



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

ENGLISH
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD



UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY

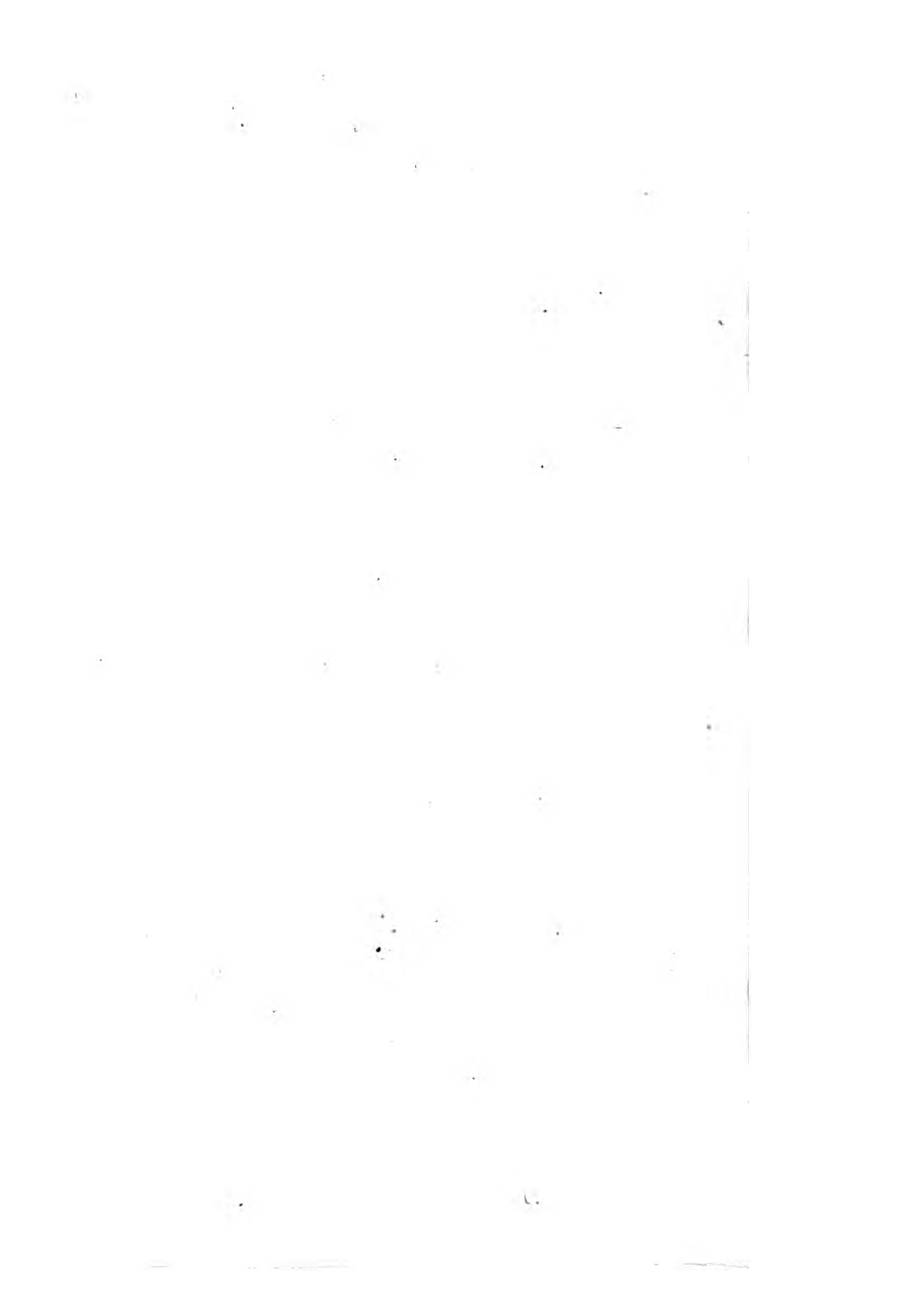
*This book was bought with
the help of the*
ALL SOULS (G. M. YOUNG)
BENEFACTION

37961

XM 42.21 [Dra

for Naga





John F. M. Dovaston,

Apr. 1825.

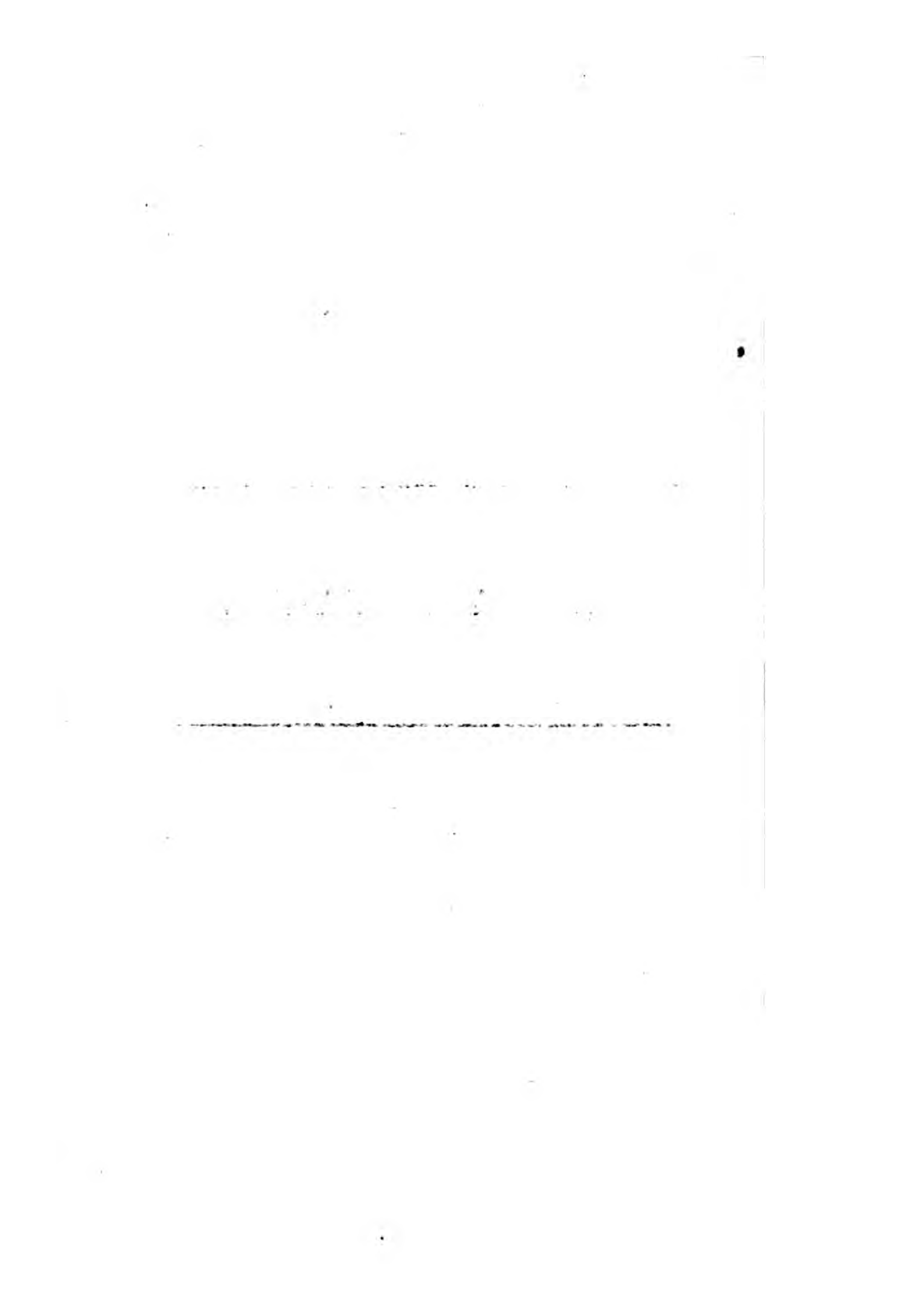
9th 2^d V. Es.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, appearing as a series of dark, connected strokes.

Handwritten text, possibly a date or a short phrase, appearing as a few distinct dark marks.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, appearing as a series of dark, connected strokes.

DRAMATIC TALES.



Dramatic Tales ;

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "THE POETIC MIRROR."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

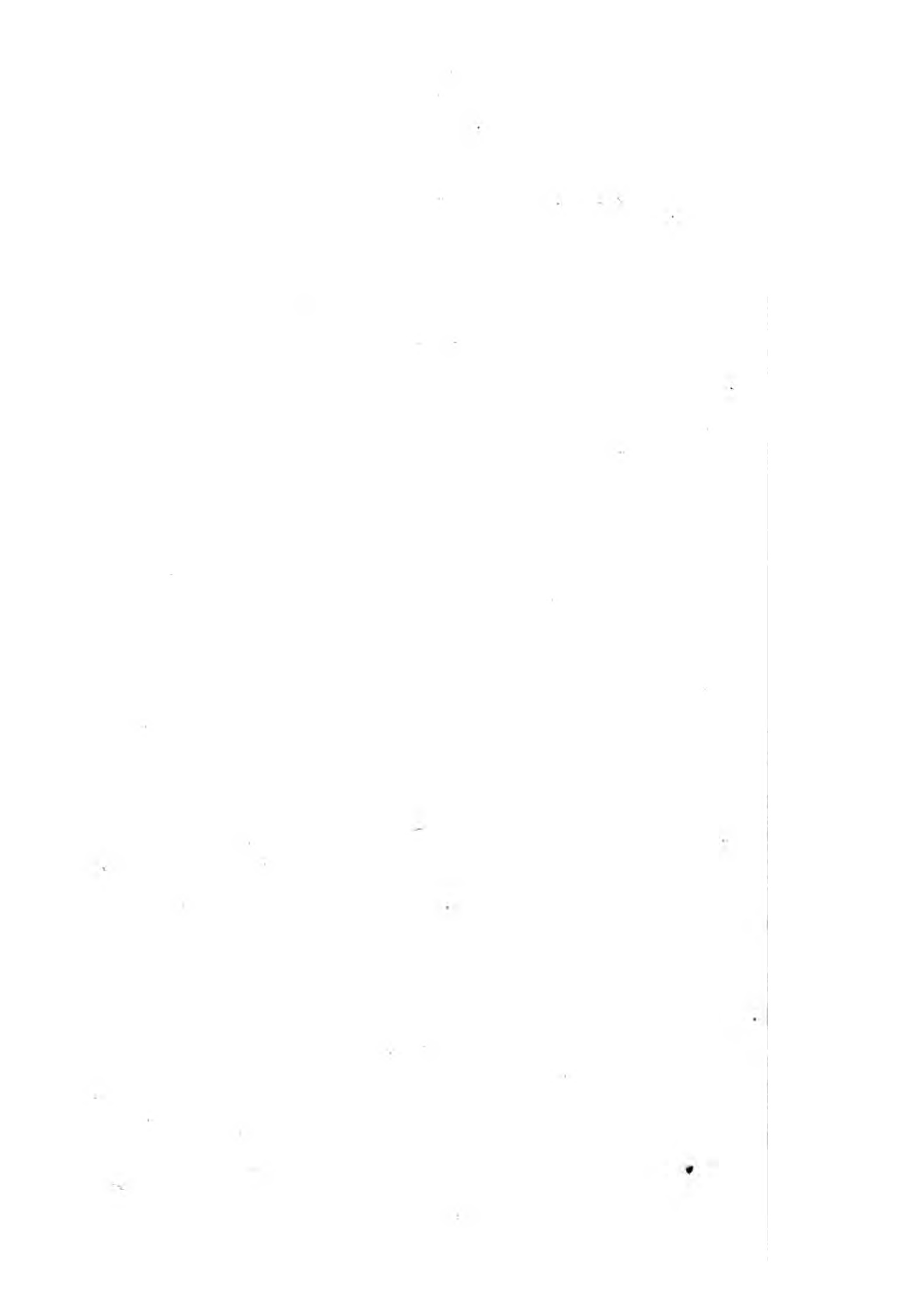
Turn in and taste this sharpe preparative
For our intended feaste ; but no restraynt
Fetter thy free imaginatioune ;
If it not likes thee, curse it, and walke forth.

EDINBURGH :

Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
LONDON ; AND JOHN BALLANTYNE, HANOVER-STREET,
EDINBURGH.

1817.



ALL-HALLOW-EVE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD HINDLEE.

GEMEL, } *Wealthy Shepherds.*
BEN, }

FATHER LAWRENCE.

HUTCHON, *Servant to Lord Hindlee.*
Shepherds, Peasants, Robbers, &c.

GELON GRÆME, } *Country Maidens.*
MALDIE, }

ISABEL, *Mother to Gelon Græme.*

MARTHA, *Mother to Gemel.*

GRIMALD, } *Two Weird Women.*
NORA, }

ALL-HALLOW-EVE.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

Inside of a Cottage.

GRIMALD and **NORA**, *two weird women.*

Nora. Sister, we thrive.

Grim. We'll mounch belyve;

For the maidens long, and the witalings wive.

Nora. To every link I have added seven;

I bode of luck ere the hour eleven;

The spirits are come, and the sign's in heaven.

Grim. We'll thrive!—thrive!

But never to shrive !

Till the dew fall red and Moules arrive.

Sister, sing to that. (*They sing wildly.*) We'll thrive,
&c.

Nora. Sister, sister—achieve ! achieve !

Steep the weft, and the searcloth weave !

We may thrive and fear, and fear and thrive,

But we'll never be safe while Gemel's alive.

Grim. I fear him less than he fears me,

For all his jargon and mockery.

I have wrought well for Gemel's cross,

I have earned him sorrow and loss,—

I have earned him trouble and pain.

Nora. Sister, curse him once again.

Grim. Hear me—hear me, mighty Moules !

When the bristle-cock sleeps, and the martin prowls,

May all thy fays that rock in the tree,

And all thy elves that hide on the lea,—

That peep o'er the green leaf quaking high,

Or out of the blue-bell wound with the eye,
Prick and pierce him in nerve and spleen,
By the arrows felt, but never seen ;
Then by flame unbodied burn him ;
Then on racking windlass turn him,
Till his temples quiver and ache anew,
And the cold sweat bell like drops of dew.
Toil him and moil him, again and again !
Sicken his heart, and sear his brain ;
Wear him away, and then !—and then !
We'll thrive !—thrive !
But never to shrive !
Till the dew fall red and Moules arrive !

(They sing wildly.) We'll thrive, &c.

Enter HUTCHON.

Hut. We'll brook your mirth, good women—war-
ble on,
Regard not me.

Nora. Hutchon, I ween?—How camest thou by
our cot?

You are most welcome to our poor abode.

Hut. I came to ask your counsel—nay, and more,
If you judge meet, to crave your kind assistance.
My lord, whom I esteem, again is seized
With that wild raving ardency of feeling
Which erst assailed him, and which drives him on
Close to the verge of dark insanity.
The cause at this time is a beauteous maid,
Hight Gelon Græme—a most bewitching thing,
Simple as weaned child.—I know full well
Your power, and what effect your bodings have
Among the rath young votaries to love,
Who will be borrowing of futurity
Shadows and counterfeits, which they must pay
In different coinage.

Grim. Speak thy mission, carl,
And spare thy bald and sickening sophistry.

Hut. This maiden shuns him, and rejects his suit,
It seems she is betroth'd to that young hind,
Who boasts such numerous flocks and herds, and has
The hearts of all the maidens.—If she wed,
No anodyne will stay Lord Hindlee's mind
From straying into pathless vacancy.

Grim. What must we do?—name thy request
and go.

Hut. Could'st thou pronounce some high decree
of fate,—
Somewhat foretel to discompose the current,
And mar the onward flow of these events,
O it might save a noble mind from ruin,
And thy reward thou only hast to name.
Each word and token that have past between,
I will supply withal, to give thy bodings
Semblance of verity.

Nora. (*Aside.*) Say nought of that
Before our sister—You and I must fit

Things to a natural channel ; but with her
All earthly help is scorned—No hint of it.—

Come to the festival at Isabel's.

This night is Hallow-Eve—I will be there.—

Sister, wilt thou ?

Grim. Not I,

For I can spy

Things but conceived afar and nigh.

My servitor has searching eye.

(She waves her hand to HUTCHON.)

Stay not ; list not ; homeward hie.

(Exit HUTCHON, running.)

Sister, we have the wind and the tide,

Gemel the shepherd shall lose his bride.

Moules has stole from kimmer's shelf

Hornet spear, and arrow of elf.—

Gemel the shepherd shall lose himself !

Hail ! hail ! mighty Moules !

King of the tempest that maddens and howls !—

King of the spirits that flicker and play,
And ride on the rack of the heaven away,
Away! away!—for ever and aye!—
That ride on the rack of the heaven away.
Sister, sing to that. (*They sing.*) Hail! hail! &c.

SCENE II.

Enter HUTCHON, listening.

Hut. Beshrew my heart, if't does not palpitate
And tremble at the figures and the looks
Of these unnatural beings. They are crazed;
Or else, indeed, they are two hags of hell.
'Tis plain old Grimald weens it so; she has
So long imposed on others, it has grown
Upon her own belief, till, by degrees,
Her slender shreds of reason are o'erborne,
And she imposes broadly on herself.

Hark ! how they chaunt their wild unholy rites
To some dark power, framed by their fantasy !
'Tis said that oft the lated traveller hears
These howls at midnight rising on the gale,
And, mixing with the rushing sound that bursts
From out the linn, makes most unearthly music.
'Tis imposition all ! and yet I wot not
How it should hap—but they have chilled my blood,
And I shall see their faces in my sleep.

SCENE III.

A Room in a Country house.

ISABEL, GELON.

Isa. Now, my loved Gelon, if Lord Hindlee come,
And join our sports to-night, as is most like,
Use him respectfully. Why should you fly,

And shun the noble youth who loves you thus ?

Gel. Good mother, I love too ; and women's love,
Certes, ought to be much as men's respected.
What boots Lord Hindlee's love to one like me ?
It cannot lead to good, and never shall
From me have countenance.

*Enter GEMEL, MALDIE, BEN, and other Shepherds
and Shepherdesses, all of the higher order.*

Isa. You're welcome, Gemel—You are welcome
all.

We longed much for you.—Give us all your hands.
My Gelon here has been at pains to cull
Each herb and flower of potent witchery,
To lend variety unto your sports,
And settle every wedding—every kiss
That is to hap within our valley's bound
For one full year at least ; and I have bid

The women of the Linn, that they may read
Each fair fulfilment properly and plain.

Gem. Fie on th' imposing hags!—Ere I beheld
Their hateful forms, I'd rather look upon
A toad, or any thing more loath'd by man.

Isa. Ah! Gemel, Gemel! you will nought be-
lieve

Of their malicious and most powerful spells!
I needs must humour them, and pay them too,
Else I would dearly buy it—Yet I fear
This is a sin in me; although, God wot,
I dare not discontinue't. This same night,
Had they not been invited, your gays
Would all have ended in some rueful way.

Gem. Oh shame! how can'st thou say so?

Isa. You'll not believe; but sad experience
Hath proved the truth to me.

Gem. Come, let us have some music or a song

Until the rest arrive—What say you to
A song from Maiden Maldie?

Omnes. (*Clapping their hands*). A song! a song!
A song from Maldie, &c.

(*MALDIE sings.*)

*Alone on the mountain poor Mona reclined,
Her locks hung neglected and waved in the wind,
On her face was a smile, though her reason had fled,
And a tear on the wild-rose that hung o'er her head.*

*The dew of the mountain, the wind, and the rain,
Will ne'er cool the fever that burns in her brain!
The Spring may the beauties of nature restore,
But will beam on the mind of poor Mona no more!*

(*During the Song Lord HINDLEE and HUT-
CHON enter softly.*)

Hind. Bless the sweet singer!—peace to this
fair group.—

Maid, thou hast pierced my heart, for I have seen
Thy Mona's very antitype. I had

A sister once!—Dame, you have seen my sister?

Isa. Ah, yes! poor injured spirit! well I knew
her!

Heaven give her rest in its most happy home!

Hind. I was but young then—But her mein and
air,

When her pure, fervent mind, began to waver
And combat with distraction, never shall
From my remembrance part!—I know I shall
Sometime be in such erring state myself!—
Dame, note me:—My poor sister's not in heaven!
She's still on earth; for I have seen her here
Walk by my side, and look me in the face,
Half-smiling; but a shade of woe, even then,
Rests on her pallid cheek. 'Twas but last night!
List to me, dame, I'll tell you what I saw.

Gel. Oh, do not tell it now !—prithee, not now ;
'Twill spoil our sports, my lord,—we must be gay,
And you shall join us.

Hind. Say'st thou so, fair Gelon ?
Then since thou dost, I will join in them all.
Sure he who would not join such purity,
Deserves no happiness in this bad world,
Nor in a better one.

Gel. Hush, hush, my lord !
You're sad, but yet you flatter.—Oh, I fear
You think not well of me—'tis said the great
Speak seldom as they think.—I know full well
You think not as you say of me, my lord !

Hind. O could I speak but one half that I think
Of thy unequall'd beauty, and thy goodness !

Enter NORA.

Nora. Blithe be your sports ; but you are lag-
gards all—

Bustle ! Be yare ! you lose the best o' the night.
The spirits are abroad, and tiptoe stand
Listening your talk, and looking in your eyes
To mark the currents of your inclinations,
And how your fancies lie.—They wait but word
To answer you, or take the forms you like.

Gemel. Thou old impostor ! thou art ignorant
As brutal instinct !—As the shelled worm,
Or grovelling mole that never sees the sun !

Nora. Nay, now boy Gemel, thou know'st other-
wise ;

Or, if thou dost not, shall—take note of that.

Gel. Gemel, thou'rt much mistaken.—She knows
more

Than thou art ware of—join us this one night
And thou shalt hear her tell *such things* !

Gemel. My Gelon, 'tis a grievous fault in thee,
Thy constant trucking with these foolish hags.

Gel. Join us to-night, I ask it as a favour.

Gem. At your request, I will ; but it shall be
T' expose, and hold their skill up to contempt.

Gel. First then, dear comrades, ere our darkling
sports

In barn-yard, and in kiln commence, old Nora here
Shall read our fortunes round—she'll tell us more,
Than colwort, hemp-seed, and all freaks beside.

Omnes. Yes, yes ; our fortunes ! our fortunes !
Mine, wife—Good Nora, mine—
Mine first, if you please.

(They push their hands before one another.)

Gem. Hold : let us try this mighty skill of hers.
Our hands are much alike—go we all in,
And one by one return, wrapt from her view ;
The palms alone be seen—I'll bet she gives
Good, rich, and loving husbands to some men,
And wives to women.

Hut. 'Tis well conceived.

As my best days are bye, I will attend
And witness her mistakes.

Omnes. Aye, aye, Hutchon shall witness.

Hut. (*Aside to NORA.*) Fear not, thou shalt know
all,

And all of them ; pray give it home to some.

(*Exeunt all but NORA. HUTCHON stops and
makes signs, to which she assents.*)

Nora. (*Chaunts aloud.*) Moules, be nigh !

Be yare !—be sly !

Tickle the ear and itch the eye ;

And O, the trembling heart-strings ply,

Till the little toiler torpid lie

In the sickening wave of mystery.

Re-enter MALDIE wrapped in gown and hood, led by

HUTCHON, who makes signs to NORA.

Ah, what a pretty palm !—How white it is,

And warm and moist!—not over hard with work.

Ah me! what's this I see!—O fie! O fie!

(MALDIE pulls in her hand.)

Nay, show it me—I will say nothing out

That is unmeet, but only in your ear.

Oh, aye! Here's something of a Sunday eve,

And of a braken bush, I see!—A ring!

(She offers to pull away her hand.)

A snood, a kerchief, garters fringed with gold!

And oaths of love!—I see well how it is!

A W and a B!—Who can it be?

I would give much to know who owns this hand.

The business rests not here—nor half—nor tenth:

One—Two—Three—Four! O love

Bestow not all thy bounty upon one!

*(She pulls away her hand and whispers HUT-
CHON aside.)*

Hut. She bids me ask if all of these are husbands?

Nora. Would'st thou wish it truly?—lovers, lovers!

Fear not, poor chuck, there is a husband here ;
 A quiet man, I wot—Sad doings though !
 But all's full close—It is a right fair fortune—
 Let me see—Boys—Four—Girls—Gramercy !

Hut. What ? what ?

Nora. Children—children—brats.

Hut. All to one husband ?

Nora. Oh ! Ah ! Must I tell all ? Eh ?

*MALDIE runs off—Enter GELON masked—HUT-
 CHON makes signs.*

Whom have we here ?—A boy or girl is it ?
 A very maid forsooth !—Who could have trowed ?
 And such a fortune—Ah ?—I like it not !
 A first love broken off, just at the time
 When hope was high—I am fully sorry for it ;
 But it is inevitably fixed—good sooth !—
 Oh there has been some ribbons gifted here !
 A gown of silk refused !—A diamond ring !—

There must be some mistake. I'll say no more ;
 Only, I see the present lover's cast.
 I'm sorry for him, though he has play'd false.
 Could I but learn whose was this hand, I might
 Name the new lover—I have etchings here,
 But 'tis so strange I dare not give it breath.

(GELON and HUTCHON *whisper.*)

Hut. She begs that you will tell her more of this.

Nora. I dare not, 'tis so far beyond belief.

Hut. She says she'll die if you tell her no more.

Who is to be her husband ? Who play'd false ?

Nora. She will not credit me—go, go away,

Haply we'll find it out before the morrow.

(*Exeunt GELON and HUTCHON—Re-enter*

HUTCHON and GEMEL masked.)

Here is an honest hand—(*pause*)—Ah ! what do I
 see ? (Screams.)

Ah !—Oh ! Oh !—I'll look no more.

O such a sight !—bring me some water, Hutchon.

Why do you take me unawares, and force me
 To look on things enough to blench the sight
 Of vision'd eye for ever?—Tell me not,
 Nor ever let me know whose is that hand.

Hut. Its owner begs you'll only mention that
 You deem'd you saw—nor farther makes request.

Nora. I saw no bride-bed but a winding-sheet;
 I saw a coffin with a fringed lid;
 I read it: It was AGED 23.

Oh, I am sick!—I must into my cot.

Good sport, and fair fore-tokens to you all.

(*Exit NORA.*)

Hut. Such uncompounded stuff! Out on the hag!
 If I not tremble at her.

Gem. (*Much troubled.*) Not I: I heed her not;—
 but such a rede!

Hut. Be not cast down; 'tis sheer imposture all.

Gem. I know it—I know it—stuff, stuff.

(*The rest enter.*)

Hut. Our oracle is gone—we were too hard
For her familiar.

Omnes. Oh, what a loss! I am miss'd; and I, &c.

Hut. Now may I tell the fortunes she has given.
First, to Dame Maldie—

Mal. (*Stopping him.*) Ah, Hutchon, for thy life!
No word of mine: I would not for the world.
Ah! I shall ne'er forget!—We little know
What is laid before us: some have much to do!
And much to bear!—Who will go home with me?
I shall not go alone to-night!

Ben. Thou well know'st who will.

Mal. Think'st thou I'll go with thee?

Hut. Then to our Gelon she foretold—

Gel. (*Stopping him.*) Hold, Hutchon! for my sake,
oh, do forbear!

I cannot suffer it. But tell us Gemel's.—

So, Master Gemel, you have play'd me false;

But you'll be paid in kind!

Gem. Me?

Gel. Aye, *me*! Why else does *me* look so pale?
Ah! I have found you out! Does Nora now
Know nought that is to be, or that has been?

Gem. I need not care.

Gel. And think you I do?—sooth!

Mal. She knows each thing we do : she told me all
I ever did ; and much that no one knows
But I alone.

Hut. Yes ; another.

Mal. No other living.

Hut. What? Of the ring, you know? and braken
bush?

And Sunday evening too?

Mal. Oh, these were lies—all lies.

Hut. What part then was the truth, I wonder
much?

Mal. She is an odd woman!

Gel. A most wonderful woman!

Mal. Her foresight reaches far far onward.

Gel. Her sister's wisdom soars a thousand times
Higher than her's, beyond the stars and moon ;
But she is strange, mysterious, and reserved.
Come to our sports—we lose our time—away !

(Exeunt all but ISABEL and HINDLEE.)

Hind. Dame, I am ill at ease—make my excuse
To these fair maidens. That which should me move
To gaiety and mirth outdoes itself ;
Winds up the chords of feeling till they rack
To listless apathy ; and all within
Becomes a reeling dizzy wilderness.
Oh, 'tis unbrookable, that cumbrous growth !
That giant of the mind, that heaves and swells,
Till scarce a form of nature can be traced
Within its dark and hideous magnitude.
Adieu, good dame, commend me to your daughter.

Isa. I often have done so ; but you have never
Made proffer that a mother may commend.

Hind. I love her as I love myself, good dame,
And much, much better !

Isa. Sure you would never wish possess my child
But by the privilege of holy wedlock ?

Hind. I would not sully such a gem for worlds ;
And wed with her, I dare not—Oh ! No, no !
My heart is torn !—Dost thou believe in visions ?

Isa. Ay, that I do, as truly as I credit
Aught that I see or hear.

Hind. When thou wert young,
If one thou knew'st in life had come again
From out the grave, and stood up by thy side,
And smiled on thee, and told thee thou should'st live
To kill thy husband, would'st thou have believed it ?

Isa. O never, never !—that was not in nature.
I would have view'd it as it was—A plot
Of man's great enemy to thwart the right,
To maze my mind and lead me into error.

Hind. I bless thee for that thought—Dame, thou
art wise,

Upright, and shrewd : I honour thee for this.

O thou hast taken a weight from off my heart

That did oppress me.—I will wed thy daughter

Next month—next week—to-morrow if you will :

This and my love to her.—Adieu, good dame.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.—*As before.*

*Enter SHEPHERDS and MAIDS as before, laughing—
the former carrying long stalks of Colwort.*

Gelon. Ha, ha! such brave mates as our lads have
got!

1st Shep. By my life, but mine is a strapper!

2d Shep. See what a crooked carling I have got!
Confound her!—witch!—who can this be?

Ben. Mine has neither root nor branch;
A dry, bare, barren wilderness mine is!
Look at it, beauteous Maldie—this is you.

Mal. Begone, you naughty thing!—it is not me:
My fortune's otherwise, I'd have you know.

Ben. I think it is you—see to what you'll turn:
A wither'd bargain I shall have of you!

Gel. But where is Gemel's? Gemel has got none;
Poor man! he gets no wife at all!

Gem. Sooth, I forgot!—I will go seek one now.

Ben. What ails you, Gemel? you are not your-
self;

Some sickly, thoughtful mood oppresses you.

Gem. I never was so well, nor yet so merry.

Ha, ha! what a runt Ben has got. Ha, ha!

(Forces a laugh.)

Gel. This is unprofitable game—We get
A laugh, but nothing more.

Ben. And pray, what more would Madam Gelon
have?

Gel. Say, maidens—would it not be better play
That brought our lovers in before our eyes?

Omnes. Oh, far, far better!—Let us to that!

Mal. I love to see the fellows face to face.

Ben. And I the maidens—Come, let's have the
sleeve.

Maldie?—Come hither, my loved Maldie : list,
We may meet face to face without the sleeve.

Mal. I tell you, go ; I'll none of you ;
I would not speak nor look to such a thing,—
A faithless flatterer that changes still.

Come, let us wake the slieve.—Is there a stream
Near by that runs straight southward ?

Ben. Yes, the burn of the linn—straight south.

Gel. There will we dip the sleeve, and watch it
there

With the wierd women ; they will manage all
Most properly, and sure to the effect.

Gem. Oh, by all means !—we'll go
And try them once again, I long for that.

Gel. How you are alter'd in so short a time !

Gem. Pray you, let me go first, I do entreat.

Gel. No ; all must go by chance—here cast we
lots. (*They draw lots.*)

Gel. Maldie is first again ; she is to be
The first a bride.

Ben. How you miscalculate !
The first is aye the last—the last the first.
I will not have her for seven years at least.

Mal. And who would wait that time for *such* a
man ?

Look at him, comrades ! who would wait for him ?
Would any living wait for shred like that ?

Ben. (*Fetching his runt.*) Here is the prototype—
pray look at this !

What comeliness is here ! Ah, Maldie ! look—

(*Exit MALDIE.*)

I'll steal away and watch behind the wall
To see what form my Maldie's lover is.

(*Exit BEN on the other side.*)

SCENE II.

*The Witches' Cot.*GRIMALD *and* NORA.

Grim. Sister, little do ye ken !
Seek butt—seek ben—
I feel the sa'r of Christian men.

Nora. It is our help-mate in his den ;
A spirit of a wonderous guise,
Who must not be seen by Christian eyes ;
We have him safe, and, come who will,
Unimpeached stands our skill.

Enter MALDIE.

Ah ! whom have we here,
With her dripping shift-sleeve ?

Mal. I want to see him bodily.—We all
Are coming to you, one by one, to watch
The new-wash'd sleeve, and see our future loves.

Grim. Go, girl!—You are too fond!—'Tis shame
of you!

Not yet full fledged!—But looking o'er the nest,
And conjuring for lovers!—Get thee gone!

Nora. Nay, nay! Dame Maldie must have lover
too,

Like other women!—It must have a husband,
Sweet elf, to teaze and vex it!—Make it weep
And laugh!—Deface its fair and youthful bloom,
And make a drudge o't! Oh it must have husband!
And children too, to puke and mewl so sweet,
And keep it waking!—these must all be had!
There is no peace else.

Mal. 'Tis only sport, a freak of Hallowmass.

Nora. Give me thy sleeve—Thou shalt not wake
it long ;

But if thy fortune please not, we are blameless.

*(She waves the Sleeve backward and forward
round the Fire.)*

Now, while we stand and wave the hand,
Sister, give the high command.

Grim. Hear me !—Hear me ! Moulds of might !
Come with thy gillennours of the night ;—
Come like a beetle, or come like a bee ;—
Come by the latch, or the bore of the key,
Or sit like an ousel upon the crook tree ;
And tell the fairest of all thy band,
The loveliest elf of the faery land,—
To filch the gossamer's airy shroud
And a shred of the rainbow out of the cloud,
And make him a form by maiden approved,
Of youth that loves and is beloved ;

See, I wave my charmed wand—
Come—come, at this maiden's command.

Mal. Whoever is my true-love to be,
Come and turn over this sleeve for me.

Voice. Be dumb!—be dumb!
I hide in the lumb!
No maiden calls, and I will not come.

Grim. So young! so fair! it may not be;
No mark of falsehood do I see.
Lying lurker! thy riddle explain;
Tell me how, and tell me when.

Mal. No, no, so please you; of the past be dumb,
I know't already; tell me what's to come.

Grim. See, I wave my sceptral wand,
Come at this fair May's command.

Voice. 'Tis a wide term!—I come, I come;
As the cat be sharp,—as the bat be dumb.

*(One, habited like BEN, comes gliding in behind
them: He turns the Sleeve, and walks off at
the other side.)*

Mal. Whence did he come?—Out of the earth?

Nora. Out of the wall.—From this small hole
I saw him glide, like a thin piping reek.
I think we all have seen the face before.

Mal. Aye often, Nora! and, 'twixt you and I,
There is no face I like so well to see.

(*BEN puts his head in at a hole behind them.*)

Ben. (*Aside.*) Ah! she's my jewel yet, for all that's
past!

(*To them.*) I've seen the whole.—Ah! Maldie, you
was me.

Mal. (*Screams.*) Ah!—O, Grimald, witch that
naughty man.

What seek you there, you prying, low-lived thing?
Still haunting me, while knowing I detest you.—

Ben. But not the less you liked to see my face.

Mal. It was not you, vain fool! nor nothing like.
Dost ween that ever such a form was thine?
It was a gentleman in mien and form.

Ben. Now, by this hand,
If I had met it in the open field,
I could not have distinguished who was who,
It was so like me.

Mal. Go, get you gone, you—creature!

Ben. Oh! oh! mumps, mumps, Miss Mumps.

Mal. If I come to you, I shall make you go.

(*Exit MALDIE.*)

Nora. But you'll go with him.—O what woeful
stuff!

I wot the strife will not be dangerous.

Grim. Fond, hectic triflers!—They are all to me
As cats, or something baser,—garbage all!
I could as lief for puppets feel regard:
Nor would I see them, were it not to wreck,
And set them groping headlong in the mist
That shades the future—**Make** them moult for-
sooth!

Fie on the nestlings!

Enter GELON.

Nora. Ha ! here's our own sweet Gelon, with her
sleeve

Well wash'd and wrung, and ready for the spell.

Is't the left sleeve that lies across the heart ?

If not, 'tis worthless.—Aye, this is the thing !

Now, note we well what comes.—There's something
strange

Connected with your fortune, Gelon.—

Here let us stand with lifted hand ;

Sister, give the high command.

Grim. King of the night-wind, come away.—

Come not like gier or ouphen gray ;—

Come not like crazed or eildron wight ;—

Come in youthful guise bedight,

Most pleasant to this maiden's sight !—

While thus I wave my charmed wand,

Come at this fair maid's command.

Gel. Whoever is my true-love to be,
Come and turn over this sleeve for me.

(While they are waiting attentively, a slight noise is heard ; and while they are attending to that, enter one, habited like LORD HINDLEE, who turns the sleeve quickly, and goes off at the other side. They see him only as he retires.)

Grim. Kempy's come, and also gone !
My power is to myself unknown !
There was a man, and there is none,
And the place is a void that he stood upon !

Gel. Who was he ? or what like ?—Did'st see his
face ?

Grim. But indistinctly, for I see not well.
How grew your strange neglect ?

Gel. I cannot tell.
O bring him back, I'll scan him o'er and o'er.—
Bring him again, dear Grimald.

Grim. A twelvemonth you must wait ere that
may be.

Gel. A twelvemonth!—'tis an age!—I cannot
bear it.

O, Grimald—Nora, call him; he will come.

Grim. No, no—No more.

He will not come but most reluctantly.

Gel. O you are cursed, and cruel, both of ye.
My fancy's all on tiptoe, and my mind
Stretch'd on the rack.—Sure you will pity me.

Grim. Art thou a Christian?

Gel. Certes; how darest thou ask?

Grim. He will not come again! or, if he do,
The vision's fraught with danger. True, I can
Force him, by spells of potent gramarye,
To rise again, if thou darest wait the issue.

Gel. There is not aught I will not brave t' allay
This thirst inquisitive.—I have no fear
Of form that I must love.—Nay, on my life,

I'd give all in this world I can call mine
To gain the chance I've lost.

Grim. Then be it so ;

When thy comrades go,—
Long ere the cock begins to crow,—
Unlatch the door and come to me ;
But note thou well when the time must be.

When the cricket sings beyond the hearth,
And the little glow-worm pearls the earth ;—
When Charles of Norway has lash'd his wain
Around by the west, and the north again,
To plow the gleam of the eastern main ;—
When the seven stars the midnight have driven
Across the crown of the hoary heaven,
And hang like an ear-ring studded bright
Upon the left cheek of the night ;—
When Moules, in mantle of silver gray,
Rides on the belt of the starry ray,
Or sits on the clough of the milky-way ;

Then come to me, and thou shalt see
The man that is thy lord to be. (*Exit GELON.*)

Nora. Sister, though they deem us poor,
How high we stand above the boor !
When Gemel comes, exert thy power.

Enter GEMEL.

Welcome, good Gemel, you I joy to see :
We never erst your fortune have explored ;
I hope it will be good.

Gem. Read me the truth, be what it may ;
But well I know that nought will answer you—
It's all imposture.

Nora. Be not too sure—give me the sleeve—
Now let us stand with lifted hand ;
Sister, give the high command.

Grim. Master, for thy honour hear :
I see by the roof-tree thou art near—
Tell thy henchman elf to change,

And all its form anew arrange ;
Come not here with lordly grin,
With whisker'd cheek and bearded chin ;
But come in youth's fairest time,
Like maiden in her virgin prime.
The rose-leaf for her cheek go win,
And the apple-blossom for her chin ;
Her lips be the berry ripe and red,
With the honey gleam around it shed ;
Her brow be the lily that courts the sun,
And her breast the curd that's newly won ;
And O be her eye the sphere of dew,
That little hare-bell cups embrue,
As mild, as radiant, and as blue.
See, I wave my magic wand,
Come at this fair youth's command.

Gem. Whoever is my true love to be,
Come and turn over this sieve to me.

(*Pause.*)

Grim. So thou refusest, elfin gier !
Come forth, thou churlish pioneer !
Come out of thy bores the truth to show,
Or I'll ferret thee out by the hounds below.
See, I wave my sceptral wand,
Come, come at this youth's command.

Gem. Whoever is my true love to be,
Come and turn over this sleeve for me.

(A white sheet appears for a moment at a corner.)

Nora. Ha ! saw'st thou that ?

Gem. What ? I neither saw nor heard aught.

Nora. Then bless thyself :

For had'st thou seen what I saw now, thou ne'er
Had'st look'd on happiness again.

Gem. 'Tis thus you mock us with your low deceits,
You mindless, grovelling hags ! Did I not say,
And truly say, you were most rank impostors ?

Grim. Talk not of mind to me !
Were thine and all thy kindred's minds embodied,

My soul could swallow the crude morsel up
Without distention.—Such a colt as thee
To talk of mind !

Gem. Thou art a sheer impostor ;
Coarse and unpolish'd. Thou call spirits up !
Yes ! you may call a cat—and she may come
When you do call on her—farther thou can'st not.

Nora. Now let me beg of thee, call not again,
'Tis fraught with destiny ; and now I dread
Yours was the hand I saw—call not again.
Remember 'tis the third time.

Gem. A fair excuse !
Thou canst not even *make* a cat appear ;
Here I defy thee to make aught appear.
How thou art outed, witch !—What can'st thou say
For thy fore-knowledge and thy influence now ?
Poor woman ! pray do call spirits up.

Grim. (*Aloud.*) Spirit of destiny—come—appear,
Of mind or reason have thou no fear.

Come like the spirit that journeys the cloud ;
Come in thy cerement, or come in thy shroud ;
Or like the figure of death come in,
With nerveless bones and skeleton grin.
When this proud youth gives order to thee,
Show him the truth whatever it be.

(Pause.)

Call ; why dost thou not ?—Thou darest not call !

Gem. (Hesitating.) Whoever is my true love to be,
Come and turn over this sleeve for me.

(A Coffin appears, and on its lid is seen in large characters,—J. GEMEL, AGED 23.—GEMEL faints—scene closes.)

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Room.

Enter LORD HINDLEE in a Night Gown.

Hind. To what new horrors is my mind ordain'd !

O that this night were past, and a new day
Would ope its eye on this deranged world,
Where human things, and beings without mould
Or earthly quality, together blent,
Move in confusion !—Would the night were over,
That day-light might dispel them !—Such a night
I shall not brook again.

*(He fixes his eyes on a part of the Room and
speaks as to one.)*

Ha ! art thou there ?

Still am I haunted ?—O thou mournful shade,
Pale as thy winding sheet ! why do'st thou look
On me with such concern ? Is there aught more
Of horror in the onward paths of fate
That I must act ? Nay, come thou near to me,
Come to my side, for now I fear thee not,—
Thy form's familiar grown—Come nigh to me,
And tell thy message in my longing ear.
Poor pallid shade, thine errand must be done !

(He listens as to one speaking.)

The same old rote !—Why thou hast told me so
A thousand times !—Why harp upon it thus,
For ever, and for ever ?

(He listens again and answers.)

Well, be it so—Yes ; be it as thou wilt.

(Listens.)

What ? I assent ? No, never ! This same night
Thou hast repeated it till I am callous ;

But my assent thou never shalt obtain !
Woe, that a form so saint-like, thus should preach
Nothing but blood and murder !—Hence—Avaunt !
Thou art some fiend that borrowest the shape
Of her I once held dear—O God! what do I see ?
O horror ! she I love stretch'd at my feet
In the agonies of death, and on her breast
A deadly wound !—and say'st thou it was I ?
I'll fly to the earth's end !—Would that I could
Fly from myself, or every sense shut out !
Once more I'll view the hideous sight, that it
May freeze the very vital current up,
And reason's last poor sheltering place uproot,
Driving her to the desert.

*(He steals off, keeping his eye wildly fixed on a
certain part of the floor.)*

SCENE II.

The Witches' Cot.

*Discovers GRIMALD, NORA, and GELON, standing
by a Fire, at which is placed a Waxen Image.*

Gel. Are these unearthly orgies done?

Grim. Scarce begun!—Scarce begun!—

Come, sing one other strain with me,
To charm the spirit of destiny.

(They sing slowly and wild.)

Where art thou? Where art thou?

Busy Spirit, where art thou

Weaving the fates of mortals now?

Where art thou? &c.

Grim. (Speaks.) Where art thou? Where art thou?

Busy Spirit, where art thou
Weaving the fates of mortals now ?
Art thou beneath the ocean wave,
Scraping the sea-weeds from the grave
Where the merry sailor must shortly lie ?
Or art thou gone to bustle and ply
Where flaring standards flap the sky,
Working thy baleful web of woe,
Or binding wreaths for the hero's brow ?
Or art thou gone to heaven above,
Away to the waning star of love,
To skim the dew-web from the tree,
Of which the golden skene shall be
That guides the lover's destiny ?
Or watchest thou the stripling's bed,
Or the couch where maiden beauty is laid,
With dreams their feelings to suborn,
And sprinkle from thy living urn
The kindred spark that long shall burn ?

Spirit! wherever thou may'st be,
Or gone to the caves beneath the sea,
Or flown the wild sea-rock to haunt
And scare the drowsy cormorant ;
Whether thou rangest vale or steep,
Or watchest mellow beauty's sleep,
The monarch's throne, or the field of death,
The world above, or the world beneath,
We ask thy welcome presence here,
Come—Come—Appear—Appear.

(Pause.)

I see thee not—I cannot see
The slightest shade or drapery
Of fate's own herald, known to me.
O come like a feeling, or come like a sound,
Or come like an odour along the ground ;
Come like a film of floating blue,
Or come like the moss-crop's slightest flue,
Or glimmering rack of the midnight dew.

We wait thee motionless and dumb—
Come, O gentle Spirit! come.

(Pause.)

Oh me! there is trouble and torsel here;
Some countervailing spirit is near,
Who will not let the gye appear.
Sister, go to the door and see;
Note the sound that comes from the tree,
And the vapour that sleeps on the midnight lea.
Note if the shred of silver grey
Floats o'er the belt of the starry ray,
Or streams in the cleft of the milky-way.
And look between the north and the east
For the star above the mountain's crest
That changes still its witching hue,—
Note if it's green, or red, or blue.

(Exit NORA.)

This is a night of mystery!
Maiden, say a hymn with me.

(They sing soft and slow.)

Thou art weary, weary, weary !

Thou art weary and far away !

Hear me, gentle Spirit, hear me !

Come before the dawn of day !

Thou art weary, &c.

Re-enter NORA.

Say, bodes the night's eye well or ill ?

Nora. I heard a small voice from the hill ;
The vapour is deadly, pale, and still.
A murmuring sough is on the wood,
And the little star is red as blood.
Moules sits not on his throne to-night,
For there is not a hue of the grizly light ;
But in the cleft of heaven I scan
The giant form of a naked man ;
His eye is like the burning brand,
And he holds a sword in his right hand.

Grim. All is not well !

By dint of spell,
Somewhere between the heavens and hell,
There is this night a wild deray,
The spirits have wandered from their way !
And the purple drops shall tinge the moon
As she wanders through the midnight noon ;
And the dawning heaven shall all be red
With aerial blood by angels shed.

Be as it will,

I have the skill

To work by good, or to work by ill.

*(They prick the Image alternately with sharp
bodkins.)*

Take that for pain !

Nora. And that for thrall !

Grim. And that for conscience, the worst of all !

If spirits come not, mortals shall !

Another chaunt, and then, and then,

From the but or from the ben,
Spirits shall come or christian men.

(They chaunt.)

Where is Gil-Moules,

Where is Gi'-Moules,

Works he not save when the tempest howls ?

Where is Gil-Moules, &c.

Grim. (Speaks.) Sleep'st thou, wakest thou, lord
of the wind ?

Mount thy steeds and gallop them blind,
Leave the red thunder-bolt lagging behind ;
And the long-tail'd fiery dragon outfly,
The rocket of heaven, the bomb of the sky ;
Over the dog-star, over the wain,
Over the cloud and the rainbow's mane ;
Over the mountain and over the sea,

Haste, haste, haste to me !

(They pierce the Figure alternately.)

Take that for trouble !

Nora. And that for smart !

Grim. And that for the pang that seeks the heart !

Nora. That for madness !

Grim. And that for thrall !

And that for conscience, the worst of all !

(Here LORD HINDLEE enters furiously, half-naked—he runs his Sword through the Breast of the Figure and overturns it—then, in distracted mood, breaks away, leaving his Sword sticking in the Image.—Pause.)

Grim. *(With raptures.)* Hail to thee ! hail to thee,
Spirit of might !

I judged thee deft, and I judged aright !

But ah ! I knew not half thy might !

Not half so high had been my wonder

If thou had'st cleft the earth asunder,

And risen thyself from out the cell
In any shape of earth or hell !
But that the sons of men, submiss
Should leave their couch of happiness ;
That knights and kings should quit their rest,
And trace the night at thy behest,
I knew it not ! O, Spirit high,
Thine are the workings of destiny !—
Bless thee, fair lady of Hindlee towers,

(Kneeling to GELON.)

These hills, these vales, and all are yours.

Nora. Great joy and peace to thine and thee,
True love and high felicity ;
No more our own dear Gelon Græme,
But Lady Hindlee shall be thy name.

Gel. Ah me ! I fear there is great offence ;
I wish that I were safely hence !

Grim. No evil thing shall thee perplex,
Thou hast a spirit above thy sex,

Above the common race of man—
What pity thou art Christian !
Thou can'st not soar in time of need
To deal with spirits or with the dead !
Or cause these mighty beings rise,
These great controuling energies !
O high should be thy gifted meed
Would'st thou renounce that shallow creed.

Gel. Let me be gone !

 If I had known
The half of what I have look'd upon,
I had never come here at midnight lone !

Grim. Preserve that sword from human eye,
With it is twined thy destiny ;
And wear upon thy bridal-day
This wounded scarf with the silver splay,
Else thou from bride-bed may'st be won
By elves this night that were outdone.

Whenever thy husband grows less warm,
Throw on this scarf; it has a charm
That soon the flame will renovate
Of mighty love, though turn'd to hate;
But never, while life and breath remain,
This sword and scarf must meet again!
Else woe to thee, and woe to me!
And woe to all that both shall see!
The hour thou givest this secret birth,
It is thy last upon the earth.—

(Exit GELON with the Scarf and Sword.)

What thinkest thou?

Nora. I did not trow

Thou hadst such wonderous power till now.

What is there that we may not do?

Grim. Woe that we in the wild should won,

Where nothing mighty can be done!

Nothing of note or potence great,

Else nations should our deeds relate!

But pining death shall seize the flocks,
And the raven's voice among the rocks
Shall with exultings fill the air,
And drown the shepherd's bootless prayer ;
The halter shall moulden in the stall,
And the plaid hang useless on the wall ;
The hills shall split, and the thunder come,
And lightnings strike the Christian dumb.
Oh, how I farther long to know
The power of the spirits here below !

(Kneeling.)

Hail to thee!—hail to thee, Spirit of power !
Thine is the might at the witching hour !—
Thine is the ear that was never defined,
The eye of the eagle, the speed of the wind !
To love thee and prove thee is all that I claim,
Until my release from this cumbersome frame :
Then, O how I'll joy, over land, over sea,
Over tempest and torrent, to revel with thee !

An impulse, or presence, unnoted to stand
By nest of the raven, or throne of the land ;
Then bound through the firmament, lightsome and
 boon,
To sail on the comet, or sleep in the moon !
Hail to thee !—hail to thee ! Spirit of wonder !—
Of the spectre, the dream—of the storm and the
 thunder !

SCENE III.

A dark Hall.

ISABEL *without, knocking.*

Isa. Open the door to me !—Open the door
Without delay !—Oh ! you are sleeping, are you ?
'Tis well ! 'tis well ! But you shall have a waking !—
Open the door ! or, by the rood, I'll raise

A flame shall roast you living in your dens,
You most unhallow'd sleepers!—Open the door!

Enter HUTCHON half-dressed, with a light.

Hut. What is the tumult?—Why this wild alarm?

Isa. Wilt thou not open to me, Hutchon?

Hut. Certes I will, good dame. (*Opens.*) What
drives you here

At this untimorous hour of night?

Isa. My daughter, Hutchon!—My loved Gelon
Græme!—

O I have lost my child!—But she is here—

I know it, Hutchon!—Say that she is here,

And all shall be made up.

Hut. Here she is not, I pledge my word, good
dame,—

My truth to you, and honour of my lord.

How, when, or why, deem'st thou that she is lost?

And why dost thou charge me with it?—Say all.

Isa. I thought I had new slept ; yet I had dream'd
Of grievous trouble ; dreaming still I was
When some disturbing sounds awakened me.
I listened close, and at my eastern door,
Or Gelon's lattice, which I could not tell,
I heard Lord Hindlee's voice,—not in the mood
Of soothing, or of kindness, but in rage.
Loudly he seem'd to threaten and adjure :
I heard no more ; trembling, a while I lay ;
Then rising, to my daughter's bed I went
In chill suspense.—O, Hutchon, judge my case,
The sheets were cold, and Gelon was not there !—
Where is Lord Hindlee ?

Hut. In his chamber, dame ;
His voice thou did'st not hear ; 'tis all a dream.

Isa. O do not mock me, Hutchon ; as I live,
And look you in the face, I heard his voice.
Go, search his chamber straight ; mine is a case

That brooks no scruple—stays no ceremony.

(*Exit HUTCHON.*)

If he had spoke as he was wont to her,
I had held light of this.—I know his honour ;
But as it was, I know not what to think.

Re-enter HUTCHON.

Hut. Alas ! good dame, too true was that you
said !

My lord is gone, half-naked, it would seem,
And in his hand a sword ; for on the floor
I found this scabbard flung, and it was empty.

Isa. Gone with his sword !—Oh me, my child,
my child !—

What can this mean, dear Hutchon ?

Hut. Beshrew me, if I guess !—My lord last
night

Was much disturb'd in mind.

We'll raise the village straight, and all the vale ;—

I fear some horrid deed—Hush!—hush!—
I hear some one approach.

Enter HINDLEE, smiling vacantly, habited as before.

How now, my lord?—How dost thou?

Hind. I'm better now—I'm well—quite well—
I never felt sowell.—O I have had
A most pernicious dream!

Hut. And did you walk forth in your sleep, my
lord?

Hind. It seems I have. O I had such a dream!—
I would meet hell in countertime before
I braved again a vision of such woe.

Hut. But are you sure it was a dream, my lord?
Where is your sword?

Hind. I left it sticking in her breast—I slew her,
And then the charm was gone.—I slew her thus,
And down she sunk in death.—I left it there,
Stuck through her breast—I did not pull it thence—

I know not why, but there I left it sure.
And she is gone!—I had it still to do!
Now it is done, I shall be happier far
In the extreme of misery.—Ah me!—
Slain! slain!—Now it is done indeed!

Hut. Who, my good lord?—Pray, who is slain?
What dost thou mean?

Hind. Oh, I forgot!—It was a dream.
But ah! it was a dreadful one.

Isa. Where is my child—my Gelon?—Where is
she?—

What dost thou talk of slaying?—O, my lord,
Tell me where is my child?—I heard thy voice,
And know thou took'st her from me.

Hind. Took who?—thy child?—Where am I?
Sure this is mine own hall.—Where have I been?—
Tell me, good dame?—Speak, Hutchon, what is
this?

Isa. Didst thou not see my child?—Speak, my
good lord!

Hind. I think I did.—Is this not all a dream?

Hut. That thou art here I see; that thou wert
hence

I know, and hadst thy sword.—Alas! I dread.
Some fatal work is done.

Hind. If I was hence in body as in mind,
And had my sword, then I have done a deed
That fiends will blush for! Yet I cannot trow
That it is over: That it was to hap
I long have known; but time as yet is green;
The withering winds of incident must come,—
The night-dews bleaken, and the burning sun
Rass over it, and sear it in the ear,
And the last blade of healthful reason drop,
Ere yet it ripen, ere it come to this.
Would God this were the last, that it were over,
Then should I know the worst!

Hut. This is mere raving.—Recollect, my lord,
If you have seen or heard of beauteous Gelon,
And where you left her.

Hind. Beauteous, indeed!—Oh even in death how
lovely!—

Hutchon, I love that maid;—I may not say
How much—better than all the earth beside;—
Alas! I fear, better than heaven itself!

Hut. Beauteous in death!—Hast thou then seen
her dead?

Hind. Dost thou ask that?—An hundred times I
have!

And dying too—Yes, I have seen her die!
The life-blood streaming from her breast!—her
looks

Fix'd ruefully on me! and then methought
I felt an inward joy that God's decree
Was done, and I his minister,—a joy it was
Of vacant desperation.—

I'll go to rest, for I am weary, dame.—
 Watch with me, Hutchon, I shall dream again ;
 And if thou seest me quiver, or outstretch
 My limbs as in convulsion, waken me ;
 Or should my open eyes whiten, and turn
 Round in their sockets, or my deepen'd breath
 Cut short, and mix with inarticulate sounds,
 Oh wake me forthwith ! else my struggling soul
 Again may bear my passive body hence,
 To do I know not what. Ah ! it was sudden !—
 The inmates were astonished at the deed !
 Methinks I see their eyes even yet !

Hut. From this we nothing gain.—His words and
 thoughts

Hang on some dread uncertainty.—I hope,
 And yet I fear ; for such unhallow'd thought
 Could not thus feed even on distemper'd mind
 Without a resting point.—Dame, hie thee home,
 Call up the cottagers, make active search,

And soon as Hindlee is composed to rest,
I'll join thee in the scrutiny of this.

SCENE V.

A Room in a Country House.

GEMEL, MARTHA.

Mar. How is it with thee, son? Tell me thy ail.
Somewhat preys deeply on thy mind and health;
Tell it thy mother; all that thee concerns
Concerns her more.—Has thy beloved maid
Discarded thee?—Thou answer'st not to that!—
I see it all!—I see it!—Ah, my son!
Thou little know'st of women!—think not of it.
It is our way; whene'er we take offence
We love the most—Think not of that, my son.

Gem. My Gemel is all purity and truth,

But she must ne'er be mine.—Consider well,
And tell me once again, what is mine age?

Mar. I told thee—Twenty-three—Why dost thou
start?

Gem. Already twenty-three!—Sure thou mis-
takest!

Thy reckoning hath outrun the march of time
For one full year at least—I know it has—
Say one year less, and I will bless thee, mother.
Sit down, and state to me the year, the day.

Mar. That can I well, for well may I remember!
It was that year the Kerrs and Turnbells rode:
Thy father join'd them—Ah! that was a year
That I shall ne'er in life forget!—It was
A bloody, a severe, and stormy one!
The sheep fell down with hunger—for the snow
Lay till the suns of April master'd it.
The shepherds of the dale gather'd their dead,
And built them up for shelters to the living:

But all could nought avail !—That was a year
 Not soon to be forgot !—I nursed thee then
 On my young breast, and sore perplex'd I was,
 Not knowing how to guide thee—When I woke
 I found thee often roll'd aside, and lying
 Like little chubby snow-ball, sound asleep.
 But nought could hurt thee—such a healthy boy,
 Or happy little elf, I ne'er beheld :
 When I awoke thee, thou would'st crow and smile,
 And pat my bosom with thy little hand
 Cold as an icicle. O how my heart
 Yearn'd over thee, and clung to thee !—Who knows
 A mother's joys who has not been a mother !

Gem. Is that aught to the question which I put ?

Mar. That was thy native year.—Now for the
 day—

No, not the day—the night, I should have said ;
 It was by night,—a Sabbath-night it was,—

The week before the king came o'er the water—
 Aye, I remember well!—Thou art, my son,
 To-morrow morn, three-quarters of an hour
 Before the cock crow—twenty years—and four.

Gem. (*Starting up, and greatly agitated.*) O God
 of heaven, so soon!—Then I am gone!—
 Yes, I must leave thee, mother, ere that time!
 I saw it with my eyes in characters
 Of deadly whiteness, “AGED TWENTY-THREE.”

Mar. What dost thou mean? and whither goest
 thou?

Unsay that word; for, if thou leavest me, Gemel,
 Thou seal'st thy parent's doom.

Gem. It is too true.—That I must go, I know;
 But whither I know not.—All that thou seest
 Of me will not go far; a lowly home
 Hard by will be my dwelling.—Woe is me!
 Oh I am sick at heart!

Mar. If these thy words.

Have any meaning, I perceive it not.
Speak to me, Gemel ; say some cheering word,
For all my blood runs cold.

Gem. Then well may mine !

Oh that I could unknow it !—that I could
Close up the hideous chasm which I have made
Through the unblest'd and ever-folding shroud
That veils the terrors of futurity !
Then might I hope even to the last, and meet
Death all unaw'd, and step from this existence
Into another, scarce discerning it.
But thus to know it—thus to be assured
That ere another night is overpast
I must lay down this warm and feeling frame,
And be something I know not !—To give up all
The joys of life, and love, which never man
Held in such estimate !—To know all this,
Inflicts a death-pang every moment, till
The weary heart, o'ercome with sufferance,

Longs for the appointed hour that brings it rest,
Or change of feeling, never to change more.
And my poor Gelon, I must leave her too,
All loving as she is !—And thee, my mother,
Helpless and unprotected, here alone !

Mar. Talk'st thou of death, and that so seriously?
This is some dream or frenzy ; thou art well,
Or slightly indisposed.—O, my loved son,
No more of such illusions let me hear.

Gem. Oh, it is seal'd and register'd beneath,
As well as in the heaven—so it would seem !
I'm not more certain that I live and breathe,
And speak to you, than that to-morrow night,
Before the eastern star, by shepherds named
The Counter of the Sky, hath gained the cope,
The zenith of the middle heaven, I shall
Be lying low indeed !—This conscious frame,
So full of keen sensation, that the sting
Of insect can molest it, all unbraced

And torpid, shall be stretch'd—If I not knew,
Why it is naught ;—but the poor criminal,
All hopeless of reprieve, is not more cast
And wretched than am I.—Death still is death ;
The manner of that death to him assured
Avails but little.

Mar. But here comes one will charm thee back
to life,
And drive that sullen boding mood away.

Enter GELON.

Welcome, dear Gelon, we have need of thee ;
Thy Gemel's mind is sore disturb'd, but thou
Bring'st ever with thee cure for all his ails.

Gem. Welcome, dear Gelon.—True, my mind is
sad,
But to that sadness thou add'st grievously.

Gel. Dost thou already know that we must part ?

Gem. Alas, too well ! It is decreed, my Gelon.

Gel. Deem'st thou that heaven is kind in this?—

I could

Yield all the earth beside for love of thee ;

And yet must give thee up.—

Gem. Do not repine,

'Tis vain to strive against the will of heaven,—

What is ordain'd, must, and will come to pass.

Gel. I came to warn thee of our hapless lot ;

It glads me that thou know'st and art resign'd.

Why grow'st thou paler?—I may not remain,

Else our meek acquiescence all will fly,

And we shall vainly war with Providence.

Adieu, my Gemel,—fate may sever us,

But ne'er shall drive thy image from my heart.

This is the last embrace we may indulge.

Adieu, my Gemel !

(*Exit GELON.*)

Gem. Yes, it is the last !

And she, too, knows of it !—my doom is public,

As his who dies for treason !—That dear maid
Grieves me the most of all—When I am gone,
Regard her as thine own.

Mar. You both are mad,
Or else possess'd by some wild witchery !
The Women of the Linn have hand in this ;
I'll send for them.

Gem. If e'er within this door
One of these hags set foot—My doom is fix'd !
I'll go and pray—be not far off, my mother.

(*Exit GEMEL.*)

Mar. What shall I do ? these women have the
power
Of wreaking ill on us beyond belief ;
Either I must bribe well, and brave high heaven,
Or take the cause of heaven and outbrave hell.
In both there's danger !—Would that they were
cross'd,
Or to deserved punishment given up,

Then might we live unscathed, and void of dread !
My poor unhappy boy by some mishap
Hath come within their power, and who can tell
Where such wild fantasies and fears may end !

SCENE VI.

A Room.

ISABEL, GELON.

Isa. This is the very height of wild caprice ;
Come tell me where thou wert last night, my Gelon,
And tell me truly ?

Gel. Never while I live !
So ask me not again—it is a secret
That ne'er must slake the ear of enquiry.

Isa. Well, I shall find it out, and you had best
Entrust it here, where it shall rest for ever.

Gel. I earnestly entreat thee, ask no more.

Isa. Saw'st thou Lord Hindlee ?

Gel. Ask him if I did.

Isa. In all that thou and he have said of it,
There is a mystery inscrutable,
Which does astonish me—He joys that you
Are safe, and comes this day to take his leave ;
For he has, in a dream or vision, had
Some strange unearthly message, that there is
A dark fatality awaiting him,
With which you are connected ; and he goes
For ever from your presence, to avoid
The possibility of such event.

Gel. He may avoid the sun, the light of heaven,
The walks of nature, and the human face,
But never that which is predestined.
Yes, he may mine the solid earth, or fly
Beyond the polar seas—but that ordain'd

Must come to pass—I yield me to *my* fate,
And so must *he*—trust me, he cannot fly.
O you shall see what power he hath to fly!

Enter HINDLEE.

Isa. Welcome, my noble lord—all yet is well;
Pray use your power to make this wayward elf
Expose the doings of the bygone night.

Hind. O beauteous Gelon, if thou knowest aught
Of what befel, in pity of this heart,
Of this bewilder'd mind and memory,
Relate it all.

Gel. When next you chuse, my lord,
To assay your midnight rambles, be your mind
Collected to the proof, for you may need
To give account of it.—Sooth, is it well
That you should stray forth at the midnight hour,
And then accost a maid in open day,

And, with unblushing front, require of her
To give account of you?—For shame, my lord!
It is not well!

Hind. Perverse, like all thy sex!

Resolve me this—Did we two meet last night?

Gel. How think'st thou of it?

Hind. I think we did.

Gel. In what place then?

Hind. 'Tis that which puzzles me.

No images but those of horror now
Are shadow'd on my mind—If it was not
In hell we met, I wot not where it was.

Gel. Dost thou say so?—Thou makest my heart
to ache!

Oh, would to heaven that all we did last night
Were now to do!—We'll talk of it no more.

Hind. This is most strange!—And must my mind
still hang

In burning anxiousness stretch'd on the rack?

I loved thee, Gelon—Heaven only knows
How much I loved, but I have master'd it.
I've had a message from the dead of thee ;
To prove it is a false one—From this hour
Far from this peaceful valley will I fly,
And never see thee more.—I will not yield
To fate without a struggle.

Gel. Thy resolve

Is a weak effort—far thou wilt not fly :
What must be, will be—Can'st thou countermand
The whirlwind of the desert, or turn back
The torrent when the storms of winter break ?
Then may'st thou fly from fate and me, my lord.
Farewell—essay it—far thou wilt not fly.
Trust me, I know it.

Hind. Dost thou brave me, Gelon ?

Nor you, nor fate shall do it—Fare thee well—
Be happy as I wish thee, and thou shalt
Be happiest of thy race !

(*Exit* HINDLEE.)

Isa. Can'st thou, my child,
Give up nobility and worth, and thus
Fling fortune to the wind?—Go call him back :
Entreat him stay—say some kind thing to him.

Gel. Think'st thou I would?—He'll come un-
call'd for back ;
And that too ere expected.

Isa. It is as thou hast said ! hush ! here he comes.

Re-enter HINDLEE.

Gel. This time I'll prove my power over his heart,
And let him see what strength he hath to fly.

*(She flings on the charmed Scarf—HINDLEE
seeing her, starts in amazement.)*

Isa. How now ? Why this amazement ?

Hind. O, I have seen that garb, that very look !
Where I know not ; but so combined and blent
With circumstance of horror, that my blood
Freezes at the remembrance !—I came back

To say one single word which I forgot,
But now I cannot go—My heart and soul
Are chain'd to thee by bond invisible.
Alas ! I feel, that or in earth or heaven
Life without thee is misery !—O, my Gelon,
Have pity on my heart—I give me up
Unto thy guidance—take me to thyself
For good or ill, for sorrow or for joy,
And be my guide and ruling star through life.

Gel. I know my fate, and, knowing it, I yield.
My early stamp'd attachments I give up,
And bow to that which is ordain'd to be :
To wage a war with settled destiny
Is impious and profane—I bow to it.

Hind. Dost thou then say thou wilt be mine, my
Gelon ?

Gel. If thou so urgest—Now, or some time hence,
I know it must be.

Hind. At thy word I take thee ;

And this same hour shall make us one for life ;
And we'll be happy in despite of fate,
Of visions, or of dreams—O who with thee
Could be unhappy !—Hie we to old Lawrence,
That primitive and heavenly-minded man,
He shall unite us.

Isa. O blissful day !—O fair and happy day !

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VII.

The Witches' Cot.

GRIMALD and NORA—*To them enter MALDIE.*

Mal. Oh, Grimald, Nora, you have ruin'd me,
By your forebodings of mishap and loss !
I ween'd the things that I was doom'd to do

The sooner done the better, and I run
Headlong to ruin—Should you now refuse
The aid which I am come to ask of you
I am undone, an outcast on the earth !
Oh my good name is lost, and all with that !

Grim. Your *name* forsooth !—a trifle—a toy !
I'll give thee succour, I'll give thee joy,
I'll send it thee back by the hand of a boy.
A maid is a bed of the linjet new,
It brairds and bells in the morning dew ;
When first to the earth they press it down,
O but it looks sad and woe-begone !
It rises again with a timid air,
And it look. more fresh, and it blooms more fair ;
And aye till the blue-bell o'er it flows,
The more it is scathed the lovelier it blows—
Just so is a maid—Thy name's with me,
I'll send it thee back by the youngest of three.

Mal. But quickly, quickly it must be done,

Else I am lost no more to won :
My lover has left me in mighty fume,
The priest expels me my comrade's gloom ;
Therefore to save this bursting breast,
Bring back my lover and plague the priest.
Oh take him off, for he's our bane,
And keeps us all in fear and pain.

Grim. 'Tis a high thought—dost thou concede ?

Mal. That do I, Grimald, it is my meed.

Grim. Wilt thou renounce thy baptism ?

Mal. No.

Grim. And prick thy arm till the red blood flow ?
And write thy name as I shall show ?

Mal. Oh ! no, no, no !

Grim. Then go, enjoy thy infamy ;
I work for no such chaff as thee !

Mal. And must I see my lover no more,
And the priest plague me as heretofore ?

Grim. Worse—worse—
 He'll jug thee perforce—
 A thing to laugh at—a thing to curse.

Mal. Oh! woe is me! I am sunk full low!
 Where shall I turn?—What shall I do?—
 I'll do whatever you require,
 If you will grant my full desire:
 Bring back my lover and save my fame,
 Take off the priest by wind or flame,
 Or by the deed that wants the name.

Grim. It shall be done.—When the fee is won,
 The hour-glass of the sage is run.—
 Sister, sister, how is the moon?

Nora. She's in the wane and changes soon;
 If right I guess, to-morrow morn
 Up through the muir she'll thrust her horn,
 Before the midnight glass has run,
 Before the eyeless hour of one.

Grim. That is the time—the hour of prime,
The spirits will trip along the rime,
So light we shall not hear their tread,
Nor note the bend of the frosty blade,
Their shadows shall flit along the green,
Yet the forms that cast them not be seen ;
And thy lover shall weep in woes condign,
And burn to join his fate with thine ;
And the ghostly dotard shall sleep and quake,
And close the eye that no more shall wake.
Note well the time and come to me,
For all we do must over be
Before the grey cock open his ee—
Ere the hill out of the heaven's breast,
Draw down his cowl of fleecy mist,
That shrowds within its folds of snow
The laverock's home and the den of the roe—
Ere that our spells must all be done,
The cause be lost or the victory won.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in a Country House.

Enter ISABEL.

Isa. Oh ! all the troubles I have had through life
Are well requited, now that I have seen
My Gelon raised to such high dignity !
I never saw a morning sun so fair
As this day's sun peep'd through the feathery hoar
That floated on the air, in myriads borne,
Like shreds of silver.— Never did the noon
Of summer tide in all its richest hues,
With blossoms braided, and with odours fraught,
Kythe to my eyes so sweet as this short day,

Spangled with mountain shade and wreathy rime.
So exquisite my bliss, I have a dread
That short will be its durance.—Her young lord
I cannot throughly read, nor comprehend.
A mystic madness tampers with his brain ;
But then his heart's so kind, I fain would hope
'Tis casual—an intemperance of the blood
That soon may be o'ercome.—Welcome to me,
My comely pair !—How thrives the marriage state ?

Enter Lord HINDLEE and GELON.

Hind. O, dame, I have no tongue to speak the
half
Of that delight that thrills around my heart
From this uncensured and most joyful union.
My feelings all are subtilized and new ;
I tread on a new world, and seem to move
In new existence.

Isa. Long may it hold.—O, I foresaw this change!

My daughter, how say'st thou?—There seems a look
Of sadness mingled with thy bridal joy.

Gel. I feel as one through darkness wandering,
Because she needs must go, or following forth
A dazzling meteor whither she knows not.
I know it will not—cannot come to good.

Hind. Down with forebodings! they have rack'd
my soul,
And so bewilder'd me, I scarcely know
The right from wrong, the real from the false.

Enter BEN.

Ben. I give you joy, my lord—and you—and you—
Great joy unto you all!

Gel. Is that a face
Bespeaking joy? You rather seem to come
On funeral errand.

Ben. Pardon me, dame Gelon—
Lady I meant,—my news are heavy news,

Heavy to me, and should be so to you.

A time so flagrant and atrocious

I have not witnessed—My only friend—

My dearest Gemel—

Gel. What?—What of Gemel?

Ben. Is—is—he is—

Gel. Thou weep'st.—What hast thou to unfold?

Say what of Gemel?

Ben. He is gone and left us.

Gel. Gone! Whither gone?

Ben. Gone to that place where he shall never
more

Have his kind heart broke by a selfish woman.

False, faithless, perjured woman! he is dead.

Omnes. Dead!—Gemel dead?

Ben. Yes, betwixt midnight hour and the cock-
crow,

This morn he breathed his last.

Gel. Oh, there is nought in this unstable world
But error and confusion!—Oh, my head!

Hind. Be comforted, my Gelon.

Gel. Never, never!

I fear that I have sinn'd against high Heaven,
And yet not known it.—Tell me how he died,
His ailment, and his dying words—say all,
That my distemper'd mind may have one draught
Of sorrow's bitterest cup.

Ben. A strange mysterious sickness fell on him,
Which did betoken death, for from that hour
He boded it.—Ofttimes he talk'd of you,
For whom alone, he said, he wish'd to live,
And all his wealth bequeath'd to you and yours.
But when I told him you were wedded, that
Gave the last stab into his bursting heart.
He looked me in the face, and bade me not
Thus trifle with his reason.—When he saw
That I look'd sad, the truth burst on his mind,

Like some o'erpowering flash ; deeply he sobb'd,
Turn'd his sad face away, and never more
Did he address a word to human ear ;
But the last whisper hung upon his tongue,
Breathed forth a prayer for thy forgiveness.—

Gel. Oh ! lost for ever !—most unhappy bride !
How grossly have I err'd !—How grievously !—
How could I deem it was the will of Heaven ?
Did Heaven e'er will a falsehood, or reveal
The will divine to enemies avow'd ?
O, woe is me !—But I'll do more for him,
And his dear memory, than ever bride
Did for her lord.—Who ever loved as I did ?
I ne'er loved man, and never will love man
But only Gemel.

Hind. Hold, Gelon, hold !—No more !
I have heard too much.—Say'st thou this to my
face ?

Gel. I think not of thee, nor of aught on earth
Save him that I have lost.—Woe to the time
When first I *saw thy* face!

Hind. Is it then so?
That was a pang I wist not of!—Beware
Of its renewal!—I possess a heart
To kindness prone, but it has vehemencies
For which I'm not accountable.

Gel. Fool! Blindfold and ungracious that I was!
Said'st thou he died uttering prayers for me?

Ben. Yes, lady; I could hear him weep and sigh
So deep, that every throb seem'd to uproot
The tendrils of the heart. I heard him say,
“ There is no truth on earth since Gelon's false!
“ My Gelon perjured!—All her holy vows
“ Cast in the face of Heaven for sordid wealth!
“ Forgive her, father, I implore of thee!—
“ My Gelon!—O, my Gelon! is there aught

“ On earth I can deem pure when thou art false !”
 Then did he turn his eye to the hour-glass
 That nearly had run out, utter'd a groan,
 And hiding in the coverlet his face,
 He yielded up his soul—the kindest soul
 That ever animated mould of clay.

Hind. (*Aside, much agitated.*) Perjured too!—
 Perjured for wealth!—Oh, what a beast was I
 To buy a venal carcass!—Peace! peace here!—

Gel. Praying for me!—He died praying for me!

(*Clasps her Mother.*)

I'll clasp him to my bosom for't, and kiss
 His pale cold lips!—My blood chills at my heart,
 And darkness settles round me.—Oh!

(*Faints.*)

Isa. My child, my child! O help!—Help me, my
 lord.

Hind. Ah! what is this?—What can I do to help?

Isa. Open these chests, and give me cordials
forth

Before the vital spark for ever fly.

(HINDLEE and BEN open one with a Key.)

Hind. Here there is no such thing.

Isa. 'Tis in the next,—

Haste, break it open—break it all in pieces—

The cordials must be come at.—Oh, my child!

*(They force open the next. HINDLEE starts
back and stands in fixed astonishment.)*

Ben. What is it that alarms you thus, my lord?

Here are the vials ; haste, apply them, dame.

*(They bathe GELON's temples, &c. who reco-
vers, but speaks the first sentence wildly in
delirium.)*

Gel. Touch me not, Grimald!—

Avaunt, thou witch!—thou hag! thou lied'st to me!

May all the spirits that attend thy call

Tear thee in pieces!—Prostituted wretch!

Thy body his, thy heart can never be!—

Curse on thee, rank impostor!—

Pardon me—

I knew not what I said—Make me my bed;

And do it hastily, I pray thee, mother.

Ben. My lord, you are not well.

Why look you thus?—What saw you in the chest

That troubles you? For if the pestilence

Had issued thence in blue sulphureous smoke

And seized your vitals, scarcely could your frame

Have been perturbed so.

Hind. I'll have it all!

Yes, by the rood, I'll have the secret forth,

If *this* should open up a vent for it.

(Takes his Sword out of the Chest; GELON

starts and utters a cry.)

Ha! it affrights thee, does it? List to me,—

Here, as thy lord and lover, I entreat thee
 To tell me truly how thou camest by this.
 If thou refusest, by the Virgin's truth—

Isa. Swear not, my lord ; she is in duty bound—
 She must, and shall obey you.

Gel. Your threats I value not, nor yours, nor aught
 That either can inflict.—But as it is—
 I'm sick of life—Oh me, but this is strange !
 Now I remember the eventful words :—

“ Never, while life and breath remain,
 “ This sword and scarf must meet again ;
 “ The hour thou givest this secret birth,
 “ It is thy last upon the earth.”

Lies, like the rest !—In this despairing mood
 I'll make experiment.—Dost thou command ?

Hind. First, I entreat.

Gel. 'Tis only on command I can obey,
 Then be the sequel thine.

Hind. I do command then.

Gel. 'Twas in the linn, in the wierd womens' cot,
That I possess'd that sword.—I'll tell thee all :
I went, though half in frolic, yet with mind
Itching to pry into futurity.
But ah ! the horrid rites I witness'd there,
And join'd in, were, I fear, most impious !
When these were at the full, just when I ween'd
Each moment that some beauteous fay would come
In human shape, into the cot you rush'd
In furious guise, and through an image there,
That, in my likeness, and in this array,
Stood roasting at the fire, you run this sword.
Then uttering words of most unhallow'd breath,
Forthwith you fled.—Here is the very gap
Thy sword made in this scarf which now I wear.

Hind. So 'tis to thee and hell I owe the pangs
Of mind and body which I have endured ?

Oh, such a night as that I would not pass
For bliss immortal!—Can I cherish then
The fiend that can inflict it at her will!
Thou impious wretch! so thou applied'st to hell
To gain this most unnatural aggrandizement?
But hell has cheated thee! Oh, tame would be
The soul would stoop to bondage such as this!
Throughout the very rent this sword once made
Again I thrust it—thus it is decreed!
Down with the sorceress! this for truth and heaven!
There—Go to him thou trusted'st.

(He stabs her—She falls.)

Isa. O, rash unhappy man! what hast thou done?
My Gelon! Oh, my child!—Assist me God,
For this is more than human heart can bear!—
Thou maniac! O, thou most inhuman wretch,
What wilt thou next?—For pity's sake again
Strike here, and lay me with my only child.

(He heaves the weapon madly.)

Ben. Hold, madman, hold! what dreadful mood
is this?

(*BEN disarms him—he makes no resistance,
but stands in stupid apathy.*)

Isa. My hapless child! speak, is thy wound to
death,

Or may the hand of skill avail thee aught?

Gelon. Few moments I shall live—a very few.

The tide of life recedes, and soon must mix
With the dark billows of eternity.

Give me one kiss, my mother, ere we part,
And with it give thy blessing—We may meet
In other lands of calm beatitude.

Bless me, my parent, and I'll hope that yet
There may be grace for me—Though I have err'd,
It was in judgment—never from the heart.

Isa. Bless thee, my child!—Could my weak vows
and prayers

Or life-blood win one boon of heaven for thee,

They all are thine !—May he who framed thy spirit,
 So soft, so gentle, that the summer breeze,
 Even in its morning eddies, never was
 More playful and more sweet, receive it back
 Into his bosom !

(GELON *holds out her hand to HINDLEE.*)

Monster, see'st thou this ?

Wilt thou not take that hand, and say farewell ?

Ben. Recal thy senses, sir ; thou can'st not chuse
 But take the hand thy victim offers thee.

Hind. How can I ?—See, thy frame is nought
 to it.

I take a hand in this !

(*He looks unsteadily at his hand.*)

Ben. What, my lord ?

Hind. Note that same single finger,
 See how it rounds and swells—there is no bound
 To corporal magnitude.—A mast !—A pillar !

(*Staring at his sword.*)

And thou art burning too, thou monstrous beam,
Thou goad of red-hot steel ; the very blood
Is by thy fervency seared to a scurf.—
Oh, minister of vengeance, art thou come !

(Starts away.)

(To BEN.) Peter, thou did'st not know that I was
sent—

Sent !—Sent !—Yes, sent.—And over sea and land
I go rejoicing, knowing I am sent.
O what a glory to be sent abroad,
A mighty minister, to do, do, do !
And never to do wrong !—Though I take root
And grow up to a mountain, there would be
An energy remaining, still to do,
To work, work onward ; move, move, move !
A living, an immortal agency !
O, it is consonant to being's end !

Ben. I comprehend not this—Turn there thine
eyes,

And if thy soul is human, shed a tear
 O'er that mild form—Oh, can'st thou brook that
 sight?

Hind. Oft have I witnessed that dismal sight!
 It is not new to me!—for years and days
 That scene has been familiar to mine eye!
 That wound, that garb, these faces, and these looks!
 Yea, this whole scene I've seen a thousand times.
 Now it is done—What more!—Oh!

*(Groans, and forces a hollow laugh—after a pause,
 he starts, and fixes his eyes on vacancy.)*

Ha! thou too there!—poor hapless shade!—Go—go
 Back to thy grave, the day-light will dissolve thee.
 See it is done—What more hast thou to tell?
 If more, say on—Perhaps thou too art sent—
 There's two of them!—There's two of them!
 There's two! there's two!

*(Looks slowly at the Corpse and the imaginary
 Figures alternately.)*

Enter FATHER LAWRENCE.

Isa. O, Father Lawrence, thou art sent by Heaven ;
We have much need of thee, for here hath been
Most grievous work—most foul, unnatural murder.

Hind. Ah !—Who talks of murder ?

F. Law. What do I see !

O hapless wretch !—hath man's great enemy
Thus far got mastery of thee at the last,
As guide thy hand to perpetrate this deed ?

Hind. Deed !—what ?—what deed, good father ?

F. Law. Whose is this victim ? Hast thou slain
thy wife ?

Hind. Wife ! wife !—slain my wife !—

Must earth, and heaven, and hell, blab out that
sentence ?

Still that, and nothing else ?

Why then 'tis well !—But see'st thou these, good
father ?

Speak to them—they too are sent.

F. Law. Whom dost thou mean ?

Hind. Dost thou not see these pale and rueful
forms,

How wistfully they fix their eyes on me ?

There's pity in their looks !—O, speak to them,

And they will tell you the decrees of Heaven,

Which I am sent to execute—sent !—sent !

O, such a horoscope shall never more

Mark out a finite track !—It is the essence,

The spirit of existence !—Speak to them—

That pale and silvery cloud through which they look

Makes them appear more fair !

Go near to them, and speak, good father.

F. Law. He is possess'd !—Mad as the raving
storm,

Or chafed flood ! Some demon is within.

Isa. O, father, turn thee here !

Thy utmost influence with heaven we need !

Oh, would that memory and sense with me

Were steep'd in dark forgetfulness!—My child!
My loved, my only child! was it for this
That all my vows and prayers to heaven were
breathed

For twenty happy years?—Was it for this
I nursed and rear'd thee with such anxious care?
For this I loved thee, kiss'd thy ripening lips?
And I must kiss them still, though now, alas!
They meet not mine as they were wont!
Yet to thy dust I'll cling, for it is all
I love beneath the heaven!

F. Law. Bear hence the body.

We must go pray, for hell has been at work,
And hell, I fear, has agents nigher us
Than we divine. Let all the vale be warn'd—
This night we make our great appeal to God,
And leave the event to him.

(*They bear in the Body—FATHER LAWRENCE
returns*)

Come thou with me,
 Thou hapless, hopeless criminal—Thy race
 Of happiness on earth too soon is run !

Hind. Run, did'st thou say ?—Yes, I must run !
 It suits not God's commissioner to stand
 Till others come to chide him !—Peace be with thee,
 For I have far to go to-night !—Think'st thou
 That ever mortal was so highly blest,
 So honour'd, so distinguish'd, to be sent ?
 Oh, how I'll bound like panther through the desert !
 The flood shall part before me and the flame ;
 The sun of heaven shed coolness on my head ;
 The stars direct, the green wave bear me up—
 Post, post to the eternal goal !—Who calls ?
 Here ! here I am, the messenger of God !
 Have with thee, spirit of motion !

F. Law. (*Holding him.*) Nay, stay with me—thou
 hast some work to do
 Ere you wend forth abroad. Keep guard on him.

(*To HUTCHON.*)

Enter MARTHA, ISABEL, *and* BEN.

Mar. O, holy father, hast thou no controul
O'er hell's insatiate emissaries here ?
If thou hast not, our country we must leave,
For all is at their steps ; and higher still
Their rancour grows. I have lost my only son !

Isa. And I my daughter !

Ben. And I the maiden of my heart, whom they
Have sore misled.

F. Law. The fault is in yourselves ;
The power they have is depute of your folly.

Ben. Say thou not so : I have heard voices speak,
And seen the forms of men rise from the earth ;
Nay, my own self in every lineament.
And from the wasteful robberies that have been
For years and days, I buy their firm assurance ;
And though my flocks lie wide, my doors stand open,

And all my chests unlock'd, I never yet
Have lost the smallest item—think of that !
I sin in telling it, for I was sworn—
But none who pay to them are ever plunder'd.

F. Law. But art thou sure of this ?

Ben. Most sure.

F. Law. A new light breaks upon me !—I'll un-
mask

This scene of guilt and infamy ere long.
How many peasants have arrived for prayers ?

Ben. Ten goodly youths are here.

F. Law. Let them be arm'd and watch around
the cot ;

If they should hear this call—(*whistles*)—one half of
them

Rush to our aid, the others guard the linn.—
Shepherd, go thou with me—we will salute them
In friendly guise, as if to gain some knowledge

Of these inscrutable marauders—This
May throw some farther light on our mishaps.

Ben. Urge them to show their power—it is their
pride ;

And be thou witness what they can effect.

F. Law. I take thy counsel—we must deal with
them

In their own way—come thou and testify.

SCENE II.

The Witches' Cot.

GRIMALD, NORA, MALDIE.

Grim. Here is the blood from thy right arm,
Sign, seal, and rivet the charm.

Mal. I would, but dare not, for I dread

In doing so, I do a deed
Not to be cancell'd or forgiven—
May I do this, and yet win heaven ?

Grim. Certes ; think'st thou that we conspire
With spirits damn'd from home of fire ?—
No, we consort with spirits free
From every bond, as thou shalt be.

Mal. First I desire that thou wilt show
Thy power, what thou hast pledged to do.

Grim. It shall be done—name thy request.
Whom would'st thou see ?

Mal. Call up the priest,
Whom most I dread and most detest—
If he is thine thou hast the rest.

Grim. Sister, bring my mighty book,
And stir the black vat in the nook,
For the scent is dead, and the scum is blue,
And the vapour of an earthy hue ;

Although to us 'tis scarce a savour,
It is a wall, it is a river,
Would bar a spirit's march for ever.
My words are struggling to have vent!
My highest energies are bent
On this last great experiment!

(Aloud, waving her rod.)

Commotion!—Commotion!
In earth, air, and ocean!
Begin!—Begin!
Without and within!
Gross-matter element,
Fire and firmament,
In discord and jingle,
Commingle!—Commingle!
Commingle!—Commingle!

And thou!—And thou!
 To whom I bow,
 Hear me now!
 Hear me now!
 Now!—Now!—

(A whistle without.)

Nora. Hush!—Stop the rites—Whom have we
 hear?

Haply 'tis my familiar—Move not limb,
 Nor tongue, nor finger, till I hearken him.

(She opens the door and screams.)

Enter FATHER LAWRENCE and BEN.

Grim. Oh!—Oh!—Oh!

(Howls in ecstasy.)

We have won! We have won!
 He is ours! he is ours!

The earth is our own.

*(Changes her voice from an eldritch howl
to a deep hollow tone.)*

Spirit, we kneel to thee !

Sign, set, and seal to thee !

Laud to thy might,

Thy honour and right,

For the power is thine own

By the day or the night.

F. Law. Art thou distraught, dame Grimald ?
prithee rise,

And let thy 'haviour similate to us,

Conversant only with humanity.

Grim. I have thee ! I have thee !

The world cannot save thee !

Nay—nothing alarm thee,

Here nothing shall harm thee ;

But ah ! should'st thou kick,
Thy heart how I'll nick,
And the arteries out of thy black bosom pick,
Till the core in its cover
My talons shall reach,
And the drivelling soul grin out of the breach!
Ha, ha, ha ! ooh !

(*Howls.*)

F. Law. Cease, cease—I take the risk. Thou art
aware

That I deny your most redoubted power.
I come to be resolved of it, and then
I'll bow to you, and ask your aid and counsel
As others do—Can'st thou, by voice, or sign,
Or form of aught on earth or hell, advise
Who or from whence these nightly robbers are
Who harry us in every shape of man,
Yet never can be found ?

Grim. Priest—animal!—(for that's a name
Suiting the brotherhood you claim,
Behind that hallan cast thine eye,
And note if living thing you spy.

(FATHER LAWRENCE and BEN, with lights,
go behind the arras and return.)

F. Law. No, nothing—Not a mouse is stirring
here,

Nor room I see for one to enter it.

Nora. (*Drawing a Circle round them.*) Now stand
you there.

I would not aught befel you in this place :
Swear therefore to me, not to move a foot,
Nor once attempt to stir out of this circle,
Whatever you hear or see, and you shall learn
That you desire.

F. Law. I do—I swear.

Ben. And I.

Nora. Sister, call.

Grim. Spirit—Spirit—Hitherward hie thee.
 Where shall I turn me?—where shall I spy thee?
 Come by the wind-hole like miasm swarth,
 Rise like a fire-fly up from the hearth,
 Or bore like a mould-warp out of the earth.
 Come not like shepherd, nor come thou like shade,
 Come not like elfin king, come not like maid,
 But come like a hypocrite stately and slow,
 Come like Priest Lawrence and tell what you know.
 Mouly, Gil-Mouly, sly mouse of the mill,
 Here-away, there-away, come when you will.

(A soft cadence of Music within.)

Oh! thou art come in music, art thou, spirit?
 Then thou art but a voice to-night—a sound
 Without the semblancy of frame or being.
 Thou ever-changing modalist, can'st thou,
 In this earth-born unelemental state,

Shape the thin air to words, or cadency,
That nature may expound? Or sing, or say,
Or mince in melody all that thou know'st
Of the mysterious plunderers of the vale.

SONG *within.*

*Beyond the mountain, beyond the moor,
Beyond the border there is a bower,
And in that bower there is a way
That never oped to the light of day.*

*There is a band, and there is a knight,
Who sleep by day, and who wake by night ;
Beware the path by the forest tree ;—
Beware the fair maid that smiles on thee.*

F. Law. Grace be my shield, but this is wonder-
ful !

I have had proofs of secret conference,
Of most mysterious kind, held with a maiden,
Who shall be nameless here.

Grim. Step forth, I say, thou freakish thing;
Why fear a face so grovelling?
Seest thou this priest of reverend fame?—
Step forth in garb and form the same.
See, I wave my magic wand—
Come, come, I thee command.

Enter one habited like FATHER LAWRENCE,

Spirit. Why am I called?—Beware of me!
Of night and day count three times three,
And that thou hast shall pass away.
The word is given; note what I say.

F. Law. Yes, I will note thee well.—Are we re-
leased?

Nora. For one short moment stay, until we hear

The sound that speaks his flight.—

(Soft tones of Music within.)

Now go thy way.

F. Law. Suffer me once again to look within,
That all my doubts may fade.

Grim. Thou foolish wight!

Search for a spirit, sooth!—Search as thou wilt.

(Scene changes to a dark Closet.—Enter FATHER LAWRENCE and BEN, with lights.—

They search. As they are about to retire,

FATHER LAWRENCE observes a line on the floor. He kneels down and examines it,

tracing a square with his finger. He makes a sign to BEN, who likewise examines it.

FATHER LAWRENCE blows the Call.—Enter five or six armed Peasants.)

F. Law. One guard the door—the rest force entrance here.—

Is the linn path belaid?

Peas. Most closely guarded, sire.

(They force up a trap-door, and descend—Pause.

—Cries and firing without.—Scene changes as before.—Enter Peasants, with two Robbers, guarded, one in the habit of FATHER LAWRENCE.—FATHER LAWRENCE and others re-enter from behind.

F. Law. Now all the mystery is at once disclosed.

Within this cavern are deposited

The spoils of years—a motley countless spoil,—

Robes of the dead and living without end;

Coffins and cabinets—O, what a scene

Of guilt and imposition hath been here!

In these two thieves I trace the remainder

Of that cursed gang, that bold Egyptian race

Late banish'd from our land, and dear the forfeiture

To them shall prove.—How camest *thou* leagued

with them?

Grim. I leagued with them!—No! nor with aught

That e'er with sense, or sordid flesh and blood
Fester'd the face of nature.—I leagued with them !
Poh! morbid wart !

F. Law. Declare if this be true. Is she not
leagued

In your infernal policy and fraud ?

Nora. With us she is not leagued.—These three
long years

That crazed unnatural thing hath been to us
A source of wealth.—Full oft have these my sons
Arisen from out that cave, in garb and guise
By her called up, till she believed that all
The spirits of the air and nether world
Came at her bidding : Yet I needs must own,
That human beings at her call have come ;
Some strange events by her have been forespoke ;
And, poor, deranged, and haggard as she is,
She hath seen better days ; for sore mishap
Hath made of her a prey, therefore I deem

Her sold to Satan, and her witching powers
 Unknown even to herself—This is the truth.
 Let us go free, and we these haunts beloved
 Will leave, and never more revisit them ;
 But should you give us up to justice, I
 Have sons and true associates who will wreak
 Vengeance upon you, even to fire and blood.

F. Law. That be our care to avert—Lead them
 away

To justice—And for thee, wild hellish crone,
 Though duped, thou hast a most malignant heart,
 And hatred of all good—Thy curses now
 Return upon thyself, for thou shalt see
 A t Cross of Leader such a sacrifice
 Of human nature in depravity,
 As Scotland hath not seen.

Grim. Ay, lead me there, and prove your im-
 potence

To scathe one single hair of these grey locks.

Cart me to hall of justice—to the stake—
Load me with fetters, chain this faded frame
To rock of adamant—Your faggots pile
High as the Eldon—Squeeze the heaven and earth
Together for a bellows to the flame—
O, I'll raise those from out the spider's nest,
Or from the bluart's eye, will scatter you,
And set the prisoner free!—I duped by you!
Ha! ha! The arbitress of angels duped!
Fardels of rank corruption!—Oh, to move
The overthrow of nature, the support
Of such incarnate dross —I'll call on it.—
I'll order't to be done.—Tremble, ye weeds!
Ye garbage of existence!—for your hour
Draws on apace—I saw it blazon'd red
Upon the dial of heaven, and the hand,
The pointer throwing hell's infernal shade,
Near'd to its limb.

F. Law. Cease thy wild blasphemy—Lead her
away.

Why do you tremble? Take them to their doom,
Which none so well have earn'd.—God grant me
strength,

For there is need of comfort and rebuke.

(*To MALDIE.*) Thou wicked minx, what brought
thee to this place?

Can'st thou again a conjuring for men?

Ben. No names, so please you, sire—Weak, but
not wicked.

We have been all abused—Look up, my girl,
And do not weep—There's something *here* thy friend;
And if I can, I will forgive thee all.

F. Law. Forgiveness is the doctrine which I
teach,
And peace and charity the themes I love.

Enter HUTCHON.

Hut. O, sire, I come with more unwelcome tidings ;
Lord Hindlee is no more !

F. Law. Father of Mercies,
Do not destroy our trust !—Thou messenger
Of woe, say how it hap'd ; for surely thou
Art blameable in this ?

Hut. He 'scaped from me,
And bounded like a wild deer to the waste,
Crying aloud that he was sent afar
On glorious mission. More than mortal speed
Mark'd his career—The shepherd fled aside,
The passenger to silent covert slid
Till he pass'd by—Loudly he pray'd to Heaven,
And then by turns he laugh'd—boasting amain
Of that he would fulfil—" I'll reach the bourn,"
He cried, " I will ! I will ! and then I'll do it.

O God! let me but on to do thy work,
For I am burning for the high employ
Of everlasting moment!—Laggard, on!
On, Gabriel, on! thou messenger of doom!
Fly! fly! Dost thou not see how I would fly,
And then the wind would cool me? Oh, were I
Dissolved into a wind, that I might sweep
Light over hill, and plain, and yielding wave,
Never to shift or change!—Or to a stream,
For it is sent, and runs on—on—for ever.
I'll be a stream!—No, no, I'll be the wind,
And then there's no bar nor impediment
On nature's face between me and the East.
The wild-fowl of the heath will cower him down
Till I pass over—swans will ope their ranks—
The solan swim aside—the rolling clouds
Fling wide their downy windows far before
The eye of God's eternal messenger!

I cannot ! Oh, I cannot !—On ! On ! On !”
These were his words, while I his words could hear.
His rout was traced with blood, for his bare feet
Were lacerated by the shivering ice.
That track I follow'd, forth, around, and back,
For redder still it grew—At length, hard by
Beside the church-yard wall I found him stretch'd,
A ghastly corse !—Ah ! such a woful sight
Ne'er blench'd the human cheek ! for in his hands
Was squeez'd the snow-ball leaven'd with his blood.
All clothing and encumbrance he had thrown,
Yet kept the sacred book, which in the last
Wild agonies of dying he had gnaw'd ;
And still within the grin of madness lock'd,
The remnant of that holy book remains.

F. Law. For mercy's sake, no more !

Ben. Father, wilt thou not lay eternal curse
Upon the authors of these miseries ?

F. Law. O no, I leave them to the just award
Of Him, whose hand unerring sent this scourge
By these his ministers, for grievous sin,
Or others' welfare.—Hence let never man
Pry for a crevice to futurity,
For all are wisely closed. O let it lie
In its primeval darkness! Short the while
That the dull twilight of this life can last,
And then the dawning of Eternity
Will pierce the veil, and all our longings end.

END OF ALL-HALLOW-EVE.

15 April 1825.

IFM.D.

SIR ANTHONY MOORE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ANTHONY MOORE, }
LORD CECIL, } *English Barons.*

SIR BARNARD FAUCET, }
SIR RICHARD COLLIER, } *Knights, Friends to Moore.*

RALPH, }
GEORGE, } *Sons to Cecil.*

JASPER, *a Country Hind.*

CUBBIN, *Son to Jasper.*

CHURCH WARDEN, &c.

CAROLINE CECIL, *only Daughter to Lord Cecil.*

ESTHER, *her Nurse and Tutress.*

KATE, *Wife to Jasper.*

SIR ANTHONY MOORE.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Room.

CAROLINE—*To her enter ESTHER.*

Est. Hah ! what's th' ado to-day, that I am teased
And call'd thus early from my grateful rest ?
Where sits the wind o' th' morning ? Have you read
The beagle of the air, and noted me
Where points his nose, and bends his golden eye ?

Car. Still at thy old conceits !—though now I
should

Be right well versant in quaint similies,
I know not what you mean. What must I read?

Est. O what a slow-paced intellect!—If thou
Had'st been as apt in mental energies,
And the fine semblances that fancy draws,
As thou art in thy pleasures, thou had'st been
A very phœnix, Caroline—What read!
Go read the vane, dame, Light-head, read the vane—
Dost understand me now? and note thou well
The very point to a hairs-breadth which his comb
Patiently points at.

Car. Pray out with it, Esther;
Or troth your jest will hang so long i'th' wind
'Twill lose its relish—What imports the vane,
Or from what point the breeze o' the morning blows?

Est. Much it imports to thee, and all the fair
Fond fluttering things that sigh beneath the load
Of maiden fears, tremors, and jealousies.

'Tis to the very home of love he points.

For, trust me, whencesoe'er the wind o'ernight
Has blown on thee, it has been from the land
Where love holds revelry, and keeps his wake
Mid thorns and roses—Nay, his very breath
Hath fann'd thy cheek and flush'd it to a glow.
Thy humid lip, the lustre of thine eye—
That living lustre from the soul that flows,
And turns the dews of heaven to sprinkled dust,
All blab the burning secret ere thy tongue
Has power to utter it.

Car. Thou guessest shrewdly !

Est. Ah, my Caroline !

Nor precept nor example will thee stay
From rushing headlong on those flowery toils ;
But thou may'st vainly struggle to get free
Once thou art meshed.

Car. Thou art so pleasant, Esther,
And yet so kind withal, thy accents seem

The very soul's own elixir—I'm indeed!
Love's bondmaid—yea, his very slave I am ;
And for his sake have done a deed which —

Est. Caroline !—What hast thou done ?
If thou hast done the veriest trifling levity,
Or given up even the least proportion
Of aught distinguishable that becomes
Thy maiden honour, name, and noble lineage,
Give it not utterance, but let me slumber
In happy ignorance, or hopeful doubt.

Car. Done ?—What have I done ! Ah, Esther,
Although the time's not long, since I last saw you
Love has done much, but not the thousandth part
Which he has yet to do !—O, I look onwards
To such long years of bliss—of generous rapture,
So pure and unalloy'd, that every sense
Seems framed to feelings all sublimed and new !
You say, if I have given up aught unmeet—

Sooth, Esther, I have given up all that love
Can give or ask—for I have given myself—
I'm wedded.

Est. May the great God of Heaven forefend !

Car. Esther !—What mean'st thou ? Say not so
again.

Est. Did I hear rightly ?—Said'st thou wedded ?

Car. As truly and as solemnly as union
On earth was ever seal'd.

Est. The die's then cast !

O rash, rash, frantic girl, what hast thou done ?
Thou'st struck me to the heart !

Car. Pray do not plain, nor grieve thyself and me,
For now 'tis past and cannot be undone.

I dreaded to apprise thee, for I knew
Thy anxious fear of all that me concerns ;
But now I know thou wilt conform thy love
And care to my most nice and perilous state.

Est. Yes, thou wert predetermined, and durst not
Trust my remonstrances—thou wert resolved
To have thy lover—Ah! the prospect chills me!
It will not—nay, it cannot come to good.

Car. 'Tis done—'Tis done—Be that your first re-
gard—

Your comments after—Why look you so sad?
'Tis done, I say, and I exult in it.
Would that my case had been a thousand times
More critical. Then had I manifested
Some shadow of the love I bear my husband:
My husband! that's a new and thrilling term!
O, my old Esther, if you knew the half
Of that high love I feel for him, you would not
Thus blame me.

Est. Ah, too generous Caroline!
Thou art all love and easy tenderness;
But, O fond girl, thou hast done far amiss!

I scarce know what I dread, but the impression
That thy discovery on my mind has made
Is so mishapen and repulsive all,
That I am sure of woeful consequence.
Our day of bliss is past !

Car. (*weeping.*) I see you do not love me ;
There is but one in all my father's house
That I dare trust, and she upbraids and blames me.
It is not well.

Est. The hate, the deadly feud
Between your sires, can never be cancell'd.
No, all the world will never reconcile
The haughty Cecil to Sir Anthony.
O I am sick at heart !—Pardon me, love ;
Indeed, I'd not have seen you wed another,
Nor for a nobler husband wish'd, for I
Hold Moore unequal'd——

Car. Is he not, Esther ?—Ha !

Say, is he not unequal'd?—O that was
A word that my ear loved!—Say it again.
Say't often, Esther, for indeed there is
No detriment of truth in't—If I wist
That ever women loved with half the love
I bear Sir Anthony, I would take blame
For that I've done ; but all the love e'er sway'd
The female soul must come far short of mine !
O had I more to give, and more to risk !
And more !—and more !—I've read of dames who
 wept,
And pined, and some who died too for their lords ;
But I hold light of these, for I would do them
All every day for brave Sir Anthony.
Speak sometimes of him to me, Esther,
And O let it be kindly—Speak his worth,
And then my ears shall drink the welcome sounds,
And hang upon them with such grateful pause,

As pilgrim on the distant melody,
That wanders from his long and far-sought shrine.

Est. Think'st thou he will prove true?

Car. Ah! can you ask

That with a serious eye? Please you refrain
From such insulting question.

Est. He's noted for a fickle changeful mind.

Car. But not in love!—O no! they know him not
That would insinuate such sickly stuff.

Est. You're crazed with love, poor girl, most wo-
fully;

But I'll be plain with you—With all his bravery,
Honour, and virtue, still he somewhat lacks
To make him great—He's easy in th' extreme,
And credulous as a child—he's rather one
To cast a sudden and a dazzling beam,
Than to sit burning with a steady light
I'll lecture you on this.

Car. Pray not just now,
Or if you lecture, let it be on love.

Est. It shall—but list, thy brothers are astir.
Come to my chamber, for thou hast much need
Of a sound lesson—I will show thee truly
What love is—and what thou art.

My sweet Cecil!—

Pride of the land! what art thou
More than a tender flower of form and hue
Too delicate and lovely to maintain
It's blossom all unsullied? 'Tis a world
Where every blight hankers round purity!
The dust may fall upon the hyacinth,
The sullied eves-drop on the wall-flower crust,
The stain may fester on the violet,
Yet none of these be mark'd—they blossom on.
But when such light upon the lily's breast,
Or the soft foldings of the virgin rose,

By every eye the blemish is beheld,
And that alone—Thou art such flower,
Which suns have warm'd, and southern breezes
 fann'd,
Till all the glowing tints of nature burn
Both in thy mind and mein. O, my loved child!
I fear the blossoms of the virgin gem
Are fallen and blighted in untimely day!—
Come with me, my love-blinded Caroline.

SCENE II.

Benendine Castle.

MOORE *and* COLLIER *meeting.*

Moore. Welcome, my gallant friend, Sir Richard
Collier,

I joy once more to greet you here at Benendine.
What news from Cumberland?—In one word, say
How our rash sortance there gives countenance,
For I am all impatience.

Col. All well, my lord ;
And to your timeous aid, and most prompt measures,
The land its safety owes.

Moore. Have you already rid the west of all
The Scots that did infest it ?

Col. Some are gone home to keep their Lent, Sir
Anthony—

But more remain in Cumberland.

Moore. Remain !—How ?—Where ?
Why have you left the army then ?—By heaven,
Had I been there, I'd not have left a man !
No, not a weather-beaten bare-kneed thief,
Should have turn'd up his brown and moor-burnt
visage,
Or cock'd his bonnet to an Englishman.

Col. Patience, good knight—restrain your indignation.

Those that remain in Cumberland will not
Do much mischief.

Moore. Ha? What?

Col. One half remain, 'tis true—

Moore. Remain—

Col. (*Stopping him.*) But there is not
A Scot on this side Solway unsecured
In gaol or cemetery.

Moore. Ha, ha, ha!—Pardon me, Collier.—
Give me thy hand, brave knight.
Where is our friend, the gallant Faucet?

Col. I left him on the Border, actively
Viewing the forts, and doubling every post
At ford and causeway. In this business he
Has done most noble service.

Moore. I know no knight
On English ground that may compare with Faucet.

Col. He overcame and slew the bloody Gordon
With his own hand. He will be here anon.

Moore. I'm sick till then. Myself have cleared
the Tyne,

And forced the mighty Liddesdale to seek
For shelter in his fens and pathless woods.

I'll warn the king of our unween'd success,
For he is hasting north with all his power.

Give me description of these Galloway warriors ;
'Tis said they lack the honour, and the might
Of the staunch Scottish borderer, but that
They fight with hellish ire.

Col. Yes, when they're hungry they will fight for
food ;

And when driven desperate they will fight for life,—
Most sternly will they fight ! but as for honour,
That's from the question—a most rare conjunction.

O, such a set of raggamuffin thieves

These eyes did never look on—By my troth,

'Tis a rare thought, honour in Galloway !

Moore. (*Laughing.*) Forgive me, Collier, for I
needs must laugh

At you and these your western warriors.

Col. Nay, by the Lord, Sir Anthony, when I
First saw the dogs approaching rank and file
I laugh'd outright, they looked so rascally.
And yet I felt a chillness at the sight
Of human creatures so unflesh'd and gnarl'd.
Seeing their kilted hams and matted locks,
Red-crested flap-caps, brows, and long peel'd jaws,
I deemt them beings of some horrid nature,
Who feasted on old sinewy goats and serpents,
And drank distilled mustard.—I did laugh,
But thought not once of honour ! By my knighthood,
Had thought of *Galloway* and *Honour* cross'd me,
I had o'erlaugh'd the battle.

Moore. Out on thee, knight,
This is too much. (*Laughing.*) Farewell a while. I'm
bound

To secret meeting, which I yearn and pine for.

(Aside.) (Why should I not acquaint my brother
knights

With that concerns me most? Certes I will. —

Sir Richard, knowest thou young Caroline,

The pride of all the Cecils?

Col. Full well, my lord.

Moore. She is mine,

My own true wedded spouse, whom I love more

Than all this world beside.

Col. I give you joy with all my heart and soul,—
She's a most rare and precious jewel.

Moore. 'Tis yet a secret—give't no breath, unless
To our beloved Faucet.—Fare thee well.

(Exit MOORE.)

Col. Married to Caroline!—Allied to Cecil!

I little wot how this will suit the growth

Of our yet thriving scheme of mastership.

It is a mote—a most unseemly speck

In our fair prospect!—Would it were to do!
It should not be consummate else than by
Surmounting high obstruction.—But 'tis done,
And I must wish it thrive, for I do love him
With my whole heart.

Enter FAUCET.

Ha! brother captain, do I see you here,
And that so early?

Fau. I've posted all the way;
For that fierce earl, redoubted Liddesdale,
Is but retired to come again more dreadful.
The Merse and Tiviotdale are up in arms,
And all the dalesmen of the western border;
And from the shelter'd glades, and castled steeps
Of that impervious forest, where the Scotts
Hold ample sway, a thousand warriors come,
Whom fame reports as scarce controllable.

I fear we earn but sere and scanty laurels
From such staunch troopers.—Where is Moore?

Col. Gone on a fond and foolish expedition.
O, Faucet, our high branching honours must
Soon be cut short and dodder'd to the trunk.

Fau. How dost thou mean?—I swear it shall not
be,

Ere thou go'st farther.—We're in such a way
That honours must accumulate and flow
Upon us still; the current now is such
I scarcely hold it changeable by man.

Col. Sir Anthony, the very soul and stem
Of our o'erwhelming influence and power,
Guess what the fool hath done?

Fau. I know not—speak, for thou amazest me.

Col. Espoused fair Caroline Cecil.

Fau. Collier!—Dost thou not jest?

Col. Sooth, not a jot.

I tell you they are wedded ; and his love
Seems past definement ; all his feelings else
Are swallowed up in that.

Fau. O fool ! fool ! Most incongruous fool !
Damn his precipitance !—If I had ween'd
Aught of such paralizing gross effect,
I had roused earth and hell in mix'd array
Against such fatal and abhorr'd conjunction.

Col. If reconcilment 'twixt their houses should
From this ensue, then——

Fau. *If!*—Let me not hear your *ifs*,
We'll have no *ifs* in such a case as this.
Collier, dost thou not see all we have done
And brought to bear with so much patient labour,
At peril of our honours and our lives,
Is by this vile collusion frustrated
And levell'd ?—scatter'd to the winds at once ?

Col. Certes 'tis most unmeet ?

Fau. 'Tis we have given this Moore the precedence,

Unknown even to himself; and now I tell thee,
If ever my name be syllabled between
Their houses in adjustment, all is lost.
And our deep pioneering policy will
Flash on the day at once.—It must not hold—
No, and it shall not hold—this cursed cement.
Men must not fall, and houses must not sink,
That women may be kiss'd.

Col. Nought can be done.

He's now at Exeter to visit her,
In guise most secret, which besteads him well.

Fau. But he shall ne'er go back—No, never—
This is the last time he must e'er behold
That witching polish'd play-thing.

Col. Thy threat's unmeet;
Nought shalt thou do against our noble friend.

Fau. Nought do!—I'll dizzy them!—Hell, but I
will!

Yes, all this golden palace of delight
I'll countermine, and sapping its vile base,
Set it coranting on the eddying air
Till all its corbells and dight garniture
Sink shatter'd in the mud.—
Nought do!—I'll pluck the heart away
From this voluptuous and rank-feeding passion,
And give it to corruption, till it greet
The sicken'd sense with loathing.—See thou to it;
For if thou flinch, thou art the first that fall'st.—
I'll do it, or dishonour blast my name!

SCENE III.

A Hall in a Castle.

CECIL, GEORGE.

Cecil. Come hither, boy.—See'st thou this charge
that bears

The royal seal and signature ?

Geo. I do : Pray what imports it ?

Cecil. Imports it, son !

Thou art a fallen, ruin'd, abject slave,
A vagrant on the earth's lean commonage ;
Doom'd haply to manure or delve the soil
Thy father call'd his own.—Save this old heritage,
Our broad domains, our honours, and commands,
Are all bestow'd upon that varlet Moore,
That mean, that drivelling, undermining wretch !
I am outwitted, duped, and sore beset.—

But ere I'll stoop to bow the neck to him
And his old dotard sire, I'll brave the worst
That kings, mean parasites, or fiends, can muster.
I'll not be gallow'd by a royal thief,
With all his axes and his scaffoldings,
From most consummate vengeance.—Note me, son :
Small are the bounties I can now bestow ;
But go, proclaim it 'mongst my followers,
I'll give my daughter, my loved Caroline,
With half of those poor lands I yet call mine,
To any one, the meanest of them all,
That will bring me the heart of that damn'd cozener,—
That Anthony Moore.

Geo. The heart of Anthony Moore !—

Oh, honour'd father—

Cecil. His heart, I say !—Other equivalent
I'll none of—I'll not take head, hand, limb,
Nor any superfluous—I'll have his heart !—
I'll have his heart !—

Enter RALPH.

Avaunt, thou dull intruder.

How darest thou rush upon my privacy,
Thus madly staring, without ceremony?
What is't alarms thee now?

Ralph. O, honour'd sire,
Here do we stand in momentary peril.
Some hellish plot has crept within our walls
And there finds fosterage; for, by this light,
I saw young Moore, the heir of Benendine,
Our most avow'd and mortal enemy,
Steal from our porch in deep disguise, and fly
Like thief across the field.

Cecil. Hah! He within my walls, and 'scape with
life!

Out on thee, craven!—To your arms!—Holloa!—
Get me a steed—Let all the bloodhounds loose—
Ye're traitors all!—Speed the pursuit, I say.

Ralph. My lord, pursuit is vain ; before this time
He's past the bounds of Exeter, and safe.

Cecil. Ay, ay, I ween'd so—It is always thus.
Each one of you combine to thrall your father,—
To mortify and wound him.—It is well !—
It seems as if the fiends of darkness were
Let loose, and did combine with God and man
To wrack and crush the old grey-headed Cecil.—
He'll brave them all !—Will he not do it ?—Yes.
He braves them all !—Ugh !—Do all your worst !

Geo. O patience, my loved father.

Cecil. Canting driveller !

Thy soul was motion'd for some crazed monk
That reads dry homilies—Talk to me of patience !
Who late held king and country at my nod,
And now am caged and trampled on by dogs.
Go call up all my slaves—I'll search their souls,
And learn who's in connivance with this Moore.

Ralph. That thou hast need to do. I'll bring them
all. (Exit RALPH.)

Cec. To me this stratagem's inexplicable.
'Tis for no good—Here have I taken hold
In my old patrimonial home, and must I
Be ferreted from thence, and hunted down
Upon the open field!—bay'd at by curs!

Enter RALPH, with Male and Female Servants.
George, seek the blockman—See that he be nigh,
Hell's usher with his clinchers and his tools
Yare at a carbonado—Bring the leech,
His is the only antidote for treason.—
Now, my right worthy liegemen, and chaste maid-
ens ;
Well tried and trusty gang ! Who of you have
Leagued with my foe, that Moore of Benendine,
Against my life?—Declare—for see who comes.

Enter GEORGE with the Executioner.

1st Man Ser. It was nought me, my guod luord,
I wote.

2d Man Ser. Nor me, plaise your guod luordship.

3d Man Ser. Nor me, &c. &c.

1st Maid Ser. (*Coming forward curtseying.*) Believe
me, my good lord, it wes not I.

Cecil. (*Enraged, mimicking.*)—Ah! wes it not,
good madam?

None more like—No one more like

Than such as you to league with such a flasher.

(*Growls.*)

Ugh!—Get thee gone, thou stalk of gilt corruption!

Thou mouse!—thou doll!—thou babyclout!—away

Out of my sight!—So! 'Twas not you?

Nor you?—Nor you?—Nor you?—No, no,

'Twas none of you!—He of himself alone

Got in and out; and with himself held converse

Throughout the night.—'Tis plain 'twas none of you!
 ——Damn'd knaves! you're guilty all,
 I see it in your looks—I'll have you manacled,
 Rack'd, and, one after one, your heads chopp'd off
 Till you confess your plot.

Omnes Servants. (*Crying aloud.*) Oh!—Oh what
 shall we do!

Enter CAROLINE.

Car. What means this rout?—My father, thou
 hast been

Doing somewhat in wrath—in blindfold rage,
 Which ever and anon thou dost amiss—
 Where lies the offence?

Cecil. O my loved Caroline!
 Thou only sweetener of my life—we're sold.
 That herd hath leagued with our insatiate foe,
 Cursed Moore of Benendine, to slay us all.
 Late was he seen among them; meanly skulking

Among that scum, planning our final ruin.

O, I'll have such ripe vengeance on the crew !

Car. Now, on my life, 'tis wide misprision all.

Are these the looks of guilt ?—these guilty things ?

Would I were sure of bliss as of their honesty ;

They have not so much mind among them all

As fathom plot for robbing of a roost.

Servants. What madam says is true, good measter.

Car. Go, go, poor knaves. Dismiss them to their
work,

I stand their bail till farther proof appear.

Cecil. Thou art the only one on earth, my Caroline,

That I think loves me ; therefore at thy suit

I free them now, but they shall well be look'd to.

*(Exeunt Servants, who bow to CAROLINE, and
kiss her hand or robe as they pass.)*

Ah, Caroline ! thy heart is blameless pure.

Thou feel'st *thou* would'st not league against thy fa-
ther,

Nor with his hated foes hold intercourse
For nought on earth, and thou think'st all are so.
Poor girl! thou little know'st the ways of men,
Their craft and their deceit!—We must beware,
For this intrigue is of no trivial kind.

Enter Servant, giving a letter.

Ser. My lord, a henchman gave this in great haste,
Then turn'd and rode as it had been for life.

Cecil. This is a poor device, to turn the blame
On those are innocent, and all suspicion
From the real caitiff—Hear what this informer,
This nameless, foul impostor writes to me.

(Reads.)—“MY LORD,—To crown all the injuries
“you have sustained, and as a last and final indig-
“nity, young MOORE of Benendine hath seduced
“your daughter by means of a sham marriage. While

“ I write, he is, to my wotting, in her chamber ; and,
 “ if my page’s steed holds good, this may reach
 “ your hand before he quits it. The power and in-
 “ fluence of MOORE are now so rank and unpruned,
 “ I am forced to conceal my name, but am ever

“ A FRIEND to the house of CECIL.”

(Long pause—CAROLINE trembles and droops.)

Cecil. How’s this, my children?—Say—Ralph,
 didst thou see him?

Art’ sure thou saw’st him steal from hence this
 morning?

*(RALPH bows ; and CECIL turns his eyes slowly
 and fearfully round on CAROLINE,—then
 with fury.)*

Ha ! Dost thou tremble, girl?—

No, no ! It is my aching sight—

Thou dost not tremble—but if thou dost, fly, fly, fly.

No, no ! I wrong thee much—thou dost not tremble.
 Come near me, smile on me, and swear to me,
 Swear by all sacred, and last by thyself,
 Thou art not wed, nor sawest Moore last night.
 How !—What !—Art thou about to kneel ?

(CAROLINE *kneels.*)

O do not kneel—presume not, for thy soul !—
 Art' going to confess ?—O God ! O God ! O God !

(*Raising his closed hands and eyes slowly upwards, and repressing his voice.*)

I braved you late, but little ween'd the pangs
 You had reserved for a weak proud old man !
 This is the last shall reach him thus—Son George,
 Bring me my sword—Indignity !

Final indignity, the writer term'd it.

'Tis well !—'Tis consummate !—

Did I kiss that polluted thing to-day ?—

Did I embrace her ?—I have seen the time

That I would shudder if I saw a toad !
I erst have never seen one !—Out on't, boy !
Why bring'st thou not my sword ? Can'st thou not
see

That some of us are too long here ?—A father !
He that to morrow says I am a father !—
Father to what ?—Oh ! Oh !

*(Exit frenzied.—CAROLINE still kneeling, her
Brothers greatly affected.—Scene closes.)*

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

Benendine Castle.

MOORE, FAUCET, COLLIER.

Fau. I give you joy, noble Sir Anthony,
Of those high honours, lands, and offices,
The king hath heap'd on you.

Moore. I'll none of them ;
Those that are wrested from the house of Cecil
Shall ne'er by me be own'd.

Fau. By whom then shall they ?
Cecil hath forfeited, and by the king
Those lands to you are gifted—they are yours ;

And think you Cecil will accept these lands
As largess from a Moore, or hold them so?
No, trust me, were he begging out the way,
Want-worn and weary, you the while low kneeling,
And proffering him a kingdom, he would spurn you;
Ay, with his foot he'd spurn you and pass on.

Moore. He is a great man fallen; and his high
spirit,

Unknowing how to stoop, outbears itself,
And hate and rage ungovern'd on him prey.
I pity him.—O he does wrong me much
In weening I have wrought this dire disgrace
Unto his house.—'Tis true that I have risen
Over his head—upon his ruin risen—
But never by plot of mine.

Fau. (Aside.) Some plotted for you, knight,
And that right deeply.

Moore. In spite of all the opprobrious names
That he bestows on me, I love old Cecil.

O there's a secret charm that binds me to him ;
A tie so delicate, so undefinable,
I know not how to name it.—I could even kneel
And clasp his knees, though he should spurn me
thence.

If he would smile on me, and shake my hand,
And call me son, and give me son's applause,
My feelings might be envied.—Have you heard
Of my late venture in the realm of love,
And of my goodly prize ?

Fau. Partly I have, but nought distinctly learn'd.

Moore. Why do you not, then, give me joy on
that,

Dearer to me than wealth and titles are ?
And you too, Collier, when I told you of it,
You seem'd astounded.—Wherefore this reserve ?

Fau. I know of no event so requisite
As union of your house with that of Cecil.

Moore. Ha? Say'st thou so?—Give me thy
hand, brave Faucet.

Thy valour only parallels thy wisdom.
Thou never said'st a word in all thy life
I loved so well to hear.—I rightly judged
That thy discernment could not overlook
This high impediment to England's weal.

Fau. The reconcilment's much to be desired;
And any way but *this* I would support it
With all my power—but 'tis impossible!—
Would I had ne'er been born, rather than known
That I do know, and hear what now I hear!

Moore. Impossible!—How is't impossible?—
What hast thou known and heard?—Am I in truth
In my right mind? And do I hear and see
As I was wont?—Do I look Barnard Faucet,
My dearest friend, i' the face, and hear him speak?
If so, I comprehend no share of it.

Fau. Knight, thou hast done a deed the most
unmeet—

The most pernicious to thy peace and honour,
That headlong passion could have urged thee to.
We'll talk no more on't—'Tis a theme that bars
All patient converse ; the bare mention of it
Wounds in the tenderest part—name it no more.

Moore. Ay, but we must, and *shall* talk on it,

Faucet ;

For thou hast touch'd the tenderest chord that
breathes

Its music to the soul, which, when 'tis jarr'd,
It is not to be borne.

Fau. If we must talk on't,

Prithee, not seriously, but let us turn it
To what I ween it is, a goodly jest.

Moore. Thy words are dreams to me ; I cannot
grasp

In them substantial object, nor discern
The slightest shade or outline of their tence.—
Can'st thou, Sir Richard, give me cue to them ?

(COLLIER *shakes his head and turns away.*—

MOORE *looks confounded.*—*Pause.*)

Fau. Come let's be gay on't.—If you'll not look
gay,

And laugh, and jest, I bar all farther converse.

That thing that finally *must* be a jest,

The sooner so the better.—Say, Sir Anthony,

How brook'st thou wedlock?—Is the golden chain

So rivetted it galls and festers thee ?

Or hangs it on thy neck so loose that thou

Can'st slip the noose, and run whene'er thou wilt ?

It *must* do so ; I need not ask *that* question.—

Still in the clouds?—Why starest thou so, Sir An-
thony ?

I'm serious now ; whene'er I jest I'm serious.

I give you joy of your right gleesome spouse,

And much I'm sure you found, for you had vantage
That many a good man lacks.

Moore. Prithee be plain ;

Thy friend requests it.—What advantage mean'st
thou ?

Fau. Thou had'st not to o'ercome that bashful
modesty ;

That trifling, trembling, teasing delicacy,
That many an honest man full sore hath plagued,
For thou didst clasp a right complaisant bride.

Moore. No more, I say.—If thou presumest to
vend

More of such garbage counterfeit, I'll pay it
In coin thou hast not palm'd.

Fau. Nay, then I'm dumb.

If you'll be serious on so *light a subject*,
I've done with it.—But if you'll laugh as *I do*,
And you must *shortly* do, why then I'll tell you
A secret—a most nice and witching secret—

A bride-bed secret.—I'll give you the words,
The very words, and manner of those words
Which one address'd to you—But in your ear,

*(He mutters in MOORE'S ear, who starts in
astonishment, and puts his hand several times
on his sword.)*

And when she said thus, she did throw her arms
Around your neck, and kiss'd you ; and you trow'd
These words had never before been said to man,
Nor such a kiss bestow'd, and it did melt you.
Once she misnamed you, seeming as she ween'd
You other man ; that somewhat startled you,
But it was soon forgot.—Is this not true?—
Patience—No blustering nor rage, I say.
Speak as I speak to you—Is this not truth ?

Moore. Beshrew my heart, but what thou say'st is
true,

As far as memory gathers to a grain.
How thou hast come possest, is far beyond

The fathom of my mind.—But this to me
Thou shalt explain.

Fau. Shalt!—None of your *Shalts*.

Say—“ Please Sir Barnard Faucet to explain
This point obscure,” or *mystery*, you may call it.
Yes, call it mystery, or motley jest,
Or some such matter beg me to explain ;
But do it cheerly, else you never shall
Learn farther.—List to me, Sir Anthony :—
If I can prove the *feeling scene* just named,
Which so affected you, was then enacted,
Though not with you—say for the eightieth,
Or for the hundredth time, will you then laugh
At your right gleesome and ridiculous match ?

Moore. Wretch!—Villain! if thou darest insi-
nuate

One other shade of such blasphemous hue,
Thou speak'st thy doom or mine.

Fau. I'm dumb.

I've said too much, if thou indeed art *serious*.

Moore. Serious! Sir Knight—The name of Caroline
roline

To me is sacred; for her spotless honour

I'll brave the proudest eye o'erlooks a beard.

Fau. 'Tis a bold threat, but safe; for well I ween
There's none will lift the quarrel.—I'll not do it.

Fight for the *honour* of Dame Caroline,

And that to blood!—No, by the scarlet queen

That rests upon the waters!—For 'tis more

Than she herself e'er proffer'd—though I've braved

That *honour's* creamy front oftener than reckon'd.

Come, Collier, come; our foes advance apace,

And we have much at stake.—We came not here

To rail and banter about woman's *honour*;

Sir Anthony, who values it, may claim

My right in the fee simple of the whole

For three brass Edwards.—He who throws the glove

In guard of *that*, will have warm work of it
 And stunted thanks.—I'll fight for woman's life,
 Her freedom, and her rights, even to a tittle ;
 But not her *honour* !—
 I will fight for aught,
 Even to a grey stone or an English heath-bush,—
 But not for women's honour !—No !—

(*Exit FAUCET.—MOORE lays hold of COL-
 LIER, who is following.*)

Moore. O Collier, stay—allay this burning heat
 By some solution cool and rational.
 Does Faucet rave ?—Or whereto bears his scorn,
 Unfold to me, Sir Richard.

Col. I may not say
 Even that I know of this.—My heart's more wrung
 Than yours by the event ; but question not,
 For I'll not answer further word than this,
Would it had been to do !

(*Exit COLLIER.*)

Moore. Would it had been to do !—He may not
say

Even what he knows of it !—Such hints I've had,
So broad and so dismantled, that my mind
Stares on a blank.—Our closest bride-bed converse
Mouth'd in foul jest !—Ye fountain-springs of mad-
ness !

What does this mean ?—I need not pause, nor scan,
Nor lay position, for my mind's benumb'd,—
The very dwarfs of calculation flout me.

I see before me only sterile void,
A waste of misery and despair, that leads
Either to nothingness in mind's avail,
Or something worse which language has not term'd.
I'll seek those knights again—I know their love
Unbiass'd and sincere—and force them speak
All that they know.—I'll rather feign to laugh,
And turn it to a jest, than suffer thus.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

An Apartment in a Castle.

CECIL *sitting on a Chair guarded—his Sons standing
by him, one on each side.*

Geo. Pardon, my loved and ever honour'd father,
This harsh entreatment—other course was not
To bar thee from a deed most impious.

Cecil. Thou puny passive surcle, darest thou say
I had not right and ample cause to slay her?

Geo. Haply, my lord, they both meant honour-
ably,
And ween'd their marriage might unite our houses,
Whose rivalry has caused such grievous woes.

Cecil. Such word to me again, thou shallow dunce,
And I'll dislodge thy being—Ay, though prison'd,

The man who speaks of union with the Moore
To me, I'll crush him—with my foot I'll crush him.
And for prevention I will have her life ;
I say I'll *have* my daughter's life.

Geo. Rather we'll hold thee
Immured or bound for ever—Could you see
Our darling Caroline bathed in her blood
By her own father's hand, and her dim eye
Turn'd to the heaven to seek forgiveness there ?
Even for her murderer to ask forgiveness ?
Ah ! could you bear that sight ? Or could the after-
thought
By man be suffer'd ?

Cecil. Thank you, Sir Priest,
For that divine and beautiful remark.
Damn'd chattering sycophant !—thank you, sir—
I'm much beholden to you—pray go on—
Bestow thy sage advice on me, and say
What's due to Caroline ?

Geo. Turn her from hence a beggar—
Disown her—suffer none to shelter her.
Let her go seek her Moore, since she preferr'd him
To him who gave her life and loved her so.
If he acknowledge her as his true spouse,
And lady of his princely fair domains,
Why, he deserves her—and, I needs must say,
Claims our respect—But should he shun, or flout,
Or finally reject her, then he shows
In his true colours to the world—a wretch !
And all the power of England shall not shroud him.

Cecil. By heaven and earth, boy, thou say'st notably,
Moth, pedant as thou art. Straight go and see
This executed with the utmost rigour.
And that old hag, her nurse and tutoress—
O lash me her !—I thirst to see the crone
Scourged to a gangrene—and her very tongue—

Enter ESTHER suddenly.

In hell's name, where goest thou ?

Est. Ah ! Is he confined ?

Cecil. No, he's not confined—

He's at thy ears—thy throat, old night-mare !

Avaunt, thou portrait of pollution !

Est. Alas ! my lord,

Till all was done, I nothing knew of this.

Cecil. Thou did'st, thou did'st, thou did'st, thou
knew'st it all,

Plann'd, urged the encounter, and enjoy'd the fall

Of innocence, as thy great master did

When mask'd in Eden—All of it was thine,

The scheme and the fulfilment !—O thou brand !

Thou hemlock hag ! I'll have thee sear'd and toasted

To a pure mummy, and preserved in oil,

That not one atom of thy guilty frame

Be lacking at the doom—O for this deed,
 Thou yet shall steep in the blue depth of hell,
 The sport of scavengers!—Let me come at her.
 I ask but of the witch one twist.

*(They hold him and make signs to her—She runs
 off—They lead him off at the opposite side—
 saying, as he retires,)*

She knew it all—she knew it all, &c. *(Growling.)*
(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

A Grove.

COLLIER, FAUCET.

Col. Faucet, this is the most outrageous wrong
 That ever on two honest hearts was practised.

Fau. Yes, and it grieves me ; but thou art aware
Our final ruin is the consequence
Of such union.

Col. It is too apparent.

Fau. Therefore it us behoves with all our power
To frustrate and undo the fatal match.

Col. It is a most cruel and unfriendly game !

Fau. Ay, but the stake we play for, think of that,
And judge if woman's sighs are countervail.
A maid's regret is quickly overpast.
I love Sir Anthony, nor would do aught
Against his good—but I avouch this step
Tends neither to his honour nor his peace—
He's safer far without her—Keep we there.

Col. Thou did'st astonish me not less than him—
How camest thou by their secret chamber converse ?

Fau. I have a cue none wots of ; and, besides,
So long an inmate of her father's house,
I know her bye-words and her pretty oaths,

And all the sly unmeaning terms that hang
Upon her flexile tongue, and nothing lack
But syllables to give them birth in music.
A woman's tongue's the mere machine of feeling ;
Nor motive needs of ripen'd thought to move it—
It wags of will—so well I know all this,
She could not in nice circumstance be placed,
That I would not recite some words she utter'd.
Though not precisely, he was then in mood
To have believed it, whether true or not.
Words said in transport barely are remember'd—
I knew I could give that would make the whole
Like truth direct.

Col. Whom do you mean to blame
As her seducer ? Will you criminate
A stranger, or yourself ?

Fau. Nay you, perhaps ;
If you affect, you shall the honours wear
Of this high envied prize.

Col. I would rather not,
If you so please—(*Bowing.*)—I humbly thank you,
knight.

Fau. But here the hero comes in woeful guise ;
Leave it to me, Sir Richard.

Col. I do most cordially.

Enter MOORE.

Moore. You left me too abruptly, brother war-
riors—
You do not wish that women thus should part us ?

Fau. Therefore we left you.

Moore. Thou wast short, my Faucet,
Obscure, and harsh, and I must beg thee solve
Thy hideous riddle, for its folds have nigh
Reft me of reason.

Fau. On my life, my lord,
This is too much !—I, in my turn, must beg
Of thee never to name the subject more.

Talk of aught else, of battles, or alarms,
 And I'll consort thee, for such talk becomes us.
 But thus to harp on such a theme as woman !
 That puling, puking, garnish'd levity !
 I hate them all, yet never so as now.

Moore. Few words will serve :—In pity, Faucet,
 say

All that thou know'st, for something thou dost know
 Of most vile import.

Fau. Dost thou think I love thee ?

Moore. Did I e'er doubt it ?

Fau. I have set my life

On a dead hazard, even for thine honour ;
 Not once or twice, but often.

Moore. Yes, thou hast.

My generous friend, I cannot doubt thy love.

Fau. Then, in one word, this sickening love en-
 gagement

Must go no farther—It must either pass

For trick of gallantry, else you and I
Meet not again—The feeling's much beyond
What I can suffer—Must I tell you all?

Moore. All, every thing—I am prepared for it.

Fau. Thou know'st her chamber in the eastern
turret,

And the fruit-ladder's needful aidance well?
Into that midnight chamber I've been welcomed,
I need not say how oft.

(*MOORE draws his sword slowly out of the
sheath, eyeing him the while.*)

Nay, strike, my lord;
If I have wrong'd thee, strike, for this is true.
Could I bear this?—Can I see you enthral'd
By one that mocks you?—This is not the whole:
I have heard patterings at her window-board,
And her smooth sounding name breathed by the sash,
Soft as the whisper of the autumn breeze.

(*Calls in a whisper*) "Caroline, Caroline—wakest
thou, my Caroline?"

“ Chill hangs the night-dew on thy lover’s cheek,
 “ And scarce a star peeps through the rack of hea-
 ven !

“ O take him to thy bosom, Caroline !”

Did’st thou thyself aye gain admittance there ?

Moore. Damnation on’t !

Why do you ask whether I did or not ?

Fau. Finding my conquest shared, I stranger
 grew ;

But late, returning from the wars, I went
 Unknowing aught of thee, and was received——

Moore. Hold, hold ! no more ! I see it all, and
 know

How you possest our converse—Infamous !

Fau. She told me all, and laugh’d at you—I fled
 As from a serpent’s touch—Am I to blame ?

Moore. No, no, in friendship thou art honourable.
 Most infamous, abandon’d cub !—she shall
 Pay dear for this !—Curse the whole sex !—I loathe
 them !

Faucet, think'st thou that hell had ever been
Unless for women ?

Fau. Pray view this as it is,
A jest—sheer gallantry !—Such things are done
In England every day.

Moore. (*Furiously.*) A jest, Sir Barnard !
Did'st thou say jest ?—Now, by the soul of him
that——

I was about to swear a dreadful oath,
But I'll not do it—(*Feigns carelessness.*)—View it as
a jest ?

Why, so I do—it is a jest—Ha, ha !

(*Laughs in his throat, then starts and looks
serious.*)

'Tis but a dream, a phantasy—but then
'Tis such a pressure on the soul—a blight
Upon the harvest of fair purposes,
The reaper's paralyzed—Did'st thou say jest ?
Then 'tis no dream—Damn him that says it is

One or the other—he that ever said
Or framed such perilous blasphemy as this
Within his heart——Oh, I forgot ;
It is a jest, ha, ha !—A goodly one
That soon will set mankind even to the lees,
Grinning like monkeys !—Out upon them all,
The neighing chattering race—and you—and you !

*(As they support him off, he alternately laughs
frantically, and looks enraged.)*

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

An open Country.

CAROLINE, ESTHER, *in mean tattered habits.*

Est. Oh! I am ruin'd!—Hapless, wayworn Esther!
'Tis hard that thou should'st victim fall to love,
Now when so far beyond his arrow's range!

Car. Be comforted, dear Esther; better days
Await us nigh.—'Tis but a pilgrimage,
A short one, and will end in happiness.

Est. Ah me! I sorely dread the event, my Caro-
line!

My race is nearly run, and for myself

I care not ; but for thee my heart is sick.
I see nought but mishap and misery
Awaiting on us.—What are we two like ?
I've studied all this day for simile,
But none can find so low.—Once on a time
I cross'd the Stanmore waste ; the day was cold,
Chill, chill and barren, for the eastern blast
Was hazed with driving hail ; a feeble ewe,
Outworn with age and famine, had sunk down
By the way side.—Such look of misery
And haggard want in brute I never look'd on.
A pretty lamb stood hanging over her,
A mute meek innocent, that seem'd to share
In all her sufferings ; and I ween'd her looks
Betray'd that half her pains were not her own ;
For ever and anon, as we drew nigh,
These looks were rueful turn'd upon her lamb.
She could not rise, for she had sunk to earth
To rise no more ; but, lifting her lean limb,

Presented to her starving brood the dug.
Fond it assayed—but vainly—for alas !
No kindly juice remain'd !—With hopeless eye
It turn'd around and patted on its dam,
As urging her to rise.—All unavailing,
It tried to pick the scanty frozen shrubs,
Then crept down in its feeble parent's bosom,
With her to die.

Car. Did you not rescue them ?

Ah, Esther ! could you leave the hapless pair
To perish thus ?

Est. Anon there came a hind

Of brown uncourteous mein—he pass'd the dam
With slight regard, but took the yeavling up
Below his plaid, while the old dying thing
Look'd after him with many a tremulous bleat.
“ Thou most unfeeling boor ! ” enraged I cried,
“ Can'st thou thus leave the feeble of thy flock,
Ruthless, to perish ? ” Mildly he replied :

“ Alas ! dear madam, it is o’er with her,
And I must needs her little orphan save.
Poor beast !—’Twas a good sheep to me and mine ;
Not nice of food, but pick’d upon this waste
For many a year, and I will miss her sore.
But she has served her time to us.”—The tear
Stood in the good lad’s eye when he said this.

Car. Prithee give over, Esther. Whether ’tis
My poignant feelings at this time, I wot not,
Or the incitement of your simple tale,
But never did I feel so much disposed
To play the child and cry.

Est. And well thou may’st—
And well may I—it is our archetype.
Here we are on the waste—the world’s wide waste,
Turn’d out to pine with famine and repentance.
Some pitying hind, when we are far from hence,
And sinking under misery, will come,
And, seeing thee so young and beautiful,

And fit for useful life, will take thee up
And shield thee in his bosom ; but poor Esther
He'll scarcely deign to look on, but pass by,
Saying the while, in feigned mournful mood,
“ Ay, let *her* lie there—she has served her time.”

Car. No more, dear Esther.

Know'st thou that I rejoice in this ?

Est. I give you joy on't then,
With all my heart.—But lately you did wish
That you had more to give and more to suffer,
In token of your love to your dear lord ;
As to the giving part, 'tis somewhat baulk'd,
For neither of us two can give one mite
To save us from perdition ; but no lack
Of suffering presents—You shall have roth
Of that indulgence, I stand warrantise.

Car. 'Tis sweet to suffer ill for those we love.

O it will make me doubly dear to him !

And you shall see the kindness of the knight
You dared to doubt of constancy in love.

Est. God grant my fears are vain.

Car. Where shall we go to wait his coming,
Esther?

Think'st thou that he will place me in the north,
Where he has lands and towers, that I may be
Nigh him in this approaching northern war?
Or leave me with my retinue at home
At beauteous Castle-Benendine?

Est. Then list :—First I arrede you haste
From off your sire's domain, for we are watch'd,
And none dare shelter us or give us bread.
Come, Caroline, we must, like other beggars,
Take rest a while—complain—and journey on.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

A Cottage.

JASPER, KATE.

Kate. Ha, my old Jasper, hast thou heard the news?

The wondrous news?

Jas. Not that I know of, dame.

But every thing's so wonderful with thee,
I cannot tell whether I have or not.

Kate. Well, since you're in your taunting, testy moods,

You shall not hear a word on't.

Jas. Oh, alack!

What a sore pity!—Great misfortune that!

Kate. Dost mock? Or are you serious, Master Jasper?

Jas. Mock ! I am serious as religion is.

Kate. Oh, then I'll tell you all—But had you
mock'd!—

Jas. 'Tis much the same—'twill out.

Kate. Come, be good-natured, Jasper, and give up
That quippish way with me.

Jas. Well, that I will, my good old Kate—As
erst

I'll hear this wondrous mighty secret out,
And smile, although it should be a full hour
Before you reach the point, and haply then
I may not mark, or find the secret out ;
Yet I will list well pleased, and say, " Indeed ?
That is most wondrous !—Ay !—and is it thus ?"
I'll do all this.

(Sits down and puts himself all right.)

Now, prithee, Kate, go on.

Kate. Thou shalt not be so tried—The story's this,
We've changed our master.

Jas. (*Starting up.*) Eh?—What?

Kate. Is that a trifle?

Jas. No—Eh? What of it?—say.

Kate. We've changed our master.

Cecil, our lord, hath forfeited and fallen,
And all the land, farther than I know where,
Is given to that young Moore of Benendine,
And now we hold of him.

Jas. I'm sorry for't.

A pest upon that Moore, if he hold on
He'll soon possess all England.—Is this truth?

Kate. Most pointed, upright truth.

Jas. I'm sorry for it!

Kate. Why, Cecil was a tyrant.

Jas. He was.

Kate. And took our horses and our sons to service
Whene'er he listed.

Jas. He did.

Kate. Then why regret that we are freed of him?

Jas. I like not innovation so express,
Ere men have time to think on't—Nor to see
Old families pull'd down that long have borne
The credit of the land, through good and evil.
I'll not pay doit to Moore.

Kate. Jasper, you're crazed—Oft have I heard
you curse
Cecil, our lord, in bitterness of heart.

Jas. 'Tis false—I ne'er did so—and, if I did,
'Twas very wrong.

Kate. Besides, remember we're in deep arrears,
Which we can ill repay—this frees us all.

Jas. No, dame, it does not free us—true it is,
Mid such combustion it will ne'er be claim'd;
But something here tells me I am not free.
Hard though my ancient master was, I'll pay him,
Ay, to the utmost mail-mite.

Enter CUBBIN.

Cub. Ha, feather and muother!

Here's such a tragedy to be transacted!

O, it will be a garland for the maids

An' hundred years ago—when they shall hear

The Reldon tragedy how they will pipe!

Jas. How now, son Cubbin?—stand, I pray thee,
still,

And give us key to this your tragedy.

Cub. (*Pulling them.*) Come, come along, they're
just a dying, sir.

Jas. Who?—Pray, who are dying, boy?

Cub. The women, sir—the women—come along,
What devil makes you stay?

Jas. Hold—Stay—What women mean'st thou,
boy?

Cub. Why, the poor dying women—sure, I told
you.

Jas. Not that I mark'd.

Cub. I found them starving—one is the most
lovely,

The other the most queer of all the seck.

She scarce had voice remaining when I went ;

I look'd at her, and thought her gone indeed.

Poor wife, said I—and I was weeping too—

I fear thy glass is run—'tis o'er with thee !

But 'tis less matter, thou hast served thy time !

I must take care of thee, thou pretty young thing.

And, when I said so, the old creature laugh'd.

Jas. Laugh'd !—Did she laugh ?

Cub. She laugh'd outright.

And though 'twas like the cackle in the dawn

Of starving hen that hatches in the wood,

Yet still she laugh'd. (*Mimicking.*) I told you so,

cried she.

Did I not tell you so, love Caroline ?

And then she held her sides, and laugh'd, and cried.

Come, feather, muother, have you christian souls,
That you'll not run to save the dead?—

(Exit, pulling them.)

SCENE III.

A Grove.

Enter FAUCET.

Fau. I've scaled a dubious venture, and yet won,
Turning the beam by throwing in mere sound,
By some unform'd, unsubstanced things call'd words,
Born of the passing air—Ay, but the air
That woos the heart and tongue of policy
Issues with matter in't, and sets the world
In bustle or in flame.

Enter COLLIER.

How does our general, brave Sir Anthony?
Does he hold calm—or is his mind unfix'd,
No more to square?

Col. Heaven knows, Sir Barnard!

My heart misgives me grievously in this;
To see a noble mind so overpower'd
By machinations of such vile proportion
With honest truth.—Now he is reasonable—
Anon the current of his mind recedes
Back on a gloomy vale, and stagnates there.
Hard then the task to drain it to its channel,
In which it flows still with uncertainty.

Fau. But is his hate and indignation fix'd?
For that's our first concern.

Col. He shudders at the very name of Caroline,
And all that tends to Cecil.

Fau. That's well, that's well—On that continued
hate,

And that alone, rests our stabiliment.

All passions else must to our purpose yield.

And to secure our point beyond control,

He needs must wed another, and that shortly—

Ay, and more publicly than he did Caroline.

Col. Ah! grief!—Where will this end?—Would
I had had

No hand in it—farther I will not have.

Fau. One single glance will shew thee how decisive
This stroke must be—Come, we will jointly go
And break the matter to him.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

Before a Cottage.

JASPER, KATE, CUBBIN.

Jas. I tell thee, wife, no more—pray let them go.
Can we afford to keep two idle vagrants,
Who have nought wherewithal to recompence?
We scarce can help ourselves.

Kate. But they are distress'd,
And kind, and good—pray, my good Jasper, shield
 them,
Though but a little while—heaven will reward it.

Jas. I fear they are not better than behoves.
We know them not—But you're so newfangled!
Yes, all your sex are so—Well, keep them, Kate.
If I aught know of you, you shall the first

Urge their dismissal—Prithee, keep them, Kate,
Long as you will, you have my free consent.

Kate. That's my kind husband—Now let's visit
them.

SCENE V.

Inside of the Cottage.

CAROLINE—ESTHER, *looking at a letter.*

Est. The letter's very well—just as it should be.
This sets his love and honour in true light.
Seal it, and I will send it by the youth
As from myself.

Enter JASPER, KATE, CUBBIN.

Jas. Give you good morning, folk—
Are you restored and well?

Car. Refresh'd and well, thanks to your generous
 hearts,

And might I farther on your goodness tread,
I would beseech short sanctuary here,
Till rescued from this plight.

Kate. Pray, Jasper, welcome them.

Jas. I leave that office to yourself, good Kate ;
They are *your* guests, I do not like them much.

Kate. Good folk, my husband says you are most
 welcome

To make this house your own and all that's in it,
While your convenience suits.

Jas. I never said such word—you're mad, old wife !
Oh ! you slim women folk !—ye're all so newfangled !

Car. Know'st thou, good Cubbin, where the army
 lies ?

Cub. Yes.

Est. Is't far from hence ?

Cub. No.

Est. And is the general with it?

Cub. Yes.

Est. Wilt thou go ere he moves into the north,
And give this letter to him?

Cub. Yes.

Est. And he will well requite you for your trouble.

Car. Yes, he will pay you well—O you will be
A welcome messenger to him.

Jas. (*Aside.*) Wife, is it thus?

Does our new noble lord consort with beggars?

I do not like them, Kate!

Kate. Some great ones, husband—

Some great folks in disguise—Ah, you've a head!

Jas. I do not like them—see how beautiful

That young one is.

Kate. And what harm can her beauty do to you?

Jas. But, Cubbin, you know—may—(*Nods.*) Eh?

Kate. Go! ye're a weak old man!

Est. Now, have you noted these directions, Cubbin?

Cub. Yes. (*Going out, returns.*) But are you sure there is not small mistake?

Is it the general, Sir Anthony,
To whom you send me?

Est. The same—Have I not told you?

Cub. (*Aside.*) This is beyond me!—My capacity cannot about it!—Mother, do you ween she's quite well hereabouts?

Jas. Peace, boy, and go thy message.

Cub. Yes.

(*Exeunt CUBBIN, JASPER, and KATE.*)

Car. O, Esther, I am sick till his return!
Would it were over, for I dread my heart
Can scarcely bear such burst of tenderness,
And kind endearment.—If you loved as I do,
Then would you feel how the rapt soul is thrill'd,
And all the sensous filaments of mind

Steep'd in delirious agony, the while
We anxious wait the long-wish'd lingering moment
That gives us to the arms we love for ever.
Our day is now o'ercast with lowering clouds ;
But when the sun breaks through the darksome folds,
O it will be more sweet !

SCENE VI.

A Grove.

Enter MOORE.

Moore. It is not true.—My mind does not get
mazed
Whene'er I talk of women.—I can talk,
And think, and reason, well as heretofore,
And more to th' point, which now I state for trial,
And will maintain it—*Female Purity!*—

No—the position's false.—Men are flagitious,
And every libertine lets go the rein,
Arms him with lures and guilt insatiate,
And spurs the steed to havock.—Down amain
What numbers mark his course!—
Make then the estimate, and where remains
The sacred spot where female purity
Grows uncontaminate?—O misery!
Is this most fair and goodly heritage,—
This garden which the hand of God hath planted
With flowers of life, one half of them so lovely
That but for them beauty had never been,
Nor term to know it by,—Oh, are they all
What I now deem them!—There was one that
bloom'd
So pure, that on its opening breast I ween'd
I saw the dyes of heaven; that I watch'd,
And, ere full blown, with tenderest guidance cropp'd
And took it for my all.—But then I loved it!—

O God ! how I did love it !
But in its folding buds I found enclosed—
Ay I found that, will blur the world's fair face,
And turn it to a hell to me for ever !

Enter COLLIER.

Col. Give up these toilsome thoughts, my lord,
for they

But madden and distract you.

Moore. 'Tis false ; I am not mad whene'er I talk
Of women and their ways. I love the sex
Well as I ought—I'll wed the Lady Ellen
Whene'er you list, because I love the sex
Just as I ought.—But O, that purple flower
That grew upon the wall, the eastern tower—
Did you not say it was the eastern turret ?
Ah, that can never be replaced again !
The wounded stem will never heal, but bleed,
And bleed, and bleed ! and then the brain will burn !
Should I not therefore love her ?—I but said,

That in her mould there was a flame would spread
And scorch the soul to films, or to a vapour.

But that's no cause I should not love her, Collier ;
For when the thunder breaks, thou wot'st—

Col. What then, my lord ?

Moore. Why then, 'tis Heaven that thunders ;
For I have seen't myself work such deray,
And pour forth liquid fire to sear and waste ;
And should we not love Heaven ?—Oh fie !—Go to !
Thy reasons will not hold.

Col. (*Aside.*) Wretch that I am,
Thus to connive in grossest calumny,
And see two precious minds uprooted quite,
And their possessors doom'd to misery.
I'll give the truth to light, for I set not
My life or my possessions at a pin
In such heart-breaking case.—Cheer thee, my lord,
For the foul tale thou heard'st of Caroline
Is false as hell.—

Moore. Hush ! thou know'st nought of hell.

If thou had'st stood thus on its brink as I do,
A thousand, thousand years, breathing thin flame—
The tale's equivocal, and fits thee not.

*(During the following speech MOORE listens
with eager and unstable attention.)*

Col. My lord, give heed to what I say to thee:
It thee befits thy broken heart to heal;
Dispel that gloom and be thyself again;
For all the shameful charges thou hast heard
Against thy blooming bride, fair Caroline,
Are framed and impious lies.—I do not ween
That in the list of living dames there is
One so unstain'd and pure as Caroline Cecil.

Enter FAUCET behind, who hears part of the speech.

Fau. *(Aside to COLLIER.)* Thou baby-hearted
fool! what hast thou said?

Col. I'll say more yet, Sir Barnard.

Fau. My lord, the fiery Douglas is advancing,

Before him terror spreads with withering breath,
And ruin sleeps behind—we must begone.

Moore. Douglas advancing?—It is well remember'd.

To-morrow Pembroke warriors will arrive,
Then forthwith hie we to the north to meet
That restless Douglas.—Ha?—What said'st thou,
Collier?

Fau. (*Aside to COLLIER.*) If not for thy own sake,
for mine refrain.

Moore. What did you say, Sir Richard?

Col. Nought, my good lord.

Moore. Then what said I?—For something sure
was said,

Or was to say, I would not for an empire
That I had lost.

Fau. We talk'd of Douglas, captain,
And of the havock that his army makes
Among our friends and countrymen.

Moore. Douglas?—'tis true—No, this was not of
Douglas.

Can none of you remind me what we talk'd of?
Was it not of a blossom'd stem?—A wall-flower?
Or something that took flame?—I have it here,
Yet it lies folded in my soul so deep
That memory cannot reach it.—Ah, is it gone?
Then I would travel to the utmost verge
Of the green world to regain that thought,
Or word, or tale, or whatsoe'er it was.

Fau. My lord, these thoughts that in a moment
fly

Leave shadow of importance on the mind,
And set it hunting after them intense;
But if by chance, or by associate word,
The anxiously regretted thing is caught,
It is so trivial we're ashamed to own it,
Or give it utterance—pray let it pass,
The search is unavailing.

Moore. Well, well, 'tis lost—I would it were
not so.

But it is lost, and haply it avails not.

I'm somewhat feverish—let us mount our steeds

And view our warriors' rendezvous—lead on.

(Exeunt.)

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Cottage.

CAROLINE, ESTHER.

Est. At length the anxious moments are outrun ;
There comes our youth, with slow and sullen pace,
Switching the ling with's staff, and ambling so
As if he had forgot his thought behind him,
And walk'd from instinct—He is much unlike
Love's messenger, with tidings of success.

Car. Do you receive him, Esther ; my weak heart
Is all so tremblingly alive and full,
I will retire a moment, and give vent
To feelings hitherto unknown to me.

Receive him, Esther, and converse with him,
I will return anon.

(Exit.)

Enter CUBBIN.

Est. Well, Cubbin, hast thou seen Sir Anthony,
And given my letter?

Cub. Yes.

Est. How look'd he?—How was he affected
by it?

Cub. Most wickedly affected.

Est. I'm glad of that.

Cub. Glad!—O, here's a carline for you!
Does it rejoice thee so that men go mad?

Est. What message does he send?

Cub. None.

Est. None!

Cub. No, none that's known to me.

Est. What did he say?—How look'd he?—Tell me all.

Cub. Yes—First, then, he look'd most like a madman ;

And what he said was so confused and contrary,
I could not eke't to sense—See, I will shew you
Pat how he look'd and spoke—He oped the letter.
“ Ah, wretch !” said he, “ what's this?—I'll run !
I'll fly !

Get me my steed—Holla !—Get me a steed !
Speed the caparison.” With that there came
A gruff and stately knight, with aspect deep,
And link'd his arm in his, leading him off
Into a chamber—Short time did I wait
Ere he return'd, and strode athwart the floor,
Fuming and uttering incoherent stuff
Of fruit-ladders and windows—Then he said,
“ So thou keep'st common women at thy house,

And runn'st their errands too—Is it not so?

Are they not common women?"

Est. And, booby, what said'st thou to that?

Cub. I said, yes.

Then he gave me this letter.

"Go back to them," said he, "go back to them;

Give her that sent you, this," which thus I do.

Then with a laugh, like gaoler in his sleep,

He strode away, and more of him I saw not.

Est. Oh my foreboding heart!—I like it not.

All, all depends on this—Oh Caroline!

Come in, love Caroline, and read our fate,

If it be joy, or misery condign.

Re-enter CAROLINE, who takes the letter.

Car. It is his hand and seal—Leave us, good Cub-
bin.

(Kissing the letter.)

Bless his kind heart !—But yet he might have been
Here ere this time himself.

*(She opens the letter—becomes still as a statue,
and lets the letter fall.)*

Est. Ha ! is it so indeed ?—Is there on earth
A monster can desert thee, Caroline,
In such a plight ?

(Lifts the letter and looks at it.)

O beast !—O ruffian !—If a voice from heaven
Had spoke and said that such a man did live,
I'd not have trow'd it.—Ah, if he but knew
The value of the heart that he is breaking !—
Yet, yet he could not do't, fiend as he is !

(Reads.) “ MADAM—My conduct, regarded as
“ cruel, is not once to be set in comparison with
“ that the Cecils have done to me. Our marriage
“ was a sham, a mere trick of love, which I hope

“ you have sense and spirit enough to forgive. I’ll
“ have no wiving—if you list to follow the camp in
“ another light, the credit be yours.—The prior
“ claims of my friend may haply be relinquished.—
“ I know you well enough.

“ ANTHONY MOORE.”

O might I once but conjure up the fiends
Of vengeance at my instance !—Ye dark powers,
From your eternal portals of despair,
Rise on your baleful wings with gleesome speed
To your well-earned prey—and, first of all,
Inspire my tongue to curse him in the name
Of all the saints that influence the Godhead.
No—I’ll not spend a single curse upon him ;
For he has that already in his heart
Shall burn unquenchable, while earthly mould
Mures his devoted soul—Ay, and while last

The vital yearnings of the heaven-born mind,
And that they say's long, long.—Cheer thee, my love,
And teach thy heart such baseness to despise.

Car. O Esther, make my bed—and make it dark ;
Shut out that light that moves the busy world,
And all the din of nature—shut them from me,
Kind Esther !—make my bed and make it soft,
For I would fain go sleep.

Est. No crime is thine,
Dear injured angel ! thou may'st sleep in peace
With heaven, with thy own heart, and all mankind.

Car. Nay, do not weep for me—See, I weep none ;
But haste and make my bed, for oh, I long
To lay my head upon its rush-wove pillow,
And deeply, soundly sleep.

SCENE II.

JASPER, KATE—*To them enter ESTHER.*

Est. Good dame, my poor young friend is gone to
sleep;

Much indisposed, I fear—watch how she rests,
While I for one hour seek yon lonely dell
To ponder and to weep.—Dame, our last stay,
The only rest to which we lean'd is broke,
And left us gall'd and wounded—now we are
Most wretched—For the love of gracious heaven,
Good dame, look to my friend.

(Exit ESTHER.)

Kate. Husband, you're a wise man—
I seldom, in the run, have ever found you
Far out in estimate of man or woman.

Now I bethink me of your honest fears.

'Tis meet we pack these women to the door,

And let them shift as we do, for themselves.

Jas. Ah, Kate!—Ah, Kate! it was not then, I fear,
For love of heaven, or pure benevolence,
You took these hapless wanderers to your home ;
But some mean selfish motive—Trust me, Kate,
You'll never win heaven by such a game as that.

Kate. But then, say they are wicked creatures,
 husband,

As wisely you suggested?—Think of that—

And then cast-off too!—Pray let them be going.

Jas. That case I leave to Him who knows the
 heart

And secret ways of men—thus much I know,

That they are wretched, that is plea enough—

Nor will I turn them hence while I have bread,

And household-room to share with them.

Kate. O yes—I see how the land lies—the young
one,

You have some hankering there—I see, I see!

Jas. Go!—You're a weak old woman!—Well,
I'll go

And tend on her myself.

Kate. Nay, with your leave,
One step you go not there—But that you lack
All sense of honour and propriety,
You would not proffer—

Jas. Then may I trust that you'll be kind to her?

Kate. Certes I will, since 'tis my husband's wish,
I will be kind as if she were my own.

Jas. That's my good Kate—God bless thee, my
old wife!

If she is sick, thou hast a blessed cordial,
Which often sooth'd our pains in soft oblivion,
When we were all so ill—Give her of that:

None can administer that drug so well,
For none so oft as you hath proved its power.

Kate. No more—my heart is now all bent on
kindness.

SCENE III.

*The interior of a Cottage.—A flock-bed at the
farther end.*

CAROLINE—*To her enter KATE softly.*

Kate. I fear'd to wake you, but I see you're up ;
I hope you are not ill.

Car. I am not sick,
Only a kind of drowsiness hangs on me,
And yet I cannot sleep.—I should be well
Could I but sleep one hour—Is there no balm,

No elixir to sooth the aching sense

In deep forgetfulness a little while ?

Kate. Of all the ailments that beset our nature
In virulent array, and stint the aims
Of niggard happiness, there is not one
I can so well gainsay—I have a drug,
Sent from afar, when we were visited
By grievous sickness—One small drop of it
Will bring the boon you ask—A night, or day,
Will so o'erpass in downy dancing slumber,
You shall not miss it—It will make you dream
Of thousand garish freaks, all unconnected ;
Two drops will lull you deeper, and your dream
Will be far-fetch'd and regular—But three,
Three drops, not bigger than the tear that hangs
On a young eye-lash, will o'erpower all motion
Of fancy or of frame ; and one whole day
Outslept, shall only as a moment seem ;

But all beyond is death—Shall I bring you that ?
Or dare you trust my hand to pour it for you ?

Car. Bring it, good dame.

(*Exit KATE.*)

O how I long for it !

If I could cease to think, why I might wake ;
But nature is so changed unto mine eye,
That I must either learn to think anew,
Or not at all.—I cannot think of mankind,
Therefore I'll sleep and dream of them.

Re-enter KATE with a cup, vial, and water.

Give me it, dame, I'll drop it for myself.

Kate. I'll watch you then, and if you are not cau-
tious,

One drop you shall not swallow.

Car. I'll take but one,

It is enough for me—I long to dream

Of things my mind is used to—I have dream'd

So long on them that fancy cannot frame
Or image aught that grows not on one base.

Kate. You're over cautious—two such other drops
Will more effective prove—trust me, they would.

Car. One is enough—I'll take no more of it.
Let nought disturb me—let me neither hear,
Nor see, nor feel, for one short hour or two.

Kate. Since I perceive thee timid of thy life,
Even to a fault, I will this cordial leave—
If you prove sickly—if that still you feel
Feverish and restless, two small drops will bring
Most blissful rest—peace to thy heart a while.

(Exit KATE.)

Car. Ah ! peace can never more revisit it !
No, I may sleep, and dream, and sleep again ;
Still I must waken to the blasting view
Of images I have not strength to look on !
Oh, never did the thirsty traveller,
Across the parch'd and burning desert, long

So much to rest beside the cooling spring,
As I do now to steep my every sense
In deep and far forgetfulness—'Tis strange—
Is it not strange that on my heart should press
This fervent longing for oblivious sleep,
And lo, the power, unsought, presents itself?—
Already 'tis decided—All enquiry
Will only add new pangs.—Come, thou sweetmeat,
I thirst for thee; nor do I dread the dreams
Of unexplored existence—Ah! retract!—
No more!—no more!—Would I not give this world,
If this fair world were mine, had other hand
But mix'd that drug for me, and I not known it.
Or were I mad as is the raving whirlwind,
Then would not the high Everlasting blame
A poor heart-broken injured sufferer.
I do not brave thee, Father—but even thus,
Thus dare I trust thy mercy.

(Drinks out the vial.)

(Pause.) I'll go as calmly to my last repose
As if 'twere but a night; nor shall they know
How Caroline Cecil died.—Come, Lethe, come;
Again I'll fill thy sleepy bowels up.

(Fills the Glass.)

Thou little minister of sweet oblivion,
Thou hast already heaved my drooping mind
Above the grovelling petty ills of life.
Even but to-day there was no thing on earth
So absolutely wretched and undone,
But now—Now!—Ah, what now?—I do not know,
Nor can the tongue of mortal man disclose,
What I shall be to-morrow.—

(Pause.)

Oft have I thought of it; and deeply too!
But I can form no image of perfection!
I've thought of lingering on the green hill-side
Amid the watchful deer, by them unseen;
Like quivering ærial thing, stand by,

Noting their comely port, watching their eyes,
In pleasing wonder how they could not see me.
Or on the sward, beside the sleeping lamb,
To sit and muse on innocence—to love it—
Kiss its unweening lip, and stroke its fleece
With my light shadowy hand; and on its side
And woolly cheek lay me in mimic slumber.

And I have thought of sitting on the fringe
Of some white cloud that travels in the skies,
Fleeting, incumbent on the summer gale,
O'er isles and seas, and o'er the dappled vales
Of this fair pendant world.—Yes, I have dream'd
Of these and thousands more, but never yet
Could frame one thought of pain or misery
As coming from that all-benevolent source
Of mercy and of life.—O never! never!
And with the self-same feeling I take leave
Of life and all its treacherous promises.

Enter ESTHER, GEORGE, KATE, JASPER.

Est. Pardon, dear lady; here comes one whose
love

And care brooks not delay.

Geo. O, my dear sister, do I find thee thus,
An outcast and forsaken!—My heart bleeds
To see thee in this guise, my Caroline.

Car. Art thou so kind to seek me?—I scarce
deem'd

That any heart beat with regret or love
For poor forsaken Caroline.

Geo. Alas!

Our house has been one scene of dark despair
From that sad hour you left it.—Our old sire
Is sinking underneath a load of grief,
Even to the gates of death.—His rage is gone,
Subsided to a soft depressive woe
That vents itself in sighs and bitter tears

For thee his darling.—Trust me, Caroline,
Thy presence, and thy ever-loved embrace,
Would now delight his soul far more than all
The bliss that proud ambition e'er did yield.
I've sought thee out with joy, to bear thee back
To thy paternal home.

Car. It is too late!

Back to my father's house I ne'er return.
There is but one home now can hide my shame,
And soon I will be there.—O, my dear brother,
The hand of death is on me!—My heart's broke.
Before that sun that jounies down the west
Hath reach'd the line of yon extended waste,
I shall be in the walks of mortal life,
As I had never been.

Geo. Thou say'st that word
With such a mein, and such a voice, that I
Am moved with horror.

Car. Be not moved, my brother.

See I am calm as is the setting eve
Of a spring day, fit emblem of my fate !
Thou know'st how well I loved the setting sun ;
And I could wish to live one other hour
To see that sight again—But it is o'er !
Even but last night, full of blithe hope and joy,
I saw him in his rubied glory burn
Across the golden windows of the west,
And lean his glowing cheek upon the moor
As if to set its darken'd bulk on flame ;
And I rejoiced, yet wept, I knew not why.
I did not ween it was the last time I
Should ever see that scene—He'll set to-night,
And through that lattice pour his ruddy beam,
But not on me !—Or only on the dust
That late was Caroline.

Geo. Let not thy grief
O'erpower thy reason, sister ; thou shalt live,
Long long and happy.

Car. (*Taking his hand.*) Fare thee well, my
brother.

I feel the grasp of death; I lay me down
Upon that bed to rise no more.—I have
One little boon to ask—To save my memory
From brand I cannot name, let me be laid
In Moore's own tomb—it is my last request
Of him to whom my sacred vow was pledged
Before high Heaven.

Geo. O, every wish which thy loved lips can
frame,

I hold as sacred.

Car. Come thou near me, Esther.

Thou hast been true to me; farewell, dear Esther.
When thou shalt fit the dead-clothes on this form,
Which thou hast oft embraced, let it be deck'd
In all my bridal robes—they're bootless now,
None after me must wear them—promise this.

Est. O! I can promise nought, nor aught perform,

My feelings all are there—and if thou diest,
I shall not stay behind.

Car. (Heavily.) My tie to nature's broke—Jas-
per—good dame,
Give me your hands—Remember them, my brother,
And give me one last kiss—for when I lie
Down on that bed, I speak no more.

*(They embrace—CAROLINE stretches herself on
the bed, and sinks asleep—Pause.)*

Geo. Is this illusion?—No—you all behold it,
And are amazed as I am.—Caroline!
O, my loved sister, lift those eyes again,
And speak to me!

*(She stretches forth her hand feebly, they all em-
brace it—it lies still on the bed till they lift it
to her side.)*

Jas. O let us cry aloud to Heaven, for now
There is but one that can restore her to us.

Kate. Hold, hold. Or if you pray, pray for the
dead.

She breathes no more—Oft have I look'd on death,
And dreaded it till now ; but such a sight
I never thought to see.—O, 'tis most strange !
As calmly hath she enter'd death's domain
As child when rock'd to slumber. Give us leave
Few minutes, till we lay the lifeless form
In decent guise, then bring our neighbours in,
And let us join and sing the hymn of death.

(Exeunt JASPER and GEORGE.)

*(Scene closes—after a minute or two, an Hymn
is sung within.)*

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Country—A Battle-Field in the distance.

MOORE, COLLIER.

Moore. Ah, it has been a day of desperate strife!
Sanguine and stern!—nor is the victory
Yet certain; for I saw our right borne back,
Reeling and cumber'd, to yon hollow dell.
Let henchman speed to Faucet, and return
Swift with the tidings.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Captains, the day is ours!
The Scots, for all their desperate might, are foil'd,
And hie them for the Border.

Moore. Then to the spoil, brave fellow.

Mes. Spoil, my lord!

They have not left in all their camp one thing
An Englishman would lift—some flabby shoes,
Most villainous of make, with goatskin wallets,
And meazled bags stuff'd with unseemly bran.

Moore. Ah, they are yare
And hardy knaves!—We are well rid of them.
Is Faucet safe?—And Howard, is he well?

Mes. Howard is well, and urging the pursuit;
But ah, my lord, it grieves me to inform you,
Brave Faucet is no more.

Moore. Has Faucet fallen?
'Tis then a costly victory for England!
We have no braver captain left behind.

Mes. By the resistless Douglas he was slain,
Who bore down all before him.—When they met,
O never was such dread encounter seen!
The ranks paused and look'd on—But Faucet fell!

We bore him off, for at that time our troops
 Began to reel amain—I by him stood
 Till his last breath, and found him sore amazed,
 And grievously perplex'd about somewhat
 That did concern yourself, Sir Anthony :
 “ Ah, could I see him !—One short word with him
 Would give my heart relief—But Collier will—
 Collier will tell him all—Ah, should he not !—
 Say unto Collier, he must tell him all ;”
 Were the last words he utter'd.

Moore. What can this mean?—Can'st thou un-
 riddle it ?

(*COLLIER beckons to the Messenger, who departs.*)

Col. Full well—Captain, thou hast a tale to hear
 Will chill thy heart !—It is of Caroline.

Moore. Talk not of her.

Col. Yes, I must talk of her ;
 For ne'er was beauty, purity, and love
 So foully, and so impiously belied.

Ay, thou may'st stare ! List me, now thou art calm.
To hide the boldest and the deepest plot
That e'er by man was framed—a plot that brought
Proud Cecil to the dust, and raised up thee
With all thy friends, the falsehood was devised.
I knew it all.

Moore. Then, Collier, thou art damn'd
If thou knew'st that—Oh, if this tale be true—

Col. Sooth, my good lord, it is—There is no mind,
Nor mould that love can frame, or fancy draw,
More pure than Caroline Cecil.

Moore. Then what a dolt, and what a wretch
was I !

But I will love her in amends for this,
O doubly dear !—There is no speech nor tongue
Can paint how I will love my injured bride !
And I'll again love all the human race
For sake of Caroline !—Now I can think

With calmness on our nature, which erewhile
For days and nights hath quite unhinged the powers
Of memory, and shook the throne of reason.
Go, Collier, find her out and comfort her:
Say I have labour'd under sad derangement—
Say any thing to cheer her; but do not
Re-wound that kind and virtuous heart, by hint
That I believed her false.—I'll post away
To Benendine, and speed preparative
Such as hath never welcomed English bride.
Now I am well again with all mankind!
Set that intolerant spirit of ambition
Aside, and men are beings of regard.
And woman!—There is not on nature's face
Aught half so pure, so loving, and so sweet,
As I deem woman—and my heart exults
That such a feeling now revisits it.

SCENE II.

The Cottage.

CECIL, RALPH, GEORGE, *with Artificers and Mourners—A splendid open Coffin is seen—*CECIL *kneeling beside it—As the Scene draws he rises slowly.*

Cecil. Forgive me, boys—I've play'd the woman
here

Haply too long—Close up that gaping urn.
Shut, shut its raven jaws, and spread the pall;
For now the face of my dear child is hid,
I cannot bear to look on't.—All that blaze
Of heraldry o'er its funereal mould
Is hateful mockery—Let it be pall'd

Forthwith, that eye of man may not behold
Such flummery of device.

(To the artificer.) Hold thee, good friend,
Thy haste's officious—Who bade thee put forth
These knuckled paws upon that sacred bier
With such important bustle?—Stand aside
Till thou art ask'd.

Geo. My lord and sire, remember
The day wears on apace, the rites are o'er,
And death's pale visage suits not with the eye
Of kindred and the sun—O! it is best
Shrouded from view!—Now the artificer
Must needs have done—Restrain your ire, my lord.

Cecil. Alas! my ire and pride of heart are o'er!
I cherish neither: I consign them both,
With every earthly passion to that urn.
No more shall nature's bustle trouble me!—
Adieu, my child—a short adieu I bid thee.
So good and so beloved was never yet

So injured and abused—O, I list much
To sit and watch thee still—to look on thee ;
But I'm restrain'd and check'd.—I have no ire,
But that I hate to see such knaves as that
Thrust their officious and important snouts
Upon the griefs of men, as much as saying,
Keep all aloof, I'm here—For that you say
That I am ireful.—Ah ! you little weigh
The cause I have for other feelings here
Than aught of ire ! But it is always thus ;
I cannot utter word but I'm in ire,
And check'd by boys.—For failings of old age,
And such misfortunes, some regard is due.
True, I am proud !—O, thou departed saint,
My pride hath kill'd thee ! That calm face of thine
Will haunt me on the bed of death.—Farewell !—
This is the last—I cannot bear to see thee
Closed from the light for ever.

Enter COLLIER.

Whom seek'st thou here, false knight? Thou art
abettor

Of low deceit and perjury.—Aroynt!

Thou look'st upon thine enemy.

Col. I dread

To ask what this may mean.—If that I fear

Has happ'd, then guilt hath wrought its masterpiece.

(Reads the inscription.)

O horror!—Caroline!

Cecil. Does this suffice thy malice? Is that Moore
Now glutted with revenge? Or is there still
Farther device that may depress old Cecil?

There is but one step lower thou can'st thrust him,

And that's into his grave. If thou hast soul

Or might to do it, both of which thou lack'st,

(Drawing.) The sooner so the better.

Geo. Is this becoming, father?—Thou may'st see
Sir Richard grieved as we are.—Why this heat?

Cecil. Heat! Heat again!—Grieved, did you say?
No, he rejoices in't—he and his friend,
The most redoubted Moore—O, how they joy
In this dear sacrifice!

Col. Ah! Moore is blameless;
Would Heaven that I were so!—I might have
saved
That precious life.

Cecil. Thou might'st have saved that life,
And yet then did'st not do it!—O, thou fiend,
Does that neglect alone not charter thee
In endless torment?

Geo. Consider, honour'd sire,
If none else might have saved her.

Cecil. There struck the pang!—Did'st thou ad-
vise it not?
Was it not thine?—O, all of you are blameless,

Save her unhappy father !—all the guilt
Lies heap'd on his grey head !—But short the space
That his worn frame shall totter under it.
Knight, I had boon to ask of your high friend,
That demi-god of England—On my knees
I meant to beg it of him—Can'st thou save
My age the toil—the pleasure—which thou wilt ?
My daughter—she that was my daughter there,
That victim of thy malice, did request
With her last breath, her body might be laid
In Moore's own family vault, to save her name
From stain that might attach it.

Col. I ensure
My hapless friend's assent. Alas ! his mind
And frame will never this deep loss survive !
I'll go and warn him.—Is't not meet, my lord,
An husband should be guest, and see deposed
The dust so dear to him ?

Cecil. It is, it is ; but let him bring his sword ;

She was a warrior's child, and ween'd herself
A warrior's bride, and therefore it is fit,
No words—Bear forth the body—Warn our train,
The day's too far advanced.

SCENE III.

Benendine Castle.

MOORE and Page.

Moore. The time moves heavily!—Are all my
halls

And bowers richly bedight?

Page. They are, my lord.

Moore. And all my yeomen ready to take horse?

Page. They're all array'd and tending in the
court

With arm on mane.

Moore. How bears my milk-white steed his new
array,
His side-saddle and belts ?

Page. He stands caparison'd in burning gold
And broider'd silk, much wondering at himself.
But ah, how proud !—It is a noble beast !

Moore. 'Tis now high noon, and not a word from
Collier !
Nor know I yet the route that we must take !
I cannot brook this pause !—Mount and away ;
By the Cross-church we ride, belike that way
We'll meet himself or messenger.

SCENE IV.

A Burial-ground, with an Aisle, Monument, and Escutcheons behind, the Coffin standing covered with a pall.

CECIL, RALPH, GEORGE, *Mourners, Church-warden, &c.*

Cecil. I tell thee, foolish warden, in that aisle
The body shall be laid—I've warrantise,
Therefore give up the keys without demur,
Or, in one word, I'll twist thy shrivell'd nape,
And force our entrance.

War. I had no previous note of this, Lord Cecil;
Therefore I dread some plot, and do protest
Against such outrage.—But dispute must cease,
For here our brave young lord is hard at hand,

With nine-score gallant yeomen in his train.

Cecil. Ha ! we're betray'd !—Stand to your arms,
young men.

(Looking back as to warriors behind.)

Though twice our number, they shall dearly buy
The last blood of the Cecils.

Geo. The chief himself approaches, and his train
Are left behind.—Accost him with respect.

Enter MOORE.

Cecil. Comest thou to fight, Sir Anthony ? Or
comest thou

To mock the funeral in that array ?

Moore. The Cecils here !—My lord, I nothing
knew

That any branch of Cecil's noble stem
Was lopp'd by death.—Thus far upon my way
I've come with purpose of the kindest love
To Cecil and his race, and o'er the dust

That **once** was relative to that, trust me,
I'll shed the kindred tear.

Cecil. A tear from thee !

No ; the ingredient is not in thy nature
From which a tear distils, else we had never
Stood at thy aisle-door begging for admission
To lay **our** dead.

Moore. And who is't dares refuse ?—

Lord Cecil could not favour ask of me,
Within my power to grant, and be refused.—
Throw ope **the** aisle.

*(The Church-Warden opens the Aisle. They
take the pall from the Coffin, in order to
deposite it, and MOORE sees the inscription.)*

Caroline !—O horror !—

O say it is not so, I do conjure you !

This is **some** snare for an unstable soul—

A hydra sight to wring **the** troubled mind

And drive **to** utter madness.—Ah ! you weep !

Then well may I.—But my poor brain is seared
Never to weep again.—O every sense
Revolts from the dire tale I now must hear !

Geo. Reproach from me thou hear'st not, nor
from mine,

Which I this time can quell ; to thy own heart
And conscience be it left.—Here lies the dust
Of our loved sister, Caroline, who deem'd
Herself thy spouse ; and though thou brokest her
heart,

It was her last request she might be laid
Here in thy vault, to save her memory.

Moore. Can you all stand gazing on such a
wretch,

And not, with unity of feeling, rush
And hurl him off from nature ?—Oh ! in ruth,
Plunge all your swords in this devoted breast,
For such a hateful and detested thing
Ne'er crawl'd upon the surface of the world,

Fouling the elements with poison'd breath,
And shaming the blest image of his Maker !
If the earth open not and gorge me down
Into its burning entrails—if the bolt
Sleep still in heaven, and stream not on this head,
There is no eye that overlooks the world,
Nor arm that can avenge the innocent.—
Ah ! I forget me !—Death would now be mercy !
'Tis conscious existence is my bane !—
O, Caroline ! the heavens and earth shall strive
In vain to sunder us.—In that vault too
With thee in death I'll lie—Thou art my own,
And thou diedst pure, my love, pure as an angel !
Therefore the sacrifice I make is sweet.—
No ! I'll not lag behind thee !

(Forcing off the lid.)

I'll but take
One last look of that form I loved so well,
And of that face that I so oft have look'd on

With raptures of delight ; and then I'll prove
To all the world how much I loved thee, Caroline.
Calm and serenely sweet !—Who is it says
That death is hideous ?—One look on that face
Would make a thousand proselytes to this,
That it is lovely.—There was once a soul
Of such benignant purity and love
Lighted that heavenly face, that yet remain
All the soft lines of beauty !—Pardon me,
Ye weeping friends ! My soul clings to that dust,
And I must reave one kiss from those dear lips ;
Pale though they be I love them !

*(He kisses the Corpse, then, after a solemn
pause, starts.)*

Cecil. What moveth thee, thou frantic sufferer,
That thou dost bend thine eyes upon the corse,
And strain them so as if their orbs would burst
From out their sockets ?—He is crazed, I ween,
And verging into madness.

Moore. 'Tis the illusion of my aching senses

That mock and tantalize me.—I did think
I saw those rose-leaves heave with earthly breath,
And those cold eye-lids move.—Yes, I am mad.
Nor is it wonderful I should be so!—
It was a strange delusion!—But, alas!
It was no more; for thou art cold and still,
Dear saint, and soon shall this perturbed heart
Be still as thine!—Adieu, my Caroline.
This is the last!—I'll fold the dead robe up,
And hide that wan but comely face for ever.

(He starts with horror, and retires some paces.—

Caroline sits up slowly in the Coffin, pulls a white Scarf from her face and breast, and appears in her bridal-robcs, pale and quite insensible to all around her. As some of the objects begin to attract her eye, she shrinks down again—feels for some time with her hands, and then, rising a second time, returns gradually to sensation.)

Cecil. This sight so far transcends all human
thought,

That even surmise avoids it.

Geo. Eternal God ! but this is wonderful !
I've heard that death hath yielded up his prey,
In ages long ago, at the behest
Of good men, and of Him who master'd it,
But ween'd I e'er to see it !—No !—
This outdoes calculation !—If 'tis done
By the great Lord of life, in sympathy
Of our deep woe, how ought we all to feel !

Moore. I've learn'd of late to put discredit on
My every sense, for they have baffled me ;
But sure I see those eyes, that late I saw
Stedfast in death, now open to the day ;
And that pale cheek, that in the bier I kiss'd,
Regaining fast the hues of virgin-rose ;
If this is an illusion, O, kind Heaven !

I have but one request to make of thee—
Let it remain.—O, God! let it remain,
Though but no longer than till I obtain
One kind embrace from those dear arms, and hear
Her speak my name once more in earthly tongue.
Child of amazement, be thou phantasy,
Spirit, or cold reanimated dust,
Thou look'st so like my Caroline, that I
Will raise thee up, and take thee to my heart.

(Lifts her out of the Bier, and leads her forward.)

My life, my wedded spouse, my Caroline,
Dost thou not know me?

Car. Hush!—I dare not speak.—

I know not if this be a dreadful dream,
Nor in what world I sojourn.—Sure I heard
The sound of my own voice—and feel thine arm—
What being art thou? And what dost thou here?

Moore. Dost thou not know me, love?—Are all
around
Strangers to thee?

Car. I know thee—thou art he
Who did betray my wareless youth, and left me
To misery and death.—Art thou alive?—
Where am I?—Where is Esther?—Speak to me—
What does this mean?—These monuments of death
And weeds of woe, what do they all portend?
And these wan moveless forms of friends beloved,
What may they be? O speak to me.

Moore. Speak on, speak on, fair vision, for thy
voice
Is music to my soul!—Move, breathe, and look;
Give all thy vital functions exercise,
Lest thou return into thy trance again;
For O, I cannot yield thee back so soon
To death, and to that narrow chilling urn!

Yet I am thine—In life or death I'm thine !

'Tis fix'd and absolute.

Car. I gather nought from this—All, all is dark,
Dark and uncertain !

Geo. List me, my sister, but embrace me first ;
I'll speak with temperance.—Dost thou remember
The cot of Reldon ?—of the farewell kiss
Thou gavest me there ?—There did I close thine
eyes

In death, and there thy body was enshrined ;
And hither, at thy last request, was brought
To Moore's own sepulchre. Him here we met
Upon his way to bear thee home a bride,
With all yon proud array.—In agony
He burst the lid from off thy funeral bier,
And at his plaint of woe and burning kiss
The dead awoke !—The spirit, that had fled
To its unearthly sanctuary, return'd,
And renovatèd life dawn'd on thy face,

Slowly and pale as opening morn of spring.
Whither by latent searchless work of nature,
Or the immediate influence of Heaven,
He only knows who framed and rules them all ;
But never did event so wonderful,
In these late ages, greet the eyes of men.

Car. O I remember all ; and trace it all
In regular consequent.—But never mind
Shall fathom the dark depth, and the extent
Of this strange miracle, but mine alone.
Let never the most wretched soul despond,
Doubting the guidance of th' Almighty arm,
Or take that destiny in his erring hand
That not to him belongs.—He only knows
The woes that he has borne, but little weens
The fortune that awaits him.—When the cup
Of bitterness seems to our eyes most full,
'Tis often nearest out.—O grant me now
Thy blessing, honour'd sire !

Cecil. Not as a Moore—No !—never !—

Geo. My father, thou hast seen his poignant grief,
And his exalted love.—Let me entreat thee
To bless his union with thy Caroline,
Thy child to thee so wondrously restored.

Ralph. Though hitherto I've been a foe to Moore;
I humbly now entreat thy acquiescence
In this desired union.

Moore. We all entreat thee.
See, we all kneel to thee, and only wish
To call thee father.

Cecil. Give o'er thy mumbled pesterous requests,
It may not be.—The Moore hath rent my heart,
And ruin'd me and mine.—I'll never yield
To call him son.

Moore. God is my witness,
I never yet, by action or by word,
Did aught against thy house, nor did I know

Whence grew your deadly hate.—I loved you ever,
And ever did respect you, as my friends,
My bosom friends can witness.

*Collier, (who, during part of the foregoing Scene,
has been standing behind.)* Forgive, my lords, your
lingering messenger :

I see with wonder what I see ; but farther
Not now I question—On this theme I'll speak.
Sir Anthony did ever pay respect
And high regard to you.—The knight is dead
Who practised on your feelings, with effect
To you pernicious. He it was who staid
Your troops from battle, 'gainst the king's command,
By which the realm was put in jeopardy,
And he so much incensed ; and every word
Which in unguarded anger you have spoke,
Have all been register'd, and to the king
Sent with high aggravation.—Me he held

So much his friend, and honour'd me with trust,
I never could betray him, though my heart
Abhorr'd his subtle plots.—That this is truth,
I'll make appeal to God, or proof to man.

Cecil. Faucet!—Ah, I bethink me! and I see
At once the progress, and the moving cause
Of our debasement. It was life to him
This double-working cursed policy,
So potent in the governance of things.
Yet none of you could see it, but went on
Brawling and scheming 'gainst the innocent!
O ye're impediments to all that's great,
Noble, or eminent!—You'll carp and breed
Great coil at fault or failing of old age;
But you lack that; the source of high remead;
Both of you lack it—'tis not here in either!
For thee, my child, my loved, and wronged child,
Thou never gavest offence—My love for thee

Was well requited.—

(Embracing CAROLINE.)

Though I have misconstrued

Of you, sir, here the blame attaches not.

*(Taking his hand kindly, and joining it with
CAROLINE'S.*

May you be blest as father's heart can wish.

The blame was not with me—'Twas they—'Twas
they.

*(He strides off deeply affected—They all em-
brace—Curtain drops.*

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

IFMD
15 Apr 1825.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

h







