

And from their house-door by that track  
The bride and bridegroom went ;  
Sweet Mary, though she was not gay,  
Seemed cheerful and content.

But when they to the church-yard came,  
I've heard poor Mary say,  
As soon as she stepped into the sun,  
Her heart it died away.

And when the Vicar joined their hands,  
Her limbs did creep and freeze ;  
But when they prayed, she thought she saw  
Her mother on her knees.

And o'er the church-path they returned—  
I saw poor Mary's back,  
Just as she stepped beneath the boughs  
Into the mossy track.

Her feet upon the mossy track  
The married maiden set :  
That moment—I have heard her say—  
She wished she could forget.

The shade o'er-flushed her limbs with heat—  
Then came a chill like death :  
And when the merry bells rang out,  
They seemed to stop her breath.

Beneath the foulest mother's curse  
No child could ever thrive :  
A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing alive.

So five months passed : the mother still  
Would never heal the strife ;  
But Edward was a loving man,  
And Mary a fond wife.

' My sister may not visit us,  
My mother says her nay,  
O Edward ! you are all to me,  
I wish for your sake I could be  
More lifesome and more gay

'I'm dull and sad ! indeed, indeed  
 I know I have no reason !  
 Perhaps I am not well in health,  
 And 'tis a gloomy season.'

'Twas a drizzly time—no ice, no snow !  
 And on the few fine days  
 She stirred not out, lest she might meet  
 Her mother in the ways.

But Ellen, spite of miry ways  
 And weather dark and dreary,  
 Trudged every day to Edward's house,  
 And made them all more cheery.

Oh ! Ellen was a faithful friend,  
 More dear than any sister !  
 As cheerful too as singing lark ;  
 And she ne'er left them till 'twas dark,  
 And then they always missed her.

And now Ash-Wednesday came—that day  
 But few to church repair :  
 For on that day you know we read  
 The Commination prayer.

Our late old Vicar, a kind man,  
 Once, Sir, he said to me,  
 He wished that service was clean out  
 Of our good liturgy.

The mother walked into the church—  
 To Ellen's seat she went :  
 Though Ellen always kept her church  
 All church-days during Lent.

And gentle Ellen welcomed her  
 With courteous looks and mild :  
 Thought she ' what if her heart should melt,  
 And all be reconciled !'

The day was scarcely like a day—  
 The clouds were black outright :  
 And many a night, with half a moon  
 I've seen the church more light.

The wind was wild ; against the glass  
The rain did beat and bicker ;  
The church-tower swinging over head,  
You scarce could hear the Vicar !

And then and there the mother knelt,  
And audibly she cried—

‘Oh ! may a clinging curse consume  
This woman by my side !

‘O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven,  
Although you take my life—

O curse this woman, at whose house  
Young Edward woo’d his wife.

‘By night and day, in bed and bower,  
O let her cursed be !’

So having prayed, steady and slow,  
She rose up from her knee,

And left the church, nor e’er again  
The church-door entered she.

I saw poor Ellen kneeling still,  
So pale, I guessed not why :

When she stood up, there plainly was  
A trouble in her eye.

And when the prayers were done, we all  
Came round and asked her why :

Giddy she seemed, and sure there was  
A trouble in her eye.

But ere she from the church-door stepped  
She smiled and told us why :

‘It was a wicked woman’s curse,’  
Quoth she, ‘and what care I ?’

She smiled, and smiled, and passed it off  
Ere from the door she stept—

But all agree it would have been  
Much better had she wept.

And if her heart was not at ease,  
This was her constant cry—



'It was a wicked woman's curse—  
God's good, and what care I?'

There was a hurry in her looks,  
Her struggles she redoubled:

'It was a wicked woman's curse,  
And why should I be troubled?'

These tears will come—I dandled her  
When 'twas the merest fairy—  
Good creature! and she hid it all:  
She told it not to Mary.

But Mary heard the tale: her arms  
Round Ellen's neck she threw;  
'O Ellen, Ellen, she cursed me,  
And now she hath cursed you!'

I saw young Edward by himself  
Stalk fast adown the lee,  
He snatched a stick from every fence,  
A twig from every tree.

He snapped them still with hand or knee,  
And then away they flew!  
As if with his uneasy limbs  
He knew not what to do!

You see, good Sir! that single hill?  
His farm lies underneath;  
He heard it there, he heard it all,  
And only gnashed his teeth.

Now Ellen was a darling love  
In all his joys and cares:  
And Ellen's name and Mary's name  
Fast-linked they both together came,  
Whene'er he said his prayers.

And in the moment of his prayers  
He loved them both alike:  
Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy  
Upon his heart did strike!



He reached his home, and by his looks  
 They saw his inward strife :  
 And they clung round him with their arms,  
 Both Ellen and his wife.

And Mary could not check her tears,  
 So on his breast she bowed ;  
 Then frenzy melted into grief,  
 And Edward wept aloud.

Dear Ellen did not weep at all,  
 But closelier did she cling,  
 And turned her face and looked as if  
 She saw some frightful thing.

## THE THREE GRAVES.

## PART IV.

To see a man tread over graves  
 I hold it no good mark ;  
 'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,  
 And bad luck in the dark !

You see that grave ? The Lord he gives,  
 The Lord he takes away :  
 O Sir ! the child of my old age  
 Lies there as cold as clay.

Except that grave, you scarce see one  
 That was not dug by me !  
 I'd rather dance upon 'em all  
 Than tread upon these three !

'Ay, Sexton ! 'tis a touching tale.'  
 You, Sir ! are but a lad ;  
 This month I'm in my seventieth year,  
 And still it makes me sad.

And Mary's sister told it me,  
 For three good hours and more ;

Though I had heard it, in the main,  
From Edward's self before.

Well ! it passed off ! the gentle Ellen  
Did well nigh dote on Mary ;  
And she went oftener than before,  
And Mary loved her more and more :  
She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,  
To church on Sundays came ;  
All seemed the same : all seemed so, Sir !  
But all was not the same !

Had Ellen lost her mirth ? Oh ! no !  
But she was seldom cheerful ;  
And Edward looked as if he thought  
That Ellen's mirth was fearful.

When by herself, she to herself  
Must sing some merry rhyme ;  
She could not now be glad for hours,  
Yet silent all the time.

And when she soothed her friend, *through all*  
Her soothing words 'twas plain  
She had a sore grief of her own,  
A haunting in her brain.

And oft she said, I'm not grown thin !  
And then her wrist she spanned ;  
And once when Mary was down-cast,  
She took her by the hand,  
And gazed upon her, and at first  
She gently pressed her hand ;

Then harder, till her grasp at length  
Did gripe like a convulsion !  
Alas ! said she, we ne'er can be  
Made happy by compulsion !

And once her both arms suddenly  
Round Mary's neck she flung,  
And her heart panted, and she felt  
The words upon her tongue.

She felt them coming, but no power  
Had she the words to smother ;  
And with a kind of shriek she cried,  
‘ Oh Christ ! you’re like your mother !

So gentle Ellen now no more  
Could make this sad house cheery ;  
And Mary’s melancholy ways  
Drove Edward wild and weary.

Lingering he raised his latch at eve,  
Though tired in heart and limb :  
He loved no other place, and yet  
Home was no home to him.

One evening he took up a book,  
And nothing in it read ;  
Then flung it down, and groaning cried,  
‘ Oh ! Heaven ! that I were dead.’

Mary looked up into his face,  
And nothing to him said ;  
She tried to smile, and on his arm  
Mournfully leaned her head.

And he burst into tears, and fell  
Upon his knees in prayer :  
‘ Her heart is broke ! O God ! my grief,  
It is too great to bear !’

’Twas such a foggy time as makes  
Old sextons, Sir ! like me,  
Rest on their spades to cough ; the spring  
Was late uncommonly.

And then the hot days, all at once,  
They came, we knew not how :  
You looked about for shade, when scarce  
A leaf was on a bough.

It happened then (’twas in the bower  
A furlong up the wood :  
Perhaps you know the place, and yet  
I scarce know how you should,—)



No path leads thither, 'tis not nigh  
 To any pasture-plot ;  
 But clustered near the chattering brook,  
 Lone hollies marked the spot.

Those hollies of themselves a shape  
 As of an arbour took,  
 A close, round arbour ; and it stands  
 Not three strides from a brook.

Within this arbour, which was still  
 With scarlet berries hung,  
 Were these three friends, one Sunday morn  
 Just as the first bell rung.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet  
 To hear the Sabbath-bell,  
 'Tis sweet to hear them both at once.  
 Deep in a woody dell.

His limbs along the moss, his head  
 Upon a mossy heap,  
 With shut-up senses, Edward lay :  
 That brook e'en on a working day  
 Might chatter one to sleep.

And he had passed a restless night,  
 And was not well in health ;  
 The women sat down by his side,  
 And talked as 'twere by stealth.

'The sun peeps through the close thick leaves,  
 See, dearest Ellen ! see !

'Tis in the leaves, a little sun,  
 No bigger than your ee ;

'A tiny sun, and it has got  
 A perfect glory too ;

Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,  
 Make up a glory, gay and bright,  
 Round that small orb, so blue.'

And then they argued of those rays,  
 What colour they might be ;

Says this, 'they're mostly green ;' says that,  
 'They're amber-like to me.'

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts  
Were troubling Edward's rest ;  
But soon they heard his hard quick pants,  
And the thumping in his breast.

'A mother too!' these self-same words  
Did Edward mutter plain ;  
His face was drawn back on itself,  
With horror and huge pain.

Both groaned at once, for both knew well  
What thoughts were in his mind ;  
When he waked up, and stared like one  
That hath been just struck blind.

He sat upright ; and ere the dream  
Had had time to depart,  
'O God, forgive me ! (he exclaimed)  
I have torn out her heart.'

Then Ellen shrieked, and forthwith burst  
Into ungentle laughter ;  
And Mary shivered, where she sat,  
And never she smiled after.

*Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus relegatum. To-morrow ! and To-mor-  
row ! and To-morrow !—*

## ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### DEJECTION : AN ODE.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,  
With the old Moon in her arms ;  
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear !  
We shall have a deadly storm.

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

#### I.

WELL ! If the Bard was weather-wise who made  
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,  
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence  
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade

Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,  
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes  
     Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,  
     Which better far were mute.  
 For lo! the new Moon winter-bright!  
 And overspread with phantom light,  
 (With swimming phantom light o'erspread  
     But rimmed and circled by a silver thread,)

I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling  
     The coming on of rain and squally blast.  
 And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,  
     And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!  
 Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,  
     And sent my soul abroad,  
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,  
 Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

## II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
     Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,  
     In word, or sigh, or tear—  
 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,  
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,  
     All this long eve, so balmy and serene,  
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,  
     And its peculiar tint of yellow green:  
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!  
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,  
 That give away their motion to the stars;  
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,  
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:  
 Yon crescent Moon as fixed as if it grew  
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;  
 I see them all so excellently fair,  
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

## III.

My genial spirits fail;  
 And what can these avail  
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?



It were a vain endeavour,  
 Though I should gaze for ever  
 On that green light that lingers in the west :  
 I may not hope from outward forms to win  
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within

## IV.

O Lady ! we receive but what we give,  
 And in our life alone does nature live :  
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !  
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth,  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 Enveloping the Earth—  
 And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

## V.

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me  
 What this strong music in the soul may be  
 What, and wherein it doth exist,  
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.  
 Joy, virtuous Lady ! Joy that ne'er was given,  
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,  
 Joy, Lady ! is the spirit and the power,  
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,  
 A new Earth and new Heaven,  
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—  
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—  
 We in ourselves rejoice !  
 And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight.  
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

## VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,  
 This joy within me dallied with distress,  
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff  
 Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness.  
 For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,  
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.  
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth :  
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,  
 But oh ! each visitation  
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,  
 My shaping spirit of Imagination.  
 For not to think of what I needs must feel,  
 But to be still and patient, all I can ;  
 And haply by abstruse research to steal  
 From my own nature all the natural man—  
 This was my sole resource, my only plan :  
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole,  
 And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

## VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,  
 Reality's dark dream !  
 I turn from you, and listen to the wind,  
 Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream  
 Of agony by torture lengthened out  
 That lute sent forth ! Thou Wind, that ravest without,  
 Bare craig, or mountain-tairn,\* or blasted tree,  
 Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,  
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,  
 Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,  
 Mad Lutanist ! who in this month of showers,  
 Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,  
 Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,  
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.

\* Tairn is a small lake, generally, if not always, applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the Storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds !  
 Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold !  
 What tell'st thou now about ?  
 'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,  
 With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—  
 At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold !  
 But hush ! there is a pause of deepest silence !  
 And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,  
 With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—  
 It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud !  
 A tale of less affright,  
 And tempered with delight,  
 As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,  
 'Tis of a little child  
 Upon a lonesome wild,  
 Not far from home, but she hath lost her way :  
 And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,  
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear

## VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep :  
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep !  
 Visit her, gentle Sleep ! with wings of healing,  
 And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,  
 May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,  
 Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth !  
 With light heart may she rise,  
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,  
 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice ;  
 To her may all things live, from pole to pole,  
 Their life the eddying of her living soul !  
 O simple spirit, guided from above,  
 Dear Lady ! friend devoutest of my choice,  
 Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.



## ODE TO GEORGIANA,

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA  
IN HER 'PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD.'

'And hail the chapel ! hail the platform wild  
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,  
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his child,  
Then aimed the arrow at the tyrant's heart.'

SPLENDOUR'S fondly fostered child !  
And did you hail the platform wild,  
Where once the Austrian fell  
Beneath the shaft of Tell !  
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure !  
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure ?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,  
From all that teaches brotherhood to Man  
Far, far removed ! from want, from hope, from fear !  
Enchanting music lulled your infant ear,  
Obeisance, praises soothed your infant heart :  
Emblasonments and old ancestral crests,  
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,  
Detained your eye from nature : stately vests,  
That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,  
Rich viands and the pleasurable wine,  
Were yours unearned by toil ; nor could you see  
The unenjoying toiler's misery.  
And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,  
You hailed the chapel and the platform wild,  
Where once the Austrian fell  
Beneath the shaft of Tell !  
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure !  
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure ?

There crowd your finely-fibred frame,  
All living faculties of bliss ;  
And Genius to your cradle came,

His forehead wreathed with lambent flame,  
 And bending low, with godlike kiss  
 Breathed in a more celestial life ;  
 But boasts not many a fair compeer,  
 A heart as sensitive to joy and fear ?  
 And some, perchance, might wage an equal strife,  
 Some few, to nobler being wrought,  
 Corrivals in the nobler gift of thought.

Yet these delight to celebrate  
 Laurell'd war and plummy state ;  
 Or in verse and music dress  
 Tales of rustic happiness—  
 Pernicious tales ! insidious strains !  
 That steel the rich man's breast,  
 And mock the lot unblest,  
 The sordid vices and the abject pains,  
 Which evermore must be  
 The doom of ignorance and penury !  
 But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,  
 You hailed the chapel and the platform wild,  
 Where once the Austrian fell  
 Beneath the shaft of Tell !  
 O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure !  
 Whence learn'd you that heroic measure ?

You were a mother ! That most holy name,  
 Which Heaven and Nature bless,  
 I may not vilely prostitute to those  
 Whose infants owe them less  
 Than the poor caterpillar owes  
 Its gaudy parent fly.  
 You were a mother ! at your bosom fed  
 The babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,  
 Each twilight-thought, each nascent feeling read,  
 Which you yourself created. Oh ! delight !  
 A second time to be a mother,  
 Without the mother's bitter groans :  
 Another thought, and yet another,  
 By touch, or taste, by looks or tones  
 O'er the growing sense to roll,  
 The mother of your infant's soul !

The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides  
 His chariot-planet round the goal of day,  
 All trembling gazes on the eye of God,  
 A moment turned his awful face away ;  
 And as he viewed you, from his aspect sweet  
 New influences in your being rose,  
 Blest intuitions and communions fleet  
 With living Nature, in her joys and woes !  
 Thenceforth your soul rejoiced to see  
 The shrine of social Liberty !  
 O beautiful ! O Nature's child !  
 'Twas thence you hailed the platform wild  
 Where once the Austrian fell  
 Beneath the shaft of Tell !  
 O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure !  
 Thence learn'd you that heroic measure.

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### ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

TRANQUILLITY ! thou better name  
 Than all the family of Fame !  
 Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age  
 To low intrigue, or factious rage ;  
 For oh ! dear child of thoughtful Truth,  
 To thee I gave my early youth,  
 And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,  
 Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar  
 Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,  
 On him but seldom, Power divine,  
 Thy spirit rests ! Satiety  
 And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,  
 Mock the tired worldling. Idle hope  
 And dire remembrance interlope,  
 To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind :  
 The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.  
 But me thy gentle hand will lead  
 At morning through the accustomed mead ;



And in the sultry summer's heat  
 Will build me up a mossy seat ;  
 And when the gust of Autumn crowds,  
 And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,  
 Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,  
 Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,  
 To thee I dedicate the whole !  
 And while within myself I trace  
 The greatness of some future race,  
 Aloof with hermit-eye I scan  
 The present works of present man—  
 A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,  
 Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile !

### LINES TO W. L.

WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC.

WHILE my young cheek retains its healthful hues,  
 And I have many friends who hold me dear ;  
 L—— ! methinks, I would not often hear  
 Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose  
 All memory of the wrongs and sore distress,  
 For which my miserable brethren weep !  
 But should uncomforted misfortunes steep  
 My daily bread in tears and bitterness ;  
 And if at death's dread moment I should lie,  
 With no beloved face at my bed-side,  
 To fix the last glance of my closing eye,  
 Methinks, such strains, breathed by my angel-guide,  
 Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,  
 Mi- with the blest, nor know that I had died !

## ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE

WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS  
MELANCHOLY.

HENCE that fantastic wantonness of woe,  
O Youth to partial Fortune vainly dear !  
To plundered want's half-sheltered hovel go,  
Go, and some hunger-bitten infant hear  
Moan haply in a dying mother's ear :  
Or when the cold and dismal fog-damps brood  
O'er the rank church-yard with sear elm-leaves strewed,  
Pace round some widow's grave, whose dearer part  
Was slaughtered, where o'er his uncoffined limbs  
The flocking flesh-birds screamed ! Then, while thy heart  
Groans, and thine eye a fiercer sorrow dims,  
Know (and the truth shall kindle thy young mind)  
What nature makes thee mourn, she bids thee heal !  
O abject ! if, to sickly dreams resigned,  
All effortless thou leave life's common-weal  
A prey to tyrants, murderers of mankind.

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 THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

COPIED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN, IN A ROMAN CATHOLIC  
VILLAGE IN GERMANY.

DORMI, Jesu ! Mater ridet  
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,  
Dormi, Jesu ! blandule !  
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,  
Inter fila cantans orat,  
Blande. veni, somnule.

## ENGLISH.

SLEEP, sweet babe ! my cares beguiling :  
 Mother sits beside thee smiling ;  
     Sleep, my darling, tenderly !  
 If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,  
 Singing as her wheel she turneth :  
     Come, soft slumber, balmily !

## EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Its balmy lips the infant blest  
 Relaxing from its mother's breast,  
 How sweet it heaves the happy sigh  
 Of innocent satiety !

And such my infant's latest sigh !  
 O tell, rude stone ! the passer by,  
 That here the pretty babe doth lie,  
 Death sang to sleep with Lullaby.

## MELANCHOLY.

## A FRAGMENT.

STRETCHED on a mouldered Abbey's broadest wall,  
 Where ruining ivies propped the ruins steep—  
 Her folded arms wrapping her tattered pall,  
 Had Melancholy mused herself to sleep.

The fern was pressed beneath her hair,  
 The dark green adder's tongue was there ;  
 And still as past the flagging sea-gale weak,  
 The long lank leaf bowed fluttering o'er her cheek.

That pallid cheek was flushed : her eager look  
 Beamed eloquent in slumber ! Inly wrought,  
 Imperfect sounds her moving lips forsook,  
 And her bent forehead worked with troubled thought.  
 Strange was the dream——



## TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG.

## I.

MARK this holy chapel well !  
 The birth-place, this, of William Tell.  
 Here, where stands God's altar dread,  
 Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

## II.

Here, first, an infant to her breast,  
 Him his loving mother prest ;  
 And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,  
 And prayed as mothers use to pray.

## III.

' Vouchsafe him health, O God ! and give  
 The child thy servant still to live !'  
 But God had destined to do more  
 Through him, than through an armed power.

## IV.

God gave him reverence of laws,  
 Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—  
 A spirit to his rocks akin,  
 The eye of the hawk and the fire therein !

## V.

To Nature and to Holy Writ  
 Alone did God the boy commit :  
 Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft  
 His soul found wings, and soared aloft !

## VI.

The straining oar and chamois chase  
 Had formed his limbs to strength and grace :

On wave and wind the boy would toss,  
Was great, nor knew how great he was !

## VII.

He knew not that his chosen hand,  
Made strong by God, his native land  
Would rescue from the shameful yoke  
Of Slavery—the which he broke !

---

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

## I.

THE shepherds went their hasty way,  
And found the lowly stable-shed  
Where the Virgin-Mother lay :  
And now they checked their eager tread,  
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,  
A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

## II.

They told her how a glorious light,  
Streaming from a heavenly throng,  
Around them shone, suspending night !  
While sweeter than a mother's song,  
Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,  
Glory to God on high ! and Peace on Earth.

## III.

She listened to the tale divine,  
And closer still the Babe she prest ;  
And while she cried, the Babe is mine !  
The milk rushed faster to her breast :  
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn ;  
Peace, Peace on Earth ! the Prince of Peace is born.

## IV.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,  
Poor, simple, and of low estate !

That strife should vanish, battle cease,  
 O why should this thy soul elate?  
 Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,—  
 Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

## V.

And is not War a youthful king,  
 A stately hero clad in mail?  
 Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;  
 Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail  
 Their friend, their playmate! and his bold bright eye  
 Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

## VI.

'Tell this in some more courtly scene,  
 To maids and youths in robes of state!  
 I am a woman poor and mean,  
 And therefore is my soul elate.  
 War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,  
 That from the aged father tears his child!

## VII.

'A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,  
 He kills the sire and starves the son;  
 The husband kills, and from her board  
 Steals all his widow's toil had won;  
 Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away  
 All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

## VIII.

'Then wisely is my soul elate  
 That strife should vanish, battle cease:  
 I'm poor and of a low estate,  
 The Mother of the Prince of Peace.  
 Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:  
 Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.



## HUMAN LIFE,

## ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

IF dead, we cease to be ; if total gloom  
 Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare  
 As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,  
 Whose sound and motion not alone declare,  
 But are their whole of being ! If the breath  
 Be life itself, and not its task and tent,  
 If even a soul like Milton's can know death ;  
 O Man ! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,  
 Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes !  
 Surplus of nature's dread activity,  
 Which, as she gazed on some high-finished vase  
 Retreating slow, with meditative pause,  
 She formed with restless hands unconsciously !  
 Blank accident ! nothing's anomaly !  
 If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,  
 Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy fears,  
 The counter-weights !—Thy laughter and thy tears  
 Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,  
 And to repay the other ! Why rejoices  
 Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good ?  
 Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood,  
 Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,  
 Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,  
 That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold ?  
 Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold  
 These costless shadows of thy shadowy self ?  
 Be sad ! be glad ! be neither ! seek, or shun !  
 Thou hast no reason why ! Thou canst have none ;  
 Thy being's being is contradiction.

7 Done.

## THE VISIT OF THE GODS.

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

NEVER, believe me,  
Appear the Immortals,  
Never alone :

Scarce had I welcomed the sorrow-beguiler,  
Iacchus ! but in came boy Cupid the smiler ;  
Lo ! Phœbus the glorious descends from his throne !  
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all !

With divinities fills my  
Terrestrial hall !

How shall I yield you  
Due entertainment,  
Celestial quire ?

Me rather, bright guests ! with your wings of upbuoyance  
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,  
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre !

Hah ! we mount ! on their pinions they waft up my soul !

O give me the nectar !

O fill me the bowl !

Give him the nectar !

Pour out for the poet,

Hebe ! pour free !

Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,  
That Styx the detested no more he may view,  
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be !

Thanks, Hebe ! I quaff it ! Io Pæan, I cry !

The wine of the Immortals

Forbids me to die !

## ELEGY,

IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK-VERSE INSCRIPTIONS.

NEAR the lone pile with ivy overspread,  
Fast by the rivulet's sleep-persuading sound,

Where 'sleeps the moonlight' on yon verdant bed—  
O humbly press that consecrated ground !

For there does Edmund rest, the learned swain !

And there his spirit most delights to rove :

Young Edmund ! famed for each harmonious strain,  
And the sore wounds of ill-requited love.

Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,  
And loads the west-wind with its soft perfume,  
His manhood blossomed : till the faithless pride  
Of fair Matilda sank him to the tomb.

But soon did righteous Heaven her guilt pursue !

Where'er with wildered step she wandered pale,  
Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view,  
Still Edmund's voice accused her in each gale.

With keen regret, and conscious guilt's alarms,  
Amid the pomp of affluence she pined ;  
Nor all that lured her faith from Edmund's arms  
Could lull the wakeful horror of her mind.

Go, Traveller ! tell the tale with sorrow fraught :

Some tearful maid perchance, or blooming youth,  
May hold it in remembrance ; and be taught  
That riches cannot pay for Love or Truth.

---

## THE PANG MORE SHARP THAN ALL.

### AN ALLEGORY.

#### I.

HE too has flitted from his secret nest,  
Hope's last and dearest Child without a name !—  
Has flitted from me, like the warmthless flame,  
That makes false promise of a place of rest  
To the tired Pilgrim's still believing mind ;—  
Or like some Elfin Knight in kingly court,  
Who having won all guerdons in his sport,  
Glides out of view, and whither none can find !



## II.

Yes ! He hath flitted from me—with what aim,  
 Or why, I know not ! 'Twas a home of bliss,  
 And He was innocent, as the pretty shame  
 Of babe, that tempts and shuns the menaced kiss,  
 From its twy-cluster'd hiding-place of snow !  
 Pure as the babe, I ween, and all aglow  
 As the dear hopes, that swell the mother's breast—  
 Her eyes down gazing o'er her clasped charge ;—  
 Yet gay as that twice happy father's kiss,  
 That well might glance aside, yet never miss,  
 Where the sweet mark embossed so sweet a targe—  
 Twice wretched he who hath been doubly blest !

## III.

Like a loose blossom on a gusty night  
 He flitted from me—and has left behind  
 (As if to them his faith he ne'er did plight)  
 Of either sex and answerable mind  
 Two playmates, twin-births of his foster-dame :—  
 The one a steady lad (Esteem he hight),  
 And Kindness is the gentler sister's name.  
 Dim likeness now, tho' fair she be and good,  
 Of that bright Boy who hath us all forsook ;—  
 But in his full-eyed aspect when she stood,  
 And while her face reflected every look,  
 And in reflection kindled—she became  
 So like Him, that almost she seemed the same !

## IV.

Ah ! He is gone, and yet will not depart !—  
 Is with me still, yet I from Him exiled !  
 For still there lives within my secret heart  
 The magic image of the magic Child,  
 Which there He made up-grow by his strong art  
 As in that crystal \* orb—wise Merlin's feat,—  
 The wondrous 'World of Glass,' wherein inisled  
 All longed for things their beings did repeat ;—

And there He left it, like a Sylph beguiled,  
To live and yearn and languish incomplete !

## v.

Can wit of man a heavier grief reveal?  
Can sharper pang from hate or scorn arise?—  
Yes ! one more sharp there is that deeper lies,  
Which fond Esteem but mocks when he would heal.  
Yet neither scorn nor hate did it devise,  
But sad compassion and atoning zeal !  
One pang more blighting-keen than hope betrayed ;  
And this it is my woeful hap to feel,  
When at her Brother's hest, the twin-born Maid,  
With face averted and unsteady eyes,  
Her truant playmate's faded robe puts on ;  
And inly shrinking from her own disguise  
Enacts the faery Boy that's lost and gone.  
O worse than all ! O pang all pangs above,  
Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love !

## KUBLA KHAN: OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

## A FRAGMENT.

IN the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in 'Purchas's Pilgrimage : ' ' Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto : and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines ; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise

and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas ! without the after restoration of the latter :

Then all the charm  
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair,  
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,  
Poor youth ! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—  
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon  
The visions will return ! And lo ! he stays,  
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more  
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἔτιν' ἄνω :* but the to-morrow is yet to come.

As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease. —1816.

### KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree :  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round :  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !  
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,



As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing  
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :  
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :  
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
 Floated midway on the waves ;  
 Where was heard the mingled measure  
 From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny-pleasure-dome with caves of ice !  
 A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw :  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me

That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

## THE PAINS OF SLEEP.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,  
 It hath not been my use to pray  
 With moving lips or bended knees ;  
 But silently, by slow degrees,  
 My spirit I to Love compose,  
 In humble trust mine eye-lids close,  
 With reverential resignation,  
 No wish conceived, no thought express,  
 Only a sense of supplication ;  
 A sense o'er all my soul imprest  
 That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
 Since in me, round me, everywhere  
 Eternal strength and wisdom are.

But yester-night I prayed aloud  
 In anguish and in agony,  
 Up-starting from the fiendish crowd  
 Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me ;  
 A lurid light, a trampling throng,  
 Sense of intolerable wrong,  
 And whom I scorned, those only strong  
 Thirst of revenge, the powerless will  
 Still baffled, and yet burning still !  
 Desire with loathing strangely mixed  
 On wild or hateful objects fixed.  
 Fantastic passions ! maddening brawl !  
 And shame and terror over all !  
 Deeds to be hid which were not hid,  
 Which all confused I could not know,  
 Whether I suffered, or I did :  
 For all seemed guilt, remorse, or woe,  
 My own or others, still the same  
 Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed : the night's dismay  
 Saddened and stunned the coming day.

Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me  
Distemper's worst calamity.  
The third night, when my own loud scream  
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,  
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,  
I wept as I had been a child ;  
And having thus by tears subdued  
My anguish to a milder mood,  
Such punishments, I said, were due  
To natures deepest stained with sin,—  
For aye entempesting anew  
The unfathomable hell within  
The horror of their deeds to view,  
To know and loathe, yet wish and do !  
Such griefs with such men well agree,  
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me ?  
'To be beloved is all I need,  
And whom I love, I love indeed



# PROSE IN RHYME:

## OR, EPIGRAMS, MORALITIES, AND THINGS WITHOUT A NAME.

*\*Ερως ἄει λάγνηδρος ἔταιρος.*

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 show

---

## 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.

A LOVELY form there sate beside my bed,  
And such a feeding calm its presence shed,  
A tender Love so pure from earthly leaven  
That I unneth the fancy might control,  
'Twas my own spirit newly come from heaven  
Wooing its gentle way into my soul !  
But ah ! the change—It had not stirred, and yet  
Alas ! that change how fain would I forget ?  
That shrinking back, like one that had mistook !  
That weary, wandering, disavowing Look !  
'Twas all another, feature, look, and frame,  
And still, methought, I knew it was the same !

FRIEND.

This riddling Tale, to what does it belong ?  
Is't History ? Vision ? or an idle Song ?  
Or rather say at once, within what space  
Of Time 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 matured the silent strife,  
 And 'tis a Record from the Dream of Life.

---

## WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1827.

ALL Nature seems at work. Stags leave their lair—  
 The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—  
 And WINTER, slumbering in the open air,  
 Wears 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.

Yet well I ken the banks where Amaranths blow,  
 Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.  
 Bloom, 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!  
 When I was young?—Ah, woeful 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 lived in't together.

FLOWERS are lovely ; LOVE is flower-like ;  
FRIENDSHIP is a sheltering tree ;  
O the Joys, that came down shower-like,  
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,  
Ere I was old ?

Ere I was old ? Ah woeful 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—  
It cannot be, that Thou art gone !  
Thy Vesper-bell hath not yet tolled :—  
And thou wert aye a Masker bold !  
What strange Disguise hast now put on,  
To *make believe*, that thou art gone ?  
I see these Locks in silvery slips,  
This 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're 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 !  
 Fount, 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,  
 Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women !

TO A LADY,

OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION THAT WOMEN  
HAVE NO SOULS.

NAV, 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.

---

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS  
OF BERENGARIUS.

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088.

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope  
Soon shall I now before my God appear,  
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;  
By him to be condemned, as I fear.—

REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE.

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,  
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:  
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.  
All are not strong alike through storms to steer



Right onward. What? though dread of threatened death,  
 And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath  
 Inconstant to the truth within thy heart?  
 That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,  
 Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,  
 Or not 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.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day  
 A walking the DEVIL is gone,  
 To visit his little snug farm of the earth,  
 And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,  
 And he went over the plain,

And backward and forward he swished his long tail  
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

And how then was the Devil drest?  
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:  
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,  
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

He saw a LAWYER killing a Viper  
On a dung heap beside his stable,  
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind  
Of Cain 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 Life  
*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 *various readings* obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect to find it noted, that for 'LIFE' *Cod. quid. habent*, 'TRADE.' Though indeed THE TRADE, i.e. the bibliopolic, so called *κατ' ἐξόχην*, may be regarded as LIFE *sensu eminentiori*; a suggestion, which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line, who on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner parties, country houses, &c., of the trade, exclaimed, 'Ay! that's what I call LIFE now!'—This 'Life, *our* Death,' is thus happily contrasted with the fruits of Authorship.—Sic nos non nobis melificamus Apes.

Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,  
 A pig, with vast celerity,  
 And the Devil looked wise as he saw how the while  
 It cut its own throat. There! quoth he with a smile  
 Goes 'England's commercial prosperity.'

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.

IF 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

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 Southey. Between the ninth and the concluding stanza, two or three are omitted, as grounded on subjects that have lost their interest—and for better reasons.

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



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.

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### 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 !

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### 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 wear ?  
 Think first, what you ARE ! Call to mind what you 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 !

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### THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY DATE TREE.

#### A LAMENT.

I SEEM to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the un-

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\* 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.

inspired Hebrew Writers, an Apologue or Rabbinical Tradition to the following purpose :

While our first parents were yet standing before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or moderator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed : 'Nay, Lord, in thy justice, for the Man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain here all the days of his now mortal life, and enjoy the respite thou mayest grant him, in this thy Paradise which thou gavest to him, and hast planted with every tree pleasant to the sight of man and of delicious fruitage.' And the word of the Most High answered Satan : '*The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Treacherous Fiend ! guilt deep as thine could not be, yet the love of kind not extinguished. But if having done what thou hast done, thou hadst yet the heart of man within thee, and the yearning of the soul for its answering image and completing counterpart, O spirit desperately wicked ! the sentence 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.

I.

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 beloved, 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 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, gorgeous 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 ILIAD and the ODYSSEE  
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

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THE TWO FOUNTS.

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

'TWAS my last waking thought, how it could be,  
That thou, sweet friend, such anguish should'st endure :  
When straight from Dreamland came a dwarf, and he  
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

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

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin  
Two FOUNTS there are, of SUFFERING and of CHEER !  
That to let forth, and *this* to keep within !  
But 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 e'er 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 crystal *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 hadst 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 *primâ 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 scheme 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 whichever 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 pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when having dispatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript—that look of humorous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-piteous admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme—which broke up in a laugh: and the Ancient Mariner was written instead.

Years afterward, however, the draft of the Plan and proposed Incidents, and the portion executed, obtained favour in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas, and made some progress in realizing this intention, when adverse gales drove my bark off the 'Fortunate Isles' of the Muses; and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to firmer anchorage and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the Palimpsest tablet of my memory: and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring a friend'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 beloved than day.  
 But who that beauteous Boy beguiled,  
 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.

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## 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. So 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 prophesy mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, 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, 'Woe, is me! woe, is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger.'

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on 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 cannot 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 sate 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 sit-

ting, 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.



## ZAPOLYA:

## A CHRISTMAS TALE,

IN TWO PARTS.

Ἡδὲρ περὶ χρή τοιαῦτα λέγειν χειμῶνος ἐν ὥρᾳ.

APUD ATHENÆUM.

## PART I.

## THE PRELUDE,

ENTITLED

## 'THE USURPER'S FORTUNE.'

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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.

## Men.

EMERICK .. ..	..	..	Usurping King of Illyria.
RAAB KIUPRILI ..	..	..	An Illyrian Chieftain.
CASIMIR .. ..	..	..	Son of Kiuprili.
CHEF RAGOZZI ..	..	..	A Military Commander.

## Women.

ZAPOLYA ..	..	..	Queen of Illyria.
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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 prophesy?

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, showing 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.  
And mystery is contagious. All things here  
Are full of motion: and yet all is silent:  
And bad men's hopes infect the good with fears.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*His hand to his heart.*)

I have trembling proof within, how true thou speakest.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

That the prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,  
Gives splendid arms, pays the commander's debts,  
And (it is whispered) by sworn promises  
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard  
Al!—— (*then in a subdued and saddened voice.*)  
But what my lord will learn too soon himself.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Ha?—Well then, let it come! Worse scarce can come.  
This letter written by the trembling hand  
Of royal ANDREAS calls me from the camp  
To his immediate presence. It appoints me,  
The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,  
And of the royal infant. Day by day,  
Robbed of ZAPOLYA's soothing cares, the king  
Yearns only to behold one precious boon,  
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Remember you, my lord! that Hebrew leech,  
Whose 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 whispers;  
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 Ruffians  
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 usurped ! Heaven's justice  
 Bought like themselves !

*[During this conversation music is heard, first solemn 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,  
 In good time come ye hither, if ye come  
 As loyal men with honourable purpose  
 To mourn what can alone be mourned ; but chiefly  
 To inforce 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 KIUPRILI.

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 changeling!*

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 a 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-siavo,

Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,  
Schooled to shrill forth his feeder's usurped titles,  
And scream, Long live king Emerick !

LEADERS.

Ay, 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 stedfastly.*

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.

EMERICK.

This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced  
A reign to which the free voice of the nobles  
Hath called me, and the people, by regards  
Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow them?

EMERICK.

By what right dares Kiuprili question me?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

By a right common to all loyal subjects—  
To *me* a duty! As the realm's co-regent  
Appointed by our sovereign's last free act,  
Writ by himself.—(*Grasping the patent.*)

EMERICK. (*with a contemptuous sneer.*)

Ay!—Writ in a delirium!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

I likewise ask, by whose authority  
The access to the sovereign was refused me?

EMERICK.

By whose authority dared the general leave

His camp and army, like a fugitive?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

A fugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,  
Ran, 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 show 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.

Sire! speak the whole truth! Say, her *fraud's* detected!

EMERICK.

According to the sworn attests in council

Of her physician——

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aside.*)

Yes! the Jew, Barzoni!

EMERICK.

Under the imminent risk of death she lies,

Or irrecoverable loss of reason,

If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy

CASIMIR. (*to Kiuprili.*)

Trust me, my lord! a woman's trick has duped you—  
 Us too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas.  
 Even for his own fair fame, his Grace prays hourly  
 For her recovery, that (the States convened)  
 She may take counsel of her friends.

EMERICK.

Right, Casimir!

Receive my pledge, lord general. It shall stand  
 In her own will to appear and voice her claims;  
 Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)  
 With all the past passed by, as family quarrels,  
 Let the Queen Dowager, with unblenched honours,  
 Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince Emerick! you *peak* fairly, and your pledge too  
 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 Illyrians.

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,  
 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, Ragozzi,  
 Whom you have not yet seen since his return,  
 Commands the guard to-day.

[*Casimir retires to the Guard-house; and after a  
 time appears before it with Chef Ragozzi.*]

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 mewed 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.*)

Hadst thou believed thine own tale, hadst thou *fancied*  
Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,  
Wouldst 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 merits  
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 attaint 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

Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.

[Hurried off by Ragozzi and the Guard.

EMERICK.

Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre

This insolence shall be avenged.

CASIMIR.

O banish him !

This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,

Banish him, my liege Lord !

EMERICK. (scornfully.)

What ? to the army ?

Be calm, young friend ! Nought shall be done in anger  
The child o'erpowers the man. In this emergence

I must take counsel for us both. Retire.

[Exit Cas *vir* in agitation.

EMERICK. (*alone, looks at a Calendar.*)

The changeful planet, now in her decay,  
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.  
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,  
Cursed by the last look of the waning moon :  
And my bright destiny, with sharpened horns,  
Shall 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.

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!

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 cannot do't) to swear I'm not a monster!—  
Scarce had I barred 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 overtopped 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 packet,  
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 possessed me,  
When the loud clamour 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 attained 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.*]

PART II.  
THE SEQUEL,  
ENTITLED  
'THE USURPER'S FATE.'  
1817.

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

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.  
L'ESTALUTZ . . . . . An Assassin, in Emerick's employ.

Women.

- LADY SAROLTA . . . Wife of Lord Casimir.  
GLYCINE . . . . . Orphan Daughter of Chef Ragozzi.

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.

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, Laska—

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—

\* Refers to the tear, which he feels starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed unconsciously from Mr Wordsworth's *Excursion*.



I cannot—must not—let you be deceived.

I have yet another tale, but [then to Sarolta aside, not for  
all ears !

SAROLTA.

I 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 ! schooled !

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 !

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.*

\* For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see Drayton's *Moon*  
*shalf*. Chalmers' English Poets, Vol. IV. p. 13e.



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.

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, using 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.

Oh that she did ! she could not then have spoken  
With such stern countenance. But though she spurn me,  
I will kneel, Bethlen—

BETHLEN.

Not for me, Glycine !

What have I done ? or whom have I offended ?

GLYCINE.

Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the king.

[*Bethlen mutters to himself indignantly*

GLYCINE. (*aside.*)

So looks the statue, in our hall, o'the god,  
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent !

BETHLEN. (*muttering aside.*)

King !

GLYCINE.

Ah, often have I wished *you* were a king.  
You would protect the helpless everywhere,  
As you did us. And I, too, should not then  
Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do ; nor have  
The 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,  
 That of like fates, though all unknown to each,  
 Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's  
 Drawing by dim disquiet !

GLYCINE.

Old Bathory—

SAROLTA.

Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.  
 Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen  
 Seems a most noble and deserving youth.

GLYCINE.

My lady does not mock me ?

SAROLTA.

Where is Laska ?

Has he not told thee ?

GLYCINE.

Nothing. In his fear—

Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—  
 Left me abruptly—

SAROLTA.

His shame excuses him !

He is somewhat hardly tasked ; and in discharging  
 His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.  
 Bathory and the youth henceforward live  
 Safe in 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 cannot 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 earthquake,  
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 cannot 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 !

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 a helpless babe.

## COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

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 a 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 no!

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 *cannot* 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 !  
Travel will ripen thee, and enterprise  
Beseems thy years ! Be thou henceforth *my* soldier !  
And whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe  
That in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,  
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth !  
And may the light that streams from thine own honour  
Guide thee to that thou seekest !

GLYCINE.

Must he leave us ?

BETHLEN.

And for such goodness can I return nothing,  
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes ? Some sighs  
That if not breathed would swell my heart to stifling ?  
May Heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,  
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof  
To scare all evil from thee ! Yet, if fate  
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,  
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,  
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee !  
And then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom  
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine  
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,  
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious ;  
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,  
Have been talked to me ! But this tongue ne'er soothed  
A mother's ear, lisping 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 bid'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 Hyæna's shape.

SAROLTA.

What idle tongue hath bewitched *thee*, Glycine ?  
 I hoped that thou hadst 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.*]



## COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

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.*

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.

Ay, 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!

## 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 mocked 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 wondrous 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!  
Hadst thou not done already—hadst thou not  
Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feigned of friendship?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Yet be thou comforted! What! hadst 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 cannot add  
Grief to thy griefs, or Patience to thy sufferance!

ZAPOLYA.

Cannot! 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*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

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 don't 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. (*shricks, 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 hath 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 !*

GLYCINE.

Whether his Mother live, or perished here !

ZAPOLYA.

Angel of Mercy, I was perishing  
 And thou didst bring me food : and now thou bring'st  
 The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation  
 To a mother's famished heart ! His name, sweet maiden ?

GLYCINE.

E'en till this morning we were wont to name him  
 Bethlen Bathory !

ZAPOLYA.

Even till this morning ?

This morning ? when my weak faith failed me wholly !  
 Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,  
 And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse !  
 Say on !

GLYCINE.

The false ones charged the valiant youth  
 With treasonous words of Emerick—

ZAPOLYA.

Ha ! my son !

GLYCINE.

And of Lord Casimir—

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aside.*)

O agony ! my son !

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 overflowed, and made discovery  
That in this wood—

ZAPOLYA. (*in agitation.*)

O speak!

GLYCINE.

A wounded lady—

[*Zapolya faints—they both support her.*

GLYCINE.

Is that 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 didst 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 lower.

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 shuddering.—

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 KIUPRILI. (*still unseen.*)

More, guiltier, mightier,  
 Than thou may'st 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 killed, 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.*]

## 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 art 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 !  
I or 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.*)

Tnee !  
'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 betray'st 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? Ay! 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 Kiuprili's:

OLD BATHORY.

Those very arms this day Sarolta showed 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 singing :  
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 cannot 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 ym.!*

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  
Guilt too enormous to be duly punished,  
Save by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil  
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal  
And Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,  
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant  
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want!  
O send us forth to wander on, unsheltered!  
Make our food bitter with despised tears!  
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass!  
Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,  
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread!  
With all the heaviest worldly visitations.



Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us  
 Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit  
 Of wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only,  
 Only, O merciful in vengeance ! let not  
 That plague turn inward on my Casimir's soul !  
 Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him  
 To 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*  
 In such a shape a father's curse should come.

EMERICK. (*advancing.*)

Fear 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 !  
 The king to-night then deigns to play the masker.  
 What seeks your Majesty ?

[*aside.*

EMERICK.

Sarolta's love ;

And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

SAROLTA.

Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such debasement !  
 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 !

EMERICK.

Chiefly from me.

Has he not like an ingrate robbed my court  
 Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness ?  
 First then on him I will administer justice—  
 If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture.

[*Seizes her.*

SAROLTA.

Help ! Treason ! Help !

EMERICK.

Call louder ! Scream again,

Here's none can hear you !

SAROLTA.

Hear me, hear me, Heaven !

EMERICK.

Nay, why this rage ? Who best deserves you ? Casimir,  
 Emerick's bought implement, the jealous slave  
 That mews you up with bolts and bars ? or Emerick  
 Who proffers you a throne ? Nay, mine you shall be.  
 Hence with this fond resistance ! Yield ; then live  
 This month a widow, and the next a queen !

SAROLTA.

Yet, yet for one brief moment

[struggling.]

Unhand me, I conjure you.

[She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet. Emerick  
 follows, and as she takes a dagger, he grasps it in her  
 hand.]

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.

Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou blest one!  
This is the hour, that fiends and damned spirits  
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list!  
Yon devil hath assumed a king's!

BETHLEN.

Usurped it!

EMERICK.

The king will play the devil with thee indeed!  
But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,  
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate  
At this thy paramour's feet! then drag her forth  
Stained with adulterous blood, and [then to Sarolta.  
—mark you, traitress!

Strumpeted first, then turned adrift to beggary!  
Thou played'st for't too.

SAROLTA.

Thou art so fiendish wicked,  
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats!

BETHLEN.

Lady, be calm! fear not this king of the buskin!  
A king? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet!  
That from some vagrant actor's tiring room,  
Hath 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 curst 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 Sarelta*

SAROLTA.

My lord ! my husband ! look whose sword lies yonde. !

[*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.

O 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 sluggish 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 vexed, 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 ana 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 didst 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 scarce,

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 watchword!—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 ?

PESTALUTZ.

Behind you !

'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinned and threatened 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

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 a while several Hunters cross the stage  
as scattered. Some time after, enter KIUPRILI in his dis-  
guise, 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 need'st not speak,  
For thou canst 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-abhorring 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 clout,

Ha ! 'tis done then !

Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,  
And there lies Casimir, and our last fears !

Well !—Ay, 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 alarum of my sorrow,  
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here  
Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprili !

[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 cannot 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 wondrous 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, CASIMIR, RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and Attendants, after the clamour had subsided.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Spare yet your joy, my friends ! A higher awaits 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 sport 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 !



# 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 wars 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

### 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 unmixed 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  
REMORSE ! that I should save him from himself.

ZULIMEZ.

REMORSE 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,  
To which a forced oath bound you ; if in truth  
A suborned murderer have the power to dictate  
A binding oath—

## COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

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;  
 In the first pangs of his awakened conscience,  
 When with abhorrence of his own black purpose  
 The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,  
 Fell from his palsied hand—

ZULIMEZ.

Heavy presumption!

ALVAR.

It weighed not with me—Hark! I will tell thee all:  
 As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base  
 Of yonder cliff—

ZULIMEZ.

That rocky seat you mean,  
 Shaped 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.*]

Hadst 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 ~~new~~ 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  
 Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,  
 Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

ZULIMEZ.

A 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 fulness 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 fixed resolve : I'll linger here  
 In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—  
 The Moorish robes ?—

ZULIMEZ.

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'll seek our mariners; and in the dusk  
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell  
In the Alpuxarras—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!

\* [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.]



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,  
 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.

Oh no ! he did not !

VALDEZ.

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

TERESA.

His capture, not his death.

VALDEZ.

Alas ! how aptly thou forget'st a tale  
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn ! my brave Ordonio  
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,  
In the same storm that baffled his own valour,  
And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes :  
Gallant Ordonio ! (*pauses, then tenderly*) O beloved Teresa,  
Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,  
And most delight his spirit, go, make thou  
His brother happy, make his aged father  
Sink to the grave in joy.

TERESA.

For mercy's sake  
Press me no more ! I have no power to love him.  
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,  
Chill me like dew damps of the unwholesome night :  
My love, a timorous and tender flower,  
Closes 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 roamed 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 those 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.* OR

DONIO'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.*)

O 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.*)

I do not, cannot, 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!

I 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,

That 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 cannot 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,

And your late merits in this holy warfare,

Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

ORDONIO.

I will attend you home within an hour.

VALDEZ.

Meantime return with us and take refreshment.

ALHADRA.

Not till my husband's free ! I may not do it.

I will stay here.

TERESA. (*aside*.)

Who is this Isidore ?

VALDEZ.

Daughter !

TERESA.

With your permission, my dear lord,

I'll loiter yet awhile t'enjoy the sea-breeze.

[*Exeunt Valdez, Monviedro, and Ordonio.*]

ALHADRA.

Hah ! there he goes ! a bitter curse go with him,

A scathing curse !

[*Then, as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look,*  
You hate him, don't you, lady ?

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

Oh fear not 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 tiger's plunge,  
And hurled 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 shown it to thee !

ALHADRA.

I 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  
 Cowered as it entered, and at once sunk down  
 Oh miserable! by that lamp to see  
 My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard breath  
 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 fitliest 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.

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 ye 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 him.*]

I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,

For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows 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 prophesy—

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'er masters me ?

Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman ?

[*Teresa looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive  
as Alvar proceeds in the next 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 seemed 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 terms,  
And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.

ALHADRA.

You are lost in thought: hear him no more, sweet 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,

A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,  
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale  
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,  
I stayed, as though the hour of death were passed,  
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—  
For all things seemed unreal! There I sate—  
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,  
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour  
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,  
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one havock.  
The second flash of lightning showed a tree,  
Hard 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  
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,  
Prayed, that REMORSE might fasten on their hearts,  
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable  
As the gored lion's bite!

TERESA. (*shuddering.*)

A fearful curse!

ALHADRA. (*fiercely.*)

But dreamt you not that you returned and killed them?  
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's 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 retained 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 cannot 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—ay, her *husband*! May this angel  
 New mould his cankered 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  
 When for my follies I was made to wander,  
 With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them:  
 Now, but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones  
 Had been my bed and pillow.

ORDONIO.

Good Isidore!  
 Why this to me? It is enough, you know it.

ISIDORE.

A common trick of Gratitude, my lord,  
 Seeking to ease her own full heart——



ORDONIO.

Enough!

A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.  
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

ISIDORE.

And how, my lord? I pray you to name the thing.  
I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice  
To pluck a weed you fancied!

ORDONIO (*with embarrassment and hesitation.*)

Why—that—Lady—

ISIDORE.

'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw you :  
Have you a son, my lord?

ORDONIO.

O miserable—

[*aside.*

Isidore! you are a man, and know mankind.  
I told you what I wished—now for the truth—  
She loved the man you killed.

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 foolery

Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it!

ISIDORE.

I can bear this, and anything 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 cannot 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 favoured 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 unnoticed 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 cannot do.

ORDONIO.

Where lies your scruple ?

ISIDORE. (*with stammering.*)

Why—why, my lord !

You know you told me that the lady loved 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 killed for hire—  
My gratitude—

ORDONIO.

O ay—your gratitude!

'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?

ISIDORE.

Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—

ORDONIO. (*with bitter scorn.*)

Virtue——

ISIDORE.

Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,  
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.  
I knew not 'twas your brother!

ORDONIO. (*alarmed.*)

And who told you?

ISIDORE.

He himself told me.

ORDONIO.

Ha! you talked with him!

And those, the two Morescoes who were with you?

ISIDORE.

Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.

ORDONIO. (*in a low voice.*)

My brother—

ISIDORE.

Yes, my lord, I could not tell you!  
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.  
But 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 dishonoured 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 looked  
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—  
Ay, 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 killed him?

Oh blood-hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!

He was his Maker's Image undefaced! [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 lived in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?

Ay! 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  
 Stol'n 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 everywhere, 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 questioned,  
 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.

Ay, 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 scere,  
 and then turning round to Isidore.*)

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

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 seethed 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.*]

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 distressed 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 ?

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 conjurer  
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

[*Addressing Alvar.*]

You know my name, I guess, if not my person.

\* Vide Appendix.



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.

You are, my friend,

[*aside*]

'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-starred Teresa—Wretch! my softer soul  
Is passed away, and I will probe his conscience!

ORDONIO.

In truth this lady loved another man,  
But he has perished.

ALVAR.

What! you killed 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 conned your lesson, made yourself proficient  
In all my fortunes. Hah ! you prophesied  
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.*)

I 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 passed, 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 perjured, thee a traitress? Thee dishonoured?  
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 lisped 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,  
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find  
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,  
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A Hall of Armoury, 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 loved 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 breathed into a pipe of sycamore  
Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,  
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw  
Stretched 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 pleased me  
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe  
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.  
Methinks I see him now as he then looked—  
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 imagined it  
A possible thing : and it has soothed 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-souled 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, unbarred,  
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 :  
Fitliest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless  
And rapid Travellers ! what ear unstunned,  
What sense unmaddened, might bear up against  
The rushing of your congregated wings ?  
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head !

[*Music.*]

[*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 parched 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-thawed 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  
 Of a half dead, yet still undying Hope,  
 Pass visible before our mortal sense !  
 So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,  
 Her knells and masses that redeem the Dead !

SONG.

*Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instrument 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.

The 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-entered its 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 turned 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 guessed 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 damned  
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,  
At every stir and buzz 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 whatsoe'er 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 Attendants*

(*Music as before.*)

The spell is muttered—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 grasped 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 seconds 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, Monviedro 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.

*Interior of a Chapel, with painted Windows.*

*Enter TERESA.*

When first I entered this pure spot, forebodings  
 Pressed heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,  
 Such calm unwonted bliss possessed 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-consumed: 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  
Are Fancy's wild Hopes to a heart despairing !

TERESA.

These rays that slant in through those gorgeous windows,  
From yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass,  
Are they not Light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez !  
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied  
By many a Fancy, many a wishful Hope,  
Speaks yet the Truth : and Alvar lives for me !

VALDEZ.

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

TERESA.

I breathed to the Unerring  
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswered,  
Yet impious Sorcery, that holds no commune  
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief ?

VALDEZ.

O not to-day, not now for the first time  
Was Alvar lost to thee—

*[turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.*  
Accurst assassin !

Disarmed, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,  
At his bared breast he seemed 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 employer !  
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 unmarked—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 planned 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 fixed his eye on you,

And you, I know not why, looked pale and trembled—

Why—why, what ails you now?—

ORDONIO. (*confused.*)

Me? what ails me?

A pricking of the blood—It might have happened

At any other time.—Why scan you me?

VALDEZ.

His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers,

Bore reference to the assassins——

ORDONIO.

Duped! duped! duped!

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 benumbed, and staggered up and down  
 Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!  
 My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,  
 As had a snake coiled round them!—Now 'tis sunshine,  
 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 disfiguring 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 advances slowly.*)

Say, 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 killed 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 pushed 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 surprise 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 unpierced darkness!  
For while we LIVE—

An inward day that never, never sets,  
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!  
Over his rocky grave the Fir-grove sighs  
A 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.*)

The rock! the fir-grove!

[*To Valdez.*

Didst thou hear him say it?



Hush ! I will ask him !

VALDEZ.

Urge him not—not now !

This we *beheld*. Nor *he* nor I know more,  
Than what the magic imagery revealed.  
The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three——

ORDONIO.

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

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

While his two companions——

ORDONIO.

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

VALDEZ. (*to Teresa.*)

Pity him ! soothe him ! disenchant his spirit !  
These supernatural shows, 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 aimed, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,  
Yet missed 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 marched  
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 ?  
Scorned ! shuddered 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-poisoned  
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 ! ay, that cavern !  
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him  
Whence he shall never, never more return !

*[Look, 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 cannot 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—  
Anything 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 ecstasy of fear.]*

A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of!  
I was just in—and those damned fingers of ice  
Which clutched my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it moved.

*[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 lightning—  
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 scared me, good, my lord.

ORDONIO.

What scared 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,*

Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath

Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours

As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)

You see that crevice there?

My torch extinguished by these water drops,

And marking that the moonlight came from thence,

I step 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 stepped. The shadowy moonshine

Filling the Void so counterfeited 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

Plucked up and snatched me backward. Merciful Heaven!

You 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,  
Pushed 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.

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

ORDONIO.

Well?

ISIDORE.

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

ORDONIO.

Strange enough!

Had you been here before?

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.

Ahhorrent 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!  
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,  
No, nor propose, a wicked thing. The darkness,  
When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,  
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.  
It must be innocent.

[*Ordonio darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking of himself in the third person.*]

ORDONIO.

Thyself be judge.

One of our family knew this place well.

ISIDORE.

Who? when? my lord?



ORDONIO.

What boots it who or when?

Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.

*[They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern]*He was a man different from other men,  
And he despised them, yet revered himself.ISIDORE. *(aside.)*He? *He* despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!

I am on my guard, however: no surprise.

*[Then to Ordonio.]*

What, he 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 ever 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 hatched 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 killed 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 !

I would have met him armed, and scared the coward.

*[Isidore throws off his robe ; shows 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 Vengeance  
 Beckons me onwards with a Warrior's mien,  
 And claims that life, my pity robbed 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 lurled 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 !  
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 hadst sight of,  
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shaped it  
When the nurse stilled 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 then need wonder if a lady sighs  
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans —

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 doomed 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 when'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

Of 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 gladdened, how the gladness spread  
 Wide round him ! and when oft with swelling tears,  
 Flashed through by indignation, he bewailed  
 The wrongs of Belgium's martyred patriots,  
 Oh, what a Grief was *there*—for Joy to envy  
 Or gaze upon enamoured !

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,  
 Banished his health, and half unhinged 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 entreaties 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 imprisoned—  
 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 hushed,  
Yet, anxious listener! I have seemed 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 wont to talk at eventide;  
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 murmured!  
O we have listened, 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 touched 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 stupefy 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 withered, 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 returned and found them still asleep.

## COLERIDGE'S POEMS

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!

Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!

[*a pause.*

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.

ALHADRA.

The cavern?

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 death-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, changed 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 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 cannot 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 his 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  
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.  
For the honour of our race, for our dear father;  
O 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!  
O 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:  
O 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.  
 Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,  
 Hast tricked me foully; yet I hate thee not.  
 Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,  
 'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,  
 And we the air-bladders that course up and down,  
 And joust and tilt in merry tournament;  
 And when one bubble runs foul of another,  
 [waving his hand to Alvar.  
 The weaker needs must break.

ALVAR.

I see thy heart!  
 There is a frightful glitter in thine eye,  
 Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,  
 This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,  
 Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,  
 And quell each human feeling.

ORDONIO.

Feeling! feeling!  
 The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—  
 'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;  
 But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me  
 If willingly I e'er inflicted them!  
 Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.  
 [Ordonio proffers the goblet.

ALVAR.

Yon insect on the wall,  
 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 a 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? Canst 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 atonement,  
 It will not weigh against an orphan's tear!

ALVAR. (*almost overcome by his feelings.*)  
 But Alvar——

ORDONIO.

Ha! it chokes 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 ! whatsoc'er 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,  
My anguish for thy guilt !

Ordonio—Brother !

Nay, 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 !



## COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

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 cannot 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 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 Valdez 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.)*

Arm of avenging Heaven

Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—  
 But go! my word was pledged to thee.

ORDONIO.

Away!

Brave not my Father's Rage! I thank thee! Thou—

*[then turning his eyes languidly to Alvar.]*

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!

I stood in silence like a slave before her

That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,

And satiate this self-accusing heart

With bitterer agonies than death can give.  
 Forgive me, Alvar!—

Oh!—could'st thou forget me! [*Dies.*  
*[Alvar and Teresa bend over the body of Ordonio.*

ALHADRA. (*to the Moors.*)

I 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!

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.

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. 377.

*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 besoiled with unwiped tears.  
And what became of him?

SELMA.

He went on shipboard  
With those bold voyagers who made discovery  
Of golden lands. Sesina'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. 352, 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, *nobilitate felix, arte claior, 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,  
Courtied by mightiest kings, the famous TITIAN!  
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,  
By the sweet mystery of lines and colours

\* Sir George Beaumont. [Written 1814.]



Changed the blank canvass to a magic mirror,  
 That made the Absent present; and to Shadows  
 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 his 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!

# THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.\*

## AN HISTORICAL DRAMA.

1794

TO

II. MARTIN, Esq.,

OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—Accept, as a small testimony of my grateful attachment, the following Dramatic Poem, in which I have endeavoured to detail, in an interesting form, the fall of a man whose great bad actions have cast a disastrous lustre on his name. In the execution of the work, as intricacy of plot could not have been attempted without a gross violation of recent facts, it has been my sole aim to imitate the impassioned and highly-figurative language of the French orators, and to develop the characters of the chief actors on a vast stage of horrors.

Yours fraternally,

JESUS COLLEGE, Sept. 22, 1794.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

### ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Tuilleries.**Enter BARRÈRE.*

BARRÈRE.

THE tempest gathers—be it mine to seek  
A friendly shelter, ere it bursts upon him.  
But where? and how? I fear the Tyrant's soul—  
Sudden in action, fertile in resource,

\* The Fall of Robespierre was published in 1794, but as it was only partially written by Coleridge we place it next to his magnificent Translation of Schiller. The second and third Acts were written by Southey, but as the play would be incomplete without them, we leave it as Coleridge published it.

And rising awful 'mid impending ruins ;  
 In splendour gloomy, as the midnight meteor,  
 That fearless thwarts the elemental war.  
 When last in secret conference we met,  
 He scowled upon me with suspicious rage,  
 Making his eye the inmate of my bosom.  
 I know he scorns me—and I feel, I hate him—  
 Yet there is in him that which makes me tremble !

[Exit

*Enter TALLIEN and LEGENDRE.*

TALLIEN.

It was Barrère, Legendre ! didst thou mark him ?  
 Abrupt he turned, yet lingered as he went,  
 And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning.

LEGENDRE.

I marked him well. I met his eye's last glance ;  
 It menaced not so proudly as of yore.  
 Methought he would have spoke—but that he dared not—  
 Such agitation darkened on his brow.

TALLIEN.

'Twas all-distrusting guilt that kept from bursting  
 The imprisoned secret struggling in the face :  
 E'en as the sudden breeze upstarting onwards  
 Hurries the thunder-cloud, that poised awhile  
 Hung in mid air, red with its mutinous burthen.

LEGENDRE.

Perfidious Traitor !—still afraid to bask  
 In the full blaze of power, the rustling serpent  
 Lurks in the thicket of the Tyrant's greatness,  
 Ever prepared to sting who shelters him.  
 Each thought, each action in himself converges ;  
 And love and friendship on his coward heart  
 Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice :  
 To all attached, by turns deserting all,  
 Cunning and dark—a necessary villain !

TALLIEN.

Yet much depends upon him—well you know  
 With plausible harangue 'tis his to paint  
 Defeat like victory—and blind the mob  
 With truth-mixed falsehood. They, led on by him,  
 And wild of head to work their own destruction,  
 Support with uproar what he plans in darkness



LEGENDRE.

O what a precious name is Liberty  
To scare or cheat the simple into slaves !  
Yes,—we must gain him over : by dark hints  
We'll show enough to rouse his watchful fears,  
Till the cold coward blaze a patriot.  
O Danton ! murdered friend ! assist my counsels—  
Hover around me on sad memory's wings,  
And pour thy daring vengeance in my heart.  
Tallien ! if but to-morrow's fateful sun  
Beholds the Tyrant living—we are dead !

TALLIEN.

Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty meanings—

LEGENDRE.

Fear not—or rather fear the alternative,  
And seek for courage e'en in cowardice—  
But see—hither he comes—let us away !  
His brother with him, and the bloody Couthon,  
And high of haughty spirit, young St Just.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ROBESPIERRE, COUTHON, ST JUST, and ROBESPIERRE JUN.

ROBESPIERRE.

What ! did La Fayette fall before my power ?  
And did I conquer Roland's spotless virtues ?  
The fervent eloquence of Vergniaud's tongue ?  
And Brissot's thoughtful soul unbribed and bold ?  
Did zealot armies haste in vain to save them ?  
What ! did the assassin's dagger aim its point,  
Vain as a *dream* of murder, at my bosom ?  
And shall I dread the soft luxurious Tallien ?  
The Adonis Tallien ? banquet-hunting Tallien ?  
Him, whose heart flutters at the dice-box ? Him,  
Who ever on the harlot's downy pillow  
Resigns his head impure to feverish slumbers !

ST JUST.

I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn him.  
Was it not Antony that conquered Brutus,  
The Adonis, banquet-hunting Antony ?  
The state is not yet purified : and though  
The stream runs clear, yet at the bottom lies  
The thick black sediment of all the factions—  
It needs no magic hand to stir it up !

COUTHON.

O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error !  
 Why lived Legendre, when that Danton died ?  
 And Collot d'Herbois dangerous in crimes ?  
 I've feared him, since his iron heart endured  
 To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,  
 Compared with which the sun-scorched wilderness  
 Of Zara were a smiling paradise.

ST JUST.

Rightly thou judgest, Couthon ! He is one  
 Who flies from silent solitary anguish,  
 Seeking forgetful peace amid the jar  
 Of elements. The howl of maniac uproar  
 Lulls to sad sleep the memory of himself.  
 A calm is fatal to him—then he feels  
 The dire upboilings of the storm within him.  
 A tiger mad with inward wounds !—I dread  
 The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt.

ROBESPIERRE.

Is not the commune ours ? the stern tribunal ?  
 Dumas ? and Vivier ? Fleuriot ? and Louvet ?  
 And Henriot ? We'll denounce a hundred, nor  
 Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward.

ROBESPIERRE JUN.

Nay—I am sick of blood ; my aching heart  
 Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors  
 That still have gloomed the rise of the republic.  
 I should have died before Toulon, when war  
 Became the patriot !

ROBESPIERRE.

Most unworthy wish !

He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors,  
 Would be himself a traitor, were he not  
 A coward ! 'Tis congenial souls alone  
 Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.  
 O thou art brave, my brother ! and thine eye  
 Full firmly shines amid the groaning battle—  
 Yet in thine heart the woman-form of pity  
 Asserts too large a share, an ill-timed guest !  
 There is unsoundness in the state—To-morrow  
 Shall see it cleansed by wholesome massacre !

ROBESPIERRE JUN.

Beware! already do the sections murmur—  
‘O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—  
The tyrant guardian of the country’s freedom!

COUTHON.

’Twere folly sure to work great deeds by halves!  
Much I suspect the darksome fickle heart  
Of cold Barrère!

ROBESPIERRE.

I see the villain in him!

ROBESPIERRE JUN.

If he—if all forsake thee—what remains?

ROBESPIERRE.

Myself! the steel-strong Rectitude of soul  
And Poverty sublime ’mid circling virtues!  
The giant Victories, my counsels formed,  
Shall stalk around me with sun-glittering plumes,  
Bidding the darts of calumny fall pointless.

[*Exeunt cæteri. Manet COUTHON.*

COUTHON. (*solus.*)

So we deceive ourselves! What goodly virtues  
Bloom on the poisonous branches of ambition!  
Still, Robespierre! thou’lt guard thy country’s freedom  
To despoise in all the patriot’s pomp;  
While Conscience, ’mid the mob’s applauding clamours,  
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stained tyrant!  
Yet what is Conscience? Superstition’s dream,  
Making such deep impression on our sleep  
That long the awakened breast retains its horrors!  
But he returns—and with him comes Barrère.

[*Exit COUTHON.*

*Enter ROBESPIERRE and BARRÈRE.*

ROBESPIERRE.

There is no danger but in cowardice.—  
Barrère! we make the danger, when we fear it.  
We have such force without, as will suspend  
The cold and trembling treachery of these members.

BARRÈRE.

’Twill be a pause of terror—

ROBESPIERRE.

But to whom?



Rather the short-lived slumber of the tempest,  
 Gathering its strength anew. The dastard traitors !  
 Moles, that would undermine the rooted oak !  
 A pause !—a moment's pause ?—'Tis all their life.

BARRÈRE.

Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.  
 Couthon's decree has given such powers, that——

ROBESPIERRE.

That what ?

BARRÈRE.

The freedom of debate——

ROBESPIERRE.

Transparent mark !

They wish to clog the wheels of government,  
 Forcing the hand that guides the vast machine  
 To bribe them to their duty—*English* patriots,  
 Are not the congregated clouds of war  
 Black all around us ? In our very vitals  
 Works not the king-bred poison of rebellion ?  
 Say, what shall counteract the selfish plottings  
 Of wretches, cold of heart, nor awed by fears  
 Of him, whose power directs the eternal justice ?  
 Terror ? or secret sapping gold ? The first  
 Heavy, but transient as the ills that cause it ;  
 And to the virtuous patriot rendered light  
 By the necessities that gave it birth :  
 The other fouls the fount of the republic,  
 Making it flow polluted to all ages ;  
 Inoculates the state with a slow venom,  
 That once imbibed, must be continued ever.  
 Myself incorruptible I ne'er could bribe them—  
 Therefore they hate me.

BARRÈRE.

Are the sections friendly ?

ROBESPIERRE.

There are who wish my ruin—but I'll make them  
 Blush for the crime in blood !

BARRÈRE

Nay—but I tell thee  
 Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right  
 (If right it be) workest by most foul means

ROBESPIERRE.

Self-centering Fear ! how well thou canst ape Mercy !  
 Too fond of slaughter—matchless hypocrite !  
 Thought Barrère so, when Brissot, Danton, died ?  
 Thought Barrère so, when through the streaming streets  
 Of Paris red-eyed Massacre o'erwearied  
 Reeled heavily, intoxicate with blood ?  
 And when (O heavens !) in Lyons' death-red square  
 Sick fancy groaned o'er putrid hills of slain,  
 Didst thou not fiercely laugh, and bless the day ?  
 Why, thou hast been the mouth-piece of all horrors,  
 And, like a blood-hound, crouched for murder ! Now  
 Aloof thou standest from the tottering pillar,  
 Or, like a frightened child behind its mother,  
 Hidest thy pale face in the skirts of—Mercy !

BARRÈRE.

O prodigality of eloquent anger !  
 Why now I see thou'rt weak—thy case is desperate !  
 The cool ferocious Robespierre turned scolder !

ROBESPIERRE.

Who from a bad man's bosom wards the blow  
 Reserves the whetted dagger for his own,  
 Denounced twice—and twice I saved his life !

[Exit

BARRÈRE.

The sections will support them—there's the point !  
 No ! he can never weather out the storm—  
 Yet he is sudden in revenge—No more !  
 I must away to Tallien.

[Exit

*Scene changes to the house of* ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE enters, speaking to a Servant.

ADELAIDE.

Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee ?  
 Did Tallien answer, he would soon return ?

SERVANT.

He is in the Tuilleries—with him Legendre—  
 In deep discourse they seemed : as I approached  
 He waved his hand as bidding me retire :  
 I did not interrupt him.

[Returns the letter.

ADELAIDE.

Thou didst rightly.

[Exit Servant.

O this new freedom! at how dear a price  
 We've bought the seeming good! The peaceful virtues  
 And every blandishment of private life,  
 The father's cares, the mother's fond endearment,  
 All sacrificed to liberty's wild riot.  
 The wingèd hours, that scattered roses round me,  
 Languid and sad drag their slow course along,  
 And shake big gall-drops from their heavy wings.  
 But I will steal away these anxious thoughts  
 By the soft languishment of warbled airs,  
 If haply melodies may lull the sense  
 Of sorrow for awhile.

*Soft Music. Enter TALLIEN.*

TALLIEN.

Music, my love? O breathe again that air!  
 Soft nurse of pain, it soothes the weary soul  
 Of care, sweet as the whispered breeze of evening  
 That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.

SONG.

Tell me, on what holy ground  
 May domestic peace be found?  
 Halcyon daughter of the skies,  
 Far on fearful wing she flies,  
 From the pomp of sceptered state,  
 From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottaged vale she dwells  
 List'ning to the Sabbath bells!  
 Still around her steps are seen,  
 Spotless honour's meeker mien,  
 Love, the fire of pleasing fears,  
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,  
 And conscious of the past employ,  
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

TALLIEN.

I thank thee, Adelaide! 'twas sweet, though mournful.  
 But why thy brow o'ercast, thy cheek so wan?  
 Thou lookest a lorn maid beside some stream  
 That sighs away the soul in fond despairing,  
 While sorrow sad, like the dank willow near her,



Hangs o'er the troubled fountain of her eye.

ADELAIDE.

Oh ! rather let me ask what mystery lours  
On Tallien's darkened brow. Thou dost me wrong—  
Thy soul distempered, can my heart be tranquil ?

TALLIEN.

Tell me, by whom thy brother's blood was spilt ?  
Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers ?  
It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses  
Groan on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams  
Threaten the assassin hand of Robespierre.  
He dies !—nor has the plot escaped his fears.

ADELAIDE.

Yet—yet—be cautious ! much I fear the Commune—  
The tyrant's creatures, and their fate with his  
Fast linked in close indissoluble union.  
The pale Convention—

TALLIEN.

Hate him as they fear him,  
Impatient of the chain, resolved and ready.

ADELAIDE.

The enthusiast mob, confusion's lawless sons—

TALLIEN.

They are weary of his stern morality,  
The fair-masked offspring of ferocious pride.  
The sections too support the delegates :  
All—all is ours ! e'en now the vital air  
Of Liberty, condensed awhile, is bursting  
(Force irresistible !) from its compressure—  
To shatter the arch-chemist in the explosion !

*Enter BILLAUD VARENNES and BOURDON L'OISE.*

[ADELAIDE retires.

BOURDON L'OISE.

Tallien ! was this a time for amorous conference ?  
Henriot, the tyrant's most devoted creature,  
Marshals the force of Paris : The fierce club,  
With Vivier at their head, in loud acclaim,  
Have sworn to make the guillotine in blood  
Float on the scaffold—But who comes here ?

*Enter BARRÈRE abruptly.*

BARRÈRE.

Say, are ye friends to freedom? I am hers!  
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds,  
Rally around her shrine! E'en now the tyrant  
Concerts a plan of instant massacre!

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Away to the Convention! with that voice,  
So oft the herald of glad victory,  
Rouse their fallen spirits, thunder in their ears  
The names of tyrant, plunderer, assassin!  
The violent workings of my soul within  
Anticipate the monster's blood!  
[*Cry from the street of—* 'No Tyrant! Down with the Tyrant!'

TALLIEN.

Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling members  
Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,  
I swear by the holy poniard, that stabbed Cæsar,  
This dagger probes his heart! [*Exeunt omnes.*

## ACT II.—By SOUTHEY.

SCENE.—*The Convention.*—ROBESPIERRE mounts the Tribune.

ROBESPIERRE.

Once more befits it that the voice of truth,  
Fearless in innocence, though leaguered round  
By envy and her hateful brood of hell,  
Be heard amid this hall; once more befits  
The patriot, whose prophetic eye so oft  
Has pierced through faction's veil, to flash on crimes  
Of deadliest import. Mouldering in the grave  
Sleeps Capet's caitiff corse; my daring hand  
Levelled to earth his blood-cemented throne,  
My voice declared his guilt, and stirred up France  
To call for vengeance. I too dug the grave  
Where sleep the Girondists, detested band!  
Long with the show of freedom they abused

Her ardent sons. Long time the well-turned phrase,  
 The high-fraught sentence, and the lofty tone  
 Of declamation thundered in this hall,  
 Till reason, 'midst a labyrinth of words  
 Perplexed, in silence seemed to yield assent.  
 I durst oppose. Soul of my honoured friend,  
 Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—  
 Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what warm zeal  
 I urged the cause of justice, stripped the mask  
 From faction's deadly visage, and destroyed  
 Her traitor brood. Whose patriot arm hurled down  
 Hébert and Ronsin, and the villain friends  
 Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long  
 Marked treason's form in liberty's fair garb,  
 Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy  
 Omnipotence! But I it seems am false!  
 I am a traitor too! I Robespierre!  
 I—at whose name the dastard despot brood  
 Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them!  
 Who dares accuse me? who shall dare belie  
 My spotless name? Speak, ye accomplice band;  
 Of what am I accused? of what strange crime  
 Is Maximilian Robespierre accused,  
 That through this hall the buzz of discontent  
 Should murmur? who shall speak?

BILLAUD VARENNES.

O patriot tongue

Belying the foul heart! Who was it urged  
 Friendly to tyrants that accurst decree,  
 Whose influence brooding o'er this hallowed hall,  
 Has chilled each tongue to silence? Who destroyed  
 The freedom of debate, and carried through  
 The fatal law, that doomed the delegates,  
 Unheard before their equals, to the bar  
 Where cruelty sat throned, and murder reigned  
 With her Dumas co-equal? Say, thou man  
 Of mighty eloquence, whose law was that?

COUTHON.

That law was mine. I urged it—I proposed—  
 The voice of France assembled in her sons  
 Assented, though the tame and timid voice



Of traitors murmured. I advised that law—  
I justify it. It was wise and good.

BARRÈRE.

Oh, wondrous wise and most convenient too !  
I have long marked thee, Robespierre—and now  
Proclaim thee traitor—tyrant ! [*Loud app'auses,*

ROBESPIERRE.

I am a traitor ! oh, that I had fallen  
When Regnault lifted high the murderous knife,  
Regnault the instrument belike of those  
Who now themselves would fain assassinate,  
And legalize their murders. I stand here  
An isolated patriot—hemmed around  
By faction's noisy pack ; beset and bayed  
By the foul hell-hounds who know no escape  
From justice' outstretched arm, but by the force  
That pierces through her breast.

[*Murmurs, and shouts of—*‘Down with the Tyrant !

ROBESPIERRE.

Nay, but I will be heard. There was a time  
When Robespierre began, the loud applauses  
Of honest patriots drowned the honest sound.  
But times are changed, and villany prevails.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

No—villany shall fall. France could not brook  
A monarch's sway—sounds the dictator's name  
More soothing to her ears ?

BOURDON L'OISE.

Rattle her chains  
More musically now than when the hand  
Of Brissot forged her fetters ; or the crew  
Of Hébert thundered out their blasphemies,  
And Danton talked of virtue ?

ROBESPIERRE.

Oh, that Brissot  
Were here again to thunder in this hall !  
That Hébert lived, and Danton's giant form  
Scowled once again defiance ! so my soul  
Might cope with worthy foes.

People of France

Hear me ! Beneath the vengeance of the law,

Traitors have perished countless ; more survive :  
 The hydra-headed faction lifts anew  
 Her daring front, and fruitful from her wounds,  
 Cautious from past defeats, contrives new wiles  
 Against the sons of Freedom.

TALLIEN.

Freedom lives !  
 Oppression falls—for France has felt her chains,  
 Has burst them too. Who traitor-like stept forth  
 Amid the hall of Jacobins to save  
 Camille Desmoulins, and the venal wretch  
 D'Eglantine ?

ROBESPIERRE.

I did—for I thought them honest.  
 And Heaven forbend that vengeance e'er should strike,  
 Ere justice doomed the blow.

BARRÈRE.

Traitor, thou didst.  
 Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs,  
 Awhile didst thou defend them, when the storm  
 Loured at safe distance. When the clouds frowned darker,  
 Feared for yourself and left them to their fate.  
 Oh, I have marked thee long, and through the veil  
 Seen thy foul projects ; yes, ambitious man,  
 Self-willed dictator o'er the realm of France,  
 The vengeance thou hast planned for patriots  
 Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds  
 Dishonour thine ! He the firm patriot,  
 Thou the foul parricide of Liberty !

ROBESPIERRE JUN.

Barrère—attempt not meanly to divide  
 Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,  
 For I partake his virtue.

ROBESPIERRE.

Brother, by my soul,  
 More dear I hold thee to my heart, that thus  
 With me thou dar'st to tread the dangerous path  
 Of virtue, than that nature twined her cords  
 Of kindred round us.

BARRÈRE.

Yes, allied in guilt,

Even as in blood ye are. Oh, thou worst wretch,  
 Thou worse than Sylla ! hast thou not proscribed,  
 Yea, in most foul anticipation slaughtered,  
 Each patriot representative of France ?

BOURDON L'OISE.

Was not the younger Cæsar too to reign  
 O'er all our valiant armies in the south,  
 And still continue there his merchant wiles ?

ROBESPIERRE JUN.

His merchant wiles ! O grant me patience, Heaven !  
 Was it by merchant wiles I gained you back  
 Toulon, when proudly on her captive towers  
 Waved high the English flag ? or fought I then  
 With merchant wiles, when sword in hand I led  
 Your troops to conquest ? fought I merchant-like,  
 Or bartered I for victory, when death  
 Strode o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,  
 And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smiled  
 Amid the bloody banquet ? when appalled  
 The hireling sons of England spread the sail  
 Of safety, fought I like a merchant then ?  
 Oh, patience ! patience !

BOURDON L'OISE.

How this younger tyrant  
 Mouths out defiance to us ! even so  
 He had led on the armies of the south,  
 Till once again the plains of France were drenched  
 With her best blood.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Till, once again displayed,  
 Lyons' sad tragedy had called me forth  
 The minister of wrath, whilst slaughter by  
 Had bathed in human blood.

DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

No wonder, friend,  
 That we are traitors—that our heads must fall  
 Beneath the axe of death ! When Cæsar-like  
 Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom  
 The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,  
 Hast thou not parcelled out deluded France,  
 As it had been some province won in fight



Between your curst triumvirate? You, Couthon,  
Go with my brother to the southern plains;  
St Just, be yours the army of the north;  
Meantime I rule at Paris.

ROBESPIERRE.

Matchless knave!

What—not one blush of conscience on thy cheek—  
Not one poor blush of truth! Most likely tale!  
That I who ruined Brissot's towering hopes,  
I who discovered Hébert's impious wiles,  
And sharpened for Danton's recreant neck the axe,  
Should now be traitor! had I been so minded,  
Think ye I had destroyed the very men  
Whose plots resemble mine! Bring forth your proofs  
Of this deep treason. Tell me in whose breast  
Found ye the fatal scroll? or tell me rather  
Who forged the shameless falsehood?

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Ask you proofs?

Robespierre, what proofs were asked when Brissot died?

LEGENDRE.

What proofs adduced you when the Danton died?  
When at the imminent peril of my life  
I rose, and fearless of thy frowning brow,  
Proclaimed him guiltless?

ROBESPIERRE.

I remember well

The fatal day. I do repent me much  
That I killed Cæsar and spared Antony.  
But I have been too lenient. I have spared  
The stream of blood, and now my own must flow  
To fill the current. [Loud applause.]

Triumph not too soon,

Justice may yet be victor.

*Enter St Just, and mounts the Tribune.*

St Just.

I come from the committee—charged to speak  
Of matters of high import. I omit  
Their orders. Representatives of France,  
Boldly in his own person speaks St Just  
What his own heart shall dictate.

TALLIEN.

Hear ye this,  
 Insulted delegates of France? St Just  
 From your committee comes—comes charged to speak  
 Of matters of high import—yet omits  
 Their orders! Representatives of France,  
 That bold man I denounce, who disobeys  
 The nation's orders.—I denounce St Just. [*Loud applauses.*  
 ST JUST.

Hear me!

[*Violent murmurs.*

ROBESPIERRE.

He shall be heard!

BOURDON L'OISE.

Must we contaminate this sacred hall  
 With the foul breath of treason?

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Drag him away!

Hence with him to the bar.

COUTHON.

Oh, just proceedings!

Robespierre prevented liberty of speech—  
 And Robespierre is a tyrant! Tallien reigns,  
 He dreads to hear the voice of innocence—  
 And St Just must be silent!

LEGENDRE.

Heed we well

That justice guide our actions. No light import  
 Attends this day. I move St Just be heard.

FRERON.

Inviolable be the sacred right of man,  
 The freedom of debate.

[*Violent applauses*

ST JUST.

I may be heard then! much the times are changed,  
 When St Just thanks this hall for hearing him.  
 Robespierre is called a tyrant. Men of France,  
 Judge not too soon. By popular discontent  
 Was Aristides driven into exile,  
 Was Phocion murdered. Ere ye dare pronounce  
 Robespierre is guilty, it befits ye well,  
 Consider who accuse him. Tallien,  
 Bourdon of Oise—the very men denounced,

For that their dark intrigues disturbed the plan  
Of government. Legendre the sworn friend  
Of Danton fallen apostate. Dubois Crancé,  
He who at Lyons spared the royalists—  
Collot d'Herbois—

BOURDON L'OISE.

What—shall the traitor rear  
His head amid our tribune—and blaspheme  
Each patriot? shall the hireling slave of faction—

ST JUST.

I am of no one faction. I contend  
Against all factions.

TALLIEN.

I espouse the cause  
Of truth. Robespierre on yester-morn pronounced  
Upon his own authority a report :  
To-day St Just comes down. St Just neglects  
What the committee orders, and harangues  
From his own will. O citizens of France,  
I weep for you—I weep for my poor country—  
I tremble for the cause of Liberty,  
When individuals shall assume the sway,  
And with more insolence than kingly pride  
Rule the republic.

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Shudder, ye representatives of France,  
Shudder with horror. Henriot commands  
The marshalled force of Paris. Henriot,  
Foul parricide—the sworn ally of Hébert,  
Denounced by all—upheld by Robespierre.  
Who spared La Valette? who promoted him,  
Stained with the deep dye of nobility?  
Who to an ex-peer gave the high command?  
Who screened from justice the rapacious thief?  
Who cast in chains the friends of Liberty?  
Robespierre, the self-styled patriot Robespierre—  
Robespierre, allied with villain Daubigné—  
Robespierre, the foul arch-tyrant Robespierre.

BOURDON L'OISE.

He talks of virtue—of morality—  
Consistent patriot! he Daubigné's friend!



Henriot's supporter virtuous! preach of virtue,  
 Yet league with villains, for with Robespierre  
 Villains alone ally. Thou art a tyrant!  
 I style thee tyrant, Robespierre!

[*Loud applauses.*]

ROBESPIERRE.

Take back the name. Ye citizens of France—

[*Violent clamour. Cries of—*‘Down with the Tyrant!’]

TALLIEN.

Oppression falls. The traitor stands appalled—  
 Guilt's iron fangs engasp his shrinking soul—  
 He hears assembled France denounce his crimes!  
 He sees the mask torn from his secret sins—  
 He trembles on the precipice of fate.  
 Fallen guilty tyrant! murdered by thy rage  
 How many an innocent victim's blood has stained  
 Fair freedom's altar! Sylla-like thy hand  
 Marked down the virtues, that, thy foes removed,  
 Perpetual Dictator thou might'st reign,  
 And tyrannize o'er France, and call it freedom!  
 Long time in timid guilt the traitor planned  
 His fearful wiles—success emboldened sin—  
 And his stretched arm had grasped the diadem  
 Ere now, but that the coward's heart recoiled,  
 Lest France awaked should rouse her from her dream,  
 And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Cæsar,  
 With rapid step urged on his bold career,  
 Even to the summit of ambitious power,  
 And deemed the name of King alone was wanting.  
 Was it for this we hurled proud Capet down?  
 Is it for this we wage eternal war  
 Against the tyrant horde of murderers,  
 The crowned cockatrices whose foul venom  
 Infects all Europe? was it then for this  
 We swore to guard our liberty with life,  
 That Robespierre should reign? the spirit of freedom  
 Is not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame  
 That animates each honest Frenchman's heart  
 Not yet extinguished. I invoke thy shade,  
 Immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger;  
 And if the representatives of France,  
 Through fear of favour should delay the sword

Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues ;  
 Tallien, like Brutus, lifts the avenging arm ;  
 Tallien shall save his country. [*Violent applauses.*]

BILLAUD VARENNES.

I demand

The arrest of all these traitors. Memorable  
 Will be this day for France.

ROBESPIERRE.

Yes ! Memorable

This day will be for France—for villains triumph.

LEBAS.

I will not share in this day's damning guilt.

Condemn me too. [*Great cry—'Down with the Tyrants.*]

[*The two ROBESPIERRES, COUTHON, ST JUST, and LEBAS  
 are led off.*]

### ACT III. (By SOUTHEY.)

SCENE *continues.*

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Cæsar is fallen ! The baneful tree of Java,  
 Whose death-distilling boughs dropt poisonous dew,  
 Is rooted from its base. This worse than Cromwell,  
 The austere, the self-denying Robespierre,  
 Even in this hall, where once with terror mute  
 We listened to the hypocrite's harangues,  
 Has heard his doom.

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Yet must we not suppose

The tyrant will fall tamely. His sworn hireling  
 Henriot, the daring desperate Henriot  
 Commands the force of Paris. I denounce him.

FRERON.

I denounce Fleuriot too, the mayor of Paris.

*Enter DUBOIS CRANCÉ.*

DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

Robespierre is rescued. Henriot at the head

Of the armed force has rescued the fierce tyrant.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens  
To save their country—never yet has Paris  
Forsook the representatives of France.

TALLIEN.

It is the hour of danger. I propose  
This sitting be made permanent.

[*Loud applause*]

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

The national Convention shall remain  
Firm at its post.

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER.

Robespierre has reached the Commune. They espouse  
The tyrant's cause. St Just is up in arms!  
St Just—the young ambitious bold St Just  
Harangues the mob. The sanguinary Couthon  
Thirsts for your blood.

[*Tocsin rings*]

TALLIEN.

These tyrants are in arms against the law:  
Outlaw the rebels.

*Enter MERLIN of Douay.*

MERLIN.

Health to the representatives of France!  
I passed this moment through the armed force—  
They asked my name—and when they heard a delegate,  
Swore I was not the friend of France.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

The tyrants threaten us as when they turned  
The cannon's mouth on Brissot.

*Enter another MESSENGER.*

SECOND MESSENGER.

Vivier harangues the Jacobins—the club  
Espouse the cause of Robespierre.

*Enter another MESSENGER.*

THIRD MESSENGER.

All's lost—the tyrant triumphs. Henriot leads  
The soldiers to his aid—already I hear  
The rattling cannon destined to surround  
This sacred hall.



TALLIEN.

Why, we will die like men then.

The representatives of France dare death,  
When duty steels their bosoms.

[*Loud applauses.*]TALLIEN. (*addressing the galleries.*)

Citizens!

France is insulted in her delegates—

The majesty of the republic is insulted—

Tyrants are up in arms. An armed force

Threats the Convention. The Convention swears

To die, or save the country!

[*Violent applauses from the galleries*]CITIZEN. (*from above.*)

We too swear

To die or save the country. Follow me.

[*All the men quit the galleries.*]*Enter another* MESSENGER.

FOURTH MESSENGER.

Henriot is taken!—

[*Loud applauses.*]

Henriot is taken. Three of your brave soldiers

Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,

Or perish in the attempt. As he patrolled

The streets of Paris stirring up the mob,

They seized him.

[*Applauses.*]

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Let the names of these brave men

Live to the future day.

*Enter* BOURDON L'OISE, *sword in hand.*

BOURDON L'OISE.

I've cleared the Commune.

[*Applauses.*]

Through the throng I rushed,

Brandishing my good sword to drench its blade

Deep in the tyrant's heart. The timid rebels

Gave way. I met the soldiery—I spake

Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chained

In dark deep dungeons by his lawless rage—

Of knaves secure beneath his fostering power.

I spake of Liberty. Their honest hearts

Caught the warm flame. The general shout burst forth,

'Live the Convention—Down with Robespierre!'

[*Applauses*  
[*Shouts from without*—'Down with the Tyrant!'

TALLIEN.

I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sounds,  
France shall be saved! her generous sons, attached  
To principles, not persons, spurn the idol  
They worshipped once. Yes, Robespierre shall fall  
As Capet fell! Oh! never let us deem  
That France shall crouch beneath a tyrant's throne,  
That the almighty people who have broke  
On their oppressors' head the oppressive chain,  
Will court again their fetters! easier were it  
To hurl the cloud-capt mountain from its base,  
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men  
Determined to be free!

[*Applauses.*

*Enter* LEGENDRE—*A pistol in one hand, keys in the other.*

LEGENDRE. (*flinging down the keys.*)

So—let the mutinous Jacobins meet now  
In the open air.

[*Loud applauses*

A factious turbulent party  
Lording it o'er the state since Danton died,  
And with him the Cordeliers.—A hireling band  
Of loud-tongued orators controlled the club  
And bade them bow the knee to Robespierre.  
Vivier has 'scaped me. Curse his coward heart—  
This fate-fraught tube of Justice in my hand,  
I rushed into the hall. He marked mine eye  
That beamed its patriot anger, and flashed full  
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng  
He mingled. I pursued—but staid my hand,  
Lest haply I might shed the innocent blood.

[*Applauses.*

FRERON.

They took from me my ticket of admission—  
Expelled me from their sittings.—Now, forsooth,  
Humbled and trembling re-insert my name.  
But Freron enters not the club again  
'Till it be purged of guilt—till, purified  
Of tyrants and of traitors, honest men  
May breathe the air in safety.

[*Shouts from without.*

BARRÈRE.

What means this uproar? if the tyrant band  
Should gain the people once again to rise—  
We are as dead!

TALLIEN.

And wherefore fear we death?  
Did Brutus fear it? or the Grecian friends  
Who buried in Hipparchus' breast the sword,  
And died triumphant? Cæsar should fear death,  
Brutus must scorn the bugbear.

[*Shouts from without* — 'Live the Convention!' — 'Down  
with the tyrants!']

TALLIEN.

Hark! again

The sounds of honest Freedom!

*Enter Deputies from the Sections.*

CITIZEN.

Citizens! representatives of France!  
Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris  
Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear  
They will defend the delegates of Freedom.

TALLIEN.

Hear ye this, Colleagues? hear ye this, my brethren?  
And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts?  
My bosom bounds to rapture. I have seen  
The sons of France shake off the tyrant yoke;  
I have, as much as lies in mine own arm,  
Hurled down the usurper.—Come death when it will  
I have lived long enough.

[*Shouts without.*]

BARRÈRE.

Hark! how the noise increases! through the gloom  
Of the still evening—harbinger of death  
Rings the tocsin! the dreadful generale  
Thunders through Paris.—

[*Cry without*—'Down with the Tyrants!']

*Enter LECOINTRE.*

LECOINTRE.

So may eternal justice blast the foes  
Of France! so perish all the tyrant brood,  
As Robespierre has perished! Citizens,  
Cæsar is taken.

[*Loud and repeated applauses.*]



I marvel not that with such fearless front  
 He braved our vengeance, and with angry eye  
 Scowled round the hall defiance. He relied  
 On Henriot's aid—the Commune's villain friendship  
 And Henriot's boughten succours. Ye have heard  
 How Henriot rescued him—how with open arms  
 The Commune welcomed in the rebel tyrant—  
 How Fleuriot aided, and seditious Vivier  
 Stirred up the Jacobins. All had been lost—  
 The representatives of France had perished—  
 Freedom had sunk beneath the tyrant arm  
 Of this foul parricide, but that her spirit  
 Inspired the men of Paris. Henriot called  
 'To arms' in vain, whilst Bourdon's patriot voice  
 Breathed eloquence, and o'er the Jacobins  
 Legendre frowned dismay. The tyrants fled—  
 They reached the Hotel. We gathered round—we called  
 For vengeance! Long time, obstinate in despair,  
 With knives they hacked around them. Till foreboding  
 The sentence of the law, the clamorous cry  
 Of joyful thousands hailing their destruction,  
 Each sought by suicide to escape the dread  
 Of death. Lebas succeeded. From the window  
 Leapt the younger Robespierre, but his fractured limb  
 Forbade to escape. The self-willed dictator  
 Plunged often the keen knife in his dark breast,  
 Yet impotent to die. He lives all mangled  
 By his own tremulous hand! All gashed and gored  
 He lives to taste the bitterness of death.  
 Even now they meet their doom. The bloody Couthon,  
 The fierce St Just, even now attend their tyrant  
 To fall beneath the axe. I saw the torches  
 Flash on their visages a dreadful light—  
 I saw them whilst the black blood rolled adown  
 Each stern face, even then with dauntless eye  
 Scowl round contemptuous, dying as they lived,  
 Fearless of fate.

*[Loud and repeated applause]*

BARRÈRE. (*mounts the Tribune.*)  
 For ever hallowed be this glorious day,  
 When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,  
 Tramples on the oppressor. When the tyrant