he abruptly—

SAROLTA.

His shame excuses him!

He somewhat hardly tasked; and in discharging  
 his tools, cons a lesson for himself.  
 He and the youth henceforward live  
 under my lord's protection.

GLYCINE.

The saints bless you!



Shame on my graceless heart! How dared I fear,  
Lady Sarolta could be cruel?

SAROLTA.

Come,

Be yourself, girl!

GLYCINE.

O, 'tis so full here! [*at her heart.*]

And now it can not harm him if I tell you,  
That the old man's son—

SAROLTA.

Is *not* that old man's son!

A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his  
For all I know of *thee* is, that thou art  
A soldier's orphan: left when rage intestine  
Shook and engulfed the pillars of Illyria.  
This other fragment, thrown back by that same earth-  
quake,  
This, so mysteriously inscribed by nature,  
Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.  
Command thyself! Be secret! His true father—  
Hear'st thou?

GLYCINE. (*eagerly.*)

O tell—

BETHLEN. (*who had overheard the last few words,  
now rushes out.*)

Yes, tell me, Shape from heaven!

Who is my father?

SAROLTA. (*gazing with surprise.*)

Thine? *Thy* father? Rise!

GLYCINE.

Alas! He hath alarmed you, my dear lady!

SAROLTA.

His countenance, not his act!

GLYCINE.

Rise, Bethlen! Rise!

BETHLEN.

No; kneel thou too! and with thy orphan's tongue  
Plead for me! I am rooted to the earth  
And have no power to rise! Give me a father!  
There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes  
That seeks high Heaven! But I will overtake it,  
And bring it back, and make it plead for me  
In thine own heart! Speak! Speak! Restore to me  
A name in the world!

SAROLTA.

By that blest Heaven I gazed at,  
I know not who thou art. And if I knew,  
Dared I—But rise!

BETHLEN.

Blest spirits of my parents,  
Ye hover o'er me now! Ye shine upon me!  
And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,

I feel and seek the light, I can not see!

SAROLTA.

Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's ridge,  
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such  
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,  
Is all Fate makes it safe for thee to know!

BETHLEN.

Safe? Safe? O let me then inherit danger,  
And it shall be my birth-right!

SAROLTA. (*aside.*)

That look again!—

The wood which first incloses, and then skirts  
The highest track that leads across the mountains—  
Thou know'st it Bethlen?

BETHLEN.

Lady, 'twas my wont

To roam there in my childhood oft alone  
And mutter to myself the name of father.  
For still Bathory (why, till now I guessed not)  
Would never hear it from my lips, but sighing  
Gazed upward. Yet of late an idle terror—

GLYCINE.

Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves,  
Vampires, and monstrous—

SAROLTA. (*with a smile.*)

Moon-calves, credulous girl!

Hap  
Hat

Af

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L

I

I

Haply some o'ergrown savage of the forest  
 Hath his lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.  
*[then speaking again to Bethlen.]*  
 After that last great battle, (O young man !  
 Thou wakest anew my life's sole anguish) that  
 Which fixed Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory  
 Led by a cry, far inward from the track,  
 In the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,  
 Did find thee, Bethlen, then an helpless babe.  
 The robe, that wrapt thee, was a widow's mantle.

BETHLEN.

An infant's weakness doth relax my frame.  
 O say—I fear to ask——

SAROLTA.

And I to tell thee.

BETHLEN.

Strike! O strike quickly! See, I do not shrink.  
*[striking his breast.]*  
 I am stone, cold stone.

SAROLTA.

Hid in a brake hard by,  
 Scarce by both palms supported from the earth,  
 A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning  
 Seemed to survive itself in her fixt eyes,  
 That strained towards the babe. At length one arm  
 Painfully from her own weight disengaging,

She pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom  
 Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated  
 Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,  
 And kneeling spake: If aught of this world's comfort  
 Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,  
 That at my life's risk I will save thy child!  
 Her countenance worked, as one that seemed preparing  
 A loud voice, but it died upon her lips  
 In a faint whisper, "Fly! Save him! Hide—hide all!"

BETHLEN.

And did he leave her? What had I a mother?  
 And left her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life  
 With the desertion of a dying mother?  
 Oh agony?

GLYCINE.

Alas! thou art bewildered,  
 And dost forget thou wert an helpless infant!

BETHLEN.

What else can I remember, but a mother  
 Mangled and left to perish?

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine!

It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct:  
 Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,  
 And it will find a mirror in the waters,  
 It now makes boil above it. Check him not!

BETHLEN.

O that I were diffused among the waters  
 That pierce into the secret depths of earth,  
 And find their way in darkness! Would that I  
 Could spread myself upon the homeless winds!  
 And I would seek her! for she is not dead!  
 She *can not* die! O pardon, gracious lady!  
 You were about to say, that he returned—

SAROLTA.

Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes  
 Its objects as immortal as itself!

BETHLEN.

And found her still—

SAROLTA.

Alas! he did return,  
 He left no spot unsearched in all the forest,  
 But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)  
 Had been borne off.

BETHLEN.

O whither?

GLYCINE.

Dearest Bethlen!

I would that you could weep like me! O do not  
 Gaze so upon the air!

SAROLTA. (*continuing the story.*)

While he was absent

A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scoured the wood,  
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.

BETHLEN.

Emerick.

Oh Hell!

GLYCINE. (*to silence him.*)

Bethlen!

BETHLEN.

Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper!

This gracious lady must hear blessings only.  
She hath not yet the glory round her head,  
Nor those strong eagle wings, which made swift way  
To that appointed place, which I must seek :  
Or else *she* were my mother!

SAROLTA.

Noble youth!

From me fear nothing! Long time have I owed  
Offerings of expiation for misdeeds . . .  
Long passed that weigh me down, though innocent!  
Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee,  
For he perceived thy thoughts, as they expanded,  
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state!  
Vain was his care! Thou 'st made thyself suspected  
E'en where Suspicion reigns, and asks no proof  
But its own fears! Great Nature hath endowed thee  
With her best gifts! From me thou shalt receive  
All honourable aidance! But haste hence!

avel will ripen thee, and enterprize  
 seems thy years ! Be thou henceforth *my soldier* !  
 id whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe  
 at in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,  
 ou solvest best the riddle of thy birth !  
 id may the light that streams from thine own honour  
 ide thee to that thou seekest !

GLYCINE.

Must he leave us ?

BETHLEN.

id for such goodness can I return nothing,  
 it some hot tears that sting mine eyes ? Some sighs  
 at if not breathed would swell my heart to stifling ?  
 ay heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,  
 as a shield of fire, far, far aloof  
 scare all evil from thee ! Yet, if fate  
 ath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,  
 om the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,  
 rift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee !  
 id then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom  
 ese thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine  
 ave gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,  
 hich these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious ;  
 ad tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,  
 ave been talked to me ! But this tongue ne'er soothed  
 mother's ear, lipping a mother's name ?



O, at how dear a price have I been loved  
 And no love could return! One boon then, lady!  
 Where'er thou hid'st, I go thy faithful soldier,  
 But first ~~must~~ trace the spot, where she lay bleeding  
 Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine  
 Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest!  
 Or if avengers more than human haunt there,  
 Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,  
 They shall make answer to me, though my heart's  
     blood  
 Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for  
     blood!

[*Exit Bethlen.*

SAROLTA.

Ah! it was this I feared. To ward off this  
 Did I withhold from him that old Bathory  
 Returning hid beneath the self-same oak,  
 Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel  
 Bound on his infant arm.

GLYCINE.

Oh, let me fly  
 And stop him! Mangled limbs do there lie scattered  
 Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.  
 And voices have been heard! And there the plant  
     grows  
 That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard

Power to put on the fell Hymna's shape.

SAROLTA.

What idle tongue hath bewitched *thee*, Glycine?  
I hoped that thou had'st learnt a nobler faith.

GLYCINE.

O chide me not, dear lady; question Laska,  
Or the old man.

SAROLTA.

Forgive me, I spake harshly.

It is indeed a mighty sorcery  
That doth enthrall thy young heart, my poor girl,  
And what hath Laska told thee?

GLYCINE.

Three days past

A courier from the king did cross that wood;  
A wilful man, that armed himself on purpose:  
And never hath been heard of from that time!

*[sound of horns without.*

SAROLTA.

Hark! dost thou hear it?

GLYCINE.

'Tis the sound of horns!

*Our* huntsmen are not out!

SAROLTA.

Lord Casimir

Would not come thus!

*[horns again.*

ZAPOLYA.

GLYCINE.

Still louder!

SAROLTA.

Haste we hence!

For I believe in part thy tale of terror!  
 But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transformed:  
 Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.

*[Sarolta and Glycine exeunt. Trumpets, &c. louder.]*

*Enter EMERICK, LORD RUDOLPH, LASKA, and  
 Huntsmen and Attendants.*

RUDOLPH.

A gallant chace, sire.

EMERICK.

Aye, but this new quarry  
 That we last started seems worth all the rest.

*[then to Laska.]*

And you—excuse me—what's your name?

LASKA.

Whatever

Your majesty may please.

EMERICK.

Nay, that's too late, man.  
 Say, what thy mother and thy godfather  
 Were pleased to call thee.

LASKA.

Laska, my liege sovereign.

EMERICK.

Well, my liege subject Laska! And you are  
Lord Casimir's steward?

LASKA.

And your majesty's creature.

EMERICK.

*Two* gentle dames made off at our approach.  
Which was your lady?

LASKA.

My liege lord, the taller.

The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid,  
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's froward—  
Yet would your grace but speak—

EMERICK.

Hum, master steward!

I am honoured with this sudden confidence.

Lead on. *[to Laska, then to Rudolph.]*

Lord Rudolph, you'll announce our coming.

Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her  
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add  
How much we grieve, that business of the state  
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return.

LORD RUDOLPH. *(aside.)*

Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee.

EMERICK.

Now onward all. *[Exeunt attendants.]*

EMERICK *solus*.

A fair one by my faith !

If her face rival but her gait and stature,

My good friend Casimir had *his* reasons too.

“ *Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,*

“ *Made early in the convent—His word pledged—*”

All fictions, all ! fictions of jealousy.

Well ! If the mountain move not to the prophet,

The prophet must to the mountain ! In this Laska

There's somewhat of the knave mixed up with dolt.

Through the transparence of the fool, methought,

I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)

The crocodile's eye, that peered up from the bottom.

This knave may do us service. Hot ambition

Won me the husband. Now let vanity

And the resentment for a forced seclusion

Decoy the wife ! Let him be deemed the aggressor

Whose cunning and distrust began the game !

[Exit.

## ACT II,—SCENE I.

*A savage wood. At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy. ZAPOLYA and RAAB KIUPRILI discovered: both, but especially the latter, in rude and savage garments.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Heard you then aught while I was slumbering?

ZAPOLYA.

Nothing.

Only your face became convulsed. We miserable!  
Is heaven's last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treacherous?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

O for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in!  
I dreamt I had met with food beneath a tree  
And I was seeking you, when all at once  
My feet became entangled in a net:  
Still more entangled as in rage I tore it,  
At length I freed myself, had sight of you,  
But as I hastened eagerly, again  
I found my frame encumbered: a huge serpent  
Twined round my chest, but tightest round my throat.

## ZAPOLYA.

Alas ! 'twas lack of food : for hunger choaks !

## RAAB KIUPRILI.

And now I saw you by a shrivelled child  
Strangely pursued. You did not fly, yet neither  
Touched you the ground methought, but close above it  
Did seem to shoot yourself along the air,  
And as you passed me, turned your face and shrieked.

## ZAPOLYA.

I did in truth send forth a feeble shriek,  
Scarce knowing why. Perhaps the mock'd sense  
craved

To *hear* the scream, which you but seemed to utter.  
For your whole face looked like a mask of torture !  
Yet a child's image doth indeed pursue me  
Shrivelled with toil and penury !

## RAAB KIUPRILI.

Nay ! what ails you ?

## ZAPOLYA.

A wonderous faintness there comes stealing o'er me.  
Is it Death's lengthening shadow, who comes onward,  
Life's setting sun behind him ?

## RAAB KIUPRILI.

Cheerly ! The dusk  
Will quickly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,  
Trust me I'll bring thee food !

## ZAPOLYA.

Hunger's tooth has  
 Gnawn itself blunt. O, I could queen it well  
 O'er my own sorrows as my rightful subjects.  
 But wherefore, O revered Kiuprili! wherefore  
 Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,  
 Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat?  
 Would that my tongue had then cloven to my mouth!  
 But Heaven is just! With tears I conquered thee,  
 And not a tear is left me to repent with!  
 Had'st thou not done already—had'st thou not  
 Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feigned of friend-  
 ship?

## RAAB KIUPRILI.

Yet be thou comforted! What! had'st thou faith  
 When I turned back incredulous? 'Twas thy light  
 That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,  
 And leave thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,  
 And think thou see'st thy sainted lord commissioned  
 And on his way to aid us? Whence those late dreams,  
 Which after such long interval of hopeless  
 And silent resignation all at once  
 Night after night commanded thy return  
 Hither? and still presented in clear vision  
 This wood as in a scene? this very cavern?



Thou darest not doubt that Heaven's especial hand  
 Worked in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance  
 Is on the stroke :—for Misery can not add  
 Grief to thy griefs, or Patience to thy sufferance!

ZAPOLYA.

Can not ! Oh, what if thou were taken from me ?  
 Nay, thou said'st well : for that and death were one.  
*Life's* grief is at its height indeed ; the hard  
 Necessity of this inhuman state  
 Has made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.  
 Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,  
 Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—  
 Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night !  
 At once for food and safety to affrighten  
 The traveller from his road—

[*Glycine is heard singing without.*

РААВ КИУПРИЛІ.

Hark ! heard you not  
 A distant chaunt ?

SONG, BY GLYCINE.

A sunny shaft did I behold,  
 From sky to earth it slanted :  
 And poised therein a bird so bold—  
 Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled  
 Within that shaft of sunny mist ;  
 His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,  
 All else of amethyst !

And thus he sang : “ Adieu ! adieu !  
 Love’s dreams prove seldom true.  
 Sweet month of May,  
 We must away ;  
 Far, far away !  
 To day ! to day ! ”

ZAPOLYA.

Sure ’tis some blest spirit !

For since thou slew’st the usurper’s emissary  
 That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear  
 Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer  
 And starves the poor besieged. *[song again.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

It is a maiden’s voice ! quick to the cave !

ZAPOLYA.

Hark ! her voice falters ! *[Exit Zapolya.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

She must not enter

The cavern, else I will remain unseen !

*[Kiuprili retires to one side of the stage. GLYCINE  
 enters singing.*

GLYCINE. (*fearfully.*)

A savage place! saints shield me! Bethlen! Bethlen!  
Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again.

[*sings again.*]

If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy

Voices in all chance sounds!

[*starts.*]

"Twas some dry branch

Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,

Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-spear!

What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,

Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*unseen.*)

Leave them and flee!

GLYCINE. (*shrieks, then recovering.*)

Where are you?

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*still unseen.*)

Leave them!

GLYCINE.

"Tis Glycine!

Speak to me Bethlen! speak in your own voice!

All silent!—If this were the war-wolf's den!

"Twas not his voice!—

[*Glycine leaves the provisions and exit fearfully.*]

*Kiuprili comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern. Glycine returns, having recovered herself.*

GLYCINE.

Shame! Nothing hurt me!

If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs  
 Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst  
 and hoarseness!

Speak Bethlen! or but moan. St—St—No—  
 Bethlen!

If I turn back and he should be found dead here,  
*[she creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.*

I should go mad!—Again!—'Twas my own heart!  
 Hush coward heart! better beat loud with fear,  
 Than break with shame and anguish!

*[as she approaches to enter the cavern, Kiuprili  
 stops her. Glycine shrieks.*

Saints protect me!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—

GLYCINE.

Save me!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Swear secrecy and silence!

GLYCINE.

I swear!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest?

GLYCINE.

Only

A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Wherefore in this wood?

GLYCINE.

Alas! it was his purpose—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

With what intention came he? Would'st thou save  
him,

Hide nothing!

GLYCINE.

Save him! O forgive his rashness!

He is good, and did not know that thou wert human!

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*repeats the word.*)

Human?

[*then sternly.*]

With what design?

GLYCINE.

To kill thee, or

If that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee

By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,

To make disclosure of his parentage.

But most of all—

ZAPOLYA. (*rushing out from the cavern.*)

Heaven's blessing on thee! Speak!

ZAPOLYA.

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GLYCINE.

her his Mother live, or perished here !

ZAPOLYA.

of Mercy, I was perishing  
hou did'st bring me food : and now thou bring'st  
weet, sweet food of hope and consolation  
mother's famished heart ! His name, sweet  
maiden ?

GLYCINE.

till this morning we were wont to name him  
en Bathory !

ZAPOLYA.

Even till this morning ?  
orning ? when my weak faith failed me wholly !  
n, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,  
ill'st again the widow's empty cruse !  
n !

GLYCINE.

The false ones charged the valiant youth  
treasonous words of Emerick—

ZAPOLYA.

Ha ! my son !

GLYCINE.

of Lord Casimir—

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aside.*)

O agony ! my son !

ZAPOLYA.

GLYCINE.

But my dear lady—

ZAPOLYA and RAAB KIUPRILI.

Who!

GLYCINE.

Lady Sarolta

Frowned and discharged these bad men.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*turning off, and to himself*)

Righteous heaven

Sent me a daughter once, and I repined

That it was not a son. A son was given me.

My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear:

And lo! that son became my curse and infamy.

ZAPOLYA. (*embraces Glycine.*)

Sweet innocent! and you came here to seek him,

And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?

GLYCINE.

Not much!

My own dear lady, when I was a child

Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.

For I too am an orphan, motherless!

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*to Zapolya.*)

O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but deepen

The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy!

In that last conflict, following our escape,

The usurper's cruelty had clogged our flight

With many a babe, and many a childing mother.  
 This maid herself is one of numberless  
 Planks from the same vast wreck.

*[then to Glycine again.*

Well! Casimir's wife—

GLYCINE.

She is always gracious, and so praised the old man  
 That his heart o'erflowed, and made discovery  
 That in this wood—

ZAPOLYA. (*in agitation.*)

O speak!

GLYCINE.

A wounded lady—

*[Zapolya faints—they both support her.*

GLYCINE,

Is this his mother?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

She would fain believe it,

Weak though the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself  
 The flame with which it kindles.

*[horn heard without.*

To the cavern!

Quick! quick!

GLYCINE.

Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Emerick?



## GLYCINE.

He came this morning—

*(They retire to the cavern, bearing Zapolya. Then enter BETHLEN armed with a boar-spear.)*

## BETHLEN.

I had a glimpse  
Of some fierce shape; and but that Fancy often  
Is Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves  
With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it  
Bear off some human prey. O my preserver!  
Bathory! Father! Yes, thou deserv'st that name!  
Thou did'st not mock me! These are blessed findings!  
The secret cypher of my destiny

*[Looking at his signet.*

Stands here inscribed: it is the seal of fate!  
Ha!—*(Observing the cave.)* Had ever monster fitting  
lair, 'tis yonder!  
Thou yawning Den, I well remember thee!  
Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on!  
Now for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,  
To rouse the monster couchant o'er his ravine!

*[Blows the horn—then a pause.*

Another blast! and with another swell  
To you, ye charmed watchers of this wood!  
If haply I have come, the rightful heir  
Of vengeance: if in me survive the spirits

Of those, whose guiltless blood flowed streaming here !

[ *Blows again louder.*

Still silent ? Is the monster gorged ? Heaven shield  
me !

Thou, faithful spear ! be both my torch and guide.

(*As Bethlen is about to enter, Kiuprili speaks from  
the cavern unseen.*)

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Withdraw thy foot ! Retract thine idle spear  
And wait obedient !

BETHLEN. (*in amazement.*)

Ha ! What art thou ? speak !

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*still unseen.*)

Avengers !

BETHLEN.

By a dying mother's pangs

E'en such am I. Receive me !

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*still unseen.*)

Wait ! Beware !

At thy first step, thou treadest upon the light,  
Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness !

BETHLEN.

Ha ! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed !—

Oh, fool ! mine eyes are duped by my own shud-  
dering.—

Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,  
 Year following year, that pressed upon my heart  
 As on the altar of some unknown God,  
 Then, as if touched by fire from heaven descending,  
 Blazed up within me at a father's name—  
 Do they desert me now!—at my last trial?  
 VOICE of command! and thou, O hidden LIGHT!  
 I have obeyed! Declare ye by what name  
 I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice  
 Will make you gracious.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*still unseen.*)

Patience! Truth! Obedience!

Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light,  
 Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee!  
 Thy name?

BETHLEN.

Ask rather the poor roaming savage,  
 Whose infancy no holy rite had blest.  
 To him, perchance rude spoil or ghastly trophy,  
 In chase or battle won, have given a name.  
 I have none—but like a dog have answered  
 To the chance sound which he that fed me, called me!

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*still unseen.*)

Thy birth-place?

BETHLEN.

Deluding spirits! Do ye mock me?

Question the Night ! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place ?  
 Yet hear ! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,  
 Where the bats cling, have I surveyed my cradle !  
 The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,  
 And in it the wolf litters !—I invoke you,  
 Tell me, ye secret ones ! if ye beheld me  
 As I stood there, like one who having delved  
 For hidden gold hath found a talisman,  
 O tell ! what rights, what offices of duty  
 This signet doth command ? What rebel spirits  
 Owe homage to its Lord ?

RAAB KIUFRIIL. (*still unseen.*)

More, guiltier, mightier,  
 Than thou mayest summon ! Wait the destined hour !

BETHLEN.

O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,  
 I importune ye ! Mock me no more with shadows !  
 This sable mantle—tell, dread voice ! did this  
 Enwrap one fatherless ?

ZAPOLYA. (*unseen.*)

One fatherless !

BETHLEN. (*starting.*)

A sweeter voice !—A voice of love and pity !  
 Was it the softened echo of mine own ?  
 Sad echo ! but the hope, it kill'd, was sickly,  
 And ere it died it had been mourned as dead !

One other hope yet lives within my soul :  
 Quick let me ask !—while yet this stifling fear,  
 This stop of the heart, leaves utterance !—Are—are  
 these

The sole remains of her that gave me life ?  
 Have I a mother ?

(ZAPOLYA rushes out to embrace him. BETHLEN starts.)

Ha !

ZAPOLYA. (*embracing him.*)

My son ! my son !

A wretched—Oh no, no ! a blest—a happy mother !  
 [*They embrace. Kiuprili and Glycine come forward  
 and the curtain drops.*]

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ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A stately room in Lord Casimir's castle. Enter  
 EMERICK and LASKA.*

EMERICK.

I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,  
 Laska, in all things that concern thine own  
 Interest or safety.

LASKA.

In this sovereign presence  
 I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

EMERICK.

Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that *I* of all men  
Should covet thus the love of fair Sarolta,  
Dishonouring Casimir?

LASKA.

Far be it from me!

Your Majesty's love and choice bring honour with them.

EMERICK.

Perchance, thou hast heard, that Casimir is my friend,  
Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought  
A parent's blessing; braved a father's curse?

LASKA. (*aside.*)

Would I but knew now, what his Majesty meant!  
Oh yes, Sire! 'tis our common talk, how Lord  
Kiuprili, my Lord's father—

EMERICK.

'Tis your talk,

Is it, good statesman Laska?

LASKA.

No, not mine,

Not mine, an please your Majesty! There are  
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—  
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,  
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.

EMERICK.

Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us

Of traitors ! But ar't sure the youth's devoured ?

LASKA.

Not a limb left an please your Majesty !

And that unhappy girl—

EMERICK.

Thou followed'st her

Into the wood ?

[*Laska bows assent.*]

Henceforth then I'll believe

That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

LASKA.

Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil

When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves

Of the wood shake—

EMERICK.

Made thee shake like a leaf !

LASKA.

The war-wolf leapt ; at the first plunge he seized her ;

Forward I rushed !

EMERICK.

Most marvellous !

LASKA.

Hurled my javelin ;

Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—

EMERICK.

Enough !

And take, friend, this advice. When next thou  
tonguest it,

Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,  
And leave untouched your *common talk* aforesaid,  
What your Lord did, or should have done.

LASKA.

*My talk ?*

The saints forbid! I always said, for my part,  
“ *Was not the king Lord Casimir’s dearest friend ?*  
“ *Was not that friend a king ? Whate’er he did*  
“ *’Twas all from pure love to his Majesty.*”

EMERICK.

And this then was *thy* talk? While knave and coward,  
Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost,  
In slips the fool and takes the place of both,  
Babbler! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men.  
He loved himself, loved honours, wealth, dominion.  
All these were set upon a father’s head :  
Good truth! a most unlucky accident!  
For he but wished to hit the prize; not graze  
The head that bore it: so with steady eye  
Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even  
As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick  
Loves Casimir, intends *him* no dishonour.  
He winked not then, for love of *me* forsooth!  
For love of me now let him wink! Or if



The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,  
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth.

[*passing his hand across his brow.*]

LASKA.

Your Majesty's reasoning has convinced me.

EMERICK. (*with a slight start, as one who had been  
talking aloud to himself: then with scorn.*)

Thee!

'Tis well! and more than meant. For by my faith  
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key?

[*Laska bows.*]

And in your lady's chamber there's full space?

LASKA.

Between the wall and arras to conceal you.

EMERICK.

Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune,  
If thou prov'st faithful. But if thou betrayest me,  
Hark you!—the wolf, that shall drag *thee* to his den  
Shall be no fiction.

[*Exit Emerick. Laska manet with a key in one  
hand, and a purse in the other.*]

LASKA.

Well then! Here I stand,

Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.

Call this (*looking at the purse.*)

Preferment; this (*holding up the key.*) Fidelity!

And first my golden goddess : what bids she ?

Only :—“ *This way your Majesty ! hush ! The household*

*Are all safe lodged.*”—Then, put Fidelity

Within her proper wards, just turn her round—

So—the door opens—and for all the rest,

’Tis the king’s deed, not Laska’s. Do but this

And—“ *I’m the mere earnest of your future fortunes.*”

But what says the other ?—Whisper on ! I hear you !

[*putting the key to his ear.*

All very true !—but, good Fidelity !

If I refuse king Emerick, will you promise,

And swear now, to unlock the dungeon door,

And save me from the hangman ? Aye ! you’re silent !

What not a word in answer ? A clear nonsuit !—

Now for one look to see that all are lodged

At the due distance—then—yonder lies the road

For Laska and his royal friend king Emerick !

[*Exit Laska. Then enter BATHORY and BETHLEN.*

BETHLEN.

He looked as if he were some God disguised

In an old warrior’s venerable shape

To guard and guide my mother. Is there not

Chapel or oratory in this mansion ?

OLD BATHORY.

Even so.

## BETHLEN.

From that place then am I to take  
 A helm and breast-plate, both inlaid with gold,  
 And the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprill's.

## OLD BATHORY.

Those very arms this day Sarolta show'd me—  
 With wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!

## BETHLEN.

O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering guess,  
 To break the first command a mother's will  
 Imposed, a mother's voice made known to me!  
 "Ask not my son;" said she, "our names or thine.  
*The shadow of the eclipse is passing off  
 The full orb of thy destiny! Already  
 The victor Crescent glitters forth and sheds  
 O'er the yet lingering haze a phantom light.  
 Thou canst not hasten it! Leave then to Heaven  
 The work of Heaven: and with a silent spirit  
 Sympathize with the powers that work in silence!*  
 Thus spake she, and she looked, as she were then  
 Fresh from some heavenly vision!

[Re-enter Laska, not perceiving them.

## LASKA.

All asleep!

[Then observing Bethlen, stands in idiot-affright.

I must speak to it first—Put—put the question!

I'll confess all! [Stammering with fear.

OLD BATHORY.

Laska! what ails thee, man?

LASKA. (*pointing to BETHLEN.*)

There!

OLD BATHORY.

I see nothing! where?

LASKA.

He does not see it!

Bethlen, torment me not!

BETHLEN.

Soft! Rouse him gently!

He hath outwatched his hour, and half asleep,  
With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.

OLD BATHORY.

Ho! Laska! Don't you know us? 'tis Bathory  
And Bethlen!

LASKA. (*recovering himself.*)

Good now! Ha! ha! An excellent trick.

Afraid? Nay no offence? But I must laugh.

But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself.

BETHLEN. (*holding up his hand as if to strike him.*)

Would'st be convinced?

LASKA.

No nearer, pray! consider!

If it *should* prove his ghost, the touch would freeze me

To a tombstone. No nearer!

BETHLEN.

The fool is drunk!

LASKA. (*still more recovering.*)

Well now! I love a brave man to my heart.  
I myself braved the monster, and would fain  
Have saved the false one from the fate she tempted.

OLD BATHORY.

You, Laska?

BETHLEN. (*to Bathory.*)

Mark! Heaven grant it may be so!

Glycine?

LASKA.

She! I traced her by the voice.

You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard  
The close of a song: the poor wretch had been sing-  
ing:

As if she wished to compliment the war-wolf  
At once with music and a meal!

BETHLEN (*to Bathory.*)

Mark that!

LASKA.

At the next moment I beheld her running,  
Wringing her hands with, "*Bethlen! O poor Bethlen!*"  
I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,  
Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarmed her.  
She stopt, then mad with fear, turned round and ran

Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream  
I heard. There was no second—I—

BETHLEN.

Stop there !

We'll spare your modesty ! Who dares not honour  
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy ?

LASKA.

You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe and sound !  
You played the hero at a cautious distance !  
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward  
To stay the monster's stomach ? Dainties quickly  
Pall on the taste and cloy the appetite !

OLD BATHORY.

Laska, beware ! Forget not what thou art !  
Should'st thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thyself !  
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy !

LASKA.

What then ! you swell upon my lady's favour  
High Lords and perilous of one day's growth !  
But other judges now sit on the bench !  
And haply, Laska hath found audience there,  
Where to defend the treason of a son  
Might end in lifting up both Son and Father  
Still higher ; to a height from which indeed  
You both *may* drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,  
Will be secured from falling to the ground.

'Tis possible too, young man! that royal Emerick,  
At Laska's rightful suit, may make enquiry  
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—

BETHLEN.

Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,  
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,  
I should make record of Glycine's fate?

LASKA.

'Tis well! it shall content me! though your fear  
Has all the credit of these lowered tones.

*[then very pompously.]*

First we demand the manner of her death?

BETHLEN.

Nay! that's superfluous! Have you not just told us,  
That you yourself, led by impetuous valour,  
Witnessed the whole? My tale's of later date.  
After the fate, from which your valour strove  
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!

LASKA.

Glycine?

BETHLEN.

Nay! Dare I accuse wise Laska,  
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,  
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been  
Her spirit that appeared to me. But haply  
I come too late? It has itself delivered

Its own commission to you ?

OLD BATHORY.

'Tis most likely !

And the ghost doubtless vanished, when we entered  
And found *brave* Laska staring wide—at nothing !

LASKA.

'Tis well ! You've ready wits ! I shall report them,  
With all due honour, to his Majesty !  
Treasure them up, I pray ! A certain person,  
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,  
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions !  
'Tis but a hint ! And now what says the ghost !

BETHLEN.

Listen ! for thus it spake : “ *Say thou to Laska,  
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engrossed  
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,  
Foreseeing thou'lt forget with thine own hand  
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st caused her,  
For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it  
From Bethlen's cudgel* ”—thus. [beats him off.

Off ! scoundrel ! off !

[*Laska runs away.*

OLD BATHORY.

The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard  
Tells of a recent storm : the first disruption  
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us.



BETHLEN.

E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies  
The oratory?

OLD BATHORY.

Ascend yon flight of stairs!

Midway the corridor a silver lamp  
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,  
And facing it, the low arched oratory!  
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate:  
For a petard might burst the bars, unheard  
By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly  
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message!

BETHLEN.

There I will meet you! And till then good night!  
Dear good old man, good night!

OLD BATHORY.

O yet one moment!

What I repelled, when it did seem my own,  
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father!  
It can not now mislead thee. O my son,  
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,  
Bethlen!—say—Father to me!

BETHLEN.

Now, and for ever

My father! other sire than thou, on earth  
I never had, a dearer could not have!

From the base earth you raised me to your arms,  
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,  
Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father!

BATHORY.

Go! Go!

*[Bethlen breaks off and exit. Bathory looks affectionately after him.]*

May every star now shining over us,  
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him!

*[Exit Bathory.]*

*Scene changes to a splendid Bed-chamber, hung with tapestry. SAROLTA in an elegant Night Dress, and an Attendant.*

ATTENDANT.

We all did love her, madam!

SAROLTA.

She deserved it!

Luckless Glycine! rash unhappy girl!  
'Twas the first time she e'er deceived me.

ATTENDANT.

She was in love, and had she not died thus,  
With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,  
She would have pined herself to death at home.

SAROLTA.

Has the youth's father come back from his search?

ATTENDANT.

He never will, I fear me, O dear lady!

That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—  
 It was quite cruel—" *You'll be sure,*" said he  
 " *To meet with PART at least of your son Bethlen,*  
 " *Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion !*  
 " *Go ! Search the wood by all means ! Go ! I pray*  
*you !*"

SAROLTA.

Inhuman wretch !

ATTENDANT.

And old Bathory answered  
 With a sad smile, " *It is a witch's prayer,*  
*And may Heaven read it backwards.*" Though she was  
 rash,  
 'Twas a small fault for such a punishment !

SAROLTA.

Nay ! 'twas my grief, and not my anger spoke.  
 Small fault indeed ! but leave me, my good girl !  
 I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

O *they* were innocent, and yet have perished  
 In their *May* of life ; and *Vice* grows old in triumph.  
 Is it *Mercy's* hand, that for the bad man holds  
 Life's closing gate ?——  
 Still passing thence petitionary Hours  
 To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance ?  
 Or would this chillness tell me, that there is

t too enormous to be duly punished,  
 by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil  
 jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal  
 Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,  
 er than this, pour down upon thy suppliant  
 ase, and agony, and comfortless want!  
 nd us forth to wander on, unsheltered!  
 e our food bitter with despised tears!  
 viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass!  
 , let us sink down at our enemy's gate,  
 beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread!  
 h all the heaviest worldly visitations.  
 the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us  
 k out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit  
 wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only,  
 y, O merciful in vengeance! let not  
 t plague turn inward on my Casimir's soul!  
 e thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him  
 his own heart! O save him! Save my husband!  
*During the latter part of this speech Emerick  
 comes forward from his hiding place. Sarolta  
 seeing him, without recognizing him.*  
 uch a shape a father's curse should come.

EMERICK. (*advancing.*)

r not!

SAROLTA.

Who art thou? Robber? Traitor?

EMERICK.

Friend!

Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,  
 Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose  
 Joy, love, and beauty, from their natural thrones:  
 Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.

SAROLTA.

Strengthen me Heaven! I must not seem afraid!

[aside.

The king to night then deigns to play the masker.  
 What seeks your Majesty?

EMERICK.

Sarolta's love;

And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

SAROLTA.

Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such de-  
 basement!

Far rather, Sire, let it descend in vengeance  
 On the base ingrate, on the faithless slave  
 Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements!  
 For whom? Has Casimir deserved this insult?  
 O my misgiving heart! If—if—from Heaven  
 Yet not from you, Lord Emerick!



ZAPOLYA.

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EMERICK.

Chiefly from me.

Not like an ingrate robbed my court  
Your star, and kept my heart in darkness?  
On him I will administer justice—  
Mercy, yet in love and rapture. [*seizes her.*]

SAROLTA.

Reason! Help!

EMERICK.

Call louder! Scream again  
None can hear you!

SAROLTA.

Hear me, hear me, Heaven!

EMERICK.

Is this rage? Who best deserves you? Casimir,  
The bought implement, the jealous slave  
Throws you up with bolts and bars? or Emerick  
Offers you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be.  
With this fond resistance! Yield; then live  
With a widow, and the next a queen!

SAROLTA.

For one brief moment [*struggling.*]  
I conjure you.

*Throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet.  
Emerick follows, and as she takes a dagger, he  
seizes it in her hand.*

ZAPOLYA.

EMERICK.

Ha! Ha! a dagger;

A seemly ornament for a lady's casket!

'Tis held, devotion is akin to love,

But yours is tragic! Love in war! It charms me,

And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces!

*(During this Speech BETHLEN enters armed.)*

BETHLEN.

Ruffian forbear! Turn, turn and front my sword!

EMERICK.

Pish! who is this!

SAROLTA.

O sleepless eye of Heaven!

A blest, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou?

May I still call thee Bethlen?

BETHLEN.

Ever, lady,

Your faithful soldier!

EMERICK.

Insolent slave! Depart!

Know'st thou not *me*?

BETHLEN.

I know thou art a villain

And coward! That thy devilish purpose marks thee

What else, this lady must instruct my sword!

SAROLTA.

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SAROLTA.

er, retire! O touch him not, thou blest one!  
the hour, that fiends and damned spirits  
ilk the earth, and take what form they list!  
evil hath assumed a king's!

BETHLEN.

Usurped it!

EMERICK.

ng will play the devil with thee indeed!  
at I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,  
d debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate,  
s thy paramour's feet; then drag her forth  
d with adulterous blood, and [*then to Sarolta.*  
—mark you, traitress!  
peted first, then turned adrift to beggary!  
prayed'st for't too.

SAROLTA.

Thou art so fiendish wicked,  
a thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats!

BETHLEN.

be calm! fear not this king of the buskin!  
;? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet!  
rom some vagrant actor's tiring room,  
stolen at once his speech and crown!

EMERICK.

Ah! treason!



Thou hast been lessoned and tricked up for this!  
 As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant  
 Shall take the impression of this royal signet,  
 So plain thy face hath ta'en the mask of rebel!

*[Emerick points his hand haughtily towards Bethlen, who catching a sight of the signet, seizes his hand and eagerly observes the signet, then flings the hand back with indignant joy.]*

BETHLEN.

It must be so! 'Tis e'en the counterpart!  
 But with a foul usurping cypher on it!  
 The light hath flashed from Heaven, and I must  
 follow it!

O carst usurper! O thou brother-murderer!  
 That madest a star-bright queen a fugitive widow!  
 Who fill'st the land with curses, being thyself  
 All curses in one tyrant! see and tremble!  
 This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee!  
 Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point  
 Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark! in Andreas' name,  
 Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound! I defy thee.

*[They fight, and just as Emerick is disarmed, in rush CASIMIR, OLD BATHORY, and attendants. Casimir runs in between the combatants, and parts them; in the struggle Bethlen's sword is thrown down.]*

CASIMIR.

The king! disarmed too by a stranger! Speak!  
What may this mean?

EMERICK.

Deceived, dishonoured lord!  
Ask thou yon fair adultress! She will tell thee  
A tale, which would'st thou be both dupe and traitor,  
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign!  
Thou art present *now*, and a friend's duty ceases:  
To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.  
Of *half* thy vengeance, I perforce must rob thee,  
For *that* the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance  
I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[*then to the Attendants.*]

Hence with him to the dungeon! and to-morrow,  
Ere the sun rises,—Hark! your heads or his!

BETHLEN.

Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's justice?

EMERICK.

Who speaks to him dies! The traitor that has  
menaced

His king, must not pollute the breathing air,  
Even with a word!

CASIMIR. (*to Bathory.*)

Hence with him to the dungeon!

[*Exit Bethlen, hurried off by Bathory and Attendants.*]

EMERICK.

We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest :  
 Thou (*to Casimir.*) wilt attend us ; and wilt then  
 explain

This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

*[Exit Emerick ; Manent Casimir and Sarolta.]*

SAROLTA.

My lord ! my husband ! look whose sword lies yonder !

*[Pointing to the sword which Bethlen had been  
 disarmed of by the Attendants.]*

It is Kiuprili's, Casimir ; 'tis thy father's !  
 And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,  
 Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

CASIMIR.

Hush ! hush ! *[In an under voice.]*

I had detected ere I left the city  
 The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damned ingrate !  
 For him did I bring down a father's curse !  
 Swift, swift must be our means ! To-morrow's sun  
 Sets on his fate or mine ! O blest Sarolta !

*[Embracing her.]*

No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,  
 But that thy spotless virtues may prevail  
 O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse !

*[Exeunt consulting.]*

## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*A glade in a wood. Enter CASIMIR looking anxiously around.*

CASIMIR.

This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!

*Enter LORD RUDOLPH.*

Well met Lord Rudolph!——

Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,  
And I dare trust—

LORD RUDOLPH.

Enough! the time is precious!

You left Temeswar late on yester-eve?  
And sojourned there some hours?

CASIMIR.

I did so!

LORD RUDOLPH.

Heard you

Aught of a hunt preparing?

CASIMIR.

Yes; and met

The assembled huntsmen!

LORD RUDOLPH.

Was there no word given?

CASIMIR.

The word for me was this ;—*The royal Leopard  
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.*

LORD RUDOLPH.

Your answer ?

CASIMIR.

As the word proves false or true  
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen!

LORD RUDOLPH.

The event redeemed their pledge ?

CASIMIR.

It did, and therefore  
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.  
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,  
And bears with her my seal of fellowship!

[*They take hands, &c.*

LORD RUDOLPH.

But Emerick ! how when you reported to him  
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight  
Of Bethlen with his guards ?

CASIMIR.

Oh he received it .  
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,  
With cozening warmth condoled with, and dismissed  
me.

LORD RUDOLPH.

I entered as the door was closing on you :  
His eye was fixed, yet seemed to follow you :  
With such a look of hate, and scorn and triumph,  
As if he had you in the toils already,  
And were then choosing where to stab you first.  
But hush ! draw back !

CASIMIR.

This nook is at the furthest  
From any beaten track.

LORD RUDOLPH.

There ! mark them !

[*Points to where LASKA and PESTALUTZ cross  
the Stage.*]

CASIMIR.

Laska !

LORD RUDOLPH.

One of the two I recognized this morning ;  
His name is Pestalutz : a trusty ruffian,  
Whose face is prologue still to some dark murder.  
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message,  
Dispart you from your servants.

CASIMIR. (*aside.*)

I deserve it.

The comrade of that ruffian is my servant :  
The one I trusted most and most preferred.

But we must part. What makes the king so late  
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.

LORD RUDOLPH.

And his main policy  
To enthrall the sluggard nature in ourselves  
Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret  
To enthrall the world : for the will governs all.  
See the sky lowers ! the cross-winds waywardly  
Chase the fantastic masses of the clouds  
With a wild mockery of the coming hunt !

CASIMIR.

Mark too, the edges of yon lurid mass !  
Restless and vext, as if some angering hand,  
With fitful, tetchy snatch, unrolled and plucked  
The jetting ringlets of the vapourous fleece !  
These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,  
And elemental war !

*[A single trumpet heard at some distance.*

LORD RUDOLPH.

That single blast  
Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser  
Neighs at the gate. *[A volley of trumpets.*  
Hark ! now the king comes forth !  
For ever 'midst this crash of horns and clarions  
He mounts his steed, which proudly rears an-end  
While he looks round at ease, and scans the crowd.

Vain of his stately form and horsemanship !  
I must away ! my absence may be noticed.

CASIMIR.

Oft as thou canst, essay to lead the hunt  
Hard by the forest-skirts ; and ere high noon  
Expect our sworn confederates from Temeswar.  
I trust, ere yet this clouded sun slopes westward,  
That Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease  
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili !

[*Exit Rudolph and manet Casimir.*

The traitor, Laska !——

And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,  
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.  
Whence learned she this ?—O she was innocent !  
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom !  
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,  
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.  
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,  
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.  
O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes  
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,  
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,  
Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir !  
O fool ! O parricide ! through yon wood did'st thou,  
With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,  
A widow and an orphan. Dar'st thou then,  
(Curse-laden wretch) put forth these hands to raise



The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause ?  
 Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili !  
 And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,  
 Unstained with selfish fears, be his atonement !  
 O strengthen him to nobler compensation  
 In the deliverance of his bleeding country !

*[Exit Casimir.]*

*Scene changes to the mouth of a cavern as in Act II.*

ZAPOLYA and GLYCINE discovered.

ZAPOLYA.

Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave :  
 Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine !  
 Having enjoyed thy commune, loneliness,  
 That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares.

GLYCINE.

I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,  
 And the same moment I descry him, lady,

I will return to you.

*[Exit Glycine.]*

*Enter OLD BATHORY, speaking as he enters.*

OLD BATHORY.

Who hears ? A friend !

A messenger from him who bears the signet !

*[Zapolya, who had been gazing affectionately after  
 Glycine, starts at Bathory's voice.]*

ZAPOLYA.

He hath the watch word !—Art thou not Bathory ?

OLD BATHORY.

O noble lady! greetings from your son!

[*Bathory kneels.*]

ZAPOLYA.

Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,  
 And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven  
 Upon thy honoured head? When thou last saw'st me  
 I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,  
 Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams  
 Have I done worship to thee, as an angel  
 Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!

OLD BATHORY.

O he was born to honour! Gallant deeds  
 And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.  
 Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted  
 A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—

ZAPOLYA.

Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?

OLD BATHORY,

She is safe.

The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,  
 And when he turned, a sworded Virtue faced him.  
 My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!  
 Your son——

ZAPOLYA.

Hark! Is it he?

OLD BATHORY.

I hear a voice  
Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'Twas his scheme and hope,  
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest  
To have led you hence.—Retire.

ZAPOLYA.

O life of terrors!

OLD BATHORY.

In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage ground  
That even this old arm—

*[Exeunt Zapolya and Bathory into the Cave.]*

*Enter LASKA and PESTALUTZ.*

LASKA.

Not a step further!

PESTALUTZ.

Dastard! was this your promise to the king?

LASKA.

I have fulfilled his orders. Have walked with you  
As with a friend: have pointed out Lord Casimir:  
And now I leave you to take care of him.  
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.

PESTALUTZ. *(affecting to start.)*

Be on your guard, man!

LASKA. *(in affright.)*

Ha! what now?

PESTALUTE.

Behind you!

'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinned and threat-  
ened you  
For your most impudent hope to cheat his master !

LASKA.

Pshaw! What you think 'tis fear that makes me  
leave you ?

PESTALUTZ.

Is't not enough to play the knave to others,  
But thou must lie to thine own heart ?

LASKA. (*pompously.*)

Friend ! Laska will be found at his own post,  
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.  
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,  
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine !

PESTALUTZ. (*with a sneer.*)

What ! the girl

Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces ?

LASKA. (*throwing down a bow and arrows.*)

Well ! There's my arms ! Hark ! should your javelin  
fail you,

These points are tipt with venom.

[*starts and sees Glycine without.*

By Heaven ! Glycine !

Now as you love the king, help me to seize her !

[*They run out after Glycine, and she shrieks without :*  
*then enter BATHORY from the cavern.*

## OLD BATHORY.

Rest, lady, rest! I feel in every sinew  
 A young man's strength returning! Which way went  
 they?

The shriek came thence.

*[Clash of swords, and Bethlen's voice heard from  
 behind the scenes; GLYCINE enters alarmed;  
 then, as seeing Laska's bow and arrows.*

GLYCINE.

Ha! weapons here? Then, Bethlen, thy Glycine  
 Will die with thee or save thee!

*[She seizes them and rushes out. Bathory following  
 her. Lively and irregular music, and Peasants  
 with hunting spears cross the stage, singing  
 chorally.*

## CHORAL SONG.

Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!  
 To the meadows trip away.  
 'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,  
 And scare the small birds from the corn.  
 Not a soul at home may stay:  
 For the shepherds must go  
 With lance and bow  
 To hunt the wolf in the woods to day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house  
 To the cricket and the mouse :  
 Find grannam out a sunny seat,  
 With babe and lambkin at her feet.  
 Not a soul at home may stay :  
 For the shepherds must go  
 With lance and bow  
 To hunt the wolf in the woods to day.

[*Re-enter, as the Huntsmen pass off, BATHORY,  
 BETHLEN, and GLYCINE.*]

GLYCINE. (*leaning on Bethlen.*)

And now once more a woman—

BETHLEN.

Was it then

That timid eye, was it those maiden hands  
 That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged me ?

OLD BATHORY. (*to Bethlen, exultingly.*)

'Twas as a vision blazoned on a cloud  
 By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme  
 Of life and death ! I saw the traitor, Laska,  
 Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade ;  
 The point was at your back, when her shaft reached  
 him ;

The coward turned, and at the self-same instant  
 The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

*Enter ZAPOLYA.*

ZAPOLYA.

Bethlen ! my child ! and safe too !

BETHLEN.

Mother ! Queen !

Royal Zapolya ! name me Andreas !

Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet

Hath made his own arm, minister of his justice.

So do the Gods who launch the thunder-bolt !

ZAPOLYA.

O Raab Kiuprili ! Friend ! Protector ! Guide !

In vain we trenched the altar round with waters,

A flash from Heaven hath touched the hidden  
incense—

BETHLEN. (*hastily.*)

And that majestic form that stood beside thee

Was Raab Kiuprili !

ZAPOLYA.

It was Raab Kiuprili ;

As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.

OLD BATHORY.

Hail Andreas ! hail my king ! [*triumphantly.*]

ANDREAS.

Stop, thou revered one,

Lest we offend the jealous destinies

By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty

To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.

GLYCINE.

Accept thine hand-maid's service! [*kneeling.*]

ZAPOLYA.

Raise her, son!

O raise her to thine arms! she saved thy life,  
 And, through her love for thee, she saved thy mother's!  
 Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid  
 Hath other and hereditary claims  
 Upon thy heart, and with Heaven-guarded instinct  
 But carried on the work her sire began!

ANDREAS.

Dear maid! more dear thou canst not be! the rest  
 Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence:  
 For as I reached the skirts of this high forest,  
 I heard the noise and uproar of the chace,  
 Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.

GLYCINE:

Hark! Sure the hunt approaches.

[*horn without, and afterwards distant thunder.*]

ZAPOLYA.

O Kiuprili!

OLD BATHORY.

The demon-hunters of the middle air  
 Are in full cry, and scare with arrowy fire  
 The guilty! Hark! now here, now there, a horn



Swells singly with irregular blast ! the tempest  
Has scattered them !

*[Horns heard as from different places at a distance.]*

ZAPOLYA.

O Heavens ! where stays Kiuprili ?

OLD BATHORY.

The wood will be surrounded ! leave me here.

ANDREAS.

My mother ! let me see *thee* once in safety,  
I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed  
To seek the hero !

OLD BATHORY.

Haste ! my life upon it

I'll guide him safe.

ANDREAS. (*thunder again.*)

Ha ! what a crash was there !

Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal

*[pointing without to the body of Pestalutz.]*

Than yon vile subaltern.

ZAPOLYA.

Your behest, High powers,  
Lo I obey ! to the appointed spirit,  
That hath so long kept watch round this drear cavern,  
In fervent faith, Kiuprili, I entrust thee !

*[Exeunt Zapolya, Andreas, and Glycine. Andreas  
having in haste dropt his sword. Manet Bathory.]*

## OLD BATHORY.

Yon bleeding corse, (*pointing to Pestalutz's body*)  
 may work us mischief still :

Once seen, 'twill rouse alarm and crowd the hunt  
 From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its armour,  
 I'll drag it hither.

*[Exit Bathory. After awhile several Hunters  
 cross the stage as scattered. Some time after,  
 enter KIUPRILI in his disguise, fainting with  
 fatigue, and as pursued.]*

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*throwing off his disguise.*)  
 Since Heaven alone can save me. Heaven alone  
 Shall be my trust.

*[Then speaking as to Zapolya in the Cavern.]*  
 Haste! haste! Zapolya flee!

*[He enters the Cavern, and then returns in alarm.]*  
 Gone! Seized perhaps? Oh no, let me not perish  
 Despairing of Heaven's justice! Faint, disarmed,  
 Each sinew powerless, senseless rock sustain me!  
 Thou art parcel of my native land.

*[Then observing the sword.]*

A sword!

Ha! and my sword! Zapolya hath escaped,  
 The murderers are baffled, and there lives  
 An Andreas to avenge Kiuprili's fall!—  
 There was a time, when this dear sword did flash

As dreadful as the storm-fire from mine arms—  
 I can scarce raise it now—yet come, fell tyrant!  
 And bring with thee my shame and bitter anguish,  
 To end *his* work and thine! Kiuprili now  
 Can take the death-blow as a soldier should.

*Re-enter BATHORY, with the dead body of  
 Pestalutz.*

OLD BATHORY.

Poor tool and victim of another's guilt!  
 Thou follow'st heavily: a reluctant weight!  
 Good truth, it is an undeserved honour  
 That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave  
 A wretch like thee should find a burial-place.

*[Then observing Kiuprili.*

'Tis he!—In Andreas' and Zapolya's name  
 Follow me, reverend form? Thou needst not speak,  
 For thou can'st be no other than Kiuprili!

KIUPRILI.

And are they safe? *[Noise without.*

OLD BATHORY.

Conceal yourself, my lord!

I will mislead them!

KIUPRILI.

Is Zapolya safe?

OLD BATHORY.

I doubt it not; but haste, haste, I conjure you!

*[As he retires, in rushes Casimir.*

CASIMIR. (*entering.*)

Monster!

Thou shalt not now escape me!

OLD BATHORY.

Stop, lord Casimir!

It is no monster.

CASIMIR.

Art thou too a traitor?

Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?

Say where is he that, tricked in this disguise,

First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers?

Thou must have seen him. Say where is th' assassin?

OLD BATHORY. (*pointing to the body of  
Pestalutz.*)

There lies the assassin! slain by that same sword

That was descending on his curst employer,

When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!

CASIMIR.

Strange providence! what then was he who fled me?

[*Bathory points to the Cavern, whence Kiuprili  
advances.*]

Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man!

Would thy hand point me?

OLD BATHORY.

Casimir, to thy father.

CASIMIR. (*discovering Kiuprili.*)

The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me,

Unsteady earth ! Fall, dizzy rocks ! and hide me !

OLD BATHORY. (*to Kiuprili.*)

Speak, speak my lord !

KIUPRILI. (*holds out the sword to Bathory.*)

Bid him fulfil his work !

CASIMIR.

Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread spirit !

O for sweet mercy, take some other form,

And save me from perdition and despair !

OLD BATHORY.

He lives !

CASIMIR.

Lives ! A father's curse can never die !

KIUPRILI. (*in a tone of pity.*)

O Casimir ! Casimir !

OLD BATHORY.

Look ! he doth forgive you !

Hark ! 'tis the tyrant's voice.

[*Emerick's voice without.*]

CASIMIR.

I kneel, I kneel !

Retract thy curse ! O, by my mother's ashes,

Have pity on thy self-aborring child !

If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,

Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,

Permitting me again to call thee father !

## KIUPRILI.

Son, I forgive thee! Take thy father's sword;  
 When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,  
 In that same instant doth thy father bless thee!

*[Kiuprili and Casimir embrace; they all retire to the Cavern supporting Kiuprili. Casimir as by accident drops his robe, and Bathory throws it over the body of Pestalutz.]*

EMERICK. (*entering.*)

Fools! Cowards! follow—or by Hell I'll make you  
 Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all  
 The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded  
 As gods or wood-nymphs!— *[Then sees the body  
 of Pestalutz, covered by Casimir's cloak.]*

Ha! 'tis done then!

Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,  
 And there lies Casimir, and our *last* fears!  
 Well!—Aye, well!—  
 And is it *not* well? For, though grafted on us,  
 And filled too with our sap, the deadly power  
 Of the parent poison-tree, lurked in its fibres:  
 There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:  
 The old enemy looked at me in his face,  
 E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

*[As Emerick moves towards the body, enter from the Cavern CASIMIR and BATHORY.]*

OLD BATHORY. (*pointing to where the noise is, and  
aside to Casimir.*)

This way they come!

CASIMIR. (*aside to Bathory.*)

Hold them in check awhile,  
The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.

EMERICK. (*aside, not perceiving Casimir and Bathory,  
and looking at the dead body.*)

And ere I ring the alarm of my sorrow,  
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here  
Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis!

[*uncovers the face, and starts.*]

Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!

CASIMIR. (*coming forward.*)

Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!

'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusty murderer!  
To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!

EMERICK.

Curses on it, and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen  
Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?

Ho! Treason! Treason!

CASIMIR.

Then have at thee, tyrant!

[*They fight. Emerick falls.*]

EMERICK.

Betrayed and baffled

By mine own tool!—Oh! [dies.

CASIMIR. (*triumphantly.*)

Hear, hear my father!

Thou should'st have witnessed thine own deed. O  
Father,

Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen!  
Thy sword hath conquered! As I lifted it  
Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me;  
Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me  
And lighted on the tyrant!

*Enter* RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and *Attendants.*

RUDOLPH, and BATHORY. (*entering.*)

Friends! friends to Casimir!

CASIMIR.

Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.

RUDOLPH.

So perish tyrants! so end usurpation!

CASIMIR.

Bear hence the body, and move slowly on!

One moment—

Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,

I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen

With the two best and fullest gifts of heaven—

A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored!

[*Exeunt Casimir into the Cavern. The rest on  
the opposite side.*]



*Scene changes to a splendid Chamber in Casimir's  
Castle. CONFEDERATES discovered.*

FIRST CONFEDERATE.

It can not but succeed, friends. From this palace  
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted  
With such short interspace, that fast as sound  
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event !

*Enter another CONFEDERATE.*

What tidings from Temeswar ?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.

With one voice  
Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant ;  
He is proclaimed the public enemy,  
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

FIRST CONFEDERATE.

Just doom for him, who governs without law !  
Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall ?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.

Nothing is yet decided : but report  
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory  
Of his renowned father——

*Enter SAROLTA.*

Hail to Sarolta !

SAROLTA.

Confederate friends ! I bring to you a joy  
Worthy your noble cause ! Kiuprili lives,

And from his obscure exile, hath returned  
 To bless our country. More and greater tidings  
 Might I disclose ; but that a woman's voice  
 Would mar the wonderous tale. Wait we for him,  
 The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili ;  
 For he alone is worthy to announce it.

[*Shouts of "Kiuprili, Kiuprili," and "The Tyrant's  
 fallen," without. Then enter KIUPRILI, CA-  
 SIMIR, RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and Attendants,  
 after the clamour has subsided.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Spare yet your joy, my friends ! A higher waits you :  
 Behold, your Queen !

*Enter from opposite side, ZAPOLYA and ANDREAS,  
 royally attired, with GLYCINE.*

CONFEDERATES.

Comes she from heaven to bless us ?

OTHER CONFEDERATES.

It is ! it is !

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven's work of grace is full !  
 Kiuprili, thou art safe !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Royal Zapolya !

To the heavenly powers, pay we our duty first ;  
 Who not alone preserved thee, but for thee

And for our country, the one precious branch  
 Of Andreas' royal house. O countrymen,  
 Behold your King! And thank our country's genius,  
 That the same means which have preserved our  
 sovereign,

Have likewise reared him worthier of the throne  
 By virtue than by birth. The undoubted proofs  
 Pledged by his royal mother, and this old man,  
 (Whose name henceforth be dear to all Illyrians)  
 We haste to lay before the assembled council.

ALL.

Hail Andreas! Hail, Illyria's rightful king!

ANDREAS.

Supported thus, O friends! 'twere cowardice  
 Unworthy of a royal birth, to shrink  
 From the appointed charge. Yet, while we wait  
 The awful sanction of convened Illyria,  
 In this brief while, O let me feel myself  
 The child, the friend, the debtor!—Heroic mother!—  
 But what can breath add to that sacred name?  
 Kiuprili! gift of Providence, to teach us  
 That loyalty is but the public form  
 Of the sublimest friendship, let my youth  
 Climb round thee, as the vine around its elm:  
 Thou *my* support, and *I* thy faithful fruitage.  
 My heart is full, and these poor words express not

They are but an art to check its overswelling.  
 Bathory! shrink not from my filial arms!  
 Now, and from henceforth thou shalt not forbid me  
 To call thee father! And dare I forget  
 The powerful intercession of thy virtue,  
 Lady Sarolta! Still acknowledge me  
 Thy faithful soldier!—But what invocation  
 Shall my full soul address to thee, Glycine?  
 Thou sword that leap'st forth from a bed of roses:  
 Thou falcon-hearted dove?

ZAPOLYA.

Hear that from me, son!

For ere she lived, her father saved *thy* life,  
 Thine, and thy fugitive mother's!

CASIMIR.

Chef Ragozzi!

O shame upon my head! I would have given her  
 To a base slave!

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven overruled thy purpose,  
 And sent an angel (*Pointing to Sarolta.*) to thy house  
 to guard her!

Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures!

[*to Andreas.*]

The sports of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim,

How many may claim salvage in thee !

(*pointing to Glycine.*) Take her, son !

A queen that brings with her a richer dowry  
Than orient kings can give !

SAROLTA.

A banquet waits !—

On this auspicious day, for some few hours  
I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful  
With flashing light, force wisdom on us all !  
E'en women at the distaff hence may see,  
That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free ;  
May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,  
None love their country, but who love their home ;  
For freedom can with those alone abide,  
Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,  
Of love and duty, at their own fire-side :  
While mad ambition ever doth caress  
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness !

END OF VOL. II.

Thomas White, Printer,  
Johnson's Court.

context of 00 is not found in VI cc

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