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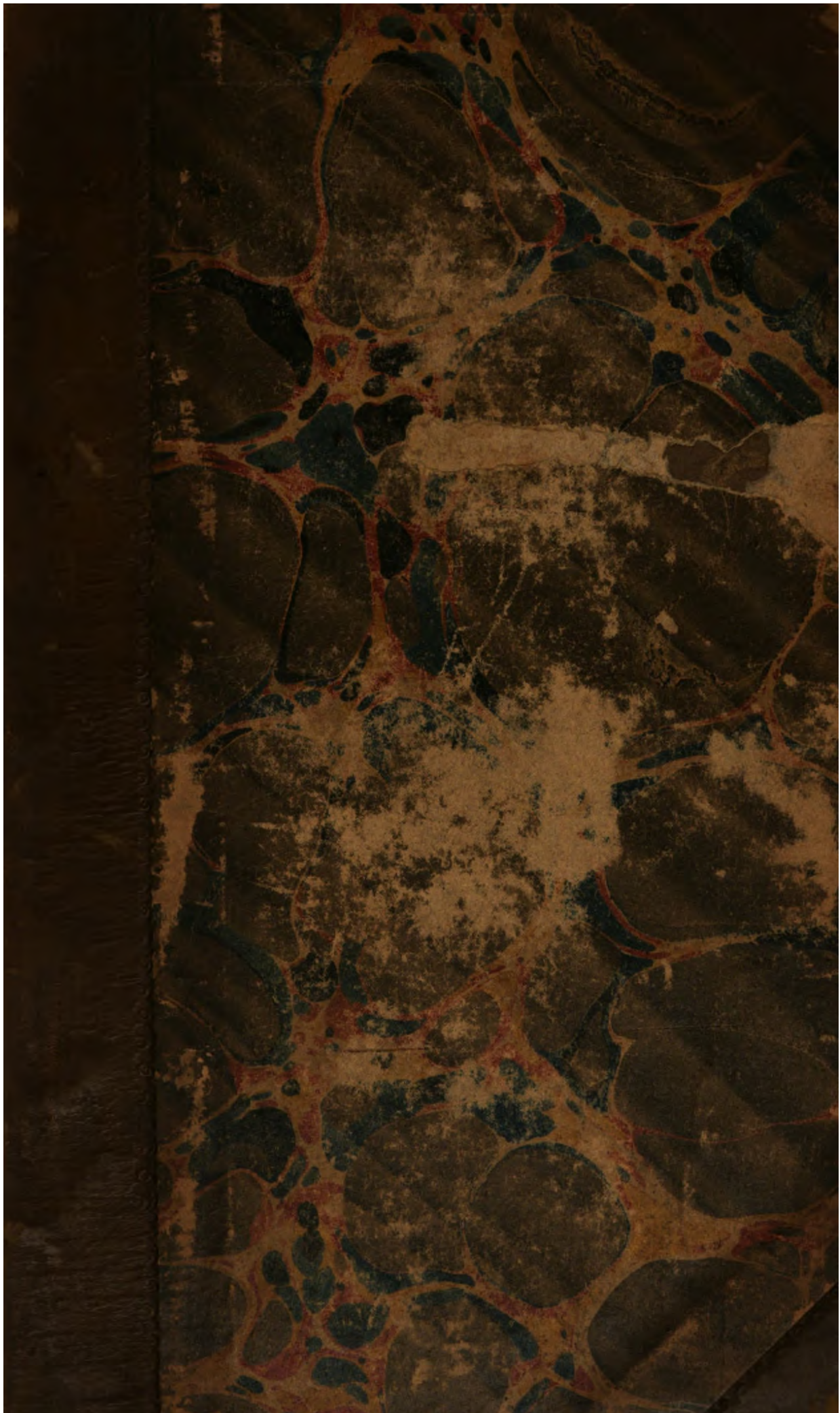
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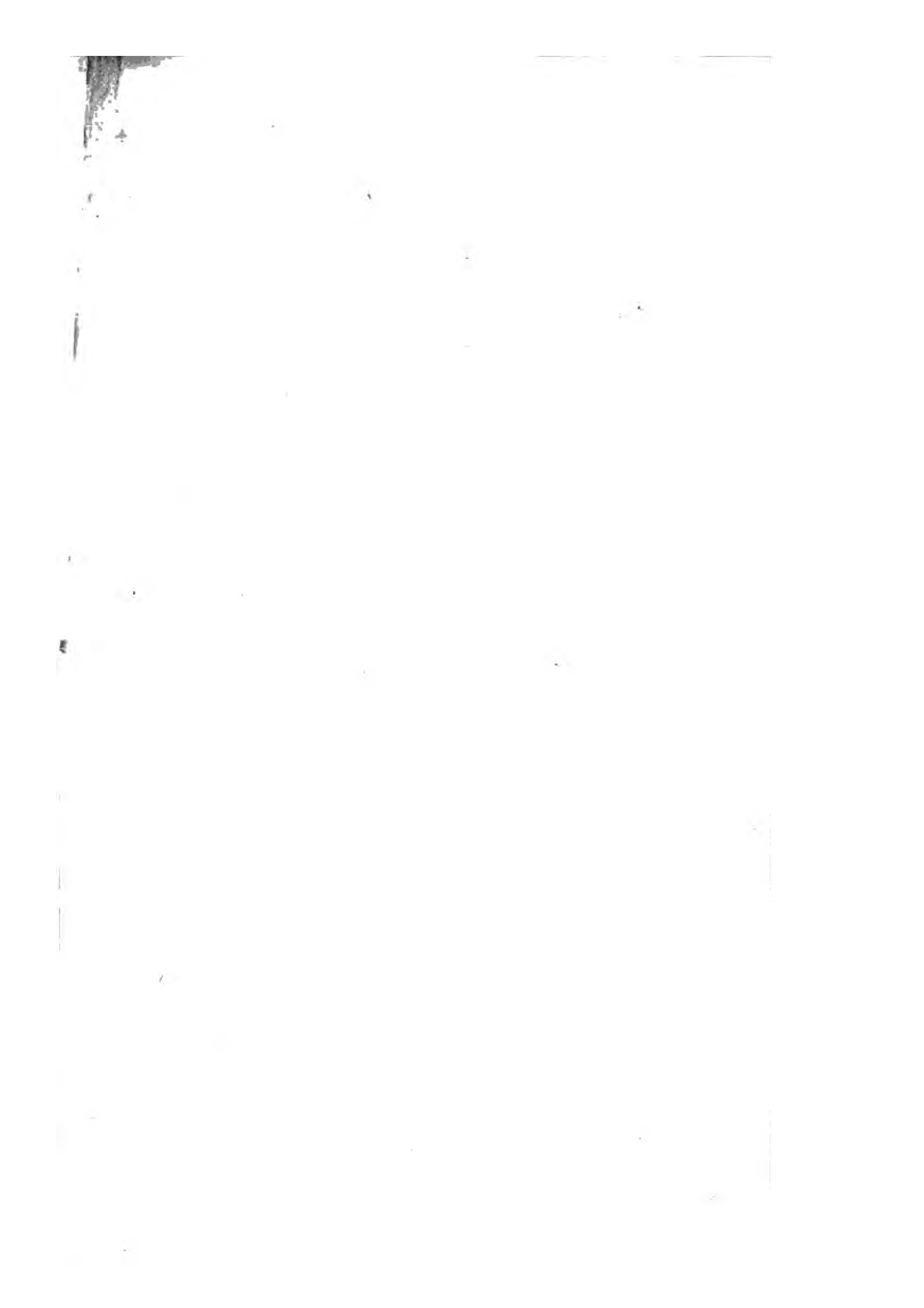


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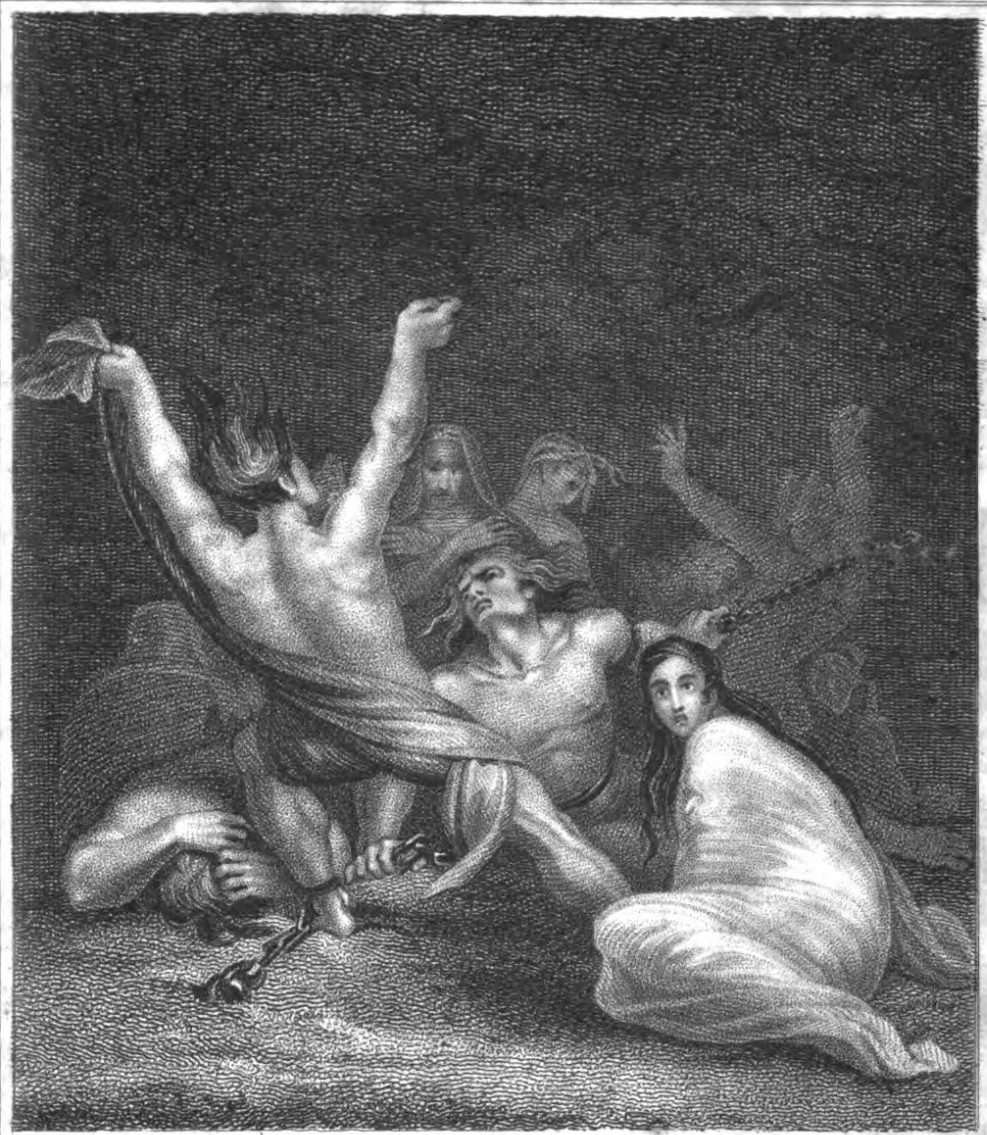












Designed by M. Jones.

Engraved by Freeman.

"There the Maniac, stung with pain,
"Rends his hair and gnaws his chain!
"Direst Rage, with stare aghast,
"Grasps his clinking fetters fast!
"Pensive Melancholy stands
"With weeping eyes and wither'd hands!
"And the injur'd love-lorn fair
"Moping sits with steadfast stare."

Bedlam, K. 4, 7.

Published by Sherwood, Neely, & Jones, June 20-30.

THE
REMAINS
OF
JOSEPH BLACKET;

CONSISTING OF
P O E M S,
DRAMATIC SKETCHES,
THE TIMES, AN ODE,
AND
A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE
BY MR. PRATT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

" Oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the MUSE's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun."

GRAY.

London:

PUBLISHED BY
SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1811.

A.D.



*Galabin and Marchant, Printers,
Ingram-Court, London.*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

ALTHOUGH the editor has prefixed a few observations at the head of such performances as appeared to require them, he perceives, that, after having again examined the manuscripts, he has overlooked some remarks on the "*Libertine Lovers*," written down without much order or connection in the progress of reading that Drama, and presented by the editor to the author for his consideration; those remarks, therefore, are now offered, in farther explanation of the editor's suffering some of the scenes and characters to remain as they were found among the posthumous papers, not doubting but that the hints they convey would have been adopted by Mr. B. had he lived to fill the different outlines he has so powerfully sketched.

REMARKS ON THE "*LIBERTINE LOVERS*."

Hints for improvement, &c. &c. &c.

"The comic part of the dialogue must be run

into prose, and several of the phrases changed to make this part of the dialogue more easy.

“ The serious parts may remain, generally, and, particularly in the speeches marked with an asterism ; but more attention must be given to the proper MEASURE of dramatic verse ; and also to the terminations ; rarely or never ending a line with insignificant words such as with, thee, for, thou, and, &c. &c. &c.

*“ There are great irregularities in the writing ; still too often poetic and prosaic measures are confounded ; also rapid transitions from dignity to meanness, and vice versa. Many speeches, however, marked * are truly excellent. The scene between Mortlake and Woodville is considerably too long, and will gain force by abridgement ; but, indeed, it must be carefully re-touched throughout. Still take courage, with all these abatements, which a very little attention will remove, there are many indisputable marks of a lofty genius, well worth all the pain and trouble of cultivation.”*

It would, indeed, have been easy to remove these defects of mere inexperience in the mechanical arrangement of dramatic dialogue ; but, besides that such changes in any feature of the work would not

represent the author in his traits of manly strength, almost in the infancy of his genius, the editor imagined that the reader would be gratified to see, in some instances, an extraordinary, self-tutored, but legitimate, son of the muses struggling through every local disadvantage, rising gradually superior to them all, and coming out, at times, like the orb of day, defying all obstructions, with a resplendency that seemed but the more radiant from the contrast of occasional gloom from a few dark clouds passing over his surface. And it has been a very general opinion among the friends consulted, that, "with all his imperfections on his head," Joseph Blacket would be pronounced an object of delight, admiration, and regret.

Perhaps it may be right to notice the frequent mixture of, apparently, imperfect Scotch with English in the character of DONOLD; not only on that account, but on the frequent occurrence of coarse sayings, which, however much in usage among modern play-wrights, and in certain actors who speak "more than is set down for them," would "be more honoured in the breach than the observance." But it is well known to all who have heard scattered phrases of this sort pronounced, either by MACKLIN or other performers, that they

sounded much less offensive than when broadly given in what may be called the vulgar tongue. Besides, some of those with whom Mr. B. communicated, assert that he intended DONOLD to represent a rude natural character of his own country, very far North. A specimen of this kind of provincial diction has been shewn to the Editor, said not to be overcharged, which would, certainly, as much require an interpreter, to be understood by many Southern readers, as the Coptic, Arabic, or Chinese.

BEDLAM;

OR,

*** THE EFFUSIONS OF MADNESS.**

Written after hearing Penrose's Ode on Madness, never before
having met with that exquisite poem. J.B.

HARK! from Bedlam's frenzied cells,
How the madd'ning tumult swells!

* These effusions being conceived and executed partly under my own eye, within a couple of hours after I had read to him the poem alluded to, may be justly entitled, considering their length, as extemporaneous. It will seem surprising to the reader that the author should have contrived to vary his effusions from those of Penrose on the same subject; which certainly could not have been so happily done as by a different personification. Mr. Penrose's admirable poem is given in narrative; Mr. Blacket's in character. The effort will be yet more impressive, when the reader is informed that the author last mentioned has drawn his images entirely from the stores of his own imagination, having never seen, as he assures me, either Bedlam or any individual person insane.—EDITOR.

Songs of fury! horrid groans!
 Shouts exulting! plaintive moans!
 There the Maniac, stung with pain,
 Rends his hair and gnaws his chain!
 Direst Rage, with stare aghast,
 Grasps his clinking fetters fast!
 Desperation, frantic driv'n,
 Rails at man, and curses Heav'n!
 Pensive Melancholy stands
 With weeping eye and wither'd hands!
 Mad Revenge with gasping breath,
 Thunders out the yell of death!
 And the injur'd love-lorn fair
 Moping sits with steadfast stare.
 The soldier shouts, the battle's won:
 But, hold! the horrid din's begun!

1st MANIAC.—(*Rage.*)

Oh! for a crag, as huge as Ossa's self!
 That I might grasp it in my desp'rate hand,
 And hurl it at yon moon?—yon moon, my curse!
 My bane! The cause of all my frenzied acts.
 Soft! let me think.—ha! by my swelling veins,
 'Twill be a deed befitting my great soul
 To snap my chain and bind it round the world!
 Then hang it o'er her horns; and, with a tilt,
 Drive both among the stars! ha! ha! ha! ha!
 How will my keeper stare!

2d MANIAC.—(*Joy.*)

Hush, make no noise!
 Or you will frighten the dear youth away,
 And I shall lose the promis'd violet.
 Joy! see he comes, the flow'ret in his hand:
 Oh! rapture, transport! in my circling arms,
 I'll fold him thus.

3d MANIAC.—(*Revenge.*)

Vengeance pursue thee!
 Vengeance and curses, fatal as the wound
 Which now my dagger deals thee! Treacherous,
 Perfidious, miscreant, down! and let mankind
 Learn, from the noble justice of this blow,
 To guard against the fury of a king.

4th MANIAC.—(*Female Revenge.*)

Now all is quiet, and the traitor sleeps,
 Where is my pointed blade? hist! 'twas the owl:
 Her screech has wak'd him! see, he rubs his eyes:
 But with my song I'll lull him to repose
 Then stab him sily.

AIR.

God of sleep, with magic wand,
 Hover thou his eyelids o'er,
 That my bold revengeful hand
 May seal them up for evermore!

5th MANIAC.—(*Heroic Exultation.*)

Yes,—yes;—

A mine beneath that citadel would blow
 The fort and garrison to atoms! ha!
 The thought has struck me: yes, by heav'n 'twill do!
 Quick form the ravelin and counterscarp:
 Pioneers, down with these entangling thickets:
 Level your cannon lower by a foot.
 That's well; a breach will shortly now be made:
 Plant the light infantry within the wood.
 See! they intend a *sortie*! Bring my horse,
 Charge from the right.—they fly! enter the gates.
 Huzza! huzza! 'tis won! the day's my own!

6th MANIAC.

Exhibiting the subtilty and cunning said to be observed in the
 Insane.

Ha! now his back is turn'd:—where is the cup?
 And where have I conceal'd the murd'ring drug?
 An opportunity like this once lost
 Is lost for ever!—hark! he hums a tune:—
 'Tis his own knell!—there, precious poison!—
 there,—
 Mix with his wine;—and, when he drinks, un-
 hinge
 His springs of life, that I may laugh.—Methinks
 Enough is mix'd:—come, drink again, my love;

It freezes keen,—the howling blast is bleak,
 'Hark! how it roars!—nay, nay, don't refuse it,
 'Twill cheer thy heart;—that's well;—delicious
 draught,
 I thank thee.—See how pale he turns:—he falls!
 Vengeance is mine!—he writhes!—ha! ha! ha! oh!
 Ruin how I love thee!—he gasps his last!
 'Tis done,—my soul rejoice:—he dies! he dies!
 Now for my hated self.—What!—not a drop?
 Drain'd to the very dregs.—Now, this is churlish:
 But hold,—no matter;—there's a way yet left
 To bid the world farewell.—Against these walls
 'Twill not be hard to dash these brains out:—thus!
 Ha!—my hated keeper here!—what, is't a dream?
 Oh murder'd hope! Oh curse! soft, let me hide
 Beneath the straw:—he'll pass and think I sleep.

REASON'S ADDRESS TO THE POET.

Written, November, 1808, in Boswell-Court, Devonshire-Street.

1.

WHEN Darkness had her sable mantle cast
 O'er the proud city, village, hill, and plain;
 When Silence only listen'd to the blast;
 Announcing cheerless Midnight's sullen reign;

2.

Child of mischance! by fortune's fav'rites spurn'd,
 At distance from the good, the truly great,
 In broken accents my hard lot I mourn'd,
 In sighs lamented my unhappy fate.

3.

By woës surrounded, and by cares oppress'd,
 The infant products of my pen unknown;
 No friendly voice to soothe my troubled breast,
 All hopes of happiness, of comfort, flown.

4.

Then, as my daring pen the task resum'd,
 When my proud bosom felt renew'd desire
 To paint distress, and my bold hand presum'd
 To touch the chords of the dramatic lyre,

5.

Sudden, a voice arrested my design,
 And, clad in bright effulgence, at my side
 Appear'd a form, majestic and divine;
 'Twas Reason's self! and thus the goddess cried :

6.

“ Hold! inconsiderate!—tempt the task no more;
 For, freezing Indigence, with icy hand,
 Grasps coldly those who dare, like thee, explore
 The scenes where fairy-fancy waves her wand.

7.

“ Why should ambition prompt thee to pursue
 The dang'rous path which leads to laurel'd fame,

Since sad experience daily brings to view
The varied perils which attend a name.

8.

“ Say, what’s the flatt’ring panegyrist’s praise,
Or what the plaudits of the changeful crowd;
Who with one hand presents a crown of bays,
And with the other stretches forth a shroud.

9.

“ The wreaths Parnassian like meteors fade,
Tainted by venom’d envy’s pois’nous breath;
And soaring merit strives to clasp a shade,
In life scarce noted, and unknown in death.

10.

“ Why heave a sigh, then, when gay Fashion’s sons,
Array’d in trappings which poor Art design’d,
Float down fair Pleasure’s stream, which wildly runs
To that vast ocean which engulphs mankind?

11.

“ It matters not, in rags or ermine dress’d,
Whether in bloating affluence mortals lave,
Or by distressing indigence oppress’d,
Since all their glory withers in a grave.

12.

“ Know, yonder peasant, in his rustic cot,
Within whose threshold genius never shone,
Enjoys more pure contentment in the spot,
Than gilded courtiers, basking round a throne.

13.

“ It is not pageantry, or wealth, or pow'r,
Or all the proudest titles kings bestow,
Can aid the mortal in affliction's hour,
Or snatch his body from the worm below.

14.

“ Fame's blazon'd monarchs, who for glory burn,
And burst the gates of peace with thund'ring
force,
Must be subdued,—all conquer'd in their turn,
And leave behind a kingdom and a corse!

15.

“ Stern Death's rude hand, alike, on spade and
crown,
Remorseless seizes and alike destroys;
What then avails or honour or renown,
Since dust to dust must close all human joys!

16.

“ Stretch but thine eye to distant once-fam'dlands,
Where heroes struggled for immortal fame,—
There seek, beneath the desolated sands,
Where temples moulder, for the founder's name.

17.

“ Palmyra's columns, Egypt's massive rocks,
That soaring rise in pyramidic pride,
The pow'rful architect's great labour mocks,
And his proud hopes of endless fame deride.

18.

“ Ruins of greatness,—o’er which fancy roams,
Serve but to make the wond’ring trav’ler own
That those who built the eternizing tombs
Were noble fools, who toil’d to be unknown.

19.

“ To sigh for fame is impious and profane,
Unworthy of the philosophic mind,
Whose god-like pow’rs should fortune’s frowns
disdain,
Bless’d in the station which high heav’n as-
sign’d.

20.

“ O! then unnotic’d in the vale of life,
Down which the fountain of contentment flows,
At distance from the world’s disastrous strife,
Court thou retirement,—and in death repose!

THE VOICE OF HOPE*

AND

CALL OF FREEDOM.

To REASON'S lesson, with attentive ear,
 Regardful of her precepts, fix'd I stood
 In list'ning expectation;—but no more
 She deign'd to utter:—with encircling arm,
 Enfolding her cœrulean vest, she rose,
 Pois'd on seraphic wing, and sought the skies.
 IDEAS hence! with fervour I exclaim'd,
 Ye keen tormenters of the brain farewell!
 And thou, oh Muse, dear sweet'ner of my hours,
 Whose chords at lonely midnight oft have cheer'd,
 More than th' Æolian harp, the hermit's cell,
 Adieu for ever!—and e'en you, my friends,
 Companions, bards of immortality!
 You who in early youth my bosom fir'd,
 And bade the wings of fancy far expand,
 Farewell! farewell! I banish you my breast,
 For REASON shews me that the height of fame
 Is but the height of folly.—Industry,
 Thou cheering cordial of the mind, all hail!

* Though this poem was written much later than several of the others, it is placed here on account of its connection with the foregoing.—EDITOR.

Welcome kind labour, and the sweating brow.
The toils of summer, and the winter's frowns,
Though rude, yet civiliz'd, will shelter me
From scowling want,—and man requires no more.
Sleep then ye embryo lays, by fate consign'd
To dull oblivion's unenliven'd shades,
For ever sleep unknown; but not unmourn'd!—
But ha! what means that angel-form, which
glides
Athwart the gloom, and cheers with heav'nly
smile
The face of night?—'tis HOPE,—and, hark! she
sings.

From heav'n's empyreal chambers bright,
To chase the haggard fiend Despair,
From breasts where anguish dwells,
The sinking mariner to cheer,
And gild the culprit's cell,
On Comfort's downy wings I take my joyous flight.
Snatch thy instrument again,
Strike the bold, the daring, strain:
The daring strain thy fancy loves,
The bard of heav'nly Sympathy approves.
Shrink not at the frowns of Fate,
Mourn not at thy wretched state;
They whose hands are stretch'd to save
Fainting merit from a grave;

They, whose hearts were form'd to cheer
 The orphan,—dry the widow's tear;
 Thy verse disprove not, nor thy lay revile,
 But view thy numbers with approving smile.
 Bright within each gen'rous mind,
 Burns the philanthropic fire;
 Truth and loyalty combin'd,
 Help to string thy cherish'd lyre.

The goddess paus'd, and sudden disappear'd.
 My drooping FANCY mounted in a blaze,
 To catch her sacred mantle.—Quick the Muse
 Rose kindling: instantly my daring hand
 Struck on the chords of the dramatic lyre.

When FREEDOM, in her adamantine car,
 Rush'd on my sight, in all the blaze of war:
 Checking with vig'rous arm her steeds, she cries:
 “Ye bards of Albion, freedom's sons, arise!
 Why sleep your lyres at this important hour,
 As if regardless of my sinking pow'r?
 Rouse, rouse, my tardy sons! to arms, to arms!
 And wake up vengeance with your just alarms?”

She said, and, midst the din of martial strife,
 Pierc'd through the gloom obscure:—fir'd with
 the sound,
 My hand, advent'rous, louder struck the lyre;

And, like the bard whose verse inspir'd my strain,
 Hail'd the eventful contest ; but, alas !
 The task scarce ended—ere the cause was lost.
 Ill-fated Spain, distracted,—not subdued,
 Saw the despoilers, in triumphant pride,
 Pace from the tow'ring Pyrenean heights,
 With stride gigantic, to the soaring steep
 Of fam'd Corunna ;—where the lion-rage
 Of Britain's gallant, but ill-fated, son,*
 In spite of famine, danger, and fatigue,
 Hurl'd back destruction on their impious heads,
 And purchas'd glory by a timeless death!

† Hail, patron, benefactor, parent, friend !
 Whose pruning hand th' excrescent branches
 topp'd,
 And planted carefully the tender root,
 In soil enliven'd by the genial sun :
 The genial sun ! whose renovating ray,
 Cherish'd the shrub, and bade it thrive in HOPE.

* Sir John Moore.

† Having already taken out a number of lines from the manuscript copy of this poem, which, for the sake of their poetical merit, I should certainly have retained, had they not referred to myself, I am induced to allow these closing passages to remain, at the strenuous request of the author, who would not suffer the poem to be printed without them. It was not worth a contention : but I am amply repaid for any services, by his merit and the pleasure of endeavouring to assist it.—EDITOR.

THE DYING HORSE.

THESE lines are not the effect of imagination, indulged in private, but were actually written by the side of the animal described, whom I discovered, in one of my solitary rambles, near Hampstead, in the last struggling agonies of death. August, 1808.—

J. B.

HEAV'N! what enormous strength does
Death possess!

How muscular the giant's arm must be
To grasp that strong-bon'd horse, and, spite of all
His furious efforts, fix him to the earth!
Yet, hold, he rises!—no,—the struggle's vain;
His strength avails him not. Beneath the gripe
Of the remorseless monster, stretch'd at length
He lies, with neck extended; head hard press'd
Upon the very turf where late he fed.

His writhing fibres speak his inward pain!
His smoking nostrils speak his inward fire!
Oh, how he glares!—and, hark! methinks I hear
His bubbling blood, which seems to burst the
veins.

Amazement! Horror! what a desp'rate plunge!
See, where his iron'd hoof has dash'd a sod
With the velocity of lightning. Ah!
He rises,—triumphs;—yes, the victory's his!

No,—the wrestler, Death, again has thrown him!
 And, oh! with what a murd'ring dreadful fall!
 —Soft;—he is quiet. Yet, whence came that
 groan?

Was't from his chest, or from the throat of Death
 Exulting in his conquest? I know not.

But, if 'twas his, it surely was his last:

For, see, he scarcely stirs; soft! Does he breathe?

Ah, no! he breathes no more. 'Tis very strange!

How still he's now:—how firey hot,—how cold!

How terrible,—how lifeless! all within

A few brief moments!—my reason staggers!

Philosophy, thou poor enlighten'd dotard,

Who canst assign for every thing a cause,

Here take thy stand beside me, and explain

This hidden mystery. Bring with thee

The headstrong atheist, who laughs at heav'n,

And impiously ascribes events to *chance*,

To help to solve this *wonderful enigma*!

First, tell me, ye proud haughty reas'ners,

Where the vast strength this creature late pos-
 sess'd

Has fled to? How the bright sparkling fire,

Which flash'd but now from these dim rayless eyes,

Has been extinguish'd!—*Oh! he's dead*, you say.

I know it well:—but, how, and by what means?

Was it the arm of Chance which struck him down,

In height of vigour and in pride of strength,

To stiffen in the blast? Come, come, tell me:
 Nay, shake not thus the heads that are enrich'd
 With eighty years of wisdom, glean'd from books,
 From nights of study, and the magazines
 Of knowledge which your predecessors left.
 What! not a word!—I ask you, once again,
 How comes it that the wond'rous essence,
 Which gave such vigour to these strong-nerv'd
 limbs,
 Has leapt from its inclosure, and compell'd
 This noble workmanship of Nature thus
 To sink into a cold inactive clod?
 Nay, *sneak not off thus cowardly!*—Poor fools,
 Ye are as destitute of information
 As is the lifeless subject of my thoughts!
 —The subject of my thoughts;—yes,—there
 he lies,
 As free from life as if he ne'er had liv'd.
 Where are his friends, and where his old acquaint-
 tance,
 Who borrow'd from him strength, when, in the
 yoke,
 With weary pace, the steep ascent they climb'd?
 Where are the gay companions of his prime,
 Who with him ambled o'er the flow'ry turf,
 And, proudly snorting, pass'd the way-worn hack
 With haughty brow; and, on his ragged coat,
 Look'd with contemptuous scorn? Oh, yonder see,

Carelessly basking in the mid-day sun,
 They lie, and heed him not;—little thinking,
 While there they triumph in the blaze of noon,
 How soon the dread annihilating hour
 Will come, and Death seal up *their* eyes,
 Like his, for ever! Now, moralizer,
 Retire! Yet first proclaim this sacred truth:
 Chance rules not over Death; but, when a fly
 Falls to the earth, 'tis heav'n that gives the blow!

THE WITHERED TREE,*

Which was intended by the author as a companion to the
 foregoing poem.

YE silken sons of opulence, who bask
 In Fortune's sunshine, and with light hearts
 dance
 The roundelay of pleasure; whose moments,
 Uninterrupted by the frowns of care,
 Are spent beside the spirit-cheering bowl,
 Or in the arms of fascinating beauty;

* This tree may now be seen standing in the centre of one of
 Mr. Willan's fields, near Primrose-hill.—J.B.

Whose glowing cheeks the icy blast of want
Or bleak adversity hath never pal'd;
Whose flatt'ring imaginations warm
Picture the joys you taste perpetual,
And cheat the sense with an illusive view
Of lasting bliss and ever-new delights;
Attend my steps, and let us contemplate
On yonder wither'd, solitary, Tree.

Time, that remorseless ravager, whose scythe,
Unblunted by six thousand years of service,
Spares not the lofty monarch of the woods;
But, wielded by a strong and vig'rous arm,
With sweep devastative, alike cuts down
The deeply-rooted oak and slender rose!

Oh beauty! grandeur! proud gigantic strength!
What are ye, but the pageants of an hour!
How soon ye wither, and how soon ye die!
Or, worse than death, in palsied, tott'ring, age,
Ye live to be the mock and scorn of youth:
Degraded, laugh'd at, and, oh shame, despis'd!

Now, ye deluded youths, who, to yourselves
Promise unceasing raptures, health, and vigour;
Who think it spiritless, and height of folly,
Toward life's verge to cast the startled eye;
To you I call:—to you, like Phaëton,

Who wish to guide the chariot of the sun
In glory's pomp, and castles build in air,—
I call, with harsh but friendly voice, to warn,
As much ye need it, that ye are but men!
And, by a fibre, weaker than a hair,
Hang between life and immortality!

Mortals!—suspend the vanities of life,
And listen to the moral of my lay!
Attentive view this poor old ragged trunk,
White with the snows of twice two hundred years,
By lightning blasted, and by tempests torn:—
But, hark! methinks ev'n now I hear it say,
“ Oh, that some friendly axe would lay me low,
That I might stand no more to witness thus
Mine own infirmity and misery!
Time was, when April in his richest garb
Array'd me; when the cheerful summer-months
All danc'd around my head; when, vain of heart,
I stretch'd my foliage to the glitt'ring sun,
And laugh'd the seasons round: plum'd in gay
trim,
The flocks admir'd and shelter'd in my shade.
Distinguish'd favour, paid me by the world,
Fill'd all my breast with pride; and, when the weak
And despicable sapling, tempest-torn,
Solicited assistance and relief,

I thrust my brawny arms full at his front,
And superciliously refus'd his suit.

“ Thus did I flourish, heedless of the grave,
In height of arrogance, in pride of life,
In honours great, in grandeurs dignified !
When, oh ! the red-wing'd lightning crush'd my
 hopes,
In hour unthought of—all my beauty wither'd,
Bereav'd me in a moment of my pow'r,
And left me standing as a monument
For man to gaze on:—tremble,—and be
 WARN'D !”



REFLECTIONS AT MIDNIGHT,

Written at Abinger, 1802 : the author's age sixteen.

1.

BEYOND that mountain's awful breast,
Which rears its rugged front on high,
The moon appears, in splendour dress'd,
And moves along the eastern sky.

2.

Soft, on the bosom of yon stream,
Which purls along the dewy vale,
With smile refulgent shines her beam,
Danc'd on the surface by the gale.

3.

Illum'd the village-spire appears,
Which glances back its gilded light,
To where the yew his front uprears,
And whispers breezes to the night.

4.

The steady register of time
Awakens Echo's mimic song;
Down yonder vale it sounds sublime,
While rocks and caves the notes prolong.

5.

The tranquil hamlet sleeps profound,
No drunken herds its peace molest;
The faithful watch-dogs guard it round,
And sweetest slumbers soothe each breast.

6.

No blood-stain'd tumults wound repose,
No vile assassin's blade is fear'd,
No idle horn, obstrep'rous, blows,
Lov'd Philomel alone is heard.

7.

"Sleep on, " she sings," poor mortals, sleep,
Securely wrapt in innocence,

Unslumb'ring let the miser creep
To count his hoarded wealth immense.

8.

“ Nor when ye wake, for honours sigh,
Nor think from these contentment springs;
For, soon entomb'd must honours lie,
With all their empires, all their kings.

9.

“ But cheerful meet to-morrow's lot,
Nor envy those in higher sphere,
Kind Industry shall bless your cot
And faithful love your labour cheer.”

10.

The setting moon now faintly gleams,
From view the faded prospect's fled:
Let me retire to where her beams
Still gild the houses of the dead.

11.

Beneath the gloom of this sad yew,
Imagination, take thy scope,
And ponder on the lifeless few
Who here repose in pious hope!

12.

What though, to strike the wond'ring eye,
No marbled trophies here are found;
The flow'ry turf still claims the sigh,
And breathes a silent moral round.

13.

'Tis true, no abbey'd bust appears;
'Tis true, no mournful statue tries
To drop its big-swoln marble tears,
And mock the humble Christian's eyes.

14.

But, though rude th' unchisel'd stones,
O see and blush, ye vain, ye proud,
Sincere the widow breathes her moans,
Sincere the orphan weeps aloud.

15.

Shut from the light, 'mid awful gloom,
Let clay-cold honour rest in state,
And, from the decorated tomb,
Receive the tributes of the great.

16.

Let me, when bade with life to part,
And in my narrow mansion sleep,
Receive a tribute from the heart,
Nor bribe one sordid eye to weep,

THE CONFLAGRATION,*

WHAT means this blush upon the face of night;
 And why this consternation and rude din,
 When Nature bids her wearied sons repose?
 Sure it presages something terrible!
 Some dire disaster, o'er which *Vulture Fate*
 Broods with peculiar awe! what may it be?

Ah! yonder bursts, with horrid force, a *flame*,
 Redd'ning the high-arch'd canopy of heav'n,
 And making lustreless the brilliant stars,
 Which seem to hide their heads!—Crowds follow
 crowds,
 (With terror seated on each visage pale,)
 In fearful haste, the dread event to learn.

Lo! where the fierce devouring element,
 Enrag'd, has fasten'd its relentless fangs!
 The sight appals! while trembling APPREHEN-
 SION,
 With open'd mouth, on tip-toe, list'ning stands,
 To catch the busy rumour as it flies.
 The busy rumour,—fill'd with painful truth,

* On the destruction of Drury-Lane Theatre.

And big with dire calamity !
Confusion reigns ! horrors on horrors press !
While, from the lids of drowsy citizens,
Sleep frightened flies, as from its nest the bird,
When scar'd at midnight by the thund'ring tube !
The capital is rous'd ! all stand aghast
As the destroying blaze with fury spreads,
While, curl'd in columns, dreadfully ascend
Red-sheeted pyramids of burnish'd flame !

See, 'gainst yon antique venerable pile,*
Whose sacred tombs enshrine the hallow'd dust
Of Britain's favour'd and illustrious dead,
How awful gleams the deeply-crimson'd glare !
Methinks e'en now I see the mighty bard,
Whose sculptur'd image best adorns the fane,
Point to his marble scroll, and, with a voice,
Loud as when heav'n's immortal thund'rer speaks,
Pronounce the dreadful fiat of the world !

“ The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
And all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind !”

* Westminster-abbey.

Behold too, on the proudly-winding Thames,
 Who wafts the bulwarks of our Albion's hope
 To seas, o'er which her charter is to rule,
 Where, like a sheet, the bright-reflected blaze
 Extended on his silv'ry bosom lies.

The gathering ruin tinges all the decks
 Of countless barks, whose high aspiring masts
 Look like a burning forest, wrapt in fire.

And, yonder, see, where Britain's guardians,
 met,*

In deep debate, to try the mighty cause
 Of injur'd honour or profoundest guilt,
 How red the solemn lustre there appears!
 Gilding the form of JUSTICE! May her scale,
 With light divine, irradiate innocence!
 Meantime—'tis not for Britons to prejudge.—
 Quick turn,—————

And mark the progress of those madd'ning flames,
 Encircled round the lofty lyrist's head,
 Tuneful Apollo, guardian of the scene,
 They frantic revel. Ah! the pond'rous roof
 Falls prone, and all is crush'd!—Oh! Thespis,
 Thespis!

Thou kind instructor of the moral theme,

* House of Commons

Thou bold refiner of the savage mind,
 Who bid'st vice blush, and guilt, appall'd, start
 back

At the reflection e'en of imag'd baseness,
 Where are thy temples now? Melpomene,
 Thou sad, majestic, painful, pleasing, muse,
 Who melt'st to sympathy the feeling heart,
 Or fill'st the soul with terror and afright,
 Now tear thy locks, now cast thy frantic eye
 Despairingly around; stern RUIN lurks
 Where late thy sons, pride of the British stage,
 Fraught with the treasur'd language of the bards
 Thou most admir'st, pour'd in the list'ning ear,
 With all the pathos of sublimest strength,
 The strains of freedom, honour, and of love.
 Thalia, Comus, laughter-loving pair,
 Who cheer, with mirth, the winter's heavy hour,
 And beat quick time to Music's sprightly strain,
 Where are *your* smiles? alas! like Yorick's self,
 "Quite chap-fallen!"—Suspend, suspend, the
 song,
 Doff the luxuriant robe, and drop the mask;
 Go hand in hand with Tragedy, and weep,
 And, like your Niobe, to statues turn.

Hark! whence that crash? oh! dire catastrophe!
 The scene is clos'd and all around is horror!
 Annihilation blasts at once the hopes

Of hero, lover, patriot, and bard!

Yes, "frail mortality!

Of what thin silken texture hast thou woven
Man's proudest hopes?"—Just when my daring
Muse,

On Fancy's pinions, proudly soar'd aloof,
And fondly pencil'd forth the swelling scene,
When cheering Expectation bodied forth
The crowded theatre,—th' applauding hand,
And Fame and Freedom seem'd to crown the bard,
Fate frown'd! and, as my wither'd hopes expir'd,
Dark cheerless horror sat upon my soul.

But what, in all its magnitude and mischief,
In all its terrors, all its mighty ruin,
Is this calamity?—a taper's gleam,
O Heaven, to thy great day of visitation!
When the round earth,—the spacious solid world,
With all its fam'd appendages of Art,
Its boasted *actors* and its *high-wrought* scenes,
Shall melt, like wax within the furnace-mouth!
When all our hopes, our proud expectant
hopes,
With ardour cherish'd and with joy indulg'd,
Shall perish! When the sooty wings of *Chaos*,
Like to a raven o'er the house of death,
Shall hover, doleful, o'er the mighty void!

Life's curtain clos'd, and Heav'n's dread fiat fulfill'd!

Where shall we meet again? Ah! there the
cloud!

Impenetrable darkness hides that scene
From mortal ken. Yet, may we hope to find,
Beyond destruction, ruin, and the grave,
That "THERE'S ANOTHER AND A BETTER
WORLD!"*

* It will be remembered, that these were the last words of the late celebrated Mr. Palmer, one of the ornaments of this ill-fated theatre, who expired, when performing the part of the Stranger, at Liverpool.

LINES,

On the Death of HUGH MEYLER,* written on Good Friday, 1809.

MUSE of sorrow ! heav'nly guest !
Come, possess my aching breast !

* As the above effusion of our young bard was occasioned partly by a letter from the suffering Parent, on his recent misfortune, and partly from his having read some lines, by the Editor, addressed to that gentleman on the loss of a former youth of great promise, in which the idea is preserved, but more highly expanded by Mr. Blacket, they are here inserted.

EDITOR.

THE
SPIRIT OF A DEPARTED SON
TO HIS PARENTS.

OH FATHER, FATHER ! grieve not for your boy,
From scenes of earth remov'd to realms of joy ;
Oh MOTHER, MOTHER ! and my BRETHREN dear !
Restrain those tender sighs, that starting tear ;
Ah ! rather *bless* the hour that set me free,
From length'ning days of ling'ring misery !
A sickly plant that scarce could bear the breeze,
What could frail life have been but a disease ?
Some blossom fading at each wind that pass'd,
And the stem dropping to the grave at last ?

Unfitted for a world so rude and wild,
My GOD in kindness took your suff'ring child,

Quick my trembling hand inspire,
 To touch with skill the hallow'd lyre;
 The hallow'd lyre whose strains impart
 Comfort to the bleeding heart.

Alas! see where, in manhood's bloom,
 A victim to the dreary tomb,
 The parent's hope profoundly sleeps;
 And see, oh! see, that parent weeps:
 Weeps o'er the plant he rear'd with pride,
 Which scarcely blossom'd ere it died.

Come, then, soother sweet of grief,
 Muse of sorrow, bring relief;
 From thy solitary cell,
 Kindred notes of passion swell;
 Notes, like Gilead's balmy pow'r,
 To assuage the anguish'd hour.

In mercy mark'd me early for his own,
 And plac'd me as a cherub near his throne!
 Yet, in soft pity to parental woe,
 Spares me to waft these duteous thoughts below,
 A moment spares me from *my Heav'n* above,—
 For Heav'n itself is mov'd by filial love,—
 To say—Oh grieve no longer for your boy,
 From scenes of earth remov'd to realms of joy!
 Oct. 23, 1802.

But what sounds are those I hear,
Hov'ring on my list'ning ear?
Sure, some heav'nly minstrel brings
Solace from celestial strings:
Yes, I see, in yonder cloud,
An *Angel* strikes his harp aloud,
And with strains of soothing peace
Bids the muse of sorrow cease.

Now, methinks, I hear it say,
Haste, my brother! haste away
From a world of various woe,
From the shades of death below;
Hasten, soaring spirit, blest,
Hasten to thy brother's breast.

Hark, the kindred shade replies,
As through yielding air it flies,
"Yes, my brother, yes, I come,
Exulting o'er the rayless tomb:
Summon'd to an equal seat,
Cherub may a cherub greet.

Yet, what means this hollow moan:
Ah! it is my parent's groan,
Hov'ring round me in my flight,
To the azure fields of light.

Cease, then, cease, fond parents dear,
 Check, ah! check, the tender tear;
 Soon our transports ye will share,
 And, in realms of purer air,
 Meet the rich awards of heav'n,
 Which to suff'ring worth is giv'n.

 THE INTERVAL OF REASON.

Author's age sixteen.

From dreams of woe I raise my wearied head;
 In my torn breast th' frenzied passions burn,
 And, sadly resting on my rugged bed,
 Weep o'er the moments that can ne'er return!

Ye, heav'nly guards, that dwell in realms of light!
 Watch round me when dark thoughts my
 soul alarm;
 Let me not plunge that soul in endless night,
 But, hold, "O hold!" my fierce uplifted arm!

Father of mercy! searcher of my heart,
 From thee the stream of resignation flows,
 From my smote bosom bid despair depart,
 And let my wounded spirit know repose.

THOUGHTS,

Written in Hampstead Church-yard, by Moonlight.

Author's age seventeen.

OH Contemplation! heav'nly MUSE, attend,
 To mirth unknown, to solitude a friend,
 Who oft attend'st me on the dewy lawn,
 And bear'st my murmurs to the rising dawn;
 With thee I love to sit, with thee to mark
 The early matin of the soaring lark;
 With thee to wander, shut from dazzling day,
 And view the moon in heav'n's unclouded way;
 With thee to rest beneath the willowy shade,
 And hear the flute by skilful fingers play'd;
 To hear its soft notes steal along the rill,
 And catch its echoes from the craggy hill.

With thee I'll place me, now, beneath this yew,
 These old decaying monuments to view,
 Where sleep in quiet the distinguish'd dead,
 And the poor wretch, in death, has found a bed.
 The soldier here forgets the cannon's roar,
 Sound sleeps the miser, heedless of his ore;
 Low lies the giddy fool, who laugh'd at Death,
 'Till the grim tyrant robb'd him of his breath;
 While murder'd honour festers in his shroud,
 And proudly rots amid a noble crowd.

BEAUTY! the crimson of thy cheek is o'er,
 Thy mould'ring, bloodless, lips shall ope no more;
 That damask cheek on which such graces shone,
 That damask cheek, the worm now calls its own;
 From thy sunk eyes the sparkling glance has fled,
 Now, ye fond lovers, gaze upon her *dead*;
 And ye, who proudly deck a lovely form,
 Here, glean a moral from the grov'ling worm.



THE FALL OF ZARAGOSSA.

HARK! to yon thund'ring engines' hostile roar,
 Bellowing with horrid force Destruction's threats
 'Gainst Zaragossa's bravely-peopled gates!
 See, Gallia's rav'nous eagle,—bird of prey!
 Fit emblem of her sanguinary hosts,
 'Gainst Freedom's barriers, with wide-spread
 wing,
 Through streams of blood, advances. Hark, what
 shouts!
 It is the cheer of godlike RESOLUTION,
 Breath'd through the trump of sacred Liberty!

But, ah! look there! look on yon mangled heap,
 Where streams the vengeance of the patriot's
 sword,
 As o'er the limbs of wounded citizens,
 Deathful he stalks; and, in the horrid throat
 Of murd'ring carnage, plants, with steadfast
 arm,
 The banners of his bleeding natal land.
 Heart-rousing, glory-breathing, dreadful, sight!
 There is the sweat of battle,—there the din,
 The daring threat,—the spirit-urging shout,
 And ELOQUENCE of war!—See, yonder stands,
 Unshrinking, 'mid Destruction's burning flame,
 The man whose wife, whose children, from his
 side,
 While minist'ring assistance in the cause,
 Were swept alternate!—Does he weep? weep!
 no!—
 The tears that Zaragossa's children shed
 Are tears of blood!—Oh heav'n-born heroine,
 Fair AUGUSTINA,* bold heroic maid!
 Thine is the beauteous form, but warrior's soul;
 Thine the re-animating gen'rous pride,

* "Fair Augustina," a beautiful female, inhabitant of Zaragossa, who, at the battery of the gate called the Portillo, snatched a match from the hands of an artillery-man, fired off a gun, and made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege.

Like fam'd Camilla,* nobly to deal forth
Destroying vengeance on thy country's foes;
Back to the breast of fainting courage call
The curdling blood, and bid thy brothers, arm'd,
Or die or triumph with thee! Lo! unmov'd,
Amid the shrieks of agonizing pain,
The groans of death, and hideous slaughter's yell,
She stems the torrent of the battle's flood,
Braves the hot fury of the sanguine foe,
And scatters horror to their inmost ranks.

Brave SASS,† too, white-rob'd Minister of
Peace!

To waft the dying patriot's soul to heav'n,
See where in pray'r he kneels amid the slain;—
Now flies to cheer the gasping wretch, who lies
Oppress'd with toil and hunger!—Rushes now,
With keen-edg'd havoc gleaming in his hand,
And, planting at the bayonet's point his breast,
WOOS DEATH in all his horrors!—FURY raves!
DESTRUCTION shakes his hissing snaky locks,

* "Like fam'd Camilla," who, for a long time, assisted the arms of Turnus against Æneas.

† "Brave Sass," Padre St. Jago. Sass, curate of a parish in Zaragossa, who alternately was seen, during the siege, administering the sacrament to the dying, assisting the wounded, and fighting in the thickest ranks of the enemy.

And stalks, with stride horrific, through the
 stream,—
 The sacred stream, of patriotic blood!

Whence was that shriek?—and why that death-
 like cry,
 With terror charg'd, which stuns the wond'ring
 ear,
 And fills the breast with horrible surmises?
'Tis the last groan of struggling Liberty!
 Who, 'mid the breathless heaps of patriots slain,
 High rear'd the ensigns of her bleeding sons,
 And cried aloud, strike home—or Spain's no more!
 But, oh! disastrous, heavy, anguish'd, hour,
 She faints!—Her crimson'd hand resigns its
 trust:
 Her banners stream no more!—Drench'd in the
 gore
 Of gasping heroes, they extended lie,
 Nor longer breathe, to Gallia's fiend-like host,
 Resolv'd defiance! Ah! she tears her locks;—
 Her locks, gore-clotted in each loosen'd fold,
 Which, burnish'd, shone to all the nations round,
 Like Freedom's sun-beams! See the boiling
 tears,
 With anguish fraught, hang on her pallid cheek:
 She falls, with her own son, with Palafox, she
 falls!

Oh, Palafox! illustrious godlike man!
 Soul of Iberia's war!—Iberia's hope!
 The patriot's bright example and his pride.
 Oh! for a pen of brass, and marble scroll,
 That I might stamp, in lasting characters,
 Thy val'rous deeds; thy loyalty sublime,
 Thy blameless life, and thy untimely fall!—
 A fall that ages yet unborn shall mourn!

Oh! for a curse, as Israel's Prophet deep,
 Who to destruction doom'd the impious tribe!
 A right'ous curse, by virtue's self inspir'd;
 That I might hurl it on the trait'rous head
 Of that soul-spotted Morla! Slave abhorr'd,
 Who sold his country,—stabb'd the matron
 breast

Which nourish'd him.—Miscreant horrible!
 But, let the Despot cherish him;—varnish,
 With falsehood's gloss, his hell-black guilt,
 Spite of *his* frauds, the traitor shall descend
 To after-ages with his country's curse,
 And all the execrations of the brave!
 While Palafox's fame shall never die,
 Nor his pure laurel wither on his tomb,
 Till tombs themselves shall crumble into dust!

Shame on his conq'ror's fell assassin-arm:
 Shame on his savage hosts,—and *curs'd the fiend*

Who first inspir'd them with the damning arts
 To blast that well-earn'd laurel he had won.
 Dastard souls!*
 Brand *him* with cowardice, whom ninety suns
 Beheld in all the majesty of war,
 Encircled by his brave heroic troops,
 Repel the direful prowess of your arms;
 And, 'mid the din of deaf'ning cannon, stand
 The bold defender of his country's cause.
 Delib'rate murderers of godlike fame,
 Go, ask the shades of all your slaughter'd hosts,
 Whose limbs lie mix'd in Zaragossa's ruins,
 How Palafox contended?—*They will tell you!*—

Say, do ye think, calumniators vile!
 With breath pestiferous to blast the fame,
 The well-won fame, of Freedom's champion?
 O, never! never! But, while HIST'RY'S hand
 Can mark her page,—PAINTING her pencil hold,
 The MUSE attune her everlasting lyre,—
 In proud remembrance shall his prowess live!
 While, to disturb the traitor's guilty sleep,
 In midnight vision, or in wakeful anguish,
 The injur'd shade of Palafox shall rise,
 And conscience thunder in th' apostate's ear!

* In one of the French Bulletins, vaunting of the capture of Zaragossa, it was said, in the usual inflated style of their gasconade, that Palafox was never seen where there was danger.—J. B.

Heav'n, clos'd on cowards, opens to the brave;—
 Opens on Palafox,—but shuts on Morla!

Peace to the Hero, and his slaughter'd friends,
 Who with him greatly bled!—May Britain's sons
 Ne'er cease the warrior's mem'ry to revere;
 And, 'till the sun grow faint, 'till hoary TIME,
 Bending with tott'ring step beneath the weight
 Of dying nature, in oblivion sink,
 May PALAFOX remain a monument
 Of MATCHLESS PROWESS! PATRIOTIC VALOUR!

For me, aloft on fancy's pinions borne,
 And, anxious, soaring with adven'trous flight,
 Yet trembling while I spread the daring wing,
 To reach the meed of praise! O Britain dear!
 Werè but the borders of thy heav'n-blest isle,
 Thy lowliest valley, or thy wildest heath,
 Like to IBERIA's hapless hills invaded,
 Fir'd with the knowledge of thy bleeding wrongs,
 Dear as she is, the *Muse* should be resign'd,
 And FREEDOM's blade alone should grace my arm!
 Like Zaragossa's sons, against the foe,
 My breast, a barrier, should be planted firm;
 And, in life's morning, I would yield all bays
 But those my sword might gather in her cause!
 The wreath, which Fancy seems e'en now to
 weave,

In all her gracious flatt'ry,—instant quit,
 To snatch a greener laurel,—heav'n-entwin'd,—
 The warrior's chaplet! while some future bard,
 With strains immortal, should aloud proclaim,
**THIS BRITISH YOUTH FOR FREEDOM
 FOUGHT AND FELL!**

◆

THE AMBULATOR.

A FRAGMENT.

LONDON, mart of the envying world! oh!
 when
 Along the richly-laden streets I stroll,
 What scenes of wonder rise at ev'ry turn,
 What mighty contrasts strike the startled eye!
 Grandeur! misery! affluence! and want!
 And all in ev'ry shape that each can take.

Here floats the far-fetch'd, costly, ermin'd,
 robe,
 And there the tatter'd garment of the wretch,
 Who, while the proud one on a velvet couch

Reposes indolent,—sits on the stone,—
 The icy stone, at pamper'd lux'ry's door!
 Here, in his chariot, lolls the Epicure,
 Whose steeds seem proud and dainty as himself!
 There—the bold Briton, image of his God!
 Yok'd to the truck, like to the veriest brute,
 With toilsome pace, drags through the *loaded*
 streets
 Burthens disgraceful to the name of man!

But, hark! the high-ton'd and tumultuous rout,
 Mark'd by the blazing torch and rattling wheel,
 At midnight's solemn hour in pomp's display'd!
 The revellers exult; round goes the cup;
 And all is jubilee! While there the groan
 Of ghastly famine mixes with the blast
 And makes it howl more awful. Here the dog,
 A full-gorg'd fav'rite, yet a fawning friend,
 His true and honest nature warp'd by man,
 Shares with his master the dear-bought repast!
 There, the poor barefoot beggar shiv'ring stands,
 And asks the menial for the crumb in vain;
 Or kneels to catch the steam as it ascends
 From grated casement, through whose fumes he
 sees
 The gluttoned tables groaning with their weight!
 There, from her chariot, gaily bounds the dame!
 As light of heart as heel,—of head more light,—

Whose braided hair with jewel'ry's inwov'n!
Earth disembowell'd of her rarest gems
To decorate the brow that never felt
The dew of labour, but from fashion's round;
Or waste their heedless lustre on the hands
That never knew the gasping toil of him,
Who work'd the rugged mine to grace her form!
And here, the hapless, though misguided, wretch,
For theft, perchance, of some poor tinsel toy,
Fetter'd in hand and foot, ignobly limps,
To breathe the noisome air, in cells obscure,—
Disgraceful prelude of his forfeit life!

THE BARDS OF BRITAIN.*

TO

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS,

On his presenting the author with the "Cabinet of English
Poetry."†

FRIEND of th' advent'rous poet's infant muse,
Receive this tribute, nor the lay refuse;
Thy gift invests me with a godlike band,
The boast, the glory, of my native land!

Dear, doubly dear, the precious treasures giv'n;
Dear as the ruddy beam of light from heav'n:
Unsullied treasures!—with no dross combin'd,
Unsullied treasures of the immortal MIND!
Long sigh'd-for volumes, stor'd with truths di-
vine,
And fancy's richest flow'rs,—ye all are mine!

* This Poem was written immediately on receiving the present. The happy imitation of the different styles of the personified bards demonstrates the accuracy with which our young poet has read and studied such authors as were within his reach, and which, luckily for him, happened to be the best among our national poets.—EDITOR.

† In six volumes.

Though adverse fortune on my youth has
frown'd,
And faithless friends inflicted many a wound,
Unnotic'd long; though oft, with grief sincere,
I heav'd the sigh and dropp'd the anguish'd
tear;
Yet, Hope, at length, has built her downy nest,
Oh! blessed change! within this throbbing breast:
This breast, where late the Raven of Despair
Sat brooding on the thorns of with'ring Care.
Kind heav'n! all-bounteous! gives a Friend to
save,
I seem reborn, or rescued from the grave!
And, in the precious boon which Phillips sends,
My raptur'd heart receives a host of friends!
Friends, who will soothe me in misfortune's
gloom,
And to the MUSES COURT convert my narrow
room!

Methinks, e'en now, I see the *mighty train*
Encircle me around; and each, alternate,
Accept, with smiles, my homage. In the midst,
With deathless laurel blooming round thy brows,
My gaze is bent on thee, immortal youth!
On thee, whom most I pity, love, admire!
The beams of gladness sparkle in thine eyes,
Which, on the portrait of my fost'ring bard,

Seem stedfast riveted;—and sure I hear
Thy voice exclaim

[CHATTERTON.]

Happie itte bie for thie!
Reet mycle comforte wele betide thine houres!
Synne, frae the mokie denne obscuritye,
Whilom, lyke myne, thie ruthful thornye bedde,
An helpen hannde hes gethered thie flowres,
Whilk growen by the sun uncheryshed,
Ande them haes setten, where hys beem devyne
May keepe them frae a Walpole's scowlyng eyne.

Ill-fated bard! I mourn thy hapless fall;
But, as a sky-harp'd seraph, now I hail
Thy form divine! and, with exultance proud,
What thou hast left to this ungrateful world,
Pronounce as mine!

TO MILTON.

Oh! heaven-illumin'd bard!
Whose wing seraphic soar'd above all height
In majesty of song, forgive! forgive!
That my rash hand should dare, upon thy throne,
Thy starry throne! to place a hapless youth,
Though proudly favour'd by the weeping Nine,

Thy great superior alone in sorrow !
Mournful pre-eminence ! Yes, thou wilt par-
don :—

And MILTON'S tear, on CHATTERTON'S pale
urn,
Shall drop, like balm from weeping cherub's
eye !

Oh ! how thy awful daring I revere ;
Thou, through the gloom of *Chaos* and old *Night*,
Despotic rulers o'er the drear profound,
Travers'd, with stedfast soul, the pathless way ;
Thou, from the Stygian pool, on heirarch's
wing,
Soar'd dreadfully sublime ; and, 'yond the stars,
Where human eye had never dar'd to look,
Explor'd the regions of eternal day,
And on heav'n's pearly pavement fearless trod !
With reverential awe, my trembling hand
Shall turn, at midnight's hour, thy volumes o'er ;
Mount, on the wings of Fancy, by thy side ;
Visit the liquid deeps of hell below ;
Then, rising on the pinion of the mind,
To heav'n's extremest verge shall rapt ascend ;
'Till, for a moment, I forget myself,—
Forget I sprang from dust and am a worm !

TO DRYDEN.

Dryden, too, appears,
To charm my wond'ring ears!

See, see, he rises in a car of state!
His heav'n-train'd steeds proclaim
His never-dying fame!
The reins upheld with daring hand,
He guides them o'er the rugged mountain's brow,
Around whose base the limpid waters flow.
Hark! hark! his thund'ring wheels resound
Through ether's concave wide!
His coursers feel the biting lash,
The swift revolving axles flash
He spurns the trembling ground
See, checking now with fierce command
Their dread career, in fullest pride,
He mounts, on cherub-wing, magnificently great!

TO POPE.

With piercing eye, deep vers'd in nature's lore,
Resolv'd the realms of reason to explore;
The paths of science, the retreats of sense,
And justify the ways of Providence;

POPE next I see, the bard whose various fire
 Attunes the hallow'd or the tender lyre;
 Tears off the fraudulent mask that screens the
 mind,
 And awes the varying follies of mankind:
 Instructs the *serious*, and delights the *gay*,
 Shews Fame's proud fane, and leads himself the
 way!

TO YOUNG.

With coffin'd shrouds surrounded, big with
 thought,
 With painful thought, which moves yet mends
 the heart,
 And swells to aw'd solemnity, see, YOUNG
 Deigns, too, to dwell beneath my humble roof!
 The reliques of the dead, with full-fix'd eye,
 Denoting deep reflection, he surveys,
 And smiles at "weak mortality!" Absorb'd
 In contemplation, on the jarring world
 He looks indignant. 'Cross the shoreless tide
 Of full eternity his stedfast gaze
 Is fix'd; nor once returns, save that he casts
 One look of pity on disastrous man!

TO THOMPSON.

And THOMPSON, Nature's limner! *thou art*
mine!

Thou, who hast painted the all-blessed year,
Bringing the seasons full within my view,
E'en when sequester'd in this nook I sit;
The flow'ry dale, the steep aspiring hill,
The velvet bank, the desolated waste,
The pebbled streamlet, and the roaring flood,—
Spring's tender fragrance,—Summer's noontide
blaze,—
Autumnal breezes,—Winter's icy blasts,—
In all their sweet diversity of change!

TO COLLINS.

And COLLINS, too,
To thee I bow,
Bright Fancy's *fav'rite* child,
Who, in the desolated wild,
With all the varied sweets of song,
Pour'd forth the strain,
As o'er the plain,
Fleet echo did thy swelling notes prolong!
And when the PASSIONS fir'd thy breast,

Upon some rocky steep,
Which fearful overhung the deep,
Thou, with the frenzy of poetic fire,
Drew'st all the FURIES round thy magic lyre;
And, 'mid the hideous yell
Of grisly spectres, fell
Revenge! Despair!
And haggard Care!
With harp in hand,
Did'st take thy stand,
Now made them frantic rave, now lull'd them all
to rest.

TO SHENSTONE.

And late from the blade-waving mead,
Enamell'd with SPRING's vernal flowers,
The murmurs of Corydon's reed
Were plaintively heard from the bowers.

Around him the frolicsome lambs,
In wantonness frisk'd to the note;
While wistfully gaz'd the fond dams,
Who seem'd on the younglings to doat.

As sentinel laid at his feet,
Poor Tray watch'd the flock on the plain;
And, pour'd from the thicket's retreat,
Was heard the mellifluous strain.

Suspended, his crook, on the tree,
Hung ready his hand to receive;
The ballad was plac'd on his knee,
Which taught his fond bosom to heave.

But, broken is Corydon's reed,
Ah! ne'er shall we hear it again!
No longer, his lambkins to feed,
The shepherd shall traverse the plain.

But, though he to death is consign'd,
And no more the lov'd bard shall we see,
His song in a wreath is entwin'd,
And that wreath forms a GARLAND for me!

TO GRAY.

Next see ethereal GRAY,
Whose daring fancy took her flight,
On eagle-wing, to huge Plinlimmon's height,
And, as above his snow-capt brow she soar'd,
The fall of Cambria's children dear!
The heav'nly maid, in wild dismay,
With Hoel's harp deplor'd,
While from her eyelids gush'd the soul-assuaging
tear!

And oft, when Caution penn'd the guarded fold,
 Wrapt in his strain I took my lonely way,
 And listen'd pensive as *his* "curfew toll'd
 The dreary knell of the departed day!"

With ling'ring step, at midnight's awful noon,
 I sought the death-bed of the lab'ring hind;
 Explor'd with him the spot with grass o'ergrown,
 And the rude stone which rustic skill design'd.

Oft shall his numbers soothe me to repose,
 Oft shall my bosom own their magic pow'r;
 His moral lay the hallow'd truth disclose,
 And oft beguile the solitary hour!

TO GOLDSMITH.

Next hapless AUBURN's friend my bosom
 cheers,
 Whom NATURE loves and ev'ry Muse reveres!
 To him was given the high victorious art,
 To gain a conquest o'er the human heart;
 No party-theme his gen'rous bosom fir'd,
 Far other strains his social soul inspir'd;
 In thy blest cause, O VIRTUE, he engag'd,
 And 'gainst thy foes alone fierce war he wag'd!
 He saw oppression sieze the poor man's soil,
 And bade the tyrant quit the impious spoil;

With grief he saw the dome of pow'r arise,
 With shame he heard the hapless maiden's sighs!
 He saw the prince, encompass'd by a train
 Of flatt'ring slaves, who spurn'd the harmless
 swain ;

With weeping eye he view'd the lab'rer's lot,
 Driv'n, like an exile, from his plunder'd spot!
 Each realm he trac'd, recording in his strains,
 That land most blest,—where prosper'd most the
 swains !

Poet belov'd ! my vanquish'd heart is thine,
 And beats with transport thus to call *thee* mine !

TO BURNS.

And whae is he that syngs sae weel,
 And pens "Addresses to the Deil?"*
 Whae gies the sang syke bonny turns ?
 Daft Gowk ! ye ken it's sonsie BURNS !

His gabby tales I looe to hear,
 They please sae meikle, run sae clear ;
 That ilka time, good traith, I read,
 I'se wiser baith i' heart an head.

* A Poem of Burns so called.

I wad advise, when runkled care
 Begins to mak ye glow'r and stare,
 That ye wad furst turn ow'r his leaf,
 'Twill mak ye suon forget ye'r grief!

And, should auld mokie sorrow freeten,
 Hes blythesome tale ye'r hearts will leeten;
 And suor I am, ye grief may banter,
 By looking ow'r his "Tam o'Shanter."*

And, while I breathe, whene'er Ise scant,
 Of cheerfu friends,—and fynde a want
 Of something blythe to cure my glumps,
 And free me frae the doleful dumps,

I'll tak his beuk, and read awhile,
 Until he mak me wear a smile;
 And, then, if I hae time to spare,
 I'll learn his "Bonny banks of Ayr!"†

* A Poem of Burns so called.

† The title of one of the most beautiful songs in the whole collection of the Scottish bard.

TO THE REV. DR. MAVOR,

On being presented with Translations of the Greek and Roman
Poets.—April 15, 1809.

OH, Friend to Youth! whose kind instructive
page
So long has labour'd for the rising age!
Say, in what strains can I my thanks impart?
Or how express the feelings of my heart?
Your bounteous gifts my fondest wishes crown,
For now I call the ANTIEN world my own!

Let mad AMBITION triumph in his car,
And CONQUEST's wreath adorn the brow of
War!
Let savage DISCORD 'wake the deadly strife,
And poison half the joys of social life;
Let VICE exult, swoln PRIDE victorious reign,
REASON herself be led in FOLLY's chain;
Let grasping Pow'r display his gorgeous state,
And LUXURY crowd the portals of the great;
No envious wish for these my bosom fires,
A nobler thirst far nobler good inspires;
Possessing thus the Wise, the Fair, the Brave,
Which Hope scarce pointed at ere Kindness gave!

Far from the gloomy frowns of haggard *Care*,
 Far from the gilded world's bespangled glare,
 Unknown, unthought of, in my lonely cell,
 Methinks I now, with these, through life could
 dwell:—
 Should fate pursue,—could still contentment
 find,
 In the high presence of each godlike MIND!

Yes, I exult! these godlike minds of yore
 Have deign'd to lift the latchet of my door!
 These Fathers of the Lyre! from Greece and
 Rome,
 Lur'd by their Pope and Dryden, seek my room!
 Like princely guests, within a peasant's shed,
 That scarcely holds his rushy chair and bed!
 They come,—like Gods descended from their
 sphere;—
 How shall I speak their welcome?—By a tear!

Confin'd, by fortune, to a humble state,
 The mark of proud ones and the mock of fate;
 Obscure, dejected, in my dim retreat,
 Where oft, deep sunk in thought, with restless
 feet,
 When darkness reign'd, I've pac'd the lonely
 round,—
 And is it chang'd at once to *classic* ground?

Does awful Homer, in his robes divine,
Does polish'd Virgil, in my dwelling shine?
Does sprightly Horace in his smiles appear?
And Ovid, too, become an inmate here?
Gay bard! no *metamorphosis* of thine,
E'en of thy Cygnus, ever equall'd mine!
My lonely pallet now a couch of state!
My chair a throne, surrounded by the great!
The *truly* noble, who, above controul,
By right divine, are sov'reigns of the soul!

Oh, wond'rous change! some talismanic pow'r
Works a new magic on each passing hour!
Yon fractur'd glass a mirror seems to be,
Which scarce reflects the form I us'd to see;
And, when beside my frugal blaze I sit,
I am attended by some sage or wit!
When forth I walk, in all my new-made pride,
POPE or his HOMER grace my honour'd side!
With pride of heart I feel my alter'd state,—
Feel that I live among the good and great!

But, ah! not vainly proud! I know, full well,
That long this breast is doom'd with grief to swell!
That, should I mount, by no unmanly ways,
To heights that make me tremble while I gaze,
And place me lofty as I'm low in life,
Long should I mourn my heart-lamented wife!

Bewail the loss of her I held so dear.—
Of her, for whom, e'en now, I drop the tear;—
And still shall drop it, long as sense retains
Mem'ry of love and truth, or life remains!

Oh, how would rapture sparkle in her eyes,
Could she now see her friend-blessed husband
rise!

See gen'rous beings, gath'ring in a band,
To soothe his suff'rings with a gen'rous hand;
Aid him to cherish the dear pledge she gave,
Ere she resign'd his bosom for the grave!

AN IRREGULAR ODE.*

Occasioned by the Proclamation of the Arch-Duke CHARLES of
AUSTRIA.

~~~~~  
INVOCATION TO FREEDOM.  
~~~~~

YES, FREEDOM! yes, thy voice I hear,
And bless the throb which now my bosom warms!
Bless the just cause that makes thee doubly
 dear,—
Chafes my young blood and calls my MUSE to
 arms!
 Calls her, as by high heaven's command,
 For thee to make a glorious stand;
Joins thy lov'd name with AUSTRIA'S proudest
 boast,
 The PURE OF HEART, whose energies divine,
 Full oft were witness'd by the conscious RHINE!

* The glowing rapidity with which the outlines of this was written off, and the correspondent ardour with which the author read the heroic and dignified State-Paper which gave rise to it, cannot be adequately related. The flame of the Patriot, Soldier, and Poet, appeared to catch at once, and concentrate in the same person.—
EDITOR.

The Patriot leader of a Patriot host !
 The Hero who delights to save,
 The great, the good, the merciful, and brave !
 Oh, high-born CHARLES ! thy country's love !
 Sure on thy side must arm the marshal'd powers
 above !

When dire OPPRESSION'S iron hand
 Rends, with exulting joy,
 The palm from PEACE, and RAPINE'S grisly
 band
 Her sacred Temples savagely destroy,
 Then VALOUR ! spurning all controul,
 With JUSTICE arm'd, with lion-soul,
 Girds on his sword in martial pride,
 And,—summoning the brave,
 Who the pale coward's fears deride,
 And scorn the abject slave,—
 Rushes amid the battle undismay'd,—
 With glory's lightning beaming on his heav'n-
 drawn blade !

Thus, when GAUL'S imperious LORD,
 The hell-hound of relentless war !
 Uplifts ANNIHILATION'S* sword,

* A favourite expression of the emperor of the French, who tells us the country over which he gains a temporary triumph is annihilated.—J. B.

And loves to drive the mad'ning car
 Of foaming DISCORD, Fiend of Strife!
 Whose venom'd breath empoisons life;
 While crouching slaves, beneath his feet,
 The base awards of black injustice meet;
 With lying lip and fraudulent smile,
 Hate brooding in their breasts the while;
 Confess 'tis he alone that reigns!
 Bow to his galling yoke, and hug their impious
 chains!

In terror of his iron rod,
 Confess the Hero and the God!*
 And, oh! extreme of adulation base!
 That conqu'ring FREDERIC's, mighty Catha-
 rine's, race
 This scourge of nature should blaspheming call
 Man's second Saviour!†—say, *Man's second fall!*

Oh, FREEDOM! godlike FREEDOM! thou
 art dear;—
 Dear to this heart as is the life-blood there!

* The *Moniteur*, speaking of the Emperor Napoleon, uses the following blasphemous compliment: "His eye, like the eye of Providence, was every where!—J. B.

† An impious expression frequently used by this emperor to work upon the religious opinions of the nations he desolates.

But, mock'ry of thy name, by hollow friends,
 Who only blazon thee for sordid ends ;
 Vaunt of thy laurels, with the scourge in hand,
 To gull a *weak*, or snare a *tim'rous*, land ;
 My soul shall spurn them with its utmost might,
 Or by the Muse in song, or by my arm in fight !

Yet AUSTRIA'S GUARDIAN boldly dares
 To lead his brave intrepid band ;
 Again for highest deeds prepares,
 To be, *indeed*, the *Saviour* of his natal land !
 Redeem it from a Despot's sway,
 To re-assert a Brother's and a People's right ;
 And, 'mid the fury of the fight,
 In thought, in act, sublime, illumine Glory's way !

Hark! the clarion's brazen throat,
 Borne upon the wing of time,
 Breathing war's indignant note,
 Echoes dreadfully sublime !
 Hoarsely roaring to the song,
 Hark! the Danube rolls along !
 Fiercely raves the *Fiend of Death* ;
 And whets, with savage joy, his thirsting blade !
 Aspin FEAR now gasps for breath,
 Yet scarce dares breathe within his gloomy
 shade !

Headlong FURY wildly flings

Fierce and frenzied glances round,
CARNAGE spreads his crimson wings,
And DEATH gigantic strides across the trem-
bling ground!

Hail to the daring YOUTH, who bears
The heav'n-enkindl'd torch of LIBERTY!

See how bright its flame appears
As he shouts—*be free! be free!*
What though, on steep Asturia's shore,
Her banners wave, alas! no more;
Though harass'd courage fainting lies,
While many a bleeding chief still tries
To stem the mighty torrent's force,
Which sweeps whole empires in its course!
Yet FREEDOM's shafts, by AUSTRIA's eagle
hurl'd,
May crush the tyrant's pow'r—and free the
fetter'd world!

AUSTRIA's breast no dæmon fires,
No fevers of ambition burn;
No guilty thirst of blood inspires
Heaven-lov'd ORDER to o'erturn!
For FREEDOM *pure* she seeks the field,
Justice her sword, and truth her shield!

For PEACE! for seraph PEACE! the foe she
 dares,
 While men and angels join their fervid pray'rs!
 Triumph on the HERO wait,
 Conquest perch upon his plume;
 Glory mark his envied fate,
 And, round his temples,—VIRTUE's laurels
 bloom!

THE FEAST AND FALL OF OSWAL.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

PLAINTIVE.

WAKE, wake, ye sounds! and, varied, flow
 In plaintive and in sprightly notes, to tell
 That day of joy!—that day of woe!
 When wedded Oswal fought and fell!
 Wake, wake, ye sounds! that catch the raptur'd
 ear,
 Till pity change the strain and move the gen'rous
 tear!

CHEERFUL.

The bridal feast was all prepar'd,
The altar-rites were done;
Joy was by ev'ry bosom shar'd,
The banquet was begun.
Minstrels now their music pour,
And hail, with song, the blissful hour!
The blissful hour which gives Sabina's charms
To gallant Oswal's long-expecting arms!

MARTIAL.

Hark! hark! the clarion's voice is heard,
Sounding sudden on the plains;
Instant see the flag is rear'd,
Instant see Bellona reigns!
The sprightly dance no longer moves;
The warrior grasps his spear,
And gazes on the maid he loves,
Who drops the trembling tear!
When Honour calls, love's tear must flow in vain
Brave Oswal quits his bride, and hurries to the
plain!

DISCORDANT.

Slaughter reddens now the heath,
Minstrelsy is heard no more ;
Wild and loud the shriek of death,
Fierce and fell the cannons roar !
Madd'ning with his mortal wound,
There the war-horse rends the ground,
Snorting disdain, he ev'ry sinew tries,
Rushes, with desp'rate plunge ; then, struggling,
sinks—and dies !

JOYFUL.

Soft ! no more the battle brays ;
Victor troops their voices raise !
Shouts of glory echo round !

SOLEMN.

But, see ! ah, see ! upon the plain,
Beneath a mountain of the slain ;
With death-clos'd eyes,
Brave Oswal lies,
Gash'd with many a gaping wound !
Each soldier now prepares his bier-form'd shield,
To bear the honour'd Hero from the field !

MELANCHOLY.

Anxious for her lord she flies
To the turret's dizzy height ;
He come ! he comes ! a CORPSE ! she cries,—
As the mourners meet her sight !
Frantic, from the lofty walls,
Reckless of harms,
With outspread arms,
She leaps,—and on her Oswal falls !
Then clasps, with grief, his death-clos'd hand—
and dies !
And hastes to join his SPIRIT in the skies !

MORNING LANDSCAPE.

~~~~~  
1805.  
~~~~~

These rural landscapes, entitled "Morning, Mid-day, Sunset, and Midnight," were written at seventeen years of age, when the author assures me he had not read those of Cunningham, called "Day, Noon, and Evening." It will, therefore, be pleasing to trace the accidental similitudes and the original ideas of two poets, in the most pastoral period of their lives, employed on the same subjects. The resemblances, however, are very few, in comparison with the un-borrowed native touches, which are general and appropriate. I shall allude to them by notes of reference at their respective places; and, without at all detracting from the engaging simplicity of Cunningham's sketches, those of Mr. Blacket will be found no way inferior: the similitude never goes beyond the line or lines quoted. It is to be observed, that the ideas of Mr. Blacket were not drawn from recollection, having been an eye-witness of the various objects pourtrayed.—EDITOR.

Now the rosy orb of day
O'er the waves begins to rise,
Tinging with his glowing ray
June's unclouded morning skies;

With what joy the soaring lark*
 Hails him with her matin song
 As she upward soars;—and, hark!
 How the shepherd pipes along.

Now the peasant's door unbars,
 While the housewife fills his flask,
 He the ripping scythe prepares,
 Sharpen'd for its daily task.

Anxious, waiting at his feet,
 See poor Tray expectant stands,
 As the homely crust is eat',
 For the morsel from his hands.

While the early-rising cock,†
 Rouzes all his feather'd brood,
 And the fleecy pent-up flock
 Long to nip their dew-wash'd food.

* And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

CUNNINGHAM'S DAY.

† In the barn the tenant cock,
 Close to partlet perch'd on high.

CUNNINGHAM'S DAY.

See the tripod now is plac'd ;
And the laughing dairy-maid
Fills the frothy pail with haste,
Underneath the elm-tree's shade.

Loudly groans a trembling oak,
While the forest deep resounds ;
Murm'ring at the woodman's stroke,
Widening still its gaping wounds !

Smirking youngers now are seen,
By their playful fancies led,
In wild frolic on the green,
Where the daisy rears its head.

MID-DAY.

~~~~~  
 SAME DATE.  
 ~~~~~

FROM the scorching heat of noon*
 Panting cattle leave the glade;
 Faint the mower sits him down
 At the headland in the shade.

Drooping lags the toiling ox,
 Heedless of the plough-boy's goad;
 Who, delighted, hears the clocks
 Speak the dinner on the road.

In the fields appear the boys,
 Loos'd from school, in frolic gay,
 Echo, at the gladsome noise,
 Seems to share their holiday!

* Now the flock forsakes the glade,
 Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall.

Resting 'neath yon bow'ry tree,
 Shelter, from the sun-beams, cool,
 See the flock,—the heifers see
 Plunging in the sullied pool.

Close behind the motly crowd,
 See the cur,* with half-shut eye,
 Skulking lies,—and barks aloud
 At the trav'ller passing by.



Now the tender flow'rs decay,
 Wither'd by the scorching heat,
 And the warblers wing their way
 To the thicket's deep retreat.

Pleas'd, the sun-embrowned swain
 Hears the well-known halloo swell
 From the farm, across the plain,
 Substitute for dinner-bell!

Slumb'ring in their liquid beds,
 Finny shoals now heedless lay ;
 While the sun above their heads,
 Tells the blazing noon of day!

* Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

SUNSET.


SAME DATE.


GENTLY, on the western waves,
See, the sun reclines his head,
Faintly smiling as he laves,
Placid on his glassy bed.

Gloomy frowns the mountain steep,
Now deserted by his beams,
Bending o'er the noisy deep,
Where its broad'ning shadow swims.

Dim and faint the skiff is seen
Sailing to its destined place,
Murky cloudings intervene,
Leaving not the smallest trace.

Hark! the sheep-dog's barking noise
From the wide-stretch'd dewy wold,
Faithful to the shepherd's voice,
Driving flocks within the fold.

Now, within his rustic shed,
The returning peasant sees
Supper on the table spread,
And his children clasp his knees !

Through the air, in lofty height,*
Rooks their ev'ning course pursue,
Still ascending in their flight,
Keeping still their wood in view.

Now the landscape's sunk from sight,
Homeward run the youthful train,
As the fast-approaching night
Steals across the dusky plain !

Darkness now obscures the ground,
Far has fled the cheering sun ;
Now the fire is circled round,
And the goblin-tale's begun !

* Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home.

CUNNINGHAM'S EVENING.

MIDNIGHT.

~~~~~  
SAME DATE.  
~~~~~

THE wearied hind is now at rest,
And the ember'd fire decays,
While the cricket, latest guest,
Cherups o'er the dying blaze.

Slowly rising o'er the hill,
Cynthia, bright, the prospect cheers ;
And her figure on the rill,
Lovely as herself appears.

Morpheus now has banish'd care,
And each breast enjoys repose,
Save yon wretched love-lorn fair,
Breathing to the night her woes.

Swift the silver'd scene is chang'd,
Tempests dark obscure the sight ;
Clouds of heav'n's artill'ry rang'd
Muster on the brow of night.

Dreadful howls the raging blast,
Furious o'er creation driv'n,
While the atheist stares aghast,
Trembling at offended heaven !

Wildly foams the surge ; and, hark !
To the drowning seaman's groan !
As the billow-beaten bark,
Plunging, sinks for ever down !

Awful silence is restor'd !
And the hurricano pass'd !
Quiet sleep the winds which roar'd
O'er the desolated waste !

Gracious now the orbs of light,
Brighten up the delug'd plains.
And the bell from yonder height,
Tells that tranquil midnight reigns !

LADY JANE,

After the manner of Monk Lewis.—Author's age sixteen.

“Rise up! rise up! oh, Lady Jane!
Quick robe thyself and go with me;
Thy palfrey waits thee on the plain
And anxious Oswy stays for thee!

“Bright shines the moon above the hill,
No winds disturb the gliding sea,
All things without are hush and still,
! Save Oswy's heart, which beats for thee!

“Dispel thy doubts, dread thou no harms;
For, Oswy comes to wed with thee!
Thou'lt find a couch in Oswy's arms,
And Oswy's breast thy pillow be!

“Rise up! rise up! then, Lady Jane!
Quick robe thyself and go with me!
Thy palfrey waits here on the plain,
And anxious Oswy stays for thee!”

The voice it ceas'd, the sound was gone,
Mute was the harp's melodious strain,
The castle's bell it tolled one,
When from her couch rose Lady Jane!

She cried, I come! then op'd the doors,
And quick descended to the plain;
And, from her hapless father's tow'rs,
Away went wretched Lady Jane!

They mounted each, with silent haste,
While fear her throbbing heart opprest;
They cross'd with speed the desert waste,
And hurried o'er the mountain's breast.

The thunders roar'd along the sky,
Against the rocks the billows broke,
He heav'd a groan!—she breath'd a sigh!
When thus the dreadful silence broke!

“ False, perjur'd, maid!—deceitful fair!
Know 'tis *not* Oswy at thy *side*;
'Tis *Connell* bids thee now prepare
To seal thy vows and be *his* bride!”

Straight from his head his helmet fell,
Before her Connell's spectre stood!
Who utter'd loud a hideous yell,
And with her plung'd into the flood!

ALLEN'S COT.*

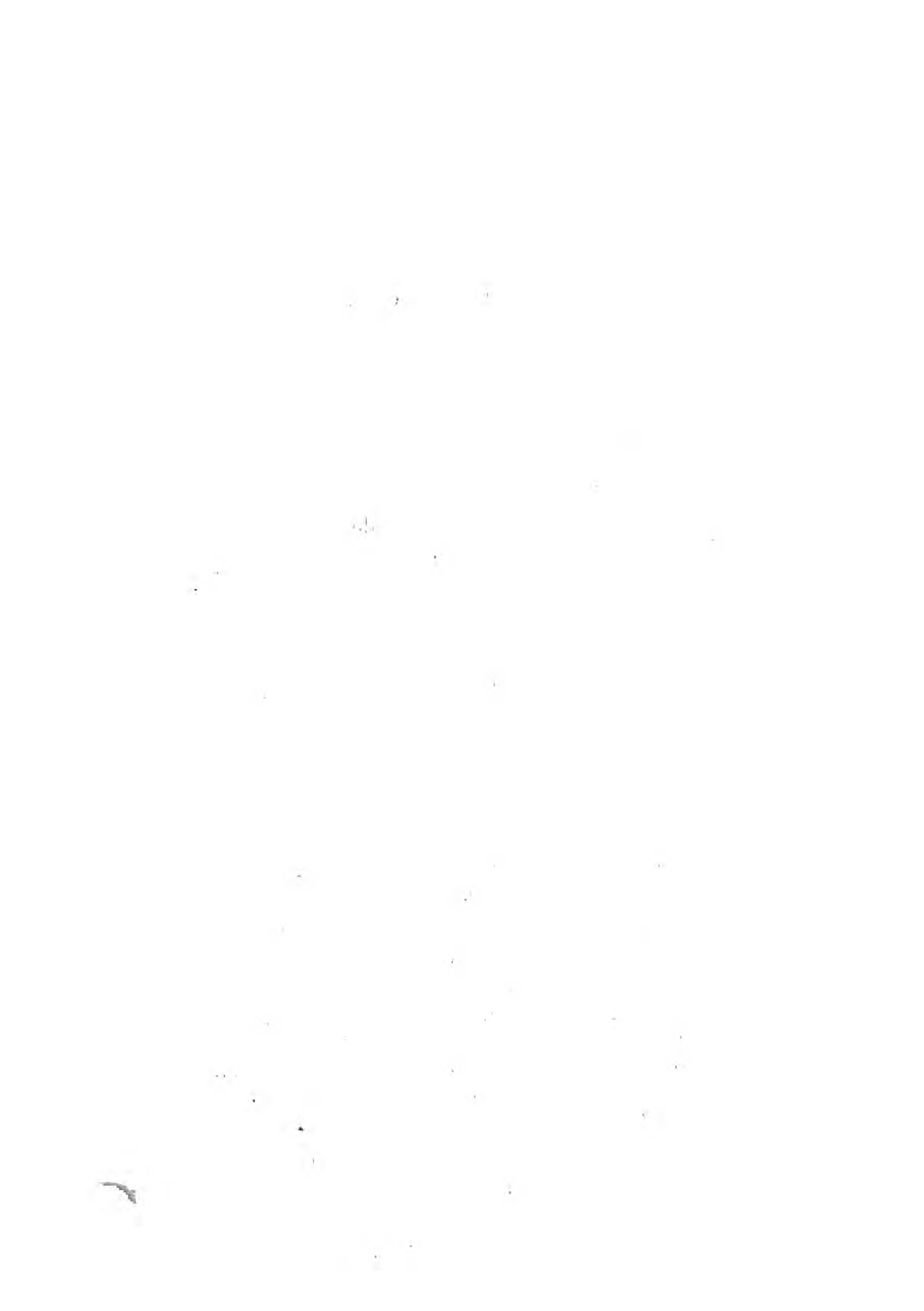
~~~~~  
 A SONG.  
 ~~~~~

IN a green fertile spot, the blue mountains
 among,
 O'erlooking the valleys and dells,
 Near a slow-stealing streamlet, which ripples
 along,
 Stands the cot—where my lov'd Allen dwells ;

O'er the spot rosy health and contentment preside ;
 And my bosom thus faithfully tells,—
 That still to be happy is still to reside
 In the cot—where my lov'd Allen dwells !

Give splendour to vain ones, to pride her desires,
 All the baubles which fortune's lap swells ;
 But, give Ellen the heart of the man she admires,
 And the cot—where her lov'd Allen dwells !

* This truly pastoral ballad has been set, with appropriate tenderness and simplicity for a first attempt at musical composition, by a young lady and friend of the Author, and may be had at Goulding, D'Almaine, Potter, and Co. No. 20, Soho-square ; No. 124, New Bond-street ; and No. 7, Westmorland-street, Dublin.



SKETCHES
OF
DRAMAS.

THIS appears to be the Author's most early effort at dramatic poetry.—The first copy was found scattered over paper of all colours,—fragments of letters, slips of bordering paper, covers of magazines,—“green, red, blue, yellow,” just as the hand could most readily supply a medium, or vehicle, to impress the thought of the minute as it rose to the mind ; these varied materials were then tacked together, and transcribed into a copy-book, obviously of the young poet's own manufacture. In this form the sketch came into the possession of the Editor, who has preserved what he imagined would be acceptable, and rejected what he thought would be uninteresting.—A similar mode has been adopted in the other sketches. The “ Chieftain's Return,” which takes the lead of the rest, on account of its priority of date, is too scanty of events, and too inartificial in its fable, to be fit for the theatre, even had the outline been filled ; but, to the lover of genius and the candid critic, characters which should always unite, the surprise will be, not that it should be found deficient in the trim and trickery of the modern stage, but that it should, being the work of a boy only and born to toil, discover any connexion of characters and incidents at all. This, however, it unquestionably does, with a not unsparing mixture of apposite images, valuable, moral, just, expression, and not seldom easy versification. These sketches were certainly found in a more mutilated state, demanding and receiving more curtailment than many of the miscellaneous productions which appear to have been written about the same period ; but it is far less difficult to write a descriptive poem of some length, or one of mixed fancy and sentiment, than to combine events, connect characters, and conduct the story, of any thing that has but the semblance of a dramatic composition ; in which, beside a due attention to such combinations, sentiment and imagination are necessary ingredients.

THE
CHIEFTAIN'S RETURN;
OR,
PERFIDY PUNISHED.

A Drama.

IN THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

ADEFRED, *a Welsh Baron, lately a Prisoner in Palestine.*

HAMET, *his Deliverer, a Moor.*

CARADOC, *Adelfred's Kinsman.*

CADVAN, *his Brother.*

EDWAL, *an old Captain.*

EDRIC, *a Fisherman.*

GWIN, *his Son.*

RUTHWOLD, *Porter at the Castle.*

WOMEN.

ERILDA, *an Orphan, protected and beloved by Adelfred.*

ZELUMA, *the Wife of Hamet.*

The SCENE lies in Wales, at the Castle of Adelfred, and Parts adjacent.

TIME,—*One Day.*

THE
CHIEFTAIN'S RETURN,

&c. &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A cottage on the beach, with a distant view of the castle, situate on the mountains.—Sun rising.

Enter Edric from the cottage, with a pitcher of ale:—drinks.

SONG.

1.

When the sun-beams, so cheerly, first dart from the skies,
To play the gay mountains among,
Like the lark, with those sun-beams we merrily rise,
And cheer the young morn with a song.

CHORUS.

Sing hey the happy fisherman,
The blythe the cheerful fisherman,

Thrice happy happy he,
 Who, fresh as morn, his net prepares,
 Who quaffs his ale, and gaily cares
 For nothing and for nobody.

2.

His tackle is good and his boat it is tight,
 And that is the fisherman's pride,
 Though his purse is not heavy, his heart is as light,
 For content in his breast
 Is always a guest,
 And what can he wish for beside?

Then hey the happy fisherman, &c.

Enter Gwin from the cottage.

Gwin.

Oh, father, here's a morning for our net-work ;
 Swim away little fellows, or we'll have you.

Edric.

Be nimble as they,
 No talking, but pull the boat out,
 We must catch a brave swarm, boy, ere night,
 The company at the castle supper will devour
 A drag, like so many sharks.

Gwin.

Aye, our keen mountain air
 Does make them fine and hungry, 'specially
 After hunting ; they'll play a merry game
 Among the salmon : so hey for the boat.

[Exit Gwin.]

Edric.

Meantime I'll take another sup or two of ale.

[*Exit, singing "Hey the happy fisherman."*]

Adelfred and Hamet are seen paddling towards the shore in an open boat : —they land.

Adelfred.

Transporting sight ! Oh ! ecstasy supreme !
Hail much lov'd scenes, enchanting prospects hail !
And ye, ye sun-gilt tow'rs, whose massy walls
Encircle all my soul on earth holds dear,
Welcome, thrice welcome, to my raptur'd eyes !
Hamet, thou gen'rous man, look up with joy,
For see, where tow'ring on yon mountain's brow,
Llanbedder's castle stands with open gates,
To greet its lord and welcome his brave friend.
O thou, all righteous and immortal pow'r,
Who burst the chains of Pagans, who oppress'd
For three long tedious years my captive arms,
And now hast brought me to my native shore,
Receive the tribute of Adelfred's homage !

Hamet.

The stately dome with transport I survey.

Adelfred.

Yet that tear
But ill accords with happiness, my friend.

Hamet.

As the poor bankrupt, who has lost his treasure,

Views with a sigh possessions not his own,
 So I, when gazing on this pleasing scene,
 Reflect with anguish on *my* native shore.

Adelfred.

Full well I know, I feel, that HOME is dear,
 Dear the blest spot where infant breath is drawn;
 But the outrageous wrongs which thou hast borne
 From thy ungrateful country should, methinks,
 Impel thee to abjure its fatal coast,
 And curse the soil which —

Hamet.

Hold, hold, Adelfred,
 It urges me to madness when I think
 On the detested Caliph; him for whom
 Thro' hostile legions this good sabred arm
 Hath hewn a passage, and for whom these limbs
 Have festering laid on Palestina's sands
 Without a murmur; and whose liberty
 Was by these arms restored, yet
 For such services the ungrateful prince
 Tore from my arms the wife whom I ador'd.

Adelfred.

Rise, Hamet, rise, and smooth thy angry brow:
 Now turn thy thoughts from brooding on thy
 wrongs,
 To brighter objects, where thy troubled heart
 May taste once more felicity and friendship.

Hamet.

Alas, Adelfred, that can never be.

Adelfred.

Sweet friendship can do much: be mine the task
To heal the wounds of thy opprobrious wrongs,
And to thy bosom woo tranquillity.
At length propitious fortune gaily smiles
On Adelfred, and what is his is Hamet's.

Hamet.

Generous Adelfred! Hero! Briton! Christian!
Thy kind solicitude deadens the keen pangs
Which spring from mem'ry's wounds, and through
each vein
Trickles like Giliad's balm. Mahomet,
Thou wast deceiv'd, the truly great are good;
Yes, there are Christians who in godlike virtues
May emulate the prophet's holiest votaries.
But, come, lead to the castle, well, full well, I know
With what impatience the fond lover waits,
Till in his circling and betrothed arms
He folds the long-lost mistress of his heart.

[*Here Edric appears at the door of his cottage.*]

Edric, (perceiving Adelfred only.)

Heyday! what wrapt-up fellows have we here?
Want a bargain of nice fish, master?

Adelfred.

No,

Honest friend.

Edric.

Happy to serve you any other time.

Good morrow.

Adelfred.

Nay, stay, a word or two :

Tell me, did not yon castle once belong
To Baron Adelfred, son of brave Sir Ryswick?

Edric.

It did.

Adelfred.

Who is now its resident?

Edric.

O, a very different sort of personage,
One Caradoc, nephew to Sir Ryswick,
To whom the Baron Adelfred entrusted
The castle's management, together with
The care of a lady called Erilda,
Before he went to the Holy Land, where,
More's the pity, poor gentleman, he was slain.

Adelfred.

Of his unhappy fate how runs the tale?

Edric.

Why, friend, I've been told
The captain of his troops saw him laid amidst
the dead,
Cover'd with poison'd darts from head to foot.

Adelfred.

Then Caradoc believes it?

Edric.

There are few infidels in his situation—

Adelfred.

His situation!

Edric.

Yes, the death of one man, you know,
Oft leads to the wedding of another.
Caradoc is going to be married to-morrow.

Adelfred.

Married?—To whom?

Edric.

Oh! to such a beautiful creature,
Too good by half for him.

Adelfred.

Her name I pray?

Edric.

Erilda.

Adelfred, (starting).

Erilda!

Edric.

Yes, heaven bless her say I!
The bare sight of her pleases me as much
As a whole net full of fish :—but how now,
Friend, what is't surprises you?

Adelfred.

Married to Caradoc!—it cannot, shall not, be!

Edric.

Shant it;—it will tho',—so there's an end.
 Perhaps you think because she was betroth'd
 To the young Lord Adelfred, for his sake
 She should remain unwed; she's bound, sir,
 For all that, to the land of matrimony,
 And in full sail for it; which reminds me
 Of my little skiff, so again good morrow;
 I must go help my son Gwin to fish for the feast.

[Going.

Adelfred, (eagerly.)

Nay leave me not I charge thee.

Edric.

You charge me,
 How do you mean?

Adelfred.

At least first tell me,
 Is the intelligence which thou hast giv'n me
 Only the gossip whisper of the place,
 Or a confirmed report of general truth?

Edric.

General Truth, I
 Never heard of the officer before;
 Lords, barons, chieftains,
 And generals too, of all description,
 Except that same General Truth, are assembled
 At the castle, to be present at the wedding.

Adelfred, (with incautious surprise.)

Is't possible, Erida could forget
The vows she made Adelfred?

Edric.

Nothing more likely.

But why are you disturbed at that which,
By your appearance, does not concern you?

Adelfred.

One question more :

Is brave Edwal, the venerable follower
Of Adelfred, yet alive?

Edric.

Aye, and hearty as ever; sound as a roach,
Tho' he got some most confounded scratches
In fighting with Adelfred; but he's like
One of our eels, you may cut, gash, and slash, him
Till you are tir'd, before you can finish him,
There's a brave old soldier in every slice.

Adelfred.

Wilt thou engage to carry him this ring?

Edric.

Will I not? that's the question.

Adelfred.

It must be given

Unperceived of any: wilt thou be secret?

Edric.

Mute as a mackerel.

Adelfred.

Convey it to him then, and say a stranger
 Waits his immediate presence at thy cottage.
 But mark, whisper not a single word
 To the domestics what concerns thy message,
 That to thyself.

Edric.

Most secret.

Adelfred.

I will requite thy kindness, and remain
 Thy cottage-guest till thy return.

Edric, (speaking through the window.)

Enough. Ho, Madge! a stranger's coming
 To rest awhile:—be alive,—do as you'd be done by,
 Strangers remember! (*to Adelfred,*) there, go in;
 my Madge

Will not let thee die of hunger or cold.

Adelfred.

But see, I have a friend.

Edric.

Where?

*Adelfred, (pointing to Hamet leaning against the
 rock.)*

There.

Edric.

Do you call him your friend?
 By his dress he should be

An infidel, and I thought *they* were
All enemies to us Christians.

Adelfred.

He is an exception.

Edric.

Why not change his faith,
As a countrywoman of his hath done
At our castle. An odd story about her too;
You must know the brother of Lord Caradoc,
Who commanded part of Adelfred's force,
Took her prisoner in the Holy Land
And brought her home to our blue mountains,
Where soon she won the friendship of the Lady
Erilda, who, ere a twelve-month had elaps'd,
They say, converted her to christianity,
So now she's no longer an infidel you know;
And it's strongly talk'd of at the castle,
That Cadvan loves her: her name's Zeluma.

Hamet, (starting from his reverie.)

Ha! Zeluma! speak, what, oh what of her?

Adelfred.

Linger not,
But bid old Edwal hither haste with speed.

[Gives money.]

Edric.

I will: very queer all this, but all that's
Nothing to me; all's fish that comes to
My net.

[Running off.]

Adelfred.

Oh, Hamet ! how soon fate turns
 The stream of human things ! this very hour
 The flatt'rer hope filled my expectant soul
 With rapture at approach of promis'd joy ;
 Shew'd me the form of her I fondly lov'd
 Awaiting my return with open arms ;
 While black despair presented to *thy* view
 A scene of endless woes, and told thine ear
 A much-lov'd wife was lost to thee for ever !
 But now the scale is turn'd against thy friend,
 The lov'd Erilda lives no more for me,
 While with my joy thy misery takes flight ;
 Thy wife, thy dear Zeluma, even now
 Resides within my castle, and thy presence
 Shall put to shame the audacious love of Cadvan.

Hamet.

Hamet could ne'er be blest,
 E'en with a wife restor'd, whilst thou wert
 wretched.

[Exeunt into the cottage.]

SCENE II.

An apartment in the castle.

Enter Caradoc, in agitation.

Caradoc.

When will these brain-created phantoms cease

To haunt my slumbers!
 Still, like a coward fool, at dead of night,
 Must fancy picture Adelfred, tho' dead,
 In nightly triumph o'er my destin'd love,
 And with prophetic threats pronounce my doom.
 Who's there?

Enter Cadvan.

Cadvan.

Cadvan, your friend and brother.

Caradoc.

Welcome!

Cadvan.

Your noble guests have risen,
 And wait impatiently to rouse the chace;
 The eager hounds and pawing steeds attend,
 Impatient to pursue the branched stag,
 And wake the echoes with their mingling music.

Caradoc.

Alas! thou know'st not, Cadvan, how my soul
 Hath labour'd thro' this night.

Cadvan.

Still, Caradoc,

This baby-weakness.

Caradoc.

Adelfred's dread form
 Stalk'd round my couch, in horror to my view;
 And, when my heated fancy conjur'd up

Erilda, dress'd in all her heav'n of charms,
 Instant the spectre seized upon its prey,
 Dragg'd me with rage from her encircling arms,
 And hurl'd me furious o'er creation's bounds!
 The vision still appals my waking hours.

Cadvan.

Be nobler minded,
 Why should imaginary shadows fright thee:
 Tales for an infant's ear.

Caradoc.

Yet horrible to thought! Nor heaven nor hell,
 Combining all their terrors, should appal
 The soul of Caradoc, were he assur'd
 Adelfred was no more.

Cadvan.

Must I again inform thee that I left him
 E'en in the hottest fight encompass'd round
 By foes whose dreadful swords nought could'scape,
 But some such unsubstantial shape
 As that thou speak'st of.—Shame upon these fan-
 cies.

Caradoc.

'Tis strange he was not found amongst the slain.

Cadvan.

The foe might cause him to be earth'd unknown.
 Myself beheld him fall: but for your wish
 I could have recu'd him; but your strong urgance
 Bade me discard all feelings of compassion.

Mount then your steed and join your noble friends,
Dismiss the coward fears that will betray thee,
And with an open unreserv'd demeanour
Shew yourself worthy of Erilda's love.

Caradoc.

Oh, Cadvan, at that dear name my drooping soul
Revives. To-morrow's sun beholds her mine,
Then shall my cares be ended. Oh! ye hours
That intervene betwixt the loitering present
And that bright period of my happiness,
Fly on the wings of transport and of love,
And hasten the kind moment; let the sun
Urge on his steeds with more than usual speed,
And usher in betimes the cheerful dawn.
Lead on my friend, I follow to the chace,
And try to cheat the tedious interval.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



ACT II.



SCENE I.

A Grove.—Enter Erilda.

Erilda.

YE much-lov'd scenes and solitary bow'rs,
Which once Adelfred gladden'd with his smile,
Ye aged elms and plaintive rippling streams,
Which oft have murmur'd back his vows, fare-
well!

Erilda's sighs will ne'er disturb you more;
No more her wiry harp's deep-swelling strain
Shall pierce the silence of your drear abode.—
And O! ye proudly venerable ramparts,
Whose awful arches and majestic towers
Have oft re-cho'd to the hero's steps,
Farewell! I leave you—never to return!

Enter Zeluma.

Welcome, my dear unfortunate ally,
My more than sister,—gentle counsellor,
Friend of my heart and partner of its sorrows!

Zeluma.

Why have you wander'd hither?

Erilda.

Oh, Zeluma!

To bid farewell to these sequester'd shades,
And sigh once more, throughout the leafy grove,
The name of lov'd Adelfred!

Zeluma.

Hast thou seen

The good old Edwal?

Erilda.

E'en now he parted from me,
Shedding the generous tears of honest pity
O'er the sad cause which now compels thy friend
To seek the shelter of a convent's gloom.
Oh, Erilda, sure none was born to be
Like thee unhappy!

Zeluma.

My friend, indulge not such desponding
thoughts.

What though a hapless orphan, destitute
Of friends, constrain'd to leave the spot
Which long has been thy home,
Thy native land will still afford protection,
Whilst *my* remorseless fate hath still decreed
A desolate widow, her dear husband lost,
Unknown must wander on a foreign shore.

SONG.

What are the sorrows which oppress
The youthful virgin's heart,
Or what the pangs of keen distress,
Beneath which lovers smart,
To her's who never can see more
Nor husband lov'd, nor native shore?

Though perjur'd love or dire despair
May blast the maiden's joy,
And from her cheeks the roses tear,
And hope awhile destroy,
Yet still the anguish she endures
Or lenient time or distance cures.

But what can bid the anguish cease,
Or dry the tear-dimm'd eye,
Or what restore the wonted peace,
Or check the rising sigh,
Of her who never can see more
Nor husband lov'd, nor native shore?

Erilda.

Alas, my friend!

Serene and tranquil, thy heroic soul,
Arm'd with calm patience, bear'st the galling
chains

Of stern misfortune with angelic meekness,
Whilst my repining spirit mourns its ills
In all the coward feebleness of woman;
But henceforth, by thy great example taught,

I will forbear this unavailing woe,
And, plac'd beside thee in some lowly cell,
Will learn of thee to check the rising sigh.

Zeluma.

But think'st thou that from hence we can depart
Unnotic'd, unmolested?

Erilda.

Doubt it not ;
The faithful Edwal will conduct our steps
Where we, unseen, may reach the willowy side
Of yon soft river.

Zeluma.

Would to heav'n, my friend,
The time were come, and we had bade adieu
For ever to these tow'rs.

Erilda.

Till it arrive,
In sweet yet painful retrospect, Zeluma,
Let us together once more fondly trace,
To memory dear, the well-remember'd groves.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Edric and Ruthwold, in anger.

Ruthwold.

Well, are you satisfied he's not to be found?

Edric.

He *must* be found, I tell you; have you look'd
into the garden?

Ruthwold.

No, nor shall I.

Edric, (going.)

Then I will.

Ruthwold, (stopping him.)

You! a pretty joke, indeed!

Why the Lady Erilda's walking there, man ;
And pray what do you suppose she would think
If, in turping a corner, she should chance
To run full tilt against the greasy jowl
Of a fisherman?

Enter Adelfred, Hamet, and Edwal.

*(Adelfred, on perceiving Ruthwold, covers his face
and turns from him; Ruthwold retires.)*

Edwal.

How now, is age and honesty at variance?
How comes this: what's the matter, Edric?

Edric, (on perceiving Adelfred.)

You have no need to be inform'd what brought
Me to the castle; that disguis'd somebody,
Stray gentleman or loose fish, can tell you.

Edwal.

No, these are strangers, whom I found within
thy cot.

Edric.

Then I suppose I've nothing more to do

Than to take myself off.—

Edwal.

Except it be
First to return that gentleman his ring.

Edric.

Your pardon, sir, I had forgot. There, sir.

[Presenting it to Adelfred.]

Adelfred.

Thanks, honest friend, and here receive from me
This purse, in token of my gratitude
For thy good housewife's generosity
In furnishing us with such repast,
So wholesome sweet.

Edric.

Madge is a good-hearted thing, that I will say
for her;

But here seems rather too much money, I think,
For a poor cotter's breakfast; though to be sure
You can call again, and have another,
And another, and so on, till you've eat and
drunk it out,

Whenever you please; so good morning, sir:
Consider me your debtor; pay yourself when you
choose. (*Counting his money as he goes out.*)

Aye, my bright shiners, you've come just in time,
For I want a new drag, and Madge, she wants
(Wives are always longing for something)

A holiday gown and petticoat. Servant, sir.

[Exit.]

Edwal.

And now, my dear and honour'd lord, receive
The homage of your vassal. (*kneels.*) Thrice wel-
come

To your inheritance, to the bright honours
Which your brave arm has won in glory's field ;
And thou, heroic partner of his flight,
Accept a soldier's thanks, who joys to think
His is the task to lead thee to a wife,
Who long has liv'd to sigh thy much-lov'd name.

[*Edwal is going.*

Adelfred.

Yet, Edwal, pause awhile,—best first inform
Erilda and Zeluma we are here ;
But mark me ; make not our arrival known
To the domestics in the castle ; we will here,
In secret till the evening, patient tarry,
Then, bold to rescue innocence from guilt,
When Caradoc, encircled by his friends
Around the festive board, is warm'd with wine,
Will we appear, the lover and the husband,
To crush his impious hopes !

Edwal.

'Tis bravely plann'd :—thou may'st rely on Edwal.

[*Exit.*

Hamet.

A noble warrior ! Rough sincerity,
A love of virtue, and disdain of vice,

Distinguish Edwal.

Adelfred.

A man more brave
 Ne'er wielded in his country's cause a sword,
 Or urg'd through hostile ranks a firey steed ;
 His single arm alone full oft hath turn'd
 The scale of victory : I've seen it gleam
 In war, terrific as the forked flash
 Which blasts the forest's pride : 'twas he who
 train'd
 Me first to arms ; and when Adelfred fought,
 While Edwal grac'd his side, Adelfred conquer'd.

Hamet.

I well remember with what noble rage,
 When thou wast made a captive by my troops,
 He fought for thy release, till dy'd in blood,
 And faint with desperate hardihood, he fell
 Within a soldier's arms, who, spite of all
 Our well-aim'd arrows, bore him from the field.

Adelfred.

Oh, had that miscreant Cadvan acted thus ——

Hamet.

Adelfred had been free, and Hamet captive.

Adelfred.

He plan'd my death ; but Adelfred is sav'd
 To seek such just vengeance.———

Hamet.

I long to see the dastard wretch who dares

To love Zeluma. (*Here Zeluma and Erilda enter.*)

Zeluma.

Ha! Zeluma's name!

By strangers utter'd? heav'n, what can it mean?

Erilda.

I fear, alas! our secret is betray'd;

Speak to them, Zeluma.

Zeluma, (advancing.)

Strangers, what would ye?

Hamet, (turning round.)

Zeluma!

Adelfred.

Erilda! (*Runs and catches her in his arms.*)

Erilda.

My lord!

Zeluma.

My husband! (*Swoons.*)

Hamet.

Awake, my wife! my Zeluma, awake!

'Tis Hamet calls thee!

Zeluma, (recovering.)

The heavens be prais'd! Is it my Hamet's self?

(*Looking at him and falling on his neck.*)

Hamet.

It is, it is. —————

Erilda.

Much-lov'd Adelfred, do we meet again?

Adelfred.

Yes, my Erilda! meet to part no more!

Zeluma.

Adelfred, too! Oh, let me instant cast me
At his feet for thus restoring my lov'd lord.

Adelfred.

To him I owe my liberty and life!

Erilda.

Oh, say, my lord, by what mysterious means:

[Here Hamet and Zeluma walk aside.]

Adelfred.

On that fatal morn when last I led my
Soldiers on to battle, eager for conquest,
I rush'd among the thickest of the foe
With a well-chosen troop, and summon'd Cadvan
To follow fast; awhile the slave obey'd;
But, when he saw me clos'd by hostile ranks,
The miscreant shrank, yes, shrank, and basely
drew

My brave and faithful troops beyond the power
To serve or save me!

Erilda.

Perfidious traitor!

Adelfred.

Frantic with rage,

And, blushing at the dastard's villainy,
 I rush'd infuriate through opposing spears,
 Seiz'd the proud crescent from a valiant Moor,
 Bore it in triumph with a victor's grasp,
 Till, faint with gashes and besmear'd with blood,
 With it I fell upon a slaughter'd heap.

Erilda.

Alas! I tremble at thy dreadful danger.

Adelfred.

The noble-minded Hamet mark'd my fall ;
 And, though a foe against whose arms I fought,
 He flew to my assistance, rais'd me up,
 And bade his soldiers bear me to his tent.

Erilda.

It was a godlike act, and best records
 His triumph ; for the brave are doubly victors
 Over the foes they spare.

Adelfred.

E'en England's forces, though led boldly on
 By lion-hearted Richard, were defeated,
 And soon were forc'd to leave the hostile shore,
 Where I, immers'd in damp and dungeon glooms,
 Lay smarting with my wounds, while Hamet
 strove

To give me back my freedom ; but, alas !
 The tyrant, alike to pity, virtue,
 Honour, dead, answer'd with savage frowns, and,
 Spurning, turn'd and left me to a dungeon.

Thus for three years were these fated arms
Oppress'd with fetters in a noisome cell,
Far from my country and my lov'd Erilda!

Erilda.

But by what bless'd means wert thou released?

Adelfred.

Scarce had a month elaps'd of my captivity
Ere injur'd Hamet heard that his Zeluma,
At dead of night, had been borne off by ruffians;
In vain the search was made;
In vain he strove to find the dark assassin
Who thus had dar'd commit an act so base.
Moon after moon had disappear'd and
Seasons o'er him roll'd without the sad yet
Wish'd intelligence.—Full oft with me
He sat to count the melancholy hours,—
Mourn my misfortunes, while I wept o'er his.
One day, while thus we were engag'd, a slave,
In haste, sent by a dying Moor, urg'd him
To follow; fearless he went, and found
The dying Moor; the wretch, ere he expir'd,
confess'd

Himself an agent of the caliph, who had seiz'd,
By his command, the person of Zeluma,
With an intent to bear her to his haram,
But, sore assail'd with Christian troops, he fled.

Erilda.

The troops were yours, with Cadvan at their head,

Who was that day returning to his ship,
 On board of which, unmindful of her fears,
 He plac'd the hapless wife, and brought her
 hither.

But what of Hamet?

Adelfred.

He would hear no more,
 But, flying from the presence of the wretch,
 The caliph sought, and told him of his crime.

Erilda.

What said the tyrant?

Adelfred.

Answer'd by a frown.
 And left him with a threat of speedy vengeance.

Erilda.

How bore he that?

Adelfred.

Redoubled it with scorn;
 And, hast'ning from the palace to my dungeon,
 Unloos'd my chains and led me from my cell
 Without the city-gates, where, mounting each
 A courser swift, we sought the nearest port,
 Where we embark'd, and, after many a peril,
 Wandering o'er diff'rent countries, diff'rent
 seas,
 Sprang safe on shore, e'en on my native
 rocks,

Just as yon soaring sun proclaim'd the morn,
And ting'd the turrets of Adelfred's castle.

Erilda.

Know the domestics yet of your arrival?

Adelfred.

No, for we enter'd by the secret way,
Conducted by old Edwal, who, within
The fisher's cottage, found us.

Erilda.

Still the links
Of sympathy have chain'd each circumstance;
There had I sent him to request the aid
Of its inhabitant, to bear us hence
To Mona's island, whence we were resolv'd,
Within some monastery's protecting walls,
To hide us from the world. For Caradoc,
Had I sought refuge in a *neighb'ring* convent,
Inflam'd with disappointment and revenge,
Perchance had dar'd, with sacrilegious hands,
To tear me from its sheltering arms.
But see where Edwal comes.

Enter Edwal.

Edwal.

May joy attend your steps and crown your loves;
Such is a soldier's wish!

Adelfred.

A soldier's blessing!

But say, hast thou provided an apartment
Where, through this day, we may unseen re-
main.

Edwal.

My lord, I have.

Erilda.

What means Adelfred?

Adelfred.

Anon I will inform thee. Come, my friend,
[*To Hamet.*

And thou, the mistress of his heart's affection,
Erilda's dear companion and her friend,
Share, with thy lord, my fortune and my fame.

On to the castle. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT. III.



SCENE I.

An apartment in the castle.

Hamet and Zeluma are discovered seated on a couch, holding conference:—they rise.

Hamet.

Yes, my Zeluma, thou shalt have thy wish ;
Thy Hamet will be a Christian, though the
prophet
Thunder his curses loudly in mine ear !
Though the religion of my brave forefathers,
Implanted early in my infant breast,
Has taught me to abhor all other faiths
But thine, O Mahomet ! the voice of reason
Tells me that, whate'er his creed,
If Hamet's virtuous, Hamet will be happy !

Zeluma.

Oh, that mankind rever'd that sacred truth ;
Then would creation smile, and man appear
An image worthy of his Maker's hand !

But come, our friends await us.

Hamet.

Yet stay, my love,
And answer first this question:—has vile Cadvan,
That false perfidious traitor, ever dar'd,
Since thou hast here resided, to insult,
With his atrocious love, thy modest ear?

Zeluma.

Thou, lov'd election of Zeluma's heart,
Well know'st such importunity
Would all be lost on Hamet's honour'd wife;
Yes, he has talk'd of love, but thought thee dead;
Thought so or feign'd; but that dire circum-
stance
Made him the greater object of my hate.
He met my frown and ceas'd: then leave his soul
To its own disappointment and despair,—
The smart which they inflict will be more keen
Than twenty thousand daggers.

Hamet.

Zeluma,

Thy reasoning has disarm'd my rage;
Yes, he shall live; for now this truth I feel,
That man, to be supremely happy, should
Learn first of all to bury his resentment!

Zeluma.

Think ever thus, thou brave and virtuous man,
And Zeluma is blest:—but come, let's haste

Erilda waits for us.

Hamet.

Lead you the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Adelfred and Edwal.

Adelfred.

Thou think'st, then, 'twas a concerted scheme
To rob me of my rights.

Edwal.

Such ever, sir, have been my thoughts.

Adelfred.

Edwal, speak on.

Edwal.

This morning, ere they mounted for the chase,
As I, by accident, the apartment pass'd,
Which fronts the eastern gate, the sound of
words,

Utter'd in seeming indignation, drew
Mine ears' attention. Soon these words dis-
tinctly

I heard, and from the lips of Caradoc :

“ Adelfred's death is doubtful!” Cadvan an-
swer'd quick :

“ It is not well to doubt the truth of one who
Saw him fall,—nay, more, who was the means
Of his destruction.

Again must I inform you that I left

Him in the hottest of the fight."

Adelfred.

Oh, slave!

Edwal.

To close the fraudulent tale the perjur'd traitor
said,—

"Myself beheld him fall and, falling, die."

Adelfred.

I am satisfied.

Edwal.

There needs no other
Evidence, methinks, to prove their guilt.

Adelfred.

None!

Oh, wealth, dominion, splendour, pomp, and
glare!

How you allure that abject victim man
To tempt the snare which fetters him for ever!
How many thousands to your glitt'ring baits
Have waded through their nearest kindred's
blood?

How many fathers, urg'd on by your smiles,
Have wrong'd the children which they should
have blest?

Oh, heav'n! if thus the great are to be curs'd,
Fix thou Adelfred in a lowly cot,
Where he may press the icy hand of want
At distance far from greatness and misfortune!

But see, the sun is verging to the west,
Thou think'st they will return ere he shall set ?

Edwal.

I do, my lord.

Adelfred.

Haste, then, and see the rich repast prepar'd ;
Spread plenty on the board, and in each cup
Pour the enliv'ning grape ; let every harp
Be strung, and tuneful minstrels wake their
chords
To songs of mirth and loud-resounding joy.

[*Exit Edwal.*

Enter Erilda.

Erilda.

My Lord Adelfred, I attend your summons.

Adelfred.

'Tis well, my love, I joy to see thee thus ;
These robes look well, and to thy native charms
Add elegance and lustre.

But now, my love, the hour advances swift
When Caradoc, exulting, will return
To share with his assembled friends the feast,
And give the hours to revelry and mirth ;
Be not reluctant thou to join the throng
Or mingle in the dance ; let harmony
Be heightened by the smile of beauty,
And bright-ey'd joy illumine the spacious dome ;

And, when the giddy tumult's at its height,
 When my false kinsmen triumph in their guilt,
 Will I step forth, and, drawing from each face
 The dazzling mask of vile hypocrisy,
 Shew the base traitors hateful as their purpose.

[Bugles are heard at the gate.]

But, hark! they have arriv'd,—I will retire;
 You know the rest.

Erilda.

Farewel, my lord.

[Exit Adelfred.]

Enter Caradoc from the chase.

Erilda.

So soon return'd, my lord?

Caradoc.

Yes, lovely maid,

My generous steed, as if inspir'd, knew
 His master's ardent wish,—the chase being
 Ended slacken'd not his pace, but anxious
 Seem'd to bear me back again to love and to
 Erilda!

Erilda.

But, come, the banquet is prepar'd; your friends
 E'en now assemble round the joyous board,
 And wait a liberal welcome from your lips:
 Let us attend them.

Caradoc.

To conduct thee thither

Was my intent when first I sought thee here,
 Therefore thy hand; nay, why such reluctance?
 Remember, ere another sun go down,
 Both hand and heart for ever will be mine.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Opens and discovers a spacious hall of gothic architecture.—Caradoc, Cadvan, Erilda, Zeluma, and a number of visitants, appear seated at a banquet: on one side are minstrels, with harps placed beside them.

Caradoc, (rising.)

Heart-chosen friends! on this auspicious eve
 Let ev'ry breast expand with rapt'rous joy,
 And bright-ey'd mirth diffuse her dimpled smiles
 Throughout the spacious dome! let haggard care
 Be driv'n away to light on statesmen's brows,
 Or drown in billows of the mantling bowl.
 "Fill to the brim and let the goblet's face
 "Smile with the sparkling purple." O now

[*Receiving a goblet from a servant.*

Ye bold conductors of the foaming steed,
 Who through the day upon your native hills

Breathe health and liberty, drink large and deep,
 "The rapt'rous pleasures which attend the chace."

[All rise and drink.]

And now ye masters of the tuneful art,
 Whose songs awaken in the warrior's breast
 The love of fame immortal, strike your harps,
 And with harmonious pleasing numbers cheer
 The brave pursuers of the branched stag.

SONG TO THE HARP.

1.

The sons of the mountains arise with the morn,
 And through the thick forest rebound ;
 They wind with full force the loud-echoing horn
 And cheer up the quick-scented hound.

CHORUS.

Free from sorrow, free from care,
 The happy few
 The chace pursue,
 While loud murmurs fill the air,
 And distant far across the plain
 Is heard the mellow'd bugle's strain.

2.

The forester see with the fleetness of wind
 Leaves quickly the death-dealing throng ;
 The foam-cover'd courser's left lagging behind,
 And the hounds move but slowly along.

Free from sorrow, free from care,
The happy few
The chace pursue,
While loud murmurs fill the air,
And distant far across the plain
Is heard the mellow'd bugle's strain.

3.

Now, now, the branch'd victim's more closely pursu'd,
No longer with vigour he flies;
Ah! see the bold hounds in his blood are embru'd,
He struggles, he groans, and he dies.

Free from sorrow, free from care,
The happy few
Thus health pursue,
While loud murmurs fill the air,
And distant far across the plain
Is heard the mellow'd bugle's strain.

4.

At ev'ning return'd round full bowls of bright wine,
The glow on each bold manly face,
They drink with devotion to beauty divine,
And to the bright joys of the chace.

Free from sorrow, free from care,
The happy few
Thus health pursue,
While loud murmurs fill the air,
And distant far across the plain
Is heard the mellow'd bugle's strain.

Caradoc.

'Tis well, and now my friends again replenish.

(A servant gives him a cup, which he presents to

Erilda.)

Erilda drink;—press with thy ruby lip

The cup, so shall its blest contents

Taste than the nectar of the gods more rare.

Erilda.

I, pray, my lord, excuse.

Caradoc.

Fair maid refuse not, drink some gen'rous health,

Dear to thy fancy, to thy heart most dear,

While with full goblets my surrounding friends

Will rise with me and pledge it with delight.

Erilda, (taking the cup.)

Health to the Lord Adelfred.

Caradoc, (with surprise.)

Adelfred!

Erilda.

Dear to my fancy, to my heart most dear,

Health to the Lord Adelfred, noblest, bravest,

(Drinks.

May he revenge his wrongs, and punish guilt.

Caradoc.

Mar not the banquet with such idle mockery.

This bright convivial hour Erilda knows

Is for the happy living, not the dead.

Erilda.

'Tis for the happy living, thou sayst truly,
And therefore for Adelfred, who is come
To share it.

Caradoc.

In his grave! Comes he from thence
To join our festival?

Erilda.

Yes, behold him here.

Caradoc.

How, alive!

Enter Adelfred and Hamet.

Adelfred.

Yes, miscreant, to thy confusion.

Caradoc.

Impossible! or if possible, would I were in my
grave.

Nobles.

All hail! welcome the Lord Adelfred.

All.

Right worthy lord, thrice welcome to thy castle.
Caradoc, (leaving the table, followed by Cadvan,
in confusion.

Curses

Choak their utt'rance, deceitful hypocrites;
Now will they crouch their supple knee to him,
Another idol of the fleeting moment.

Adelfred, (taking possession of the place occupied by Caradoc, with Hamet by his side, who appears where Cadvan was seated.)

Thanks, my dear friends, I read in ev'ry eye
 Your lively joys, the welcome that you give,
 The unbought welcome of your willing hearts,
 In thus once more beholding Ryswick's son,
 Who, 'scap'd from enemies and foreign climes,
 And far more perilous domestic foes,
 Assisted by a gen'rous arm, appears
 Again beneath this patrimonial roof,
 Where every echo shall resound his gratitude.

Caradoc.

My lord you wrong me if you doubt *my* love,
 Heav'n is my witness
 I deem'd long since thou wast in battle slain.

Cadvan, (with boldness.)

And so, my lord, did I.

Adelfred.

False ones, and execrable fawners, hence ;
 Think'st thou, vile Cadvan, that I mark'd thee not,
 When with my few brave followers I fought,
 Thou trembling fled'st, e'en with the very troops
 Which should have giv'n me succour, not have
 left me!—

Cadvan.

Fled, says Adelfred, oh retract the word,
 Such a wrong-placed suspicion suits but ill

Thy dignity of soul, or Cadvan's honour :
 By heaven, thyself excepted, no man dares
 To couple Cadvan's name with such injustice,
 This arm should soon chastise the base defamer.

Hamet.

Indeed! then see another bold defamer
 Dares thy arm; and, to confront thy vaunting,
 Know then, inglorious boaster, that *I* mark'd
 Thy dastard flight, view'd thee desert thy lord,
 Seduce his troops with a false shew of zeal,
 Soon as thou saw'st him by my gallant men
 Surrounded, while with a host he fought,
 Whilst thou—

Cadvan.

'Tis true, proud sir, my soldiers I withdrew,
 But 'twas in policy, because I saw
 To 'tempt his rescue I must sacrifice
 The lives of half his followers; and full well
 I knew his noble nature would disdain
 To owe his single safety to the blood
 Of twice three hundred of his countrymen.

Adelfred.

Spare thy affected pity, base desembler;
 'Twas not so much the lives of my brave friends
 As 'twas to save thy own, however worthless,
 And work the fate of Adelfred. *Thy* fears I
 mark'd,
 When Caradoc this morn express'd *his* fears

Of my existence, didst not thou declare
He urg'd thee on to Adelfred's destruction.

Cadvan, (turning in rage to Caradoc.)

Curses catch thy abject dastardy,
Then thou it is who hast betray'd thy brother ;
And, since thou thus hast drawn this public shame
Upon my head, villain ! now hear me make
A full confession of thy guilt and mine.

Caradoc, (drawing his sword and rushing on Cadvan.)

Traitor die first, and take thy story with thee.

Adelfred.

Add not to other sins the crime of fratricide :
Arrest his arm.

Cadvan.

It is already done ;
Unnatural, is this my recompense,
(Having wrested his sword from him.)
For braving sin, and death, and hell, to serve thee !
O poor designing and ignoble villain,
Think'st thou thy nerveless arm can silence truth,
Truth that, O shame, through these long-fraudful
lips,
Dares thus aloud pronounce thy treachery ;
No, could'st thou wield a thousand flaming spears,
A breast resolv'd like mine would brave them all,
And echo forth thy guilt at ev'ry stab :
Curse on my foolish love so long to share it !
Hear me Adelfred, hear me all assembled,

We both were guilty, both deserve thy vengeance,
 Caradoc, my false brother, by stratagem,
 To gain thy castle and its fair domains,
 To work the sure destruction of my chief,
 Whom duty told me to protect and follow.
 Such is the truth, deny it if thou canst.

(To Caradoc.)

Adelfred.

Urge him no more, his silence speaks his guilt ;
 Convey them hence and see them both secur'd,
 Each in a separate dungeon.

(To the servants, who go to secure them.)

Cadvan.

Hold off,

I'll not resist the death I richly merit,
 Cadvan can find his way without a guide.
 Zeluma, now thy wrongs are well reveng'd.

(Looking on her as he goes out.)

Caradoc.

Then are we foil'd, and every hope destroy'd,
 And the dark perfidy of both is punished.

(Exeunt, guarded.)

Adelfred.

Thus justice is appeased,
 And with this moment ends Adelfred's cares.
 Oh now, my lov'd Erilda, nought remains
 But that we instant seal our mutual vows,

Lead to the chapel, then, my faithful Hamet,
From whom alone I will receive the hand
That with it gives felicity and peace.

And now my friends, and thou brave warrior,

(To Edwal.)

Who next my Hamet claims Adelfred's love,
O be thou witness of my joy. And hence
Let men be warn'd how they invade
Another's right, or build themselves a name
Upon the ruins of another's fame;
But rest contented with whate'er is giv'n,
The lot appointed by indulgent heav'n.

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

THE
LIBERTINE LOVERS.

A COMEDY.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

HOWELL.
FREDERIC, *his Son.*
MORTLAKE.
WOODVILLE, *his Friend.*
DONOLD.
EDWARD, *his Nephew.*
Servant to Donold.

WOMEN.

ELIZA, } *Daughters to Howell.*
MATILDA, }
SOPHIA, *Donold's Niece.*

THE remarks made on the preceding Drama seem to apply generally to the subsequent sketch; occasionally raised, however, in the diction, sentiment, and fable.

THE
LIBERTINE LOVERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A garden belonging to a neat cottage.

Enter Howell, with a letter.

Howell.

ALL hail, misfortune! to my woe-worn breast
Thou hast become familiar;—then frown on
And chill me with thy blasts! I'll not complain!
Nor question heav'n, with wild empassion'd rage,
Why thus it show'rs on my devoted head
Thy barbed shafts.—The truly-virtuous soul
Can smile at fate, and, like a rock, withstand,
Her direst storms!—Oh, sweet serenity,
Thou tranquil inmate, still within my breast
Deign to reside, while resignation points
Beyond the stars for undisturb'd repose!

Enter Eliza.

Thou here, Eliza! wherefore hast thou left
Thy friendly pillow at this early hour?

Eliza.

A duteous daughter's happiness resides
In her lov'd parents bosom; and, when care
Plants in my father's breast its rankling thorns,
Mine feels the anguish too!

Howell.

Heaven reward thy filial love!

Eliza.

Ah, trust me, sir, when a lov'd parent bends
Beneath the cruel weight of adverse fortune,
The sympathising bosom of his child
Is his best pillow; do not, then, refuse
To tell the cause that thus calls forth your sighs.

Howell.

Why wilt thou urge me on to make thee
wretched?

The hour which brings distress and misery
Hastes on too rapid wings to need
A herald, to announce its near approach!
Thrice happy they who from their cradles feel
Adversity's cold grasp; they can sit, and
From their clay-wall'd huts unconscious smile,
E'en in the sterile lap of cheerless penury!

But, Oh! how wretched and how lost their state
 Who, driven to taste the bitter bread of want,
 Must bear the taunts of a malicious world
 That sheaths its insult in false pity's smile!

Eliza.

What means my father?

Howell.

My belov'd Eliza!

Where late the lily of felicity
 Expanded its fair blossoms, ruthless care
 Will plant his thorns; and, underneath the roof
 Where love and soft contentment found a home,
 The haggard form of shivering poverty
 Will frowning sit, and in her shrivel'd hand
 Hold sour misfortune's cup, which thou, my
 child,
 Must be compell'd to drink!

Eliza.

Alas, my father! has not a guilty world
 Yet ceas'd to pour its malice on thy head?

Howell.

Peruse that paper.

Another proof of man's ingratitude!
 Ingratitude,* thou poison of the soul!
 Of vices most accurs'd! sure hell itself,

* The Author has beautifully expanded this thought in his ode on the Birth of Ingratitude in the closing part of the first volume.

When it infus'd thee in the human breast,
 Exulting smil'd, and, with horrific joy,
 Hail'd thee its deadliest crime.

Eliza.

Gracious pow'rs!

Howell.

Now, my lov'd child, thou'st learn'd the fatal
 cause

Of what perplexes thy poor father's breast.
 Thou see'st him bending 'neath a load of years,
 And, by one worthless villain's treachery,
 Disguis'd in sacred friendship's injur'd name,
 Rob'd of the little which he fondly thought
 Would screen his children from misfortune's
 blast,

When he was resting quiet in the dust.

Eliza.

Surely some baleful planet o'er our house
 Rules with despotic sway: each year, alas!
 Since my dear brother's death, on this sad day,
 Some dreadful chance has still occur'd—

Howell.

Eliza, peace!

Eliza.

Alas, his was a most unhappy fate!

Howell.

Name not that dear that fond-remember'd
 youth;

His much-lov'd image haunts my fancy still,
 Which conjures up a hundred dread surmises;
 Sometimes I listen to his dying groans,
 Or, on the rocky crags, behold him stretch'd
 In speechless agony.

Eliza.

Yet hope sometimes
 Will whisper in my ear that he survives.

Howell.

Impossible, he perish'd in the deep
 At midnight, when the elements, enrag'd,
 Toss'd on the foaming flood a hapless bark;
 The ruthless billows tore him from my side
 And gave him to the wat'ry arms of death.
 Yet kind the blow; heaven in soft pity spared
 His heart the anguish which it would have felt
 In witnessing a father's desolation.
 But O, my child, when I shall leave this world,
 As soon I must, and haste to join his spirit
 In yon bright realms, what will become of thee?

Eliza.

Oh, let no terror for his children's safety
 Disturb my father's peace! we have not liv'd
 So long beneath your eye regardless of your pre-
 cepts.

If Providence, who pities human woes,
 Compassionating yours, should take you from us,
 The counsel you have given, though dread the
 trial,

Shall teach us how to live and how to suffer.

Howell.

For thee my love I have no fear, but, alas,
Thy sister's uncontroll'd and giddy spirit
Will lead her into error; nor precept nor ex-
ample——

But she comes; I'll leave to thee, Eliza,
The melancholy story of our fortunes:
While I indulge in lonely contemplation.

[*Exit.*

Enter Matilda.

*Matilda.**

Why, Liz, my father steals away from you
Like some fearful lover. What's the matter?
What, sighing? And a tear too! How is all this?
Come, tell me from what cause these sorrowful
Symptoms proceed. Has papa been scolding?

Eliza.

Matilda, this is no time for jesting,
We now stand upon the brink of ruin.

Matilda.

If that's the case we certainly have need
Of a little merriment to prevent
Our good spirits from deserting us: but,
To be serious, what mean you?

* The Editor leaves the frequently broken measure of this and some other scenes as he found them.

Eliza.

You know, Matilda, my poor father lent,
Some few weeks back, the whole that he possess'd
To serve the fortunes of another man,
Esteem'd a friend, but prov'd his deadliest foe.

Matilda.

You mean Mordant !

Eliza.

The same ;

And he has fled, with all that he could raise
From his surrounding friends, across the seas,
And thrown our father on the pitiless shore
Of this unshelter'd life.

Matilda.

Indeed ! Then I see but one way left us.

Eliza.

And what may that be, sister ?

Matilda.

Get married.

Eliza.

How can you treat with so much carelessness
The troubles which surround us ?

Matilda.

Carelessness !

Now I'll be judg'd by all the rules of sense,
Common and uncommon,
Whether my reply was not the most profound
The nature of your question, Liz, required ;

But consider it in what light you please
 I care not; only depend upon it
 A husband shall be the very first thing
 That I shall look for, if our condition is
 So lamentable as you describe it.

Eliza.

Strange, inconsiderate, girl!

Matilda.

There again.

Come come, my dear sentimental sister,
 If the rakish libertine, Lord Mortlake, were
 To change his manners and renew those vows,
 Which in your ear he breath'd so ardently,
 Some three years since, I am not sure,
 But you would grow as giddy as any loving miss
 Of fifteen,—renounce grave looks,—forget your
 tears,
 Give your sighs to the winds,—
 Or only shed them from the tender pleasure of
 weeping,
 And perhaps stun the ear with a continual echo
 Of flames, darts, hearts, priest, altars, rings, and
 the long
 Et ceteras in the list of Cupid; but I see
 You're going to be angry.

Eliza.

Ought I not?

Matilda.

Dear Liz, keep your temper, and I'm dumb.

Eliza.

And is this your mode, Matilda, of list'ning
To the misfortunes of an unhappy father?

Matilda.

There again do you mistake; 'tis true I
Can't wring my hand nor turn up my eyes
As you do; yet, let it be remember'd,
That, "I have that within which passeth show:"
When put to the test we'll soon see who puts Dame
Fortune in a humour to be kind to an injured
Father,—a crying daughter or a smiling one.
As to marriage, be well assur'd I hold
My Donold in as strong chains as ever
Love forg'd, and I am fully persuaded
That no motive of humanity will
Induce him to burst such charming fetters,
So set your heart at rest; and fear not for
My father, my life on't, before the week's over
I shall get married, and provide for you both.

Eliza.

Consider well he's govern'd by the will
Of an imperious uncle, on whom
Alone depends his hope of fortune;
And, should his approbation not be gained,
All your hopes ———

Matilda.

Will vanish into air.

Then, Liz, we must both carry a basket,

And cry water-cresses: two such
Lasses as we might make our fortunes in that way.

Eliza.

Fie, fie, sister.

*Matilda.**

Well, dont be angry; I'll think of something else: why child there are a thousand ways for distressed damsels who have the spirit of enterprize in their heads and virtue in their hearts to pick up a living in this comical world; and, if you dislike the water-cress business, what think you of violets and primroses? I could call primroses well, tho' they are more in your way, Liz.

Eliza.

I will no longer listen to such fool'ry,
But go to my venerable sorrowing father.

[*Exit.*

Matilda, (solus.)

Sure my nature differs from all the rest of heav'ns reasonables: Let what will happen I am still mirthful, merry, and whimsical, as a squirrel, and cannot help it for the life of me; yet I dearly love my father's virtues, deplore his misfortunes, in my way, and will do my utmost to alleviate or remove them, but that must be in my way also. Liz is a dear good girl, but we are

* Here the author ran, perhaps imperceptibly, into prose, the propriety of which was obvious.

some how or another as different in doing the very same thing as if we had dropt from different worlds.

SONG.

Let grief-repining mortals weak
Hug anguish to the breast,
And let it rob the glowing cheek
Of comfort and of rest,
While *they* complain my spirits gay,
Dance mirth's fantastic roundelay.

So now for the volunteers, I hear their sprightly summons, and must join the throng of their admirers.

[Exit singing.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.



SCENE I.

Fields, and an open country, with a near view of a village and genteel house.

A company of volunteer light infantry advance with their officers, bugles, &c. &c.

Captain.

On the right of your front form.

[They run round the pivot and form a line in front of the stage.]

Captain sings.

SONG.

To check ambition's mad career,
 And guard each liberty and right
 The loyal British volunteer
 Appears in arms prepar'd for fight.

CHORUS.

And when the bugle and the drum
 Shall speak the bold invader come,
 Then shall our king and country dear
 Find in each arm a volunteer.

CAPTAIN.

When drawn up on their chalky bourne,
 Mid the deafening cannons roar,
 Britons victorious will return,
 Or perish on their *native shore*.

CHORUS.

And when the bugle, &c. &c.

After the chorus the bugle sounds and they advance.
 [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Edward, as from the house.

Edward.

Thrice happy country! what hast thou to fear
 From the fell hatred of a foreign foe
 When thus thy generous and freeborn sons
 Arm for thy preservation:—'bove the waves,
 Where float thy thunders in majestic pride,
 Thou can'st exulting rear thy verdant brow,
 Rich with fertility, and laugh to scorn
 The land o'er which ambition madly sways.

Donald, (calling without.)

Hallo Ned, ye scoonderel, where are ye?

Edward.

Hah! my uncle's voice, (*aside,*) I am here, good
 sir.

Donald, (entering.)

An what the deevil are ye here about?

Edward.

Enjoying, sir, the freshness of the morn,
And contemplating on the happy state
Of my dear native country.

Donold.

Are ye, sir :
And pray last neet ware maa commands for you
To be santering here ?

Edward.

Pardon me, sir ;
But any injunction to the contrary
I do not recollect.

Donold.

You're a lee-er,
And ken reet weel my orders ware for you
To wait o'me as seun as ye ware up,
As they're was something vary particular
I wanted to speak wi'ye about.

Edward.

The fault of a treach'rous memory, sir.

Donold.

Ay Ned, that heed-piece of yours stands vary
Meikle need of a thorough repair.
And ye'l never ha'et a whit better, Ned,
As lang as ye keep reading that Shakspeare,
An the rest of ye'r play manufactorers,
Of a neet, instead o'takking the rest
Which shou'd enliven and invigorate

Baith ye'r mind and body; ye tak ye'r beuks,
 And ow'r a torch, like an owl i'the sun,
 Sit blinking and stupifying ye'r brains,
 Till the little reason ye ha'es confus'd
 Wi the gibberish o'witches and ghosts;
 An, aboot the time the pleugh boy rises
 Hale and refresh'd wi' a good soond sleep,
 You're seen yawning and staggering to bed,
 Like a fuol three parts drunk.—O, wad men turn
 But hofe the thoughts t'wards makking their for-
 tunes

That they do to a pack o' damn'd nonsense,
 (Whilk they term literature an fine arts,)
 What a flourishing nation we shou'd be.

Edward.

That nation, sir, will ever flourish most
 Where literature and all the nobler arts
 Are greatly cultivated; where merit,
 From the cold damp of chilling indigence,
 Is lifted up to feel the genial warmth
 Of comfort's glowing sun; where genius
 Never to the grave sinks unregarded,
 Nor science soars unnotic'd; where the bard
 Of well-earn'd reputation never dies,
 But leaves a memory to outlive the fame
 Of proud ambition's trophied conquerors.

Donold.

How the deevel, Ned, can ye mak it oot,

I dinno see what benefit a land
 Drives from a parcel of light-headed
 Scribblers and conceited canvass daubers.

Edward.

What wakes the torpid and lethargic soul
 In danger's hour, sir, to a sense of duty,
 Or what inspires the brave with love of fame,
 And rouses up the inexperience'd youth
 Forward to press amidst the rage of war,
 And purchase glory. What but bards sublime,
 Who boldly paint the hideous form of vice,
 And guide the steps of virtue thro' the wilds
 Of flattery and deceit?

Donold.

Ye may prate for a cent'ry at this rate
 Before ye mak me believe a word ont.
 Respecting these braw military blades
 That hae paid us a visit frae Lunnon,
 Ay what think o'them?

Edward.

I love, revere, and much applaud, their zeal,
 Admire their promptness and their firm resolves,
 And when I ponder o'er a tyrant's threats,
 And hear their vollies roar exultingly
 My *breast* exclaims, let the invader come,
 Behold the men who are prepar'd to meet him.

Donold.

Weel I mun confess

They look brawly: but come, I'se ganging, Ned,
To tak my mornings walk, and sall expect
You till attend me.

Edward.

I will with pleasure.

Donold.

Weel, come on then, and I'll inform ye what
It was I wish'd till speak wi ye aboot.

[*Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to a pleasure-ground, belonging to
Lord Mortlake, in front of a beautiful villa.*

Enter Lord Mortlake.

Mortlake.

Oh, dissipation! mischief-teeming vice,
Destructive spoiler of life's sweet repose;
Where'er I turn my thoughts, where'er I look,
Some hideous trace of thy pernicious pow'r
Presents itself to my affrighted view.
O, wealth, rank, pomp, and honour, where's the
peace,
And where the lasting happiness you promis'd?
Injurious blessings, baneful abject comforts,
Contaminating bounties, murderers
Of felicity; happy that breast
Which you were ne'er permitted to corrupt!

Woodville, (without.)

What, ho, my lord,

Mortlake.

Hah, who calls on Mortlake?

Woodville, (entering.)

Is my voice, Charles, a stranger to your ear
That thus you question?

Mortlake.

Pardon me, Henry,
I was absorb'd in thought, and knew you not.

Woodville.

And pray what wond'rous game is now afoot,
That, at this unaccustom'd hour, brings Mortlake
To wade amidst the dews, come tell me, Charles:
There surely must be
Something wonderful in agitation
To make you quit your couch so early.

Mortlake.

My life, alas,
Since these wide-spread domains to me devolv'd,
Has been of riot one continued scene.
Within yon noble mansion, sacred once
To good old English hospitality,
Where my great sire, benevolently good,
Shower'd on the sons of poverty and want
His cheering bounties, have I at midnight,
O'er flowing bowls, with mirth's mad crew carous'd,

Plung'd myself headlong in the gulf of vice,
 And, with the sons of infamy and riot,
 Lavish'd my fortunes; whilst, oh shame! shame!
 shame!

The man of genius and of real merit
 Has been rejected,—laugh'd at,—and depis'd!

Woodville.

Another moralising fit I find. (*Aside.*)
 I was in hopes, when first I saw you, Charles,
 Some bold adventure, which you had in hand,
 Employ'd your early thoughts, but I find
 You've only got up a little sooner
 For the pastime to find fault with yourself.

Mortlake.

And not without a cause.

Woodville.

Have you been to church since last we met?

Mortlake.

No, Henry: the consciousness of having
 Acted wrong has been my monitor, and taught
 Me more than all the moral dissertations
 Which furnish'd gownsmen could produce.

Woodville.

Well, I find we're differently dispos'd;
 You're in a thoughtful moralising mood,—
 I'm, as usual, in pursuit of pleasures,
 Cheerful and free from care; and, as that is the
 case,

Why, as Hamlet says, " I hold it fit that we
Shake hands and part."

Mortlake.

Be it so.

Woodville.

But soft!

Ere we depart, let me deposit, Charles,
A word or two of counsel in your ear:—
If this infection of the mind, which you
At present are afflicted with, cease not
By the time the sun is perpendicular,
Go home, my friend, make application straight
To a bright cup of generous claret;
If that prove ineffectual take another,
Or, if necessary, the whole bottle;
Depend on't 'tis the only remedy
For your present disorder, ha! ha! ha!

Mortlake.

Oh, but what pity

To think, Henry, that man, creation's boast,
The figure of immortal majesty!
Design'd and fashion'd by a pow'r supreme!
Should be so sunk in wretchedness and guilt
As to be driv'n to so mean a subterfuge
To silence his own thoughts! To think that he,
Whom heav'n and angels first beheld with joy,
To shun an interview with his own heart,
Should, like a coward, by inglorious means,

Disarm his reason of its godlike pow'rs!
 Crush bright reflection, man's prerogative,
 And to a senseless brute transform the man!

Woodville.

But souls like ours, Charles, never should reflect;
 Never let conscience tax us with our faults,
 Unless when seated near the smiling bowl,
 And circled round by pleasure's choicest sons;
 Then, like brave soldiers, ready for the fight,
 We can receive her with repulsive means,
 Meet her in arms, and, with a second, drive
 Her to the devil: but come, my friend,
 Unload that brow of care, and let us speak of——

Mortlake.

Horses, women, dice;
 Recount the wiley and perfidious arts
 Which we have practis'd to allure the good;
 Applaud the rage of my vindictive arm,
 In sacrificing to insulted pride
 Him who espous'd an injur'd sister's cause;
 Then seek our gay associates, fill the bowl,
 And, with wild joy and acclamations loud,
 Drink to my victim's unappeased ghost.

Woodville.

Well you know
 The man who daringly call'd forth your arm
 In self-defence was the aggressor, and

Merited the death which you inflicted.

Mortlake.

Henry, go on; tell me my cause was just,
And make me out an innocent assassin;
Yes, justify the vengeance of a murderer.

Woodville.

Charles! Charles!

This converse disgraces you; change it, pray,
And let bewitching beauty be the theme!
Tell me of coral lips, of damask cheeks,
Of eyes and dimpled charms, where cupids lurk;
Point me out one whose fascinating form
Is subject for the poet's glowing page,
And I will listen to you with delight,
Join in your warmest praises, and——

Mortlake.

Seduce her! Oh! if I ever more,
By treacherous arts, attempt the ruin
Of a virtuous female may I be branded
With the epithet of perfidious villain!

Woodville.

Yet sure you never can resign, my lord,
The conquest of the beauteous Eliza?

Mortlake.

May her bright eyes be charg'd with lightning,
Ready to blast me with their awful glance,
Whene'er I practise aught against her honour!

Oh! I have felt too many pangs already.

Woodville.

Indeed! You cannot, then, object,
As you've relinquish'd the design of bringing
The fair citadel to a surrender,
To another hero recommencing the siege.

Mortlake.

The man who dares it finds in me a foe
The most implacable and most fatal!

Woodville

Ha! ha! ha! an old adage verified,—
The dog in the manger;
But don't be apprehensive;
You know Matilda's my favourite.

Mortlake.

They are both lovely, Henry, and both happy
Beneath the roof a protecting father;
Then think, my friend, what damning infamy
To murder the repose of such a family.

Woodville.

Why, then, did *you* try?

Mortlake.

Because I was a villain.

Woodville.

A most sufficient reason, I must own;
But, setting all these grave matters aside,
Where do you intend dining to-day? have

You any engagement?

Mortlake.

No, I have not.

Woodville.

Will you oblige me with your company?

Mortlake.

Perhaps I may, but don't depend on me.

Woodville.

Yes I shall, most punctually; but first
Let us amuse an hour in viewing the
Volunteers.—Hark! the bugles.

Mortlake.

Yes, Henry, with pleasure; for there's nothing
So gratifying to a loyal breast
As to behold the martial form of those
Who have espous'd the glorious cause of free-
dom.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.



SCENE I.

An apartment in Donold's house.

Enter Edward followed by Sophia.

Sophia.

My dear brother,
What is the cause of your unhappiness?
Has Matilda proved false?

Edward.

No, thank heaven! it is not that;
A form like hers was surely fram'd for truth
And love.

Sophia.

Then, perhaps,
The harsh commands of an obdurate uncle.—

Edward.

Unfeeling cruel man!
Impell'd by his inordinate desire
For wealth, he has fully determin'd on
My marriage with—I cannot name her!

Sophia.

But surely, Edward, he will never strive
To force you to compliance with his wish,
When, contrary to your inclinations——
But see my uncle! Now, then, for the trial!
But *my* presence he seldom considers
Necessary in matters of moment.

[*Exit.*

Edward, (solus.)

Now, spirit of my father! hover round
And teach me how to act: give to my breast
A portion of thy fire, and shew myself
Worthy the honour of a soldier's son.

Enter Donold.

(*He goes up to Edward and continues for some time
to look on him in silence.*)

Donold.

What the de'el maks ye luok sae confounded?
Now, sir, for my proposal.

Edward.

Surely 'twas made in jest; my honoured fa-
ther——

Donold.

Its such a jest as I insist on, sir;
And if you wish now to retain maa favour
You'll snap her up directly. You are young,
And what the world calls handsome; she has een,

Now, mark me! she has gold, has great estates,
And, therefore, ye mun love her,—and for them.

Edward.

And do you think these motives, sir, sufficient
To sacrifice a life of precious peace.

Donold.

I think!

The deevil tak the conscientious carle;
He's stubborn as an oak, and winna bend. [*Aside.*
I believe, Ned, its now aboot eight years
Syn baith yer sister and yersel ware left,
Poor hapless orphans,
To seek protection 'neath an uncle's roof,
An there ye fand it.

Edward.

I acknowledge, sir,
The generous kindness which we have received
From you since that unhappy time, and hope
To cherish ever in a grateful breast
The dear remembrancers of all your goodness.

Donold.

As I sae lang have had a parent's charge
I sall expect yer obedience as a father.

Edward.

When your commands, sir, are compatible
With honour and the feelings of my heart
I humbly hope they'll not be disobey'd.
But if fortune held within her grasp a casket,

Fraught with the richest treasures of the East,
 And at my feet the proudest honours laid,
 With wreaths immortal to adorn my brows
 If I'd accept them,—yet without the free
 Consent and approbation of my heart
 I should spurn them.

Donold.

Ye wad ! then damn me
 If you've gotten a single drop of true
 Sensible bluid in a yer hale body : recollect
 Such were yer father's principles, who died
 A beggar on a foreign shore.

Edward.

Hold, sir,
 I charge you ! nor with irreverent tongue
 Insult the ashes of the sacred dead ;
 He fell in battle, as a soldier should,
 Amongst a heap of slain, and grasping fast
 The standard of his country !

Donold.

Weel, suppose
 He did, was he any the richer for't ?
 By yer speech, Ned, ane might be led to think
 Ye had receiv'd a considerable
 Patrimonial estate at his decease,
 Which, to the best of maa recollection,
 Was nae the case.

Edward.

No, sir, the portion which

He left was of more intrinsic value.

Donald.

Ha, ha, ha, and what was't he left ye, Ned.

Edward.

Unsullied virtues and a much-lov'd name.

Donald.

A vary desirable portion ; but

I fancy you'd hae fund a poor support,

Had not an uncle boasted nobler parts,

And possess'd superior merits.

Edward.

Merits !

Never put yours, sir, in competition

With those of your brave brother ; for, by heav'n,

A single virtue of a heart like his

Would weigh in honour's scale against a thousand

Such as are cultur'd in a breast like yours.

Where's the pre-eminence which you so boast ?

Was there a single action of his life

Evinc'd less dignity than one of yours ?

Recount an instance, sir, where his pursuits

Out-soar'd not yours : you cannot. When I cast

A retrospective glance o'er both your lives,

I find in one the actions of a great,

A patriotic, and a virtuous, man ;

But in the other I can find no trait,

Save of a mercenary narrow heart.

Your ambition was to accumulate

A mass of sordid treasure ; his
 To bear the English banner through the fields
 Of smoky war. Your proud endeavours were,
 By wafting commerce to a foreign mart,
 To raise yourself a name ; but his, sir, were
 To raise his country's : whilst you were busied
 In draining wealth from sweating Africans,
 He was contending on the dusty plains
 Of Egypt, with the meritorious band
 Who pluck'd the laurels from insulting Gaul :
 Yes, he was sharing in those hostile fields
 The toils and hardships of a soldier's life,
 When you were bartering for a fellow
 Creature, or cheating the unsuspecting
 Indian of his beavers.

Donold.

Hae ye dune?

Edward.

I have, sir.

Donold.

Then pack up your things,
 And leave my house directly, do you hear.

Edward.

I shall obey you, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in Woodville's house.

Mortlake and Woodville discovered at a table drinking. Mortlake flushed with wine.

Mortlake.

Ha, ha, ha, by heav'n thou talkst it well,
Pleasures were giv'n for great ones to enjoy,
And why should man hug anguish to his breast,
Or let reflection torture his free soul,
While there remains an antidote like this.

[Pours and drinks.]

Woodville.

Bravo, bravissimo, Mortlake's himself
Again : come, what say you to another,

Mortlake.

With all my heart, and then ——

Woodville, (filling the glasses.)

For a frolic : here's success to it, *[Drinks.]*

Mortlake.

[Drinks.]

Agreed.

Woodville.

But before we sally, tell how flows your humour ?

Mortlake.

Any thing that's spirited, and worthy of ourselves.

Whether to guide the chariot of the sun

Through æther, or, mounted on Pegasus,
 Upclimb the flow'ry brow of gay Parnassus,
 Bear queen Diana from her maids of honour,
 Her nymphs, or with the Graces three elope;
 For each of these bold feats, my friend,
 I am prepared.

Woodville.

Ha, ha, ha, well said, Charles.

[*Looking out.*

But hold, what lovely forms are these I see
 Pacing the streamlet's banks.

Mortlake.

By heav'n the fair Eliza and her sister,
 O, Henry, what an enviable state
 Must his be who lives to boast possession
 Of that bewitching maid.

Woodville.

Then why, my lord,
 Do you once hesitate to be so blest.

Mortlake.

What dost thou mean?

Woodville.

Why envy, sir, the state
 Which you yourself might with such ease obtain?
 You love Eliza, why not then embrace
 Some favourable opportunity,
 Some smiling and propitious hour like this,
 To snatch her in your arms and bear her off.

Mortlake.

Art thou serious?

Woodville.

When was I ever
Otherwise on such a subject. I thought but now
That any enterprise of gallantry
Would suit your lordship.

Mortlake.

Obtain Eliza forcibly; never! never!

Woodville.

Continue to despair then, vainly pine and
Sigh for the rose which you refuse to pluck,
Until some low-born swain step in and steal it.

Mortlake.

What

Dost thou think Mortlake's soul then so supine
As to permit the object of its love
To fill a rival's arm.

Woodville.

Intend ye then

To marry her?

Mortlake, (proudly.)

Marry! What, Mortlake
To join himself to a poor humble cottager,
No, Henry, no, although I love her more
Than passionate Acontius ever did
The cold unfeeling fair whom *he* pursu'd.

Woodville.

Why that's well, but come let's forth,
And see if we can't spring some better game.

Mortlake, (seating himself.)

Well, but let's have the other bottle first.

Woodville, (calling to a servant.)

More wine there.—If he but drink
A few more dizzy glasses I will twist him
Even like the pliant hazel at my will. [Aside.

A servant enters with more wine.

Fill to Lord Mortlake. [He fills and presents it.

Mortlake, (taking and surveying it.)

What's this?

Dost thou take me for a sipping simp'ring miss,
That thus this thimble'd shadow thou hast brought
To shame the noble grape's enliv'ning juice,
And rob the eager and expectant lip
Of its delights. Hence. [Returns it.
And if no nobler vessels thou canst find,
Knock off the bottle neck, and form a bowl.

Woodville.

Bring goblets, boy.

[Exit servant.

I am glad to see you so cheerful, Charles.

Mortlake.

With health, money, and good wine, at command,

Who the devil would be otherwise, [*the servant enters,*] ha,
 Now thou look'st well, and were he sceptr'd Jove
 To whom thou holdest forth such sparkling nectar,
 Thou shouldst another Ganimede be made :
 By Styx, or by a gayer oath, by Bacchus self,
 I would transform, and like a goblet
 Fill'd overflowing with the drink of gods,
 Place thee as a new sign in ——
 Even in the glowing zodiac.

[*Exit servant.*]

[*Sings,*]—“ Here's a health to all good lasses.”
 Come, pledge it, Henry.

Woodville.

With pleasure ;
 But I hope you don't intend th' cruel fair
 You serve to be included in the number.

Mortlake.

Cruel, say'dst thou : yes, by heaven she is.
 No female bosom ere possess'd a heart
 More adamantine ;
 And, did not sacred honour spurn the thought,
 The cold unfeeling beauty yet should bend,
 And crown the ardent wishes of the man
 She dares refuse.

Woodville.

Why should this honour, Charles,
 An air-born phantom, deter you.

Did the same spirit now pervade your breast
Which once possess'd it, a night would not pass
ere

Those ardent wishes should be crown'd, my friend.

Mortlake.

By all the joy that's centr'd in the sex
They shall be gratified.

Woodville.

You must not be
Dilatory then, or I fear there's one
Will be before-hand with you.—Three days since,
As I was strolling in the mazy wood,
Through which yon streamlet runs, I there beheld
A couple fondly resting on its banks,
The youth with arms encircled round the fair,
Whose head in careless attitude reclin'd
Upon his shoulder, inviting kisses
From his eager lips, that seem'd determin'd
To plant themselves, and grow upon her checks:
I, wondering who the loving pair could be,
Walk'd towards them, which they perceiving rose
And hastily retir'd.
Judge my amazement on perceiving, Charles,
The youth to be young Edward, and the maid
No other than Eliza.

Mortlake.

Damnation,

Eliza !

Woodville.

Eliza.

Mortlake.

Wake vengeance then ;
 Possess my breast ye dæmons who preside
 O'er disappointed love ; come swift revenge !
 Perfidious, scornful, and obdurate, maid,
 To frown upon the proffer'd love of Mortlake,
 And sink into a beggar's arms.
 By heav'n I'll bear her off this very hour,
 Sleep in her arms, and in her ruin triumph.
 Wilt thou assist ?

Woodville.

With my life.

Mortlake.

But how ?

Woodville.

Ere they return from walking, let us go
 Wait for them in the op'ning of the wood.
 Let us disguise ourselves,
 And, in case of unforeseen resistance,
 Take arms ; and, in the course of a few hours,
 We'll smuggle them off to an old trusty friend
 I have in London : you understand me.

Mortlake.

But then the sister, how

Dispose of her!

Woodville.

Why, to speak truth, Charles,
I love Matilda, long have importun'd,
And strove with most assiduous care to win
Affection from her breast; but all in vain.
Then let each take
The girl he most admires.

Mortlake.

Give me thy hand,
It shall be so, I have resolv'd, let's haste,
For, by my soul, each moment that lags on
'Twixt the thought and the deed
Will be an age of torture. Come on then.

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.



SCENE I.

A wood.—Matilda is discovered seated on a grotesque seat by a wide spreading tree, with a book, reading. Eliza, pensive and sad, seems contemplating on a meandering stream that is seen gliding through the forest.

Matilda.

What boldness of expression, strength of thought,
Vivacity, and wit, is there contain'd
In these few pages : he certainly is
An admirable author. What say you?

Eliza.

Nay, ask me not, Matilda, for you know
Full well my thoughts are differently employ'd
Than in ———

Matilda.

Indifferently employ'd you mean, Liz ;
But come now do attend a moment.

Eliza.

No.

I will return : perhaps ev'n now the tears
Want drying from a father's eyes.

Matilda, (in a careless manner.)

Perhaps.

Eliza.

Still with so much indifference, Matilda.

Matilda, (reading.)

I know not what I said !—where was I ?—Liz ?

(Reads.)

Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,
If folly grow romantic I must paint it.
Come then ———

But soft, where are you going ?

Eliza.

Home.

Matilda.

Well, Liz,

As you please : I can finish the poem
In going, so come along ; but hold, first,
What wrapt-up staggering counterfeits are those
This way advancing.

Eliza.

By their appearance

They seem travellers.

Matilda.

Travellers mask'd, no, no.

Eliza.

Let's on, nor seem to note them.

[going.]

As they are going off they are met by Mortlake and Woodville, wrapped in great coats and half masked.

Woodville.

Hold ladies,

This way ye pass not.

Matilda.

Are you sure of that.

Mortlake.

Reply not, nor resist, 'twill be in vain,
You go with us.

[Going up to Eliza, is prevented by Matilda.]

Matilda.

Come, come, keep your distance.

Woodville, (presenting his pistol.)

Silence, I charge you.

Matilda.

Ay, fire if you dare, now.

Eliza.

Help,

Help, O, heav'n! *[Faints in Matilda's arms.]*

Woodville, (to Mortlake.)

Now's your time, bear her off.

Enter Frederic, dressed as an officer of the volunteers.

Frederic.

Hold, villains, cowards, hold!

Mortlake, (turning round.)

Ha, villains, sir?

Woodville, (stepping up to him.)

Cowards, cowards?

Frederic.

Yes, vile blusterer,

I said it,—Coward! would thou kill a woman?

[Seizes Woodville by the collar and throws him down.]

And now, sir, for you. *[Stepping up to Mortlake.]*

[Woodville rises and runs off.]

Mortlake, (with remorse.)

Yes, I *am* a villain.

Matilda.

And your friend, to prove himself no coward,
Has made a precipitate retreat.

Eliza, (recovering.)

Oh!

Where am I?

[Frederic goes and supports her in his arms.]

Mortlake.

Look well to the lady.

Eliza.

Take me to my father,

For I am very faint.

Frederic.

I will conduct

And give you to his arms.

Mortlake.

Hold! first inflict

On me the punishment my guilt deserves.

[Presents his pistol to Frederic.]

Now then 'tis loaded ; here, discharge it here.
'Twill be but justice, and spare me the crime.

Matilda.

Rather a singular fellow this, Liz,
I should like to see what he's like. Pray, sir,
Will you oblige me with a sight of your face ?

Eliza.

Forbear, Matilda ; let us go.

Matilda.

Yes, Liz ;

But I should like much to have a peep first
At the form of this same mask'd battery,
So near op'ning his cannonade upon us.
Pray do let me see you, Captain Ambush ?

Mortlake.

Like a poor condemn'd criminal, whose guilt
Is read in deep-mark'd characters upon
A blushing countenance.—Behold.—

Matilda.

Oh, lud,

You must look very droll ; do now unmask.

Mortlake, (after a pause.)

It shall be so ;—I'll satisfy you straight :
Off, off, ye base disguises.

[Throws off his coat and mask.]

Matilda.

O ! now then

For a sight of his——Lordship, I declare.

Eliza.

Heaven! Lord Mortlake!

[Exit, followed by Matilda.

Mortlake.

Yes that miscreant.

Frederic.

I hear your title, sir, and find you're known;
Those looks confirm your sorrow for the fault
You have committed. There is your pistol,
Take it, and, if ever more you use it,
Let it be for purposes more noble.

[Exit.

Mortlake.

Is this a fancied picture I have seen,
Or in reality what it appears to be?

[Looks on the pistol.

Ha! tell me, thou little fatal mischief,
How thou cam'st here!—Wert thou giv'n
To wake me into recollection of my crime?
Or, as a sovereign remedy, to hush
The tumults of my thought-distracted breast?
Thou answerest not, but surely I have guess'd
Thy purpose; haste and execute thy office;
For, O, I long to rest:—to rest for ever.—
But hold, there's yet another world!
Ha! Should I rest there?—Impossible!
There can be no pillow in eternity
For the self-murderer to repose on.

Say, who's there?

Enter Woodville.

Woodville.

'Tis I, Charles.

Mortlake.

And who art thou?

Woodville.

Woodville, your friend.

Mortlake.

Oh, I recollect,

Henry Woodville. Pray where is your pistol?

Woodville.

I know not, that curs'd red-coated fellow
Snatched it from my grasp, and threw me down. I
Thought, Charles, you'd have blown his brains
out.

Mortlake, (looking for it.)

'Tis here.

Woodville.

Ay, so it is!—Oh, what a pity, Charles,
That they were loaded to so little purpose.

Mortlake.

Of that we'll not complain, for still we may
Use them, and prove their dread importance.

Woodville, (confused.)

I begin to wish I had not return'd.

[*Aside.*

Mortlake, (measuring paces.)

One, two, three, four, five, six, how far distant
Would you like to stand, sir?

Woodville.

I,—I,—Who,—I?

Mortlake.

Yes, sir, you. You loaded them for a mean
A despicable purpose, I'll discharge them
For one more just and honourable:
To chastise villainy. Come, sir, take your place.

Woodville.

Surely your lord-ship's—jest-i-ng.

Mortlake, (in a peremptory manner.)

Take your fire,

Or I'll take mine.

Woodville.

Nay, by our friendship! —

Mortlake.

Friendship, prophaner; hast thou been my friend?

Woodville.

I hope so.

Mortlake.

I'll undeceive thee ;—answer me this:
Who was't corrupted my unguarded youth?
Who plung'd me in the vortex of excess,
And made the brothel and the gaming-house
My dearest home?—Who first beguil'd me
To the wild herd of drunkards, debauchees,

And to that execrable shameless crew,
 Whose cruel eyes are gratified to see
 Their fellow-creatures butcher one another?
 Ha, say who but thy curs'd self!—and yet,
 With most unblushing impudent audacity,
 Thou dar'st to think and call thyself my friend.

Woodville.

Well, sir, permit me to depart.

Mortlake.

First, sir, confess,
 Was not the story thou told'st, concerning
 The fair Eliza, an invented falsehood?

Woodville.

Alas, I was intoxicated, sir,
 And knew not what I said.

Mortlake, (aloud.)

Was it not, base ——

Woodville.

I now remember, sir, 'twas Edward and
 Matilda I saw together.

Mortlake.

Shame, shame,
 On thy black perfidy; hence and leave me;
 And, if thou lov'st thyself, dare no more obtrude
 On my society: mean dastard wretch, avaunt.

[Exit Woodville.]

Mortlake, (solus.)

And thou, Eliza,

Thou lovely, wrong'd, insulted, innocence,
 What reparation can extenuate
 My black offences? None, none! Yet, hold,
 There still is one way left to palliate
 My guilt and gain forgiveness e'en of thee.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II

Howell's Cottage.

Enter Howell and Frederic.

Howell.

Generous youth, accept the grateful thanks
 Of one, who, while indulgent heav'n will grant
 The use of faculties, will bless thy name.

Frederic.

Believe me, sir, it ever yet has been
 My greatest pride to render man a service,
 And, by heaven, the fellow-creatures' thanks
 Whom I have serv'd in danger or in need
 Are dearer far than would a nation's shouts,
 Whose armies I had led through seas of blood,
 To ravage empires and destroy mankind.

Howell.

Thy sentiments are noble: happy the land

Where virtues like to thine are cultur'd, sir ;
 Happy the father of a son like thee :
 But say, what means that sigh?—and why that
 tear ?

Frederic.

Alas, they rise, sir, from recollection
 Of a long lost, dear, ill-fated, father.

Howell.

Is he then dead ?

Frederic.

Yes, sir, twelve fleeting years
 Have now elaps'd since in the whelming storm
 My nearest kindred perish'd ; 'twas at sea,
 One awful night, when the tempestuous surge
 Dash'd a poor vessel on the western rocks,
 Where, oh dire anguish, an unhappy sire,
 With two lov'd sisters, fell a hapless prey
 To the remorseless waves.

Howell.

Merciful heav'n,

What is thy name ?

Frederic.

Frederic Howell,

My country Wales.

Howell.

God ! I have liv'd enough !

Let me but clasp him once more to my breast,
 And I shall die content.

Frederic.

Astonishment !

Howell.

Nay, hold not off; for, lo, a parent's arms
Are open'd to embrace a long-lost child.

Frederic.

Mysterious pow'rs ! it is—it is my father.

[*Falls into his arms*

But oh inform me, sir, by what strange chance
Your lives were all preserv'd?

Howell.

Not chance, 'twas the hand
Of heav'n that sav'd us from a wat'ry death;
The wond'rous story thou shalt hear at large
Some future period ; but say, my son,
By what strange providence *thy* life was sav'd
And where so long unknown thou hast resided?

Frederic.

When from your side
The rock-proof breakers fiercely wash'd,
And on their mountainous and curled heads
Bore and consign'd me to the rude embrace
Of an impetuous sea; in that dread moment
Nought can I remember but that 'gainst a rock
With violence extreme the frantic billows
Dash'd me, and, when my faculties return'd,
I found myself extended on a crag,
And lash'd each moment by the furious waves,

Which there had toss'd me ; through the storm-
 clad night,
 Upon a jutting eminence I sat,
 Lamenting my sad fate : when morn appear'd
 My eyes delighted saw a passing ship ;
 Instant I rose and waving in the air
 My handkerchief, which they perceiving, check'd
 The progress of their vessel, and relieved me :
 With them I sail'd, beneath a prosp'rous gale,
 And shortly after heard, alas ! the news,
 That all had perished in the fatal ship
 Wherein we had embark'd.

Howell.

Poor youth,

What didst thou then ?

Frederic.

Soon again set sail
 To prove the bounty of indulgent heav'n
 In foreign climes ! For the western wave
 Was bound our vessel ; Kingston was our port.
 One sultry day, as there we rode at anchor,
 I stroll'd to view the rich plantations,
 And saw a slave in one of them laid prostrate
 Beneath the lash : with tears I pray'd the tyrant
 To spare the unfortunate. Enrag'd at this
 And my intrusion he discharg'd,—base coward,
 A blow, which struck me in the face while kneeling.

Stung to the quick with th'approbrious wrong,
 I rose indignant, and with one hand seized
 Fast by the throat the pale-fac'd savage White,
 (I scorn to call a tyrant countryman,)
 And with the other struck him to the earth.

Howell.

And what the consequence ?

Frederic.

Such conduct
 Reach'd speedily the master's ears, before whom
 I was dragg'd; with troubled earnest gaze
 He view'd and eager question'd who I was.
 I answer'd, briefly telling him my name
 And strange vicissitudes; but scarce had ended
 The artless story, when he with warmth
 Sprang up and clasp'd me to his throbbing breast;
 Judge my surprise, sir, when in him I found
 A long unheard-of uncle !

Howell.

My brother !

Frederic.

The very man,
 Whom your relentless father, for a word
 Which passion threw from his unguarded lips,
 Thrust from his doors at midnight.

Howell.

Lives he still ?

Frederic.

Not in this world of sorrow, but a better!

Howell.

He was the fond companion of my youth,
My dearest favourite, my bosom friend ;
Oft has remembrance fill'd mine eyes with tears
On recollecting the unhappy cause
Which drove him forth from family and friends,
A wandering exile, never to return.

Frederic.

His life's sad story shall be told at leisure ;
Year after year through foreign climes he roam'd,
The sport of fortune and the dupe of knaves :
At length heav'n crown'd his efforts with success,
Till his expanding greatness far outgrew
The richest of the isle.

Howell.

And how did he receive thee when he found
Thou wert his brother's child.

Frederic.

Like a *father.*

A generous *benefactor!* father! *friend!*
Till death he lov'd me, then! left me all
His servants, ships,
Plantation, property, and produce, all
Were to your son bequeath'd. But still a wish,
A sacred wish, into my bosom sprang,
To see my native country once again ;

So, leaving my possession to the care
 Of an old trusty steward, I embark'd,
 And in a trading-vessel of my own,
 Some three months hence, arrived in happy Eng-
 land,
 England! the bounteous isle, whose heav'n-blest
 shores,
 Smiling with nature's fair luxuriance,
 Polish'd by elegance, enrich'd by commerce,
 Still boasts a race of brave and loyal men,
 Whose marts, tho' foreign malice, envious strife,
 That wide-extended commerce to restrain,
 Still proudly shews the produce of the world ;
 And whose brave sons, fast bound in freedom's
 cause,
 Teach proud ambition that less vain th'attempt
 To tear up by the roots
 Their chalky cliffs, than rob them of their birth-
 rights!
 And know my father in your long-lost son
 You see a Briton of that birth-right proud,
 Ready, should ere a bold presumptuous foe
 Dare to profane with his unhallow'd foot
 The sacred shores where first he drank of life,
 To force him back, or perish in the contest.

Howell.

My eyes o'erflow with gratitude to heav'n,
 Whose generous arm has to a father's breast

Restor'd a son, who proves his country's friend,
In days like these a gem in England's crown.
Come then, my son, and o'er our own lov'd hearth,
Discuss the wonderful events, escapes,
Which twelve long years of varied grief have
 caus'd.

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT. V.



SCENE I.

An apartment in Donold's house.

(Donold is discovered seated on a sofa.)

Donold.

To think that man should be more enamour'd
Of skin-deep beauty than of affluence ! poverty
Than splendour ! If I dinna wish
There wasn't a bonny face i' the kingdom !

Enter Sophia.

Sophia.

Oh, uncle, I have such news for you !

Donold.

I'll not hear't.

Sophia.

What has been amiss that you're so angry ?
I know not the cause of your displeasure, sir,

Donold.

Then I'll tell ye;
That perverse and impertinent scoondrel,

Your brother, has gane doon stairs without
Breaking his neck.

Sophia.

Alas ! what has he done ?

Donold.

Every thing that's bad ;

And all because
I was aboot makking a man of him
By marrying him
To my affluent neighbour, the Lady Buckletoo ;
But wad ye think that the shallow-brain'd rascal,
Ere he went, had the impudence to say :—
He preferr'd ane of the Howells,—
A damn'd hafe-starv'd set, not worth a baubee !

Sophia.

Indeed, uncle, you are much mistaken ;
I have just now receiv'd intelligence
Which convinces me of the contrary.

Donold.

Ay, lassie, how ?

Sophia.

Just now, as I was walking through the village,
I chanc'd to meet with Mr. Howell's servant,
The poor, old, houseless, widow, he reliev'd
From wretchedness and misery,
Who told me, sir, that, in an officer,
Belonging the volunteers, her master
Has discover'd a son.

Donold.

A son!

Sophia.

Yes, sir.

Who proves, she says, to be a gentleman
Of immense fortune!

Donold.

The deevil he is!

I wonder which way Ned went.

Sophia.

She said, sir,

That he possess'd plantations and estates
Innumerable in the Indies.

Donold.

What!

A merchant!

Sophia.

Has I dont know how many ships of his own.

Donold.

Let us look for Ned then!

Sophia.

She heard him say

He would make each of his sisters a present
Of twenty thousand pounds.

Donald, (calling out of the window.)

Ahoi! Ned! Ned!

Ring the bell! I mun after him; my hat;
Where the deevil did I leave it? Halloo! Ned!

Ned! Ned! Twenty thousand poons! Where can
This fellow be? Ned! (*Running about in confused
anxiety.*)

Enter servant.

Servant.

Did you call, sir?

Donold.

My hat! Where's Ned? Bring me my hat!
Bring Ned!

Servant.

Mr. Edward has gone out, sir.

Donold.

Where's he gane?

Sophia.

Oh! I see him crossing the green, uncle.

Donold.

Its all reet then; its all weel; fetch my hat.

[*Exit servant.*]

I see he maks for Maister Howell's; halloo!

Ned! Ned Donold! ahoi! Oh, the deevil!

When he should hear he's as deaf as a waggon-
horse!

Enter servant with a hat.

Servant.

Here, sir, here's your hat.

[*Exit.*]

Donold.

Vary weel; I'll follow him;

An if there be onny truth in what thi auld
Woman says we wull return guid friends.

Re-enter servant with a note.

Servant.

Mrs. Buckletoo's servant with a note,
And he says he must wait for an answer.

Donold.

Gang and tell him I winna give him ane;
And, if he's not satisfied, turn him oot.

[Exit Donold and servant.]

Sophia, (alone.)

Poor Edward! now, I hope, his cares are ended,
And that, with her he loves, he will be happy!
Enviab'le Matilda! ah! how unlike
The wretched sad Sophia,—doom'd to love
The youth, perhaps, she ne'er will see again.
But why should I repine?—The dawn of joy
Bursts frequent through the gloomy clouds of
grief,
And, unexpected, crowns the bosom's wish!

Enter maid.

Maid.

A gentleman inquires for Mr. Edward.

Sophia.

Is he young?

Maid.

Yes.

Sophia.

Handsome?

Maid.

Yes.

Sophia.

Shew him up.

[*Exit maid.*]

Heav'n, what ails me? I'm all in a flutter!

(*Maid shews in Frederic.*)

Frederic.

Amazement! Is't possible! Sure my eyes
Deceive me! Oh no, that heavenly smile
Informs me 'tis the object of my love!
Bewitching excellence! yet cruel maid!
Pardon the rudeness of my eager lips
In snatching thus these unexpected joys!

[*Kissing her hand.*]

Sophia.

It seems my being here, sir, was to you
Unknown?

Frederic.

Utterly so, or my anxious heart,
Swift as the herald of imperial Jove,
Had hasten'd me to kneel thus at your feet

And breathe the dictates of the purest love;
But tell me why so suddenly you left
The gay metropolis?

Sophia.

Commanded, sir,
To do so by an uncle, to whose care
I owe my education and support,
And in whose house at present I reside.

Frederic.

Heaven! is Mr. Donold your uncle?

Sophia.

He is.

Frederic.

And Edward is your brother?

Sophia.

Yes.

Frederic.

Thanks to my kind auspicious stars!
Can you inform me where they may be found?

Sophia.

At a cottage in the village, sir, which
Belongs to a person of the name of Howell.

Frederic.

What, my father's! better and better still!

Sophia.

Ha! father did you say?

Frederic.

Yes, I'm his son;

Chance guided me this day beneath his roof,
 Where soon I learnt my sister and a youth,
 Whose friends were wealthy, lov'd each other
 well,
 But that her poverty forbade their union ;
 On which I came that barrier to remove,—
 And heaven's repaid my generous intent
 By thus presenting to my ravish'd eyes
 The form of one which I shall ever love ;
 And if you still remember the kind vows,
 That to each other secretly we breath'd,
 If I yet boast possession of the heart
 Which late you gave me, O confirm it now
 By kindly giving me your hand for ever !

Sophia.

I'm no dissembler, sir ; there is my hand ;—
 A heart I have not now to give, since that
 You had before.

Frederic.

Transporting heavenly sounds ! O ! let us haste
 And add fresh raptures to our happy friends
 By making them partakers of our joy !

[*Exeunt*

Scene changes to Howell's cottage.

Eliza and Matilda.

Matilda.

Really, Liz, 'tis most unreasonable,

When such bright prospects now present themselves,

To be thus melancholy; surely you
 Feel not that rich luxuriant transport
 Which, in my breast, a brother's smile creates,
 Else you would ne'er take on thus piteously.

Eliza.

Think not, Matilda, that my bosom is
 So dead to sensibility as not to feel
 The happy period of your hopes;
 Believe me 'tis impossible for you
 To feel more truly so, or share a sister's rapture
 With more pure delight!

Matilda.

Then why these sighs, and why the starting tears
 Which steal involuntary down your cheek?
 Sure you cannot, Lizzy, confess
 That, in the hour of boasted happiness,
 They have a very awkward appearance.

Eliza.

It is ungenerous thus to probe the wound!

Matilda.

Upon my life thine's a melancholy ditty!

Eliza.

Don't you approve it?

Matilda.

No, if it were in a play I should hiss it
 For its dullness: to be sure

It suits such as you who sing it in character;
 But I've nothing to do with a hopeless
 Passion, nor am I likely to have, for
 See where the council of Hymen are settling
 The preliminaries of my marriage!

Eliza.

How you run on.

Matilda.

My tongue has lately been very idle,
 And I'm afraid, unless well exercised
 By these little private rehearsals,
 'Twill be deficient in point of discipline
 When it comes to be formally attack'd
 By the headstrong arguments of a husband,
 When I am call'd on to act the part of a wife,
 Being my first appearance in that character!
 But here comes my father and Lord Mortlake.

Eliza.

Hah!

Lord Mortlake, say you! let us then withdraw;
 For him of all mankind I would avoid. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Howell, followed by Mortlake.

Mortlake.

Believe me, sir, no motives could induce
 Me thus to interrupt you by intrusion
 But a just sense of the injustice done
 Your amiable daughter, and the love

Which, notwithstanding my base conduct, still
 For her I feel, whose converse oftentimes
 With you I shar'd, sir, in this tranquil cot.

Howell.

Yes, my lord, I well remember it, and
 Remember too with what feign'd tales of love
 You wrought upon her simple heart,—won it
 With honey'd vows, triumph'd in its conquest,
 And then deserted it!

Mortlake.

Oh, I own it!

Deserted all my soul on earth held dear!
 Deserted innocence and spotless truth,
 Unsullied virtues and refulgent worth,
 To mix with
 Wretches who look with scorn on humble merit,
 And think themselves superior beings,
 Because deck'd round with baubles, who despise
 The voice of reason, nor attend to aught
 But flattery, slander, envy, and deceit!

Howell.

Thou hast prov'd them?

Mortlake.

Yes, and hate myself

For purchasing such vile experience
 So dearly.—But from hence I trust
 No mean ignoble action shall disgrace
 With any stain my future character;

A humble suppliant for your forgiveness,
 Let me receive it; then fly,
 And, at your daughter's feet, expunge my crimes
 By asking her to share my heart and fortune,—
 To pity and to pardon, save and bless me!

Howell.

Young lord, thy condescension I admire,
 Applaud thy candid openness of heart,
 And grieve to think that such a noble spirit
 Should e'er have fallen a sacrifice to vice
 On which so many split. In token of
 Returning confidence there is my hand,—
 With it receive my friendship and forgiveness
 In earnest of my child's!

Mortlake.

O then let me haste
 And, with love's importunity implore
 Her kind consent.

Howell.

I'll conduct you to her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Donold, Frederic, Edward, and Sophia.

Donold.

Nae, by the Lord, the maist successful voyage
 I ever made never afforded me
 Sae meikle happiness as this has dune.
 Ha! ha! to think that by strange accident

Ye sud run yer heeds again ane another
 In syke a damn'd queer manner as ye have!
 Weel, we mun all confess this whirligig
 Life of ours taks some deevelish strange turns.
 But come, Maister Howell, gie's yer hand;
 Soph, my bonny lass, let's hae hauld of yours:
[Joins their hands.]

There ye baith are amaist as fast as the
 Parson can make ye! May ye be happy!
 And recollect every skirrie of mine,
 At my decease, belongs to you and Ned.

Frederic.

Bless'd with this inestimable treasure
 I ask no other, sir; for fortune has
 Already shower'd her plenteous favours on me.

Donold.

Gin now yer sister and this wealthy laird
 Tak it in their heeds to come together,
 We sall hae three o' the happiest weddings
 That ever clergy sanction'd! What say, Ned?

Edward.

If I may judge, sir, of their happiness
 By my own —but see, Mr. Howell comes.

Enters Howell.

Donold.

Well, neighbour, is there onny likeliheid
 Of this strange business terminating

In an amicable way?

Howell.

Yes, thank heaven!

For to each other they are reconcil'd,
And the next smiling sun beholds them one.

Miss Donold, are you there?

Donold.

Ay, in gude truth is she;

But here's a gentleman whae seems to think
She'll mak a better Howell than a Donold,
Sae, wi yer leave, he'll try the experiment.

Howell.

But is this possible?

Donold.

Mon, they're auld acquaintance; but see where
comes——

Enter Mortlake and Eliza, hand in hand.

Mortlake, (going up to Frederic.)

Howell, my friend! my brother! give me joy!

Frederic.

I do, sir, most sincerely.

Donold.

And yer lordship

May return the compliment if ye please,
For he's as near shakking hands wi' the parson
As ye are yersel.

Mortlake.

Then I return it,

And may his happiness be great as mine,

Howell.

Come, let us all go and dedicate the few
Remaining hours of this important day
To social harmony and friendly mirth.

THE
EARL OF DEVON;
OR,
THE PATRIOTS.

SKETCH OF A TRAGEDY.

AFTER perusing the following drama the Editor wrote his sentiments on a spare leaf of the copy when sent back to the Author :

“ This is a bold rude sketch, more promising than the other ; and, judging by the rapidly-improving powers of the Author, he may soon make good those promises with due application on his part.

To several of the most striking lines, passages, or scenes, are pencilled a few remarks for future observation.

The story is dramatic, but it admits of a much greater degree of interest, dignity, and passion, all of which may be supplied with a little care ; at present there are great inequalities in the writing,—fine thoughts, beautiful images, and powerful impressions, mixed with feeble ones ;—many parts might be pronounced excellent but for this. The measure is often broken, though not so frequently as in the *Libertines*. There is no punctuation throughout ;—but, when we are more together, all these loppings, toppings, and engraftings, may be given with good effect.—Go on and prosper !”

THE Historical part of this Tragedy is founded on the memorable fact of the Danes being defeated by the Earl of Devon, at the castle of Kinwith, near the river Tau, and their celebrated standard taken,—at the time when Alfred, supposed dead, resided in the little island of Athelney.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

REDWALD, *Earl of Devon.*

SIGEBERT, *his Brother.*

OSWALD, *his Son.*

OSMOND, *Son of a neighbouring Earl.*

CERDOC, *Sigebert's Friend.*

ALBERT, *Son of a deceased Nobleman.*

ALSTAN, EDRIC, *Officers.*

RUDGAR, *Warden.*

Danish Chief Officers, &c. &c.

WOMEN.

ETHELLINA, *Albert's Sister.*

ERILDA, *an Orphan.*

ALVINA, *Ethellina's Maid.*

SCENE *lies in Devonshire.*

EARL OF DEVON,

&c. &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An open place within the walls.

Enter Sigebert.

Sigebert.

WHEN climbing up to reach ambition's height
What matters how we gain the lofty summit?
The martial hero, in the field of war,
When some grand post's obtain'd, heeds not the
 means
By which 'twas won,—whether by force or fraud,
Or bought with blood, to him it matters not!
Secure, with conquest resting on his plume,
On slaughter'd thousands he can smiling look,
And stalk regardless o'er the limbs of those
Whose valour dress'd him in the robes of triumph!

And, if the soldier is not deem'd unjust,
 Whose path to glory's mark'd with crimson
 steps,
 Why, then, should I, who, by far gentler means,
 Have gain'd the utmost point of my desires?
 Where safely lodg'd, beyond suspicion's reach,
 I can enjoy the harvest of my toils;
 Lord of these soaring towers and wide domains,
 Great Devon's earl, and chief of mighty
 hosts,
 I now can freely act beyond controul,
 And give the firey coursers of my mind,
 Which have been curb'd too long, the reins they
 wish!
 What though the Dane, to interrupt my joys,
 Unship his hordes and hem my castle round,
 Yet at the danger my gay soul shall smile,
 Revel in joys, and, 'mid the din of arms,
 Teach stubborn virtue to dissolve in love!

Enter Cerdoc.

Well, Cerdoc, has intelligence arriv'd?

Cerdoc.

Not yet, my lord, but soon you may expect
 Tidings of cheering comfort, for the Dane
 Once more is beaten.

Sigebert.

Say from what channel

Flows thy information?

Cerdoc.

Long from the turrets of the northern tow'r
 I stretch'd mine eye across the distant plains
 To mark the progress of your troops in this
 Important sally unobserv'd; I saw
 The summit of the pine-clad hills was gain'd,
 From hence due north, down whose extended
 sides,
 In close connected columns straight they march'd,
 And, under cover of the fronting wood,
 Came, unperceiv'd, upon the enemy's camp,
 Where wild confusion, uproar, and dismay,
 Immediate reign'd! I saw the Danish troops
 Retreat precipitate, while, clad in steel,
 On which the sun, retiring, faintly gleam'd,
 Your host appear'd advancing in pursuit
 With all the ardour of enthusiasm!

Sigebert.

Thanks to the gallant youth who bravely leads
 The conquering heroes forth! By heaven!
 'Twill not be difficult with such spirits
 E'en now to triumph o'er the haughty foe,
 Relieve our country from inglorious chains,
 And give her freedom! What says my Cerdoc!

Cerdoc.

My thoughts, sir, are less sanguine;
 I fear we cannot long maintain

A prosp'rous war 'gainst such unequal pow'rs.
 Already prostrate bows the groaning isle,
 And owns them for its lords; around our shores
 Their troop-cram'd vessels crowd, and, on the
 beach,
 Daily pour forth their fierce rapacious swarms,
 To quaff the comforts of a hapless people,
 Who, sunk too low to rise again in arms,
 Can only hurl them back a secret curse!
 The country sunk to this, I fear, alas!
 Our triumphs soon must cease.

Sigebert.

Why, be it so,
 It matters not; but while we live we triumph,—
 Rejoice in having spun out to the last
 The thread of liberty, and, when worn out
 With war and toils, a choice and faithful band,
 Resolv'd to perish in our country's cause,
 We'll grasp our well-tried swords, and on the foe
 Victorious rush, and, when each
 Has sacrific'd a Dane, exulting, die!

Cerdoc.

But fear you not, that, when the soldier's tir'd
 With desperate efforts,
 They'll sooner trust to Danish clemency
 Than, self-devoted, rush on nobler death!

Sigebert.

Let him fear that who doubts his soldiers' love.

Think'st thou the men, who taught within these
 walls,
 For twice five years, the honouring toils of war,
 Who taught to prize their freedom more than
 life,
 Would basely, to avoid a glorious death,
 Desert their lord, and at a robber's feet
 Prostrate themselves to beg the name of slave?
 If thus thou think'st thou little know'st their
 hearts,—
 Faithful and brave, each on his native shore
 Will live with freedom, or with freedom die!

Enter Rudgar.

Rudgar brings news.

Rudgar.

The Dane is vanquish'd:
 Albert has just arriv'd, by Oswald sent,
 With the glad tidings of this day's success.

[Exit.

[A flourish of martial music.

Enter Albert.

Albert.

Joy to Earl Sigebert!

Sigebert.

Welcome, brave friend,
 Thou ever was the messenger of joy,

And in thy countenance e'en now I read
That we are conquerors !

Albert.

We are, my lord ;
For on our plains full twice five hundred Danes
Lie cold in death ; and on the foaming sea,
Which boils with fury and destructive wrath,
Those who escap'd our swords now dreadful ride.

Sigebert.

And may the angry winds, with ceaseless rage,
Rouse with tempestuous gusts its briny waves,
Plunge their proud barks deep in its secret bed,
And rock each soldier to his final sleep !
But say, is Oswald safe ?

Albert.

Haply without a scar ;
Although with frenzied bravery he fought
When a whole host of foes had clos'd me round ;
Spurning the danger, with a chosen few,
He rush'd through countless ranks to my relief,
And rescued me from death ! then grasping fast
The British standard, which I strove to guard,
His falchion streaming with the blood of Danes,
Onward he rush'd, like some consuming fire,
Destroying all it met ! nor halted once
Till in the centre of their hostile camp
He fixed it firm, e'en in the boasted spot
Where their imperious raven proudly soar'd !

Sigebert.

Heroic youth ! sure heav'n itself decreed
That he alone should be the scourge of Den-
mark !

How many soldiers, numb'ring thrice his years,
Have nobly strove, with bold determin'd zeal,
To stem the fatal flood, whose rapid waves
Break 'gainst the base of English liberty,
And wear away the ground-work of her states;
But yet, alas ! how fruitless their attempts,
The king, the statesman, and the warlike lord,
Alike have perish'd in the common ruin !

Albert.

Yet you, my lord, amid the general wreck
Of sinking empires and expiring state,
Can stand securely, and alone preserve
The godlike charter of the brave and free.

Sigebert.

The truly brave will still preserve their right,
For freedom's throne is on the crest of valour ;
And, while my gallant friends espouse her cause,
Exulting, from these battlements I'll view
The Danish spoilers circled round my walls,
And, like an Atlas at the fiercest blasts
Of warring tempests, with indignant scorn
Frown stern defiance !
But, ah, my friend, on this important day
How many a fallen hero must I mourn ?

Albert.

Small is our loss :

We came so suddenly upon the foe,
 And pour'd upon them with such headlong rage,
 As bore them, like a rushing torrent, down
 With havoc and dismay: the earth drank deep
 Of Danish gore, and vengeance, terrible,
 Pursued them, wading in the reeking stream,
 Ev'n to the ocean's verge, whose restless waves
 Broke in hoarse murmurs 'gainst the western rocks;
 There, anchor'd close to land, their vessels lay,
 Which ere one half had gain'd, our gallant few
 On the remainder resolutely press'd,
 And plung'd them headlong in the foaming flood.

Sigebert.

There let 'em lie to fat the famish'd sharks!
 And such for ever be the fate of those
 Who tread, with daring step, our English shores!
 And now my friends, ere the brave troops return,
 Haste and give orders for the rich repast;
 Hang ev'ry trophy in the spacious hall,
 And circle them with laurels! For their brows
 Prepare the deathless olive's twisted wreath,
 And let the ev'ning of this glorious day
 Be crown'd with pleasure and heart-cheering joy.

[*Exeunt Albert and Cerdoc.*

Sigebert, solus.

Yes, Fortune! 'tis the coward thou disdain'st,

But crown'st the efforts of the fearless soul
 With bright success! Let whining moralists
 Rail on, and shake the trembling soul with dread
 Of future punishment; I heed them not,
 And meet all punishment but Fortune's frown.
 O then, my Goddess, whom I long have worship'd,
 Smile on thy votary, nor let the groans
 Of an imprison'd brother, on whose rights
 My daring hand hath seiz'd, tend to withdraw
 Thy cheering influence from me, but with hope
 Illume my breast, and on my steps attend,
 I fear no foe while thou remain'st my friend.

*[As he is going out his attention is arrested by a loud
 flourish of trumpets, &c. when enter Oswald,
 Alstan, Edric, and soldiers.]*

Sigebert, (to Oswald.)

Welcome, brave youth, thrice welcome to my
 arms:

Alstan, Edric, gallant friends, and soldiers,
 My gladden'd bosom burns with brightest joy
 To see you safe return'd, yet grieves to think
 It only can repay with beggar thanks,
 The vast vast debt your conquering valour claims.

Oswald.

The voice of gratitude, from those we serve,
 Should be receiv'd and valued more than gold.
 When lofty pow'r, from its emblazon'd throne,
 On worthy merit show'rs its treasures down,

Still without gratitude the gifts are poor;
 And the proud monarch, master of a world,
 Who binds round valour's brow the choicest
 wreaths,
 Shines with less lustre than the humble prince
 Whose only recompense for worthy deeds
 Is gen'rous gratitude!

Sigebert.

Thou art a hero, and full well I know
 Thy noble soul disdains the venal view
 Of honours or rewards: yet know, my friend,
 Should England once more re-assert her rights,
 And gracious heav'n with freedom bless her
 shores,
 Honours illustrious shall await thy brow,
 And far-resounding and rewarding fame,
 Shall bid thy valour live to grace the page,
 When trophied tombs and tyrants sink in dust.

Oswald.

By heav'n! would England's sons but act like
 men,
 Resolv'd and firm in freedom's sacred cause,
 Sink party-spirit, and to guard their rights,
 Link breast to breast, our foes as soon might
 turn
 Up by the very roots our whiten'd cliffs,
 As rob us of an hour of liberty;
 But, oh shame, shame! far from the noble strife

Have they retir'd; deserted Alfred's side,
 Whose royal person, even now, perhaps
 Lies stretch'd on flint, and to the howling blast
 Breathes out his sorrow for his country's wrongs!

Sigebert.

In weak complaint let us not waste the hours
 Which claim the voice of joy; the noble few
 Who, on this glorious day, have safe returned,
 In exultation to these walls; shall teach
 E'en the pale coward to admire the brave;
 Curse his oppressive chains and fetter'd arm
 That did not strike with yours; for know, my
 friends,

This night we consecrate to festive mirth.
 Then, chieftains, haste, and to the spacious hall
 Conduct your warlike bands: soon will we follow,
 And with you share the exhilarating banquet.

[Exit Alstan, Edric, and soldiers.]

Yes, this night,
 The noble soldier shall survey, well pleas'd,
 Encircled laurels wait to shade his brow;
 Well pleas'd, shall count his scars, and ev'ry scar
 Shall have its share of honour! as for thee,
 Thy acts, heroic, justly shall descend
 To ages yet unborn. On yonder beach
 I'll raise a rocky pyramid, where Fame,
 Deep in a brazen scroll, shall grave these words,
 "To Oswald! guardian of his country's freedom!"

Oswald.

Rather inscribe it to the godlike few
 Who fought and perish'd in that sacred cause!
 Oswald disdains the partial acts of Fame,
 Who show'rs her honours on a single head,
 And leaves, unnotic'd, thousands she should
 crown

With everlasting laurels. Not a soldier
 But met his enemy with zeal as warm,
 And hurl'd his jav'lin with a rage as noble,
 On this day, as did Oswald. Perish then distinc-
 tion:

The humble peasant, who devotes his arm,
 His blood, his being, to the land that bore him,
 Deserves as green a chaplet round his brow
 As he whose veins are fill'd with royalty,

Sigebert.

Thy words are ever noble, as thy acts
 Are great and glorious, and would to heav'n
 I could requite thy services with aught
 Worthy such merit. Let me know thy wishes,
 That gratitude may crown them with success.

Oswald.

Thanks, dear my lord,
 Your kind solicitude transports my breast;
 And now, encouraged thus, I will make known
 The only recompense your soldier pants for.

Sigebert.

Whate'er thy claim thou shalt be satisfied.

Oswald.

Nay, trust me, sir,

'Twas not a thirst for title or renown
With which my breast was fir'd, a nobler cause
Urg'd me to rush amidst the rage of war,
Foremost to plunge into the arms of death.

Sigebert.

O Give it but a name, by heav'n 'tis thine.

Oswald.

The richest gift from noble Sigebert's hand
Would be a lovely maid, whose heart I hold,
And whose fair hand would make me blest for
ever.

Sigebert.

Ha! confusion! should it prove Erilda.— [*Aside.*
So then 'tis Oswald's mistress I must thank

[*To Oswald.*

For Oswald's victories! triumphant sex!
To what a demigod thou canst exalt
Thy vassal, man! cheer'd by a parting smile,
E'en in the fight, amidst expiring groans,
The lover can his tender thoughts pursue,
And, while resolved on havoc, sigh for beauty.
But say what captivating fair one rules,
With such unbounded power, the heart of
Oswald?

Oswald, (drawing out a portrait.)

Canst thou not name her? is there such another?

Come forth, then, thou lov'd semblance of the
fair

My soul adores, and let the wond'ring eye
Behold the image of great nature's pride,
And pause with admiration! here, my lord,
[Presents it.]

Here may'st thou see the object of my homage,
And own the worship just.

Sigebert, (looking on it.)

Damnation!

[Dashing it from him with rage.]

Oswald.

Ha!

[He takes it up and gazes on it in silence.]

Sigebert, (greatly confused.)

Dissembling fiends, instruct me how to act,
Strike out some dæmon project in my brain
To blast my rival's hope!—soft,—let me think :—
O mighty fate, crown but this great design
With bright success, and I will ask no more!
Hah, steep'd in thought, *[seeing Oswald.]*
The magnet's influence hath entranc'd him there,
Unmindful of my rage. Now, now, my tongue,
Act the dissembler well, so shalt thou rouse
him up

With friendly voice to credit the deceit.

[Advancing to him.]

Oswald! why dost thou rivet thus thine eyes

On that deluding form! hide it from sight,
And, oh, for ever hide it from remembrance.

Oswald.

Never, never! deep in this faithful breast
Hath fate engrav'd this image, and while beats
The pulse of life it shall be cherish'd there.

Sigebert, (with great concern.)

Alas, my friend, I find thy heart is caught.
Oswald, I pity thee.

Oswald.

What mystery lurks
Beneath these words, my lord?

Sigebert.

One which concerns
Thy hapless passion.

Oswald.

Disclose it.

Sigebert.

Erilda.—

Oswald.

Hah, what of her, my lord?

Sigebert.

Is thy sister!

Oswald.

Sister! amazement! sister didst thou say!

Sigebert.

She is thy sister.

Oswald.

Oh! retract the word,
It pierceth like an arrow through my brain.

Sigebert.

Thy sire,
Ere twenty summers he had gain'd, my friend,
Became enamour'd of a beauteous maid,
Of humble birth, but fam'd for matchless charms;
And, as his noble soul disdain'd to use
The villain's art, he led her to the altar;
The brave Leofric and myself alone
Were privy to their nuptials. The fond youth,
Dreading his father's wrath, conceal'd his marriage.

A grove, within whose covert stood a cot,
He chose for her abode; there, awhile,
They liv'd supremely happy; but, alas,
Far from the tranquil scene, war's horrid trump
Call'd him from love and joy's delightful bower,
Into the perils of the iron field.

A chosen band of ardent youths he led!
The foe press'd on, when, suddenly, up rode
A tear-wet messenger and hail'd him father!
E'en 'midst the dismal sounds and sights of death,
Joy sparkled in his eyes to hear the sound!
But image, if thou canst, how that rich bliss
Was chang'd to agonising throes of heart;
When the next moment told his wond'ring ear

His child was motherless ! told that the wife
 On whom he doated with a bridegroom's fondness
 Resign'd her breath ere in her anxious arms
 She clasp'd her babe.

Oswald.

Hapless, hapless, sire !
 I feel his anguish : but was that child
 This same Erilda ?

Sigebert.

No other, Oswald :
 The battle clos'd, I hasted with thy father
 To where the faded form of her he lov'd
 Repos'd in death ! Speechless with agony
 He gaz'd upon her, kiss'd her pallid checks,
 And dew'd her corse with tears ! The infant
 Was to the brave Leofric's care consign'd,
 With strict injunctions as his own to raise
 And to protect her. Faithful to the charge,
 E'en with a parent's eye he watch'd her steps,
 And mark'd her for his own ; but, when in fight
 He glorious fell, the trust devolv'd on me :
 And secret still as death had it remain'd
 But that my grief for thee, ill-fated youth,
 Has wrung it from my sympathizing heart.

Oswald.

Thy heart may feel, but mine will surely break :
 Its dream of bliss is o'er ! The martial fire
 That burnt within it now grows faint and dim :

Nature herself seems chang'd in one dire minute :
 No more the din of battle, nor the shouts
 Of conquering victors shall delight mine ear.

[*Exit.*]

Sigebert, (solus.)

Thus flies the stag, the arrow in his side.
 Such ever be the fate of him who stands
 'Twixt me and my desires. I have not soar'd
 With wing adventurous to this proud height,
 To let a stripling rob me of the joys
 Which fancy pictures to my daring soul.
 The fair Erilda must be mine, not Oswald's ;
 And surely this bold stratagem will crown
 With bright success my long-rejected vows,
 And give th'obdurate beauty to my arms.
 No longer Oswald with a lover's eye
 Will now regard the maid ; and, when she finds
 Herself deserted by the youth she loves,
 Perhaps *my* tale of love will then be heard.
 Be joyous then, my soul, prepare thyself
 For the proud conquest. I'll observe her close,
 And on the favourable moment seize,
 Then urge my suit ; and if, with fierce disdain
 She should refuse to yield to my desires,
 A way is open still to prove my power.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.



SCENE I.

Kenwith Wood; a tempest, with thunder and lightning. Ethellina is discovered advancing through the opening, gazing wildly on the storm.

Ethellina.

Hail, cheerless glooms! congenial horrors hail!
Welcome ye savage storms! I woo your rage!
Howl, tempests, howl! with wildest fury breathe
Your keen destructive blasts, that the swoln tears
Which scald my wearied eyes may be dry'd up!
Pause not, ye thunders; but with deafening peals
Stifle the bursting sighs which rend my breast,
And let the sad remembrance of their cause
Be drown'd amidst your bursts, nor reason haunt
The ruins of this desolated brain.

Alvina, (without.)

Alas, where can she be?

Ethellina.

Ha! discover'd!

What, has some busy meddler trac'd me here.
In vain I strive my secret grief to hide,

Suspicion lurks in the profoundest glooms,
To watch my steps and learn my cause of woe.

Alvina, (still without.)

Oh, shield me, heav'n!

Ethellina.

But soft, these mournful sounds
Seem tokens of distress : perhaps from some
Bewilder'd wretch on whom the elements
Have hurl'd their murd'ring bolts ! if so, ye fires,
Hold, hold, forbear ! Or, if your fury need
Avictim, here, against this wretched breast,
Discharge your glaring and horrific shafts !
Behold I bare it to your utmost rage :
Strike ; and, expiring, I will bless the flash !
But hark ! another and a nearer sigh
Pierces my list'ning and affrighted ear.
Some one approaches ! hah, in female garb !

[*Alvina is discovered advancing through the forest.*]

Nay then I guess her errand : 'tis to chide
Her cruel stars, and join with me to curse
Perfidious man ! Say, what is she who thus
Comes on with caution's step ?

Alvina.

One whose fears
Are ever for your safety.

Ethellina.

Amazement !

What, my Alvina!

Alvina.

Yes, your Alvina.

Oh why, my much-lov'd mistress, at this hour,
When festive mirth and vict'ry's cheering shouts
Make every breast exult, have you thus left
Your wond'ring friends, and, in these gloomy
shades,

'Midst dreadful storms delight unseen to roam?

Ethellina.

Because my heart, Alvina, knows no joy!
Mirth can delight no more, nor pleasure charm!
The sullen, sad, and unfrequented, grove,
Where midnight horrors brood in awful state,
Best suits my sombrous fancy; best reflects
The dark and dismal colour of my mind.

Alvina.

Say, dearest lady, what unhappy cause
Hath wrought within your breast this fatal change?
But late I mark'd you in the crowded hall,
Light as the roe, lead down the sprightly dance,
Or wake the chorded harp to songs of joy,
Diffusing smiles around.

Ethellina.

Alvina, hold!

Call not to mind the scenes of past delight,
For recollection sickens at their view.
The bankrupt beggar, who reflects on joys

Which once he tasted when with fortune blest,
 But doubly feels the weight of his distress :
 It matters not what thou hast seen me once,
 Thou now beholdst a wretch whom blank despair
 Hath mark'd its victim.

Alvina.

Would to kind heav'n you would unload your
 breast,
 And in this bosom lodge its fatal woes ;
 Gladly I'd bear them to the silent tomb,
 And pleas'd reflect, whilst on the grave's dread
 verge,
 I sav'd a life far dearer than my own.

Ethellina.

Kindness like thine merits the warmest thanks
 A grateful heart can breathe ; but mine, alas,
 Forgets each faithful object, and repays
 Pure friendship with neglect. There was a time
 When my Alvina's presence warm'd me more
 Than the bright sun the hills ; when ev'ry thought
 And the remotest wish she knew unasked ;
 But now 'twere vain to wound thy tender mind
 With the sad story of my hapless woes,
 My woes are such as friendship cannot lighten,
 Nor time, alas, can heal.

Alvina.

Oh think not so,

When sovereign time (which bounteous heaven
 ordain'd
 A balsam for the wounds of ruthless fate)
 Hath spread its potent virtues through the soul,
 And drawn the smarting thorns from memory,
 The breast again resumes its wonted peace,
 Partakes of joys, and quite forgets the pangs
 Which robb'd it of repose. Then droop not thus:
 A few short moons may burst the clouds of grief,
 Which darken thus your brow, and happiness
 Again make glad your heart.

Ethellina.

Never! never!

The bosom's murder'd bliss can ne'er return,
 Nor perish'd joys revive! The fated wretch
 Who down the precipice of guilt hath fall'n,
 And in destruction's briny wave is lost,
 Can walk no more the flow'ry paths of peace.

Alvina.

Why rolls your eye thus wildly o'er the friend
 Who loves you as a parent? Resume a smile,
 A cheerful smile; the hour of victory
 Claims it, your anxious friends expect you
 To grace the feast and mingle in the dance;
 The fair Erilda too, who loves you more
 Than with a sister's tenderness, laments
 Your absence, and with generous sorrow
 Weeps at the change which all too much observe.

Ethellina.

Rather say exults !

Alvina.

Exults ?

Ethellina.

Yes, proudly

Triumphs in sharing happiness and joys
Unjustly purchas'd at the price of mine !

Alvina.

Alas, heav'n knows no woman's bosom feels
Less happiness than hers.

Ethellina.

Ha, say'st thou so !

Alvina.

Listen attentively, and judge yourself
The truth of my assertion.

Ethellina.

Indeed ! Erilda too unhappy ! O, speak on
And give me comfort.

Alvina.

In the avenue

Which leads towards the arm'ry, ere yet the troops
Had left the castle's walls, I, unobserv'd,
Beheld her hanging on the arm of Oswald ;
The youthful victor clasp'd her to his breast,
And as they parted with wild rapture cried,
" I go to conquer, and to gain Erilda."
She wept ; and, as he vanish'd from her sight,

Reclin'd her head, and with a sigh exclaim'd,
 Heav'n guard my much-lov'd hero ! Then uprais'd
 A piteous look ; and, as the glitt'ring drops
 Stole down her pallid cheek, with broken voice
 Sobb'd out. " Ungen'rous cruel Sigebert,
 How doth thy guilty love afflict my soul."

Ethellina.

Did she say this?

Alvina.

She did ; and scarce had ended
 The last painful sentence, when at her feet
 The Earl, who was retiring to his closet,
 Enamour'd knelt in prostrate adoration ;
 Then, rising, with a lover's warmth essay'd
 To kiss away her tears.

Ethellina.

Did'st thou stab him?

Alvina.

Ethellina !

Ethellina.

Yes, did'st thou stab him ? Curse thy coward arm
 That did not snatch some instrument of death,
 And in mad fury plunge it to the heart
 Of the base wretch who rob'd me of my honour !
 Confusion !—torments !—I have betray'd myself.
 Distraction, frenzy, now seal up my lips,
 For they have been the traitors.

Alvina.

Amazement

Hath here transfix'd me to the solid earth ;
 Surely it was not Ethellina's voice
 That smote mine ear.

Ethellina.

Would to heav'n it were not !

Alvina.

And, dearest lady, did I hear aright ?

Ethellina.

Dissembling now were vain ; thou hast heard
 rightly,
 Heard all the fatal truth, and Ethellina,
 Whom thou hast nurtur'd from the cradled babe,
 E'en to this miserable hour of horror,
 Hath fall'n a victim to a villain's arts,
 That villain Sigebert : now, with just disdain
 And honest indignation, spurn me from thee,
 For I am sunk beneath compassion :—nay pause
 not.—

Rather upbraid me sternly with my guilt ;
 Tell me the honours of a noble house,
 Pure and unsullied, I have stain'd with shame ;
 Remind me of the promise which I made
 When kneeling by a pale expiring mother,
 To walk the paths of virtue ! Paint my crime
 In colours black as is profoundest hell ;
 Then leave me to the horrors of myself !

Alvina.

Ne'er will I plunge the dagger of reproach
 In sad misfortune's bosom.

Ethellina.

Gen'rous friend,
Thy pity charms me : but forbear to weep ;
Let not a tear be seen to dim thine eyes,
Lest my unhappy bosom too should catch
The coward softness, and instead of vengeance
Pale cheerless sorrow should possess my soul !

Alvina.

Oh rather let the tears of sweet repentance
Stream from your eyes at meek devotion's shrine,
Till folly, expiated, leave no sting
To wound the breast's repose.

Ethellina.

Away, away,
Nor reason thus with woman's indignation.
The burning drops which hurry down the cheek
Can ne'er wash out the stain, or soothe
A bosom charg'd with guilt ! they are useless all :
The tears that must atone for my lost fame
Shall be of blood !

Alvina.

Alas, what would you do ?

Ethellina.

Avenge my wrongs, and die !
Think'st thou that I, within a cloister's gloom,
Will pine away a lone desponding life !
On the cold marble drop contrition's tear ;
And, wrapt in sable penitential weeds,

At midnight wake to tell the moon my woes,
When he who 'caus'd them, laughing on his
couch,

His couch of luxury,—would it were of thorns,—
Triumphant, knows my ruin, and exults
To find my foolish heart an easy prey,—
Though the wretch swore that his was honour's
throne!

The very thought with madness fires my brain,
With strength Herculean nerves my woman's
arm,
Which now could plunge a dagger in his breast;
And, as he gasping died,—repeat the blow!

Alcina.

I pray be calm.

Ethellina.

Calm!—yes, as burning Ètna!
When to the clouds he hurls his reeking entrails,
And with wild frenzy spreads destruction round!
Think'st thou an injur'd woman's fury such
As to be staid at leisure? No:—the rage
And swelling passion brooding in my breast
Shall ne'er abate, 'till the red ireful bolt
Of desolating vengeance, just as fatal,
Shall blast the wretch who robb'd me of my
fame!

Alcina.

Yet, lady, summon reason to your aid.

Ethellina.

When from the angry north the tempest roars,
 And rides in horror on the fire-fraught clouds,
 Rocking, with hostile blasts, the trembling earth,
 Say, will cold reasoning check its wild career?
 Or quench the flash which glides athwart the
 heav'ns
 Charg'd with destruction?—No: it heeds thee
 not.

Alvina.

Rather leave
 His guilty soul to the corroding pang
 Of *conscience*, whose deep wounds will pierce
 Beyond a mortal arm; for, 'tis the arm
 Of heav'n itself!

Ethellina.

Weak maid! and wouldst thou have
 A miscreant live to practice farther ruin?
 To spread the snares of flatt'ry and deceit
 For other victims? Sooner let pale fear
 Snatch the red reeking dagger from revenge
 And drain life's streams, till justice, satisfied,
 Cries hold!—Didst thou but know what serpent-
 arts
 The traitor us'd,—what solemn vows he breath'd,
 E'en in the face of heav'n's recording cherubs,
 Thou would'st not tremble thus, but urge my soul
 To direst vengeance! By my bleeding wrongs,

It were but just to tear the traitor's heart
 From out his breast and shew it to the world,
 As a dread monument for faithless man
 To gaze and tremble at!
 But hark, methinks I hear the sound of steps
 This way advancing.

Alvina.

Let us then retire;
 For to be seen at such a time as this,
 And in so strange a place, might raise conjectures
 No ways propitious to a maiden's fame.

Ethellina.

Haste then, for they approach.

Alvina.

I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Here the stage becomes light, and the moon is visible.

Enter Devon and Osmond, disguised in monkish habits.

Osmond.

The angry storm hath spent its hostile rage,
 And murky clouds no longer now obscure
 The heav'ns!
 Night's silv'ry orb pursues her tranquil course
 With more than usual brightness, as tho' pleas'd
 To light the injur'd Devon to his home.

Devon.

Generous friend, how shall I speak my thanks,
Or how reward thee for this noble act?

Osmond.

An act like this, my lord, rewards itself.
In me let Devon's rightful Earl behold
A youth who gladly would atone the guilt
Of a revengeful sire, whose greatest pride
Shall be to place you in your just estate,
And serve you with his life and fortunes; but
I fear, alas, the wrongs you have receiv'd
From a remorseless father are too keen
E'er to permit you to esteem the son.

Devon.

Think not so harshly: Devon's soul disdains
To cherish an hereditary hate;
For, know, whoever boasts a virtuous heart,
Where honour holds her seat, is Devon's friend.
But haste thee to the castle, and inform
Its tyrant lord of his impending danger;
But mark me, let no ear, save Oswald's, learn
The tale of my arrival: as for Sigebert,
I would that you inform him of my death,
And, if the vague report within his breast
Wake sorrow and repentance for the wrongs
Which he has done me, and he seem to mourn
My sad imagin'd fate, why then, perchance,
He might obtain forgiveness; but, if not,

I'll cast him out an alien from my blood,
To be despis'd alike by man and heav'n!

Osmond.

I will about it.

But say, my lord, will you await me here?

Devon.

I will, my friend.

Osmond, (going to the side of the stage.)

What ho!

[To a servant.]

Bring round my charger, I will cross the wood,
As all its mazes are to me familiar.

Farewel, my lord, expect my quick return,
With all the information you can wish.

Devon.

Yet stay, I will attend thee to thy horse.

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.



SCENE I.

A spacious hall in the castle, of gothic architecture, the sides of which are decorated with banners, trophies, laurel, &c. the shields of the soldiers are hung up, with their spears placed against them.—Sigebert, Oswald, Cerdoc, captains, soldiers, &c. are discovered at a banquet; on one side of the stage, ranged in order, appear minstrels with their harps placed before them.

Sigebert, (rising with a goblet.)

Fill to the brim, and let the goblet's face
 Smile with the sparkling purple! drink, my friends;
 The health,—our country! ever may she prove
 The rock of freedom! and may her brave sons,
 To distant ages, emulate your zeal,
 And teach the proud invader it is DEATH
 To tread on ground sacred to liberty! [*All drink.*
 Now let the harp's enliv'ning strain be pour'd
 In joyful praise, and the glad trump proclaim,
 With loudest voice, the sound of victory!

ODE.

Air by the chief minstrel.

Strike, strike, the lyre
 With rapturous fire,
 And hail the godlike band
 Of freemen brave
 Who fought to save
 From tyrants' chains their native land!

CHORUS.

Songs of loud triumphant praise
 To the conquering heroes raise.

DUET.

Loudly let the clarion's strain
 Be mingled with the sound,
 That from her rocky cavern drear
 Echo the lofty theme may hear,
 And quickly tell
 From each deep cell
 That Albion's warlike sons again
 With victory are crown'd!

CHORUS, (*with a loud flourish of trumpets.*)

Loudly let the clarion's strain,
 With the harp's deep-swelling sound,
 Speak,—that Albion's sons again
 With victory are crown'd!

TRIO.

Those who on the fatal shore
 Lifeless lie 'mongst heaps of slain,
 Steep'd in streams of Danish gore,
 Now bless'd with forms divine,
 Well pleas'd shall listen to the strain
 Which freedom breathes at valour's shrine,
 And each, with deathless laurel crown'd,
 His heav'n-strung harp with joy shall sound,
 And wake in azure fields on high
 Immortal strains to liberty!

FULL CHORUS.

The hero who in battle slain,
 While his spirit soars on high,
 Well pleas'd shall listen to the strain
 Which hymns him to a kinder sky;
 There, with the meed of valour crown'd,
 His heav'n-strung harp with joy shall sound,
 And wake, in azure fields on high,
 Immortal strains to LIBERTY!

Enter Rudgar hastily.

Sigebert.

Ha! who dares abruptly thus intrude?

Rudgar.

Pardon, my lord, but at the northern gate
 E'en now a reeking courser entered swift;—
 His bleeding sides proclaim the rider's haste,
 Who speedily demands a private interview.

Sigebert.

From whence his mission?

Rudgar.

I question'd him from whence, but could not
learn;

Yet, *if* appearance tells, he comes from far,
For on his raven-locks hang clots of dust,
And his proud steed, bespread with frothy foam,
Bespeaks importance.

Sigebert.

Conduct him hither.

[*Exit Rudwald.*

Here Oswald rises from his seat and advances to the front of the stage, being unobserved by the earl, &c. who are anxiously looking for the entrance of the stranger.

Oswald.

Wretch that I am, why do I linger here
To gaze with anguish on the face of joy,
Just like some tortur'd soul 'mongst spirits blest?
Oh! rather let me seek some dreary spot,
Black as Cocytus, dismal as the grave,
There breathe my anguish to the howling blast,
And to my cheerless bosom clasp despair!

[*Exit.*

Enter Osmond.

Osmond.

Health to the guardians of their native land,
Who thus encircle the gay board of mirth
And hail the hour of freedom!

[Throwing off his cloak.

Sigebert.

Ha, Osmond!

Welcome, thrice welcome, my illustrious friend!
May thy enliv'ning presence heighten still
The warrior's triumph and renew his joy!

Osmond.

Alas, I come a messenger of woe!
The tidings which I bring will mar your feast,
And damp the soldiers' transports!

Sigebert.

Speak them brief.

Osmond.

I come to warn you of the foe's approach,
Who this way bends his march.

Sigebert.

What! the Dane?

Osmond.

Yes.

Albert.

Why scarce three hours are pass'd since from
our plains
We drove them with destruction to their ships.

Osmond.

But soon they disembark'd, and, being join'd
By troops, fresh landed on the Cornish coast,
They made a bold and desperate attempt
Against the walls of my ill-fated sire,
Who here despatch'd me, with his dying breath,
To give you timely notice of their march.

Sigebert, (advancing to Osmond.)

Rodman dying, said'st thou?

Osmond.

My lord, he's dead!

And Redwald is no longer prisoner.

[Whispering.]

Sigebert, (betraying great perturbation.)

Confusion!

Osmond.

O, guilt, how soon thou tremblest!

[Aside.]

Sigebert, (to the soldiers.)

Up and away! Arm, arm yourselves, my friends!
All ready for the field.—Say, where is Oswald?

[To Albert.]

Albert.

With downcast looks and agitated mien
E'en now he hasten'd hence.

Sigebert.

Albert, thou

Conduct the soldiers quickly to the court

That fronts the castle, there wait my orders.
Instant seek Oswald, bid him here attend.

[*To Cerdoc.*
[*Exit Cerdoc.*

Albert.

But why, my lord, this terror on your brow?
Should news like this dismay a soul resolv'd?

Sigebert.

Hence, begone! (*He pauses until they have all
retired, then questions Osmond with eager
impatience.*) Now, what of Redwald?

Osmond.

My lord, he now lies murder'd!

Sigebert, (exultingly.)

Murdered!

I breathe again! but say, my noble friend,
How was his death accomplished?

Osmond.

Soon as the daring foe surpris'd our castle,
My father, in the fulness of his rage,
Half-arm'd, and but by few attended,
Fierce and impetuous, sallied to attack
A desp'rate band, who, at the eastern gate,
Had forc'd their way, and, ere my arm could aid,
The venerable chief, alas! received
A fatal wound and fell! the foe was driv'n,
With loss immense, beyond their sheltering
walls,

And, foil'd on all sides, hastily withdrew,
 But, from the battlement, we saw their steps
 Bend towards these tow'rs; which the expiring
 chief

No sooner saw, than, beck'ning to his side,
 Just ere he breath'd his last, he faintly told
 The wond'rous story of your brother's fate,
 And drawing from beneath his robe a dagger,
 Feebly exclaim'd, "Take this, my son, and
 strike——"

But there death stopt his utterance!

Sigebert.

And did'st thou

Not obey him?

Osmond.

Yes, anxious to execute
 His dying wish I sought the dungeon, where,
 Stretch'd on the cold damp earth, your brother
 lay

In slumber steep'd, and, while he slept, my lord,
 The instrument I buried in his breast!

Sigebert.

Most generous Osmond!

Osmond.

Most ungenerous villain! [*Aside.*

Sigebert.

Come to my arms!

[*Embracing him with great warmth.*

Osmond.

Heav'n! where sleep thy thunders? [*Aside.*

Sigebert.

The blow thou gav'st him binds thee to me more
Than nature's closest ties! O! by yon heav'n,
Had he been freed, and to these walls return'd,
This arm had sacrific'd him!

Osmond.

Expiring,

With a look of pity he forgave me,
Implor'd of heav'n a blessing for his son,
And pardon for his brother's cruelties!
Oh! had you heard the last sad sigh he breath'd,
And seen him weltering in your kindred blood——

Sigebert.

Oh! with what vengeful and triumphant joy
Should I have mock'd the groan that clos'd his
being!

Osmond.

Yet say, my lord, what action horrible,
What baseness, thus could arm a brother's hand,
Could justify this death so.——

Sigebert.

Does Osmond

Now ask that question? sure thou must have
heard,

When on the banks of Severn, at the time
Our brave King Alfred triumph'd o'er his foes,

How he abus'd thy father and myself,
 For acting on that day with just precaution ?
 Thou canst not have forgotten it, my friend,
 For scarce an infant pratt'ling on the knee
 But lisps too plain the tale of our disgrace!

Osmond.

He struck you when retiring from the field ?

Sigebert.

In sight of all our troops, who stood like blocks,
 And saw the haughty victor plunge his blade
 Deep in the chest of either's foaming steed
 And basely dash us to the miry ground!
 Was not this cause for hatred ?

Osmond.

True ;

But yet 'tis said you love his son, my lord,
 Which moves my wonder much.

Sigebert.

His firm attachment in his country's cause,
 And glorious actions in the tented field,
 By which, amidst a land of fetter'd slaves,
 My freedom is preserv'd ; there's not a man
 'Mongst all the soldiers, which thou here be-
 heldst,

Will stir a foot without he lead them on,—
 But where he leads they follow with delight,
 Nor heed opposing dangers ! Thus, my Osmond,
 His valour solely for myself I prize ;

His fame with all his laurels I ne'er envy,
 Purchas'd with hazard and to fade in death.
 My cautious sire, who, scarce a month since died,
 Invested me with Devon's titled pow'r,
 Because I promis'd secretly to wed
 Ethellina, the daughter of his friend.
 To Oswald he bequeath'd his rich domains
 Left of the River Tau, and constituted
 Him the general of all his forces.

Osmond.

'Twas said that ere I enter'd he withdrew
 In grief of mind: know you the cause, my lord?

Sigebert.

Full well; and much I fear 'twill damp the flame
 Of martial ardour which within his breast
 But lately shone with such unrivall'd lustre;
 If so I dread the haughty Dane's approach,
 For 'tis in him alone that I confide.

Osmond.

Why doubt, my lord, the firmness of his zeal?
 Is there, amongst the ills of fortune, one
 So dire, to quench within the warrior's breast
 The fire of glory?

Sigebert.

Yes, Osmond, yes,
 One whose pervading influence in an hour
 Will make the soul, which erst for glory burn'd,
 The seat of cowardice and dark despair;

Whose ruthless hand will, from the laurel'd brow
 Of conquering majesty, rend ev'ry charm,
 And, where the brightest honours proudly shone,
 Stamp the reproachful marks of foul disgrace!

Osmond.

Name it, my lord?

Sigebert.

'Tis disappointed love!

Osmond.

Alas! and is the youthful hero, then,
 Destin'd to be its victim?

Sigebert.

Osmond, yes.

Osmond.

And who the object of this hopeless passion?

Sigebert.

Know'st thou not Leofric?

Osmond.

Right well, my lord.

Sigebert.

He has a beauteous daughter.

Osmond.

And does that haughty maid reject his love?

Sigebert.

Now list, my friend, and thou shalt learn a secret,
 One which no other ear must hear beside,
 For if disclos'd 'twere to my projects death;

But I may trust thee.

Osmond.

You had need, my lord.

Sigebert.

Know, then, that her father, in defence
 Of these storm'd walls, receiv'd his fatal wound,
 Fondly wish'd, ere yet the breath forsook him,
 To see his only child, who then, my Osmond,
 Had residence within a convent's walls :
 Anxious to gratify his last request,
 I sent a messenger with all despatch
 To lead her to his presence ; soon she came,
 But scarcely press'd the dying soldier's lip
 Ere he expir'd.— Oh, Osmond ! hadst thou seen her
 In that sad moment of distress and grief,
 Just like a dewy-rose, lovely in tears,
 And kneeling by a father's breathless corse,
 Thou would'st have thought some heav'nly form
 had left
 The realms above to mourn the hero's fate !

Osmond.

Indeed, my lord, so fair ?

Sigebert.

By heav'n, my friend !

Celestial beings, if such things there are,
 Can only equal her bewitching beauty !

Osmond.

But say, my lord, what follow'd ?

Sigebert.

O, my friend,

Imagine what my feelings must have been ;
 Ethellina, who, till that hour, I thought
 The loveliest of her sex, to her compar'd
 Appear'd but as an Ethiop in mine eyes ;
 With friendly voice I strove to soothe her grief,
 And as she lov'd not a monastic life,
 Assign'd her an apartment in the castle ;
 Gave her attendants, suiting to the rank
 Of proudest honour, thinking I should gain,
 By this, my heart's profoundest wish,—her love !
 But, when I thought my ev'ry wish complete,
 Thought that my kind attention, in her breast,
 Had wak'd an equal passion, Oswald came,
 To blast my hopes, and claim her for his bride.

Osmond.

Insulting thought; but how, in this extreme,
 'Twixt love and friendship, did you act, my
 lord.

Sigebert.

Hear, and applaud me; by a crafty tale,
 I stamp'd upon his mind a firm belief
 She was his sister;—yes, my friend, his sister.
 Persuaded him that she was Redwald's child,
 By a clandestine marriage, and consign'd,
 Whilst yet an infant, to Leofric's trust.

Osmond.

And could he think it true.?

Sigebert.

Had heaven

Roll'd the dread words in thunder on his ear,
They would not have been more credited, my

Osmond,

Nor can suspicion's scrutinising eye
Discover the bold falsehood;—for no friend,
Who can detect the forgery, remains
Of all her father's house. Thus am I safe;
For were report to blazon it aloud,
The tongues are silent that might cry 'tis false.

Enter Cerdoc.

Say, trusty Cerdoc, hast thou seen him.

Cerdoc.

Among the ruins of yon mould'ring tow'r,
West of the castle, with disorder'd looks,
And leaning in a pensive attitude
Against a broken fragment, I beheld him,
And hasted to the spot, which he observing
Rose suddenly and hurried from my sight.

[*Exit Cerdoc.*

Sigebert.

'Tis as I fear'd;—he is no more a hero;
And yet without his valour we are lost.

Osmond.

Might I advise you, sir, ere yet the foe
Approach these walls, the troops should be con-
ceal'd

In some defile, through which they must advance,
And, at a signal giv'n, rush from their place
Of ambush, charge upon the enemy,
And, on my life, a victory will ensue.

Sigebert.

A glorious thought: O, friend, that Oswald
knew it.

Osmond.

Mine be the task, my lord, to speed it to him.

Sigebert.

Haste, haste, good Osmond, haply those tidings
Will rouse the dormant hero in his soul,
And once more wake him to a sense of glory;—
Lose then no time: meanwhile I'll view the
troops,
And to our chieftains hint the bold design.

[*Exit Sigebert.*

Osmond, (solus.)

The deed is done; I've prob'd him to the heart,
And find it to the centre black with guilt,
And shut against repentance. Oh just heav'n!
To think that man, creation's masterpiece,
The pride of nature, and thy pictur'd self,
Should sink to this.—Oh dark disnatur'd villain!

Embrace the fancy'd butcher of a brother,
 And in the imaginary crime exult.—
 Nature starts back affrighted at the view,
 And shudders at the miscreant's guilt; but, hold,
 The injur'd son of a much injur'd sire,
 E'en now, perhaps, in speechless agony,
 Laments his fate and meditates destruction.
 Then let me hasten, and with friendly care
 Release the hero from the villain's snare,
 And snatch him from the brink of black des-
 pair.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the castle.

Erilda is discovered seated on a couch with her lute.

Erilda.

How many are the hapless orphan's cares,
 Her state how wretched, lone, unfriended;
 Without a guardian in a guilty world,
 Where hydra vice spreads her destructive snares,
 And, like a vulture hov'ring o'er the flocks
 Of pastur'd innocence, with murderous eye,
 Marks for destruction the defenceless victim.

[*Pause.*

To what an abject state am I reduc'd,
 Plac'd 'neath the roof of an insidious man,
 Whose friendship, like the treacherous mur-
 d'rer's,
 Is only shewn to compass his base plot
 In my dishonour. All righteous heav'n,
 Thou who supportest virtue, deign to guard
 A hapless orphan from the craft of guilt,
 And shield her from destruction.

[*Contemplating her lute.*

—————Ye lov'd chords,
 Which oft in sorrows hour have won my soul
 From troub'lous thoughts and touched it with
 delight,
 Say, can ye breathe a sound whose potent pow'r
 Will cheer the sorrows of a virgin's breast,
 That beats with doubt, anxiety, and love?
 Ah no! like an uncharitable world,
 You only those delight that are at ease,
 But have no art to soothe a mind distress'd,
 'Twere vain to seek thy aid to lull my griefs.

Enter Oswald.

Erilda.

Alas, my Oswald, why these frenzied looks,
 And why the dews of night upon the brow
 That laurel should entwine?

Oswald.

My Erilda,
 Misfortune now hath breath'd her baneful blast,
 And wither'd all my honours, kill'd my hopes,
 Blighted my growing happiness, and doom'd
 My breast to endless anguish and despair.

Erilda.

And does my Oswald shrink at fortune's frown,
 And yield his generous breast a prey to grief,
 Because its hopes are cross'd?—be more a hero.

Oswald.

Alas, thou little know'st my cause of woe,
 Know'st not from what destructive fountain
 springs
 The tide of sorrow which o'erwhelms my soul.
 Oh, where I to disclose the pangs it feels,
 Thou would'st not chide thus harshly, my Erilda.

Erilda.

Dispel the deep'ning gloom which thus obscures
 Your fame, your peace, your glory, and my
 love;
 Live yet to hope and still be conqueror.

Oswald.

Conqueror, yes! look thus with those bright
 eyes,
 And add a smile from those enchanting lips,
 And, by the fury of a lover's soul,

I'll battle Fate; will brave my destiny;
And wed thee in despite of frowning heav'n!

Erilda.

Nay, if you love me, silence this dire rage.

Oswald.

If I love thee!—Oh, thou know'st, Erilda,
No heart e'er lov'd more faithfully than mine;
But what avails it now to think on that
Since I'm forbid, by a superior pow'r,
To call the object of my love my wife!

Erilda.

Good heav'n, is this my Oswald?

Oswald.

No, no, no;

Thy Oswald was a lover, bless'd and happy,
But I a wretch, abandon'd to despair,
Whom fate, in angry mood, hath hurl'd from
bliss
To the black cheerless gulph where hope ne'er
beams.

Erilda.

Oh say not so! what though Earl Sigebert frown
Upon our loves, yet still may we be happy,
And with each other be completely blest.
Oswald, to you, while far as space itself
Extends, I banish virgin fears, I thus my hand
present,

In your known honour I confide,
 And whatsoe'er your wish, whether to leave
 These tow'rs, and to some distant foreign shore
 Repair, or on these dreary mountain wilds,
 Beneath the shelter of a clay—wall'd hut
 To dwell, and from the finny stream draw forth
 Your daily sustenance, there will I follow,
 And, with a wife's endearing smiles, essay
 To hush your sorrows and your cares beguile.

Oswald.

Alas, Erilda, it may never be,
 Heav'n for each other never has design'd us.

Erilda.

The phrase might have been spar'd, but it has
 sunk—
 Well, — well, — the convent walls — are sacred
 still, —
 And, since within their glooms you have decreed
 Erilda should reside, — why, — be it so. —

[*Exit.*

Oswald, (solus.)

'Tis done, she's gone, and now I am alone,
 How beats my heart, — quick, — quick, — poor flut-
 terer,
 Would it were quiet, and this head at rest,
 But, 'twill not be, the brother and the lover
 Are still at variance, and my soul's on fire.
 Oh for a host of Danes, as numerous

As earth's encircling stars, that I might rush,
With all the fury of the mad Alcides,
Headlong within destruction's open arms,
And cease to love,—to live,—and to be wretched.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Forest.

Enter Devon and Osmond.

Devon.

Shameless villain! poor unhappy boy,
Where can he be.

Osmond.

The servants were despatch'd
In all directions, when I left the castle,
In quest of him.—

Devon.

Hark! what murmuring sounds
Were those I heard?

Osmond.

It was the blast which moan'd
Throughout the trees :—yet, hark,—a step.—

Devon.

Oh heav'n!
It is himself, my brave heroic son!

Retire my friend, and see that none approach
Without informing us.

Osmond.

My lord, I will.

Exit.

Enter Oswald, (frantically, with his sword drawn.)

Oswald.

In vain I strive to still my frenzied brain,
Wild uproar reigns and reason is depos'd;
What then avails a *pause*, it is but thus,

[placing his sword with the hilt downwards.

And then I *pause* for ever; but, alas,
To lose the lov'd idea of this form,

[Viewing the portrait.

And sleep unconscious of this lovely image,
Is worse than misery. Then rest my sword,

[Sheaths.

It never shall be said, that he whose arm
So proudly us'd thee in the fields of war
Disgrac'd thee by a crime heav'n least can
pardon.

Devon, (speaking at a distance.)

Who is it thus, while awful midnight reigns,
Like to some grave-rous'd spirit, muttering
stalks

Amidst these haunts of silence?

Oswald.

A soldier.

What is he that questions?

Devon.

A stranger.

Oswald.

Whom seek'st thou?

Devon.

Oswald, the general.

Oswald.

Thou hast found him then;

I am that Oswald; now impart thy story.

Devon.

From Cornwall's neighb'ring chief, who, this sad
eve,

Fell in defence of his embattled tow'rs,
I come with information of the foe's
Intent to storm these walls; for, on the hills,
North of the castle, in the moon's bright beams,
The burnish'd helms of thousands now appear,
And this way swift advancing.

Oswald.

By heaven

They are welcome! thy news transports my soul,
And fans its grief-extinguish'd embers up
Into a burning flame. Yes, let them come,
Of them I'll purchase death with brave revenge,
And joyful perish in the arms of honour.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Oh, now my lov'd companion, choicest friend,
 Faithful in ev'ry hazard, ev'ry strife,
 Desert not now the brother's grasp, but still,
 As when Erilda's charms inspir'd thy rage,
 Grace thou this firm-nerv'd arm, and in the blood
 Of Danish miscreants glut thy generous rage.
 Hark! the glad trumpet calls me: now stranger
 We'll leave this gloomy place, it suits me not;
 The burnish'd steel and meteors of the war,
 The soldier's shout, and voice of preparation,
 Will glad my languid senses, and prepare
 My soul for war's most arduous task. Oh now
 Would'st thou see Oswald cleave his way through
 death,
 And make a grave 'mongst Danes, attend his
 steps,
 And he will lead thee in a dreadful path
 Where limbs disjointed bar the dubious way,
 And yelling torture frights the trembling ear;
 Then, when thou seest him compass'd round
 with foes,
 Tumultuous fury, mad revenge, and death,
 Mark and bear witness if he ever tremble.

Devon.

But hold, we must confer, we've yet an hour:
 Those starts of passion and wild bursts of thought
 Grace not the soldier's mien; serenely firm,
 E'en on the edge of danger, he should stand

Sedately firm, should cut his onward way,
 And scorn to let his sword descend in wrath;
 Thy father ne'er evinc'd such firey heat
 When to the field he led his gallant few:
 Tranquil he look'd on havoc and dismay;
 By fury's ague his bold arm ne'er shook,
 Nor his firm breast by passion's raging storms;
 Thy looks and actions speak thy courage wild,
 Uncurb'd by reason's rein; 'tis like a wave
 By winds upborne, which 'gainst some seated
 rock,
 Flings all its frothy foam and then expires.

Oswald.

Just thy reproof; but as my tortur'd bosom,
 Rack'd with the pangs of an unhappy passion,
 Has bid a long adieu to tranquil peace,
 Thou see'st me desperate, perplex'd with doubts,
 Distracted, hopeless, torn this very hour
 From all my soul held dear, depress'd and sunk
 In such a fatal depth of misery—

Devon.

I can no more :
 [*Aside.*

Look up, and let thy heart exult, for know
 My errand here is to withdraw the veil
 An artful villain has clos'd around thine eyes,
 To hide their brightest prospects.

Oswald.

Speak.

Devon.

Sigebert.

Oswald.

What of him?

Devon.

Is a perfidious traitor.

Oswald.

Say'st thou?

Devon.

Yes, a miscreant, who hath disgrac'd
A line of ancestry, both just and brave,
Sain'd the bright honours of an antient house
With perfidy and shame; but, thank kind heav'n,
The retributive hour's at length arriv'd,
When infamy and guilt shall cease to triumph.

Oswald.

Thy words confound me.

Devon.

If thy amazement
Startles thus early at what I have said,
How will it bear to hear the wond'rous sound
That yet thy father lives.

Oswald.

Hah! my father
Livest, said'st thou! Oh, ye immortal powers,

Confirm the words, and once more let these
 eyes
 Behold a parent.

Devon.

Thy request is heard,
 Raise them and they will view thy sire,
 Redwald of Devon!

Oswald.

How, base dissembler,
 Dar'st thou confront me with so bold a falsehood.

Devon.

Patience, and hear me.

Oswald.

Peace, impious fool,
 Wake not my rage, but say who art thou.

Devon.

Thou hast heard me.

Oswald.

What! dar'st thou still assert it:
 Try not my patience thus, or by yon heav'n
 This arm shall quick chastise thee.

Devon.

Rash, rash, boy,
 Here count out twenty wounds, receiv'd in fight,
 While foiling shafts, which chance had at thee
 hurl'd.

Canst thou remember when on Severn's banks
 With slaughter tir'd, exhausted, and disarm'd,

Thou trembling fell'st amidst a heap of slain,
 Where death had been thy doom, but for this arm,
 Which then sustain'd thee in its circled round,
 And bore thee, spite of wounds and desp'rate
 foes,

Through thickest ranks to safety and to life.

Oswald.

Astonishment!—that gesture:—yes 'tis he!—
 Mysterious heav'n, 'tis he! my much-lov'd father!

[Falls at his feet.

Devon.

Rise to my arms, my boy, and there receive
 A long-lost injur'd father's warm embrace.

Oswald, (rising.)

My father lives, lives to embrace his son;

[Flings himself into his arms.

But, oh, how chang'd.

[Looking sorrowfully at him.

Devon.

Let not that surprise thee:
 For six long years no pillow have I press'd,
 Save that of flinty earth; no air have breath'd,
 Except the noisome damp of dungeon glooms;
 Coarse was my food, and tatter'd rags my cov'ring.

Oswald.

Oh, sir, what cruel tyrant?—

Devon.

There's the pang,

Which, spite of ev'ry effort, racks my soul,
 And 'whelms my reason in the flood of frenzy.
 If it had been a man whom I had wrong'd,
 A sigh should ne'er have issued from my breast,
 Nor sad complaint once op'd my lips; but him,
 Him whom I rais'd to favour and to life,
 Redeem'd from infamy and black disgrace,
 My nearest kinsman, in rebellious rage,
 To rise against me, stab the very breast
 Which cherish'd him; by heav'n to think on that
 Makes recollection mount to madness.

Oswald.

Oh, name the caitiff,
 That to a dæmon's speed I may unite
 The vengeance of a son, and with one blow --

Devon.

Alas, my son,
 The name requires an angel's utterance
 To gain the ear of virtue:—arm thyself
 With fortitude, whilst in thy waiting ear
 I thunder forth the name of Sigebert;
 Sigebert, my brother, only brother.

Oswald.

I hear it, sir, with horror, yet believe it;
 And thus it arms me!—thus it sends me forth!

[*Unsheathing his sword and rushing out.*

Devon, (staying him.)

What dost thou mean?

Oswald.

To punish!

Devon.

To punish!

Arrest thy fury; hear me, and be dumb.
 Is it for man to snatch the bolt of heav'n
 And hurl it on his fellow-creatures? No :
 Thinks't thou I came
 To urge thy hand to shed my brother's blood!
 Perish the thought: had my aim been vengeance,
 I could myself have struck the fateful blow,
 And laid him breathless; but, O, never, never,
 Shall such an expiation wait my wrongs.
 Far from my breast I banish the idea,
 Tear out resentment, and unalter'd stand,
 Redwald, the patriot, for his native land.

Oswald.

Heroic virtue! Oh, forgive my rage,
 Nor let the zeal of an impassion'd son
 Lessen the father's love; my soul is warm'd,
 As though into my breast your words infus'd,
 Godlike, the martial flame which burns in yours;
 Taught by your great and glorious example, sir,
 Thus to the winds I give my frantic wrath,
 And shake off ev'ry mean unworthy thought
 Which fill'd my breast before, and here devote
 My hand and heart, with yours, for England's
 good.

Devon.

Oh, patriot zeal! Heroic excellence!
 Inspir'd by thee, the truly noble breast
 Can greatly triumph o'er all private wrongs;
 And, to avenge his country, die exulting!

Oswald.

But, O, what motive could a brother urge
 To so much baseness.

Devon.

Ambition and revenge!

Oswald.

Revenge, my father!

Devon.

Thou shalt hear, my Oswald:

Once in a battle, when the enemy press'd
 Sore on our left, and drove them from the field,
 Sigebert and Rodman were the first who fled,
 Like cowards fled, e'en with the very troops
 That should have succour'd us in our retreat.
 Stung to the soul to view the galling shame,
 I spurr'd my steed, and through the jostling ranks
 Infuriate rush'd, and haply reach'd a pass
 In time sufficient to arrest their flight;
 For, as they enter'd, with my sword I struck
 Their horses to the ground, and, fir'd with rage,
 Seiz'd fast the pale-fac'd trembling miscreants
 Each by the throat, and hurl'd them to the earth.

Oswald.

Then instant led the shrinking soldiers back
To victory, whilst the inglorious traitors
Beheld abash'd the great, the godlike, act.

Devon.

E'er since, my son, that memorable hour
I've been the victim of their base revenge.
Enrag'd to madness at their sullied fame,
They join'd against me, and, in hellish league,
Doom'd my destruction! Soon their black design
Was put in execution, and accomplish'd:
For, on the last sad eve I left the castle,
As on the banks of yonder bubbling stream
I musing laid, the ruffians seiz'd their prey,
Like a vile felon bound me fast with chains,
And clos'd me in a damp and cheerless dungeon.

Oswald.

Accursed slaves! But, oh my father, say
How came your bless'd release?

Devon.

By Rodman's orders,
Beneath whose tow'rs my baleful mansion lay,
Where, as I stretch'd me on its icy surface,
Absorb'd in painful slumbers, a stern voice
Call'd loudly on me to awake; I rose,
And, by a lamp's pale gleam, beheld the form
Of him who daily brought my scanty meal:

With hasty step he led me to the castle,
 Where Rodman laid, surrounded by his friends,
 In speechless agony. At sight of me
 His guilty soul shrunk back with wild affright,
 And, with a groan that spoke the keenest anguish,
 Burst from his trembling frame. Struck with
 amaze,

The generous Osmond privately withdrew
 And question'd me my story, I reveal'd
 To him his father's and my brother's guilt;
 The gallant youth condemn'd their unjust rage,
 Wept at my wrongs, and vow'd to rest no more
 Till they should be redress'd : thus resolv'd,
 He summon'd horses instantly, and each,
 The outward habit of a monk assuming,
 Set off with speed, and scarce an hour has pass'd
 Since hitherward we came.

Oswald.

But where is he?

Devon.

Behold him yonder !

Oswald.

Henceforth he is my friend,
 My brother, and my heart's companion.
 But are the Danes advancing?

Devon.

They are,
 And thou, my son, art wanted at the castle,

To head the troops, who are, by Osmond's wish,
To meet the enemy. But see he comes.

Enter Osmond, hastily.

Osmond.

Through yonder thicket I perceive the gleam
Of a bright casque, and hear the clink of arms.

[Withdraws.]

Albert, (calling without.)

What, Oswald, ho!

Oswald.

'Tis Albert's voice.

Devon.

Haste then,

Strait bid him lead the soldiers to the grove
West of the castle, and return with speed.

[Exit Oswald.]

(Solus.)

Oh, thou all-ruling pow'r, whose vengeful arm
Lays guilt in dust, and o'er creation's dome
Presid'st omnipotent, look down this night
On England's glorious effort, crown her sons
With laurel'd conquest, and inspire their breath
With valour and the love of liberty;
And, when thy sun next gilds the morning skies,
Let him illumine alike the peasant's cot
And lordly palace—with the beams of freedom.

Re-enter Oswald.

Oswald.

Your orders, sir, are giv'n, and Albert goes
To execute them.

Devon.

'Tis well: now Oswald
Haste thee to the castle, I will here remain,
And from the armory sort my well-known mail,
If yet it there remains.

Oswald.

It does; sacred
To your memory have I preserv'd it,
Free from the tooth of rust: there your bright
helm,
Your shield, and war-hack'd sword, in order hang,
Fit for the toughest task of noble war.

Devon.

Charge Albert quickly to convey them here;
Unknown to Sigebert will I lead the troops
This night to battle; I shall expect him
Within an hour, and then go forth to conquest.

Oswald.

I will inform him, sir. Heroic man!
What transports will he feel when he beholds
The chief again who train'd him first to arms.

Devon.

I will despatch him, ere I leave this place,
To mark the situation of the foe.

[*Osmond appears.*]

Now Osmond, noble friend, haste to the field,
And hold the troops in instant readiness.

Osmond.

My lord, I will ; but first confer with Sigebert,
And make known our resolves.

[*Exit Osmond.*

Devon.

Now, Oswald, ere we meet in arms, inform
Me this, dost thou not love Erilda ?

Oswald.

Oh !

Name not that angel sweetness, lest my mind
Yield to the pangs of agonizing thought,
And the stern soldier melt into the lover.

Devon.

Dismiss the fear ; Erilda shall be thine !
For, if success attend our enterprize,
And we return in safety, the next sun
Shall rise to light you to the altar's foot,
And hail thee bridegroom.

Oswald.

Oh, transporting sounds,
And may she then be mine ? Hear it and tune
Your harps, ye lovers in the realms of bliss,
And breathe this theme throughout ethereal space,
The fair Erilda may be Oswald's bride.

Devon.

Let that thought guide thy falchion, and inspire

Thy breast with valour's bright heroic fire,
Teach thee to laugh at fear. and death defy,
Nobly to conquer —

Oswald.

Or as nobly die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment.

Sigebert.

How roams the changeful bee in quest of sweets:
The daisy, lily, and the scented rose,
Pleas'd it enjoys; then, sated with their charms,
Leaves them regardless, and with rapture lights
On some new op'ning and untasted blossom!
And thus the soul of man, in chase of pleasure,
Deserts the fading cheek of time-struck beauty,
And to some other fair transfers his vows,
Breathing an equal tale of fond delusion;
She in her turn he also leaves
To perish in the cold and piercing blast
Of keen misfortune. By heav'n 'tis strange,
That, thus impell'd by wandering fancy's fire,
The breast should throw humanity aside,

And triumph in a fellow-creature's sorrows.
But I've no time for aught but happiness.

Enter Ethellina.

Ha, Ethellina!—Now, my soul beware.

Ethellina.

What, have I grown so odious to thy sight,
That thus thou start'st aghast when I appear?
Or is thy treacherous soul not harden'd yet
With guilt sufficient unappall'd to view
The wretch thou hast destroy'd?

Sigebert.

Ethellina,

'Tis strange we ne'er can meet but thus thy tongue
Must pour the baneful poison of reproach :
There was a season, when our tranquil stars
Together brought us, thy mild eye beam'd forth
Of softness or enraptur'd joy expressive,
When from those coral lips was breath'd a voice,
Serene and gentle as the plaintive dove's ;
But now, with eye surcharg'd with murdering
rage,
And bosom torn by foaming passion,
Thou com'st with frenzy seated on thy brow,
Scarcely resembling gentle Ethellina.

Ethellina.

Indeed! and is it strange :—then hear me, traitor,
And may the guilty and remorseless pangs,

Which in the breast of perfidy reside,
 Rise up with fiendlike fury to torment
 Thy guilty soul, whilst in thy trembling ear
 I pour a fond believing woman's curse!
 And in the awful face of heav'n
 Pronounce, thou art the destroyer of my peace!
 The fell assassin of my precious fame,
 The cause of all my anguish,—all my hate!—

Sigebert.

Surely thou forget'st that I am Sigebert,
 This castle's lord, who from a cruel death
 Redeem'd thee, at the hazard of his life.
 Can'st thou remember when at dead of night
 The plundering foe seiz'd on thy father's dome,
 Burst the barr'd gates, and in a shroud of flames
 Wrapt the ill-fated walls; then, midst the shrieks
 Of groaning anguish and expiring life,
 When soft repose was frighted from thine eyes,
 And from the window of the burning pile
 Destruction hurl'd thee, whose expanded arms
 Receiv'd thee safe, and gave thee back to life?

Ethellina.

Thine, traitor, thine : but answer me for what?—
 Hear it ye pow'rs, and on his guilty head,
 Shoot down your vengeful bolts :—to rob my
 breast
 Of its repose, and steep me in the gulf

Of shame and infamy, was this exploit,
 So boasted of, perform'd! Oh, had I fallen
 Amidst the ruins of my father's house
 It had been bliss; but to be snatch'd from death,
 Betray'd, abandon'd, by a shameless villain,
 'Tis madness, 'tis distraction!

Sigebert.

Whose the fault?

Remember well the motives, which induc'd
 Me to relinquish Ethellina's hand,
 Sufficient were to exculpate my breach
 Of faith: when that Erilda came, whose person
 I am for ever bounden to protect,
 Thy jealous spirit blazed forth like a fire,
 Destroy'd the ties which link'd our hearts in love,
 And made me what I am,—a man resolv'd.—

Ethellina.

A man,—'tis false,—betrayers are not men!—
 The shameless libertine, who builds himself
 A name on female ruin, is a wretch
 Excluded from creation's works, and boasts
 No name superior to the lowest fiends.

Sigebert.

It matters not:—know, I'm a “something,” that
 Can hate as well as love.

Ethellina.

Remember too,

That Ethellina can : and be assur'd
That, where she hates,—she can do something
more.

Ha! have I startled thee!

Sigebert.

Hence nor inflame my anger,
If thou wilt whine, hie thee to some dun gloom,
Where frenzied disappointment hides its head,
And wafts its spiteful curse, there breathe revenge,
Threat till thy parched-up tongue deny its func-
tion,

And then in silence curse thy folly! Hence.

Ethellina.

'Tis well,—

'Tis very well!—I have deserv'd it all:—
Taunt me,—upbraid me,—madden me with scoffs,
That I may strike the sooner to thy heart,
And send the dæmons their expected guest!

Sigebert.

To woman's frienzied threats I ever turn
An inattentive ear: let cowards feel
The ice of fear, and apprehensive shrink
At weak imagination's self-rais'd danger;
The truly brave, encas'd in fortitude,
Laugh at the meditating arm of fury,
Nor dread a foreign or domestic foe.

Ethellina.

Yes, Sigebert is wonderous brave, unknown

To fear, safely encas'd in fortitude ;
 Yet have a care ; proud lord, beware !
 The shaft of death now hovers o'er thy head,
 Nor know'st thou whose arm grasps it ! yet mark
 me,
 If thou wouldst shun it thou must shun Erilda.

Sigebert.

Confusion ! — (*aside.*) — Insulting wretch, what
 meanst thou
 By this mysterious menace ?—Speak,
 Instant inform me.

Ethellina.

It needs no repetition,
 For I have said, and thou hast heard me.
 Enough of words, the rest are noble deeds.

Sigebert.

I will not thus be mocked ;—here instantly
 Explain to me the meaning of the threat
 Thou now hast utter'd ;—pause not, but be brief,
 Nor rouse my fury by delay.

Ethellina.

Hear then,
 She who is Ethellina—dreads not Sigebert,—
 Let Sigebert dread her :—prepare and tremble !
[*Exit.*

Sigebert, (solus.)

Curse on the scrutinizing eye of woman ;
 There's no design escapes their eagle-ken !

But what have I to fear? Caution replies,
A woman's vengeance!—well then let it come,
If fortune do but favour my intent,
And give the fair Erilda to my arms,
Reckless to danger would I bare my breast,
Nor shrink at death when of my love possess'd.

[Exit.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.



SCENE I.

The skirts of a forest.—The Britons drawn up in order of battle, with Oswald, Alstan, and Edric, their captains.

Alstan.

Said you your father, youth?

Oswald.

Yes, my friend!

That gallant hero, whom we mourn'd as dead,
Who, in the anguish of my soul, I wept,
E'en *he* appears to join his conqu'ring arm
Bravely with ours, and strike for liberty!
Thou may'st, e'en now, behold him!—Mark you
form

Now issuing from the wood!—'Tis he, my sire!
Oh! with what pride this swelling bosom owns
him!

See, where, like Mars, he mounts his firey steed,
Impatient for the war! See, his plume,
Caught by the wind, like to the topmost bough

Of some hill-rooted and aspiring beech,
 Majestic waves!—On he moves to greet us,
 Like to the warrior-god himself in arms!
 Now then, ye favour'd few, reserv'd by heaven
 For patriot-valour's never-fading meed,
 Prepare for victory or nobler death!
 For life worth having or a fall more glorious!
 Yes, here he comes to lead you to the field,
 Redwald, for whose unhappy fate ye oft
 Have shed the tear of gen'rous sympathy!
 He, who full oft has led you on to glory,
 Through hazards mighty,—dangers horrible!

Edric.

Heav'n! with what speed he bounds across yon
 plain!
 So spurr'd he through our ranks at Severn's
 fight;
 Where, arm'd in all his terrors, he was seen
 Red'ning the ground!—Grim Death, where'er he
 rode,
 Grew more horrific; and, with wide-stretch'd
 jaws,
 Follow'd the gleaming of his fateful sword!

Alstan.

Peace! he alights!

(Shout of soldiery.)

Huzza! huzza!

*Enter Redwald, Earl of Devon, armed for battle ;
Oswald runs, kneels, and embraces, as he speaks.*

Oswald.

O, my heart's homage!—glory of my life!—
Pride of my soul!—my more than prince!—my
father!

Redwald.

Hold! hold! my friends!—forbear these bursts
of joy:
Although my inmost heart receives and meets
them,
Wake not the air; for, it should hear no sound,
Save that of war and your invaders' groans!
On yonder plains, the desolating wolves
Of greedy Denmark, thirsting for your blood,
Gather in hordes as numerous as the sands!
And we must now resolve to drive them back
Or fall their victims:—let us not then rouse
The unsuspecting prowlers, but with death!—

Enter Albert.

Say, captain, where are these hordes of robbers?

Albert.

Stretch'd from the base of yonder tow'ring hill,
Far as the eye can sweep, the num'rous host
Darken our plains and baffle computation!
On their bright arms the rounded moon displays

There, yet unburied, lie their sacred limbs,
A glorious sacrifice ! Oh ! matchless men !
May their examples animate *your* breasts,
And teach each soldier the important task
Like them to conquer or like them to die !
Archers, advance ! (*A troop of archers advance
and form in line.*) Albert, my soldier,
Place thou these heroes in the mazy wood,
Behind yon ruin'd abbey ; there, conceal'd,
Remain until the clarion's martial voice
Inform you of the onset, then rush forth,
Like lions from your coverts, fiercely brave
And fasten on your hunters ! Thou, Oswald,
With the brave spearmen, wind around the hill
Which joins the vale, and cut off their retreat ;
Myself will lead these brave remaining few,
And meet them face to face ! Give me the standard.
(*An officer unfurls the English banner and presents
it to him.*)

Osmond, my friend, to thy care I entrust
This martial ensign ! I need not tell thee
To defend it ; it were an insult
To thy prov'd character ! And now, friends,
Remember that your country's fate depends
On this important hour ; for ere yon moon,
Which reddens at her wrongs, shall cease to
gleam
She shall be freed from tyranny and chains !

Albert.

On, bravely on, to death or victory!

Soldiery.

Lead on, lead on, — to death or victory!

Redwald.

Oh! joyful sounds! Oh! high, heroic, spirits!
 My soul, with transport, burns to find each heart
 Prefers a glorious death to servile chains!
 And, trust me, friends! no action, e'er so great,
 Can vie with his, who, on his native plains,
 In freedom's cause, expires!—Thus think, thus
 act:

For, thus inspir'd, the brave dare rush on death!
 Through tenfold perils cut their fearless way,
 Regardless of destruction!—And, 'tis thus,
 That all assembled here must think, must act!
 In liberty's defence, it matters not
 Whether we live or die; since each secures
 A fame immortal, and our country's honour!

Soldier.

O, gallant chief! no more; — but lead to
 battle!

Redwald.

It shall be so.—Your breasts are all on fire
 And burning for the work!—On each proud
 helm
 Determination, like an eagle, sits,

And longs to take her flight! Yet, ere she
mounts,

Cast round your eyes and view yon soaring tow'rs,
Where freedom hath for ages stood secure,
And foil'd opposing tyrants!—Mark yon walls,
The only ramparts liberty hath left,

Where the fix'd banners of your native land
In triumph float!—There, your heroic sires
Planted them firmly, and, with hearts resolv'd,
Preserv'd them from a foreign grasp unsullied!
Now, this way look, and view yon humble roofs,
Where youthful innocence and peace reside,
Where, lock'd in sleep, your wives, your daugh-
ters, lie,

Unconscious of the spoilers which surround
them!

'Tis yours to guard and save them from the
touch

Of these vile ruffians! Ours is not a war
Of mad ambition, for extended power;
We are not hired to gratify the rage
Of a proud tyrant thirsting for dominion!
A cause more glorious calls us to the field
Than e'er drew vengeance from insulted honour!
A cause,—which binds together, in one tie,
The peasant and his lord,—the prince and sub-
ject,—

Our right, — our lives, — our property, — our
 homes, —
 Are what we fight for, — what we will preserve!
 Now on, my brothers, — and, by valiant deeds,
 Leave to posterity a noble instance
 What English spirits are! that, whenever
 An envious despot shall invade her shores,
 Her gallant sons, all emulous and brave,
 Taught by our great example how to act,
 May, arm'd with vengeance, rush upon their foes,
 Hurl swift destruction on their impious heads,
 And blast the laurels they have elsewhere won!

Oswald.

Now, now, we go with patriotic fire, —
 Fraugh twith one mind, — to conquer or to fall!
 Fierce hurl your jav'lines! firmly grasp your spears!
 And from your bosoms banish all but glory!
 Wing'd with sure death, discharge your feather'd
 flights!
 My sire, the god-like Devon, leads us on!
 The word! — For England! and her free-born
 rights! [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the place of action.

A valley interspersed with trees. — Enter Danish officers and soldiers, flying in confusion from the enemy.

1st Officer.

All's lost! all's lost! flight is our only refuge!

2d Officer.

Retreat! retreat! and rally on yon hill!
The foe surrounds us!—fly!

Enter Danish chief with their standard.

Chief.

Fly! said'st thou, slave?
By our dread gods I swear! this javelin,
Launch'd from my arm, shall strike the dastard
dead
Who dares desert this standard! Look, ye slaves,
Where your proud raven flaps its fanning wings,
Presaging victory! rally, rally round it,
And, like brave men, defend it with your lives!

2d Officer.

The enemy pours onward like a flood,
And o'erwhelms us; seek some higher ground!
The curse of Woden light upon ye all,
Enfeebled fear-struck caitiffs! You, soldiers!
You, men! renown'd for hardihood and valour!
Hence to your native wilds, ye heartless hinds,
And to more vigorous arms resign those swords
Which are dishonoured by your feeble grasp!
Well may ye hang your heads, poor village-
spoilers!

That can but combat on unequal ground,
Or meanly triumph when the foe's asleep!

1st Officer.

Chieftain, this odium we have not deserv'd ;
The raven's guardians will redeem their fame,
Return with vigour to the furious charge,
And conquer still !

Chief.

Then let them quick prepare,
For see, the enemy !—Extend yourselves !—
Strike! die or conquer! *Here I fix myself,*
And by this magic staff plant firm my foot
In front of all, the first to meet their rage,
And thus to launch destruction from my arm !

[Hurls his javelin.]

Enter Oswald's party.

The Danes are repulsed and fly; the English pursue.

*The Danish chieftain stands his ground, and to
him enter Osmond with the English standard.*

Osmond, (placing himself.)

England and freedom !

Danish Chief.

Denmark and victory !

Osmond.

Resign thy standard, for all strife is vain,
Ours is the battle: then yield thee ere the sword
Of British justice force thee to comply !

Danish Chief.

My answer's in this death-directed falchion ;

Receive it thus!

Osmond.

And thus its prompt reply!

[Fight.]

*In the back ground appear the English officers,
giving orders to their men.*

1st Officer.

March from the wood and charge upon their
right;

Their left is turn'd.

[Exit.]

Enter 2d Officer.

2d Officer.

Haste, cut off their retreat!

Their centre breaks!

[Exit.]

(Shouts from the soldiery.)

Huzza! forward! forward!

*The Danish chief is beaten on his knees, but still
vigorously defends himself.*

*Osmond, (stepping back and holding his sword in a
retrograde position.)*

Rise, warrior! rise! thy valour charms me,

Briton scorns ungenerously to press

A fallen foe!—Accept my proffer'd hand,

And, if thou canst contest it longer with me,

Here let us try again on equal ground

Who best deserves to win the martial spoil
For which we are contending!

Danish Chief, (falling.)

Noble soldier,
The triumph's thine! I can, alas, no more!
My trusty blade deserts my nerveless arm
And falls to earth!—Humiliation foul!
This well-earn'd trophy now the hand resigns
Which fain would grasp it in the pangs of death!
But it is thine,—and thus I yield it to thee! [*Dies.*

Osmond.

Ill-fated, dauntless, hero! had thy cause
Been noble as thy spirit, such a loss
Might claim thy adversary's tear!
But hark! the warlike trumpets call me hence.

Enter Devon, Oswald, &c. &c.

Devon.

'Tis done! 'tis done! the glorious blow is struck
And freedom is our own! prone on these plains
Full half the foe appears in mangled heaps!
Thus, my brave friends, you see no tyrant host
Can e'er withstand the brave, the noble, few,
Who fight for freedom and their native land!

Enter Osmond.

Osmond.

Rejoice, ye victors! pierce the air with shouts,

E'en till your trumpets to the skies resound !
 While at the feet of conquering valour thus
 I hurl their vanquish'd raven !

[Throws it at Redwald's feet.

Devon, (treading on it.)

Yes, thus may

The sons of England ever trample on
 The banners of invasion !

[Flourish of trumpets.

Enter a messenger.

Messenger.

Hail, ye brave

Heroic conquerors ! England's proudest hope !
 Ye in whose bosoms beat the loyal hearts
 Which own no tyrant's sway ! know that your
 King,

Alfred, the monarch whom you all revere,
 Still lives, your noble deeds to crown with glory !

Devon.

Our Alfred living ! transport ! joy unbounded !
 Now let the foes of Albion spread the seas,
 Unite their malice and in myriads come !
 A people fighting for a people's rights
 Are as the fates invincible ! nor shall
 The mad ambitious despot, who invades
 The hills of liberty, while there remain
 A few brave patriots, gather to his fame
 A single laurel ! Cheering messenger,

Where oh where's the hero?

Messenger.

Hard by, my lord;

In a lone neatherd's cot for many a year
Has he resided, watching his fair time,
Propitious as the present, to regain
His throne and kingdom;—soon will he be here,
This night the hero visits Kinworth's tow'rs.

Devon.

Kind friend,

Tidings more pleasing thou could'st not have
brought;

Strike up the march, let's onward to the castle,
And for our royal visitant prepare.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Erilda's apartment.

Erilda.

Now awful night, array'd in sable glooms,
Draws her dark curtain round one half the globe,
And bids tir'd nature feast on rich repose;
Wrapt up in peace the rustic peasant sleeps,
Whilst sweet content, unheeding the soft couch
Where drowsy greatness in proud state reclines,
Flies to his cot and shelters in his bosom.

Enter Sigebert.

Sigebert.

Alone, thank fortune!

Erilda, (on perceiving him.)

Earl Sigebert here?

Sigebert.

Much-lov'd Erilda, once more at your feet,
Behold that humble slave. [Kneeling.

Erilda.

Nay, good my lord,
Wrong not your rank by such a degradation,
Nor lessen thus the character of man
By meanly stooping to a humble maid.

Sigebert.

If sovereign beauty claims our adoration,
Oh, why, unfeelingly, thus censure me
For kneeling to the loveliest of her sex;
Nay, hide that frown, angelic excellence,
Nor blast a suppliant's hopes with cold contempt.

Erilda.

When crafty man puts on the mask of friend-
ship,
And in the poisoned dew of flattery steeps his
tongue
T'effect a guilty purpose, proud contempt
And an indignant silence best reward him.

Sigebert.

Does it become Erilda, thus, with scorn
To answer him who loves her.

Erilda.

She retorts,

And asks lord Sigebert, if, at this dread hour,
When ev'ry thing that's dear to life and fame,
Impending hangs within the scale of fate,
It thus becomes him to discourse of love?

Sigebert.

Full well you know my bosom's ardent flame
Feels no abatement, though misfortune frowns;
Should death himself uplift his fatal arm,
And menace with immediate dissolution,
Still would mine eyes fix their full gaze upon
thee;

Nor would my lips forget to breathe my love,
Then, charming maid, upbraid me not so harshly,
But hear and pity me.

Erilda.

Alas! my lord,

What would you urge?

Sigebert.

Need that again be told?

Erilda.

To love like yours, my lord, I am a stranger,
Therefore, no more insult me with the name,
I'm deaf to all that eloquence can plead,
Except in virtue's cause.

Sigebert.

Still, Erilda,

This cant of—virtue,—this fastidious pause
Which blasts the lover's joys, and robs the breast

Of life's most exquisite delights.

Erilda.

Hold, my lord,

Nor with such vile profanity assail me.

Sigebert.

Hence with morality,—hence with virtue's semblance ;

Pleasures were giv'n for mortals to enjoy,
And love's the source of ev'ry human bliss ;
Throw then this coldness from thee, boldly seize
The present moment ; all we can command
In this poor fleeting world.

Erilda.

Is this the friendship, sir, you promis'd me,
This the protection which you bade me trust in ?
The glow of indignation fires my cheek,
And honest passion prompts me to disclaim
Such vile protection, and renounce such friendship.

Sigebert.

Proud Erilda, hear and mark me well :
Long have I, with a fond assiduous care,
Wooed soft affection from that flinty heart,
But all in vain has every effort proved ;
My proffered love with scorn thine heart repulsed,
And triumph'd over mine,—but now, proud lady,
'Tis time to burst my fetters and be free.—
Thus to the scattering winds I cast my love,

And from the depth of hell call up revenge
To take an ample, dreadful, recompense !

Erilda.

Alas,

This fury terrifies me !—What would my lord ?

Sigebert.

Yield to my wishes !

Erilda, (firmly.)

I will perish first !

Sigebert.

Then be it so, this night I have resolv'd
Shall see them crown'd !

Erilda, (kneeling.)

Resolv'd ! O spare me ! spare me, sir !

A helpless orphan, kneeling at your feet,
Implores you thus to spare her innocence.

Enter Ethellina, unobserved, behind.

Ethellina, (drawing a dagger.)

Furies !

Dæmons ! now inspire my breast !

[*Aside.*

Sigebert.

Erilda,

As you have lent your ear to my entreaties,
So will I listen now to yours, and spurn them :
Be this at once my triumph and revenge !

[*Endeavours to fold her in his arms.*

Ethellina.

Triumph, sayst thou, traitor!
No! 'tis mine to triumph, villain!—triumph thus
In thy destruction!—

[*Endeavouring to stab him, is prevented by Erilda.*

Erilda.

Hold, frantic woman!

Ethellina.

Off give me way,—or—

[*Here a loud flourish of trumpets and the shouts of
soldiers are heard.*]

Sigebert.

Ha, the troops return'd!
Fortune support me, or I sink for ever.

[*Exit.*

Ethellina, (after a pause.)

Still will I reach his heart.

[*Running out.*

Erilda.

Forbear, forbear.

[*Exit.*

Scene changes to the court of the castle.

*Enter Devon, Oswald, Osmond, officers, soldiers, &c.
as returned from battle.*

Devon.

Once more encircled by my native walls.

Horsemen dismount, lead hence your warlike
steeds,
And give to them the rest their state requires.

Enter Sigebert.

Sigebert.

Ye valiant

Heroes, hail!—Damnation, what do I see?
Say, who art thou?

Devon.

What I have ever been,
Redwald, his country's friend!—Now what art
thou?

Sigebert, (to Osmond.)

Furies seize on thee, dissembling traitor,
For thus ensnaring me.—Ye fiends accurs'd,
Who hover round the blades of dire revenge,
Conduct mine now in an unerring course
To his deceitful heart!—[*Aside.*]—Hear me, mis-
creants.

Devon.

Hence, ingrate! I sicken to behold thee;
Mine eyes ache at thee, thou inhuman brother—

Sigebert.

And may thine ears experience equal pangs,
While through their porches thus I thunder forth
The imprecations of a desperate man,

Who thus shall end thy triumph with thy life !

[Draws his sword, and rushes on Osmond.]

Enter Ethellina hastily, followed by Erilda; she meets him as he meditates his blow, and stabs him.

Ethellina.

Ha, the lion fallen in the snare at last.

[He falls.]

Sigebert.

Thou, traitress, too !—Com'st thou to mock the
fallen :

Oh that this hand could dart a forked flash
And reach you all !—Oh torture,—Curses,—on
you ! *[Dies.]*

Ethellina.

Now vengeance is complete.

Albert, (coming forward.)

Alas, my sister,

What hast thou done ?

Ethellina.

Aveng'd my bleeding wrongs,
And punish'd guilt.

Devon.

Rash, rash, woman !

Ethellina.

Blame not !

It was the stroke of justice, and one more

Like this——will make all well again,

[*Stabs herself.*]

And free the earth of two unfit to breathe!

Offended virtue, now thou'rt satisfied!

Complete is now the forfeit paid to heav'n.

Erilda comes forward.

Erilda here, O save me from her view,

[*Faints in Albert's arms.*]

But with my blood her happiness is sealed.

Albert, (supporting her in his arms.)

Alas,

Alas! misguided, hapless, Ethellina!

Ethellina.

Nay,

Shed not one virtuous drop o'er my sad fate,

My punishment is just;—the pangs of death

Do but release me from the world's pangs.

O may they make atonement in the next!

I can no more!—farewell!—pray for, and pardon—

[*Dies.*]

Devon.

Just providence, thy ways how intricate,

Thy judgements how profound!—Ill-fated maid,

And thou poor breathless wretch, who hast re-
ceiv'd

Due chastisement for thy flagitious crimes,

Mix with your kindred dust and be at rest!

Comes forward.

And now, ye youths, who these sad scenes discern,
This golden truth,—this precious moral, learn:—
Whilst vice thus sinks in an untimely grave,
Virtue shall crown the worthy and the brave.

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

THE TIMES :

AN ODE.

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1809.

This was Mr. B.'s only publication; the printer of which, as noticed in the editor's "Introductory Observations," made him a free-will offering of the printing, paper, &c. &c. It was, originally, addressed to the editor, long after his acquaintance with the author; and presented by the printer when it had passed through his press. It was suggested by perusal of a poem* of the editor, on nearly the same subject.

Of this Ode, combining notice of the "Specimens," appeared the following Critiques.

"The poet endeavours to animate his countrymen warmly to espouse the cause of the Spaniards against their cruel invaders.—Additional SPECIMENS of the powers of this young bard have just reached us, which are printed only for private circulation.—We shall be glad to find that talents, like those which are here opened to view, are warmly encouraged to emerge from their present lowly retreat."—*Monthly Review*.

"We have had occasion to mention, not long since, with approbation, the "TIMES," a production of this youthful and almost self-taught poet. The collection now before us, being printed for private distribution, was communicated to us by a friend, and we readily give it a place in hopes of multiplying the benefactions which the unfortunate author has received; more especially as we understand his recovery is doubtful, and as his decease would leave an unprovided female infant to the mercy of the world. The lines we shall select do credit to the genius, and still more to the feelings, of the writer, though some of the longer compositions contain more striking and elevated passages."—*British Critic*.

"This ode possesses beauties not to be found in many of the effusions of a highly-educated muse."—*Anti-Jacobin Review*.

"We have no hesitation in observing, that this little poem exhibits marks of natural genius, a rich fancy, and pregnant mind, promising future excellence."—*Gentlemen's Magazine*.

* THE CONTRAST.

THE TIMES :

~~~~~  
AN ODE,  
~~~~~

At the commencement of the year 1809.

ERE ORDER's bright and beauteous face
Illum'd the bosom of the drear profound,
Throughout the vast vacuity of space,
CONFUSION reign'd, and HORROR grimly
frown'd ;
But, when CREATION's FATHER spoke,
Old CHAOS saw, with wild affright,
The gloom subdued of tenfold night,
As through the murky darkness broke
The orient beam of vivifying LIGHT.

To warm the desolated waste,
And cheer the drooping swain,
To speed the rigid season on its way,
And raise the buried grain ;
From Nature's frowning face,
The powers of Frost to chace,

Bid Ev'ning sip,
With eager lip,
The exhalations of the rosy day,
Full in the front of Heav'n, the radiant Orb was
plac'd.

Revolving round his sphere,
Each beam o'erspread,
With glowing red,
He rises from his wat'ry bed,
And ushers in another year.
Yet still, upon the frozen plains,
As yet in vain he tries,
To burst stern Winter's icy chains,
And gild the clouded skies:
As yet his ineffectual ray
Fights with the chilling blasts, which bind
The groaning earth, and faint he works
his way,
Through Ether's shade opaque, again to bless
MANKIND.

But yet, though pale and dim his beam,
And weak its influence prove,
Alas! how many dread the gleam
He sheds upon them from above;
That gleam, which, to their aching sight,
Displays the sad disastrous fight,

Where groaning Death, dark-brow'd Despair,
And madd'ning Fury, rend the air;
 Displays, throughout the wounded fields,
Where Havoc stalks, and wild Dismay,
With all grim War's horrific train,
 The produce which the sickle yields
To Rapine's felon arm a prey,
 Shews, where the lordly city stood,
 Whole hecatombs of human blood,
And ghastly Famine stalking o'er the fated plain!

 Happy! happy! happy! those,
Who, on fair FREEDOM's sea-girt shore,
From agonizing terrors free,
 At distance from their hostile foes,
 And the dire battle's deafning roar,
Can, from the glittering casements, view
The rising ray, which drinks the morning dew,
And gilds her mountain-tops of LIBERTY.
 But, oh! how doubly-wretched they,
 Who, sooner than by glorious strife,
 Defend the sacred gift of life,
Will own an upstart Despot's sway,
And welcome, on their wasted plains,
The rising ray, which BLUSHES ON THEIR
 CHAINS.

Not so **IBERIA**'s warlike sons,
 Who dare a tyrant's arms defy,
 Each manly breast at danger spurns,
 For vengeance thirsts,—for glory burns,—
 As through the ranks, like lightning, runs
 The word—**TO FIGHT, TO CONQUER, FALL, OR
 DIE!**

Yes; Freedom's banners, now unfurl'd,
 Awake to life a slumbering world,
 * While **BRITAIN**'s arm is stretch'd to save,
 Her rights from an untimely grave,
 And check Ambition's mad career,
 Whose giant-prowess in the fight,
 Has boasted long superior might,
 And fill'd the air with groans—the earth with
 many a tear!

See **SWEDEN**, too,—magnanimously brave,
 Contending 'gainst unequal arms,
 Her priv'lege and rights to save:
 While, 'midst the din of dire alarms,
 Her Prince his gallant soldiers cheers:
 A Prince disdaining servile fears,
 Bids them again, on **FINLAND**'s plains,
 Where the gaunt wolf at midnight prowls,
 Where Desolation cheerless reigns,

* Never could this truth be more applicable than at the present moment; the generous spirit, both of Spain and Portugal, being nobly and effectively revived, under the auspices of the British arms.

And freezing Boreas loudly howls,
Commence, once more, the just campaign,
And teach misguided RUSSIA's lord,
That myriads arm'd oppose in vain,
When powerful Justice wields her flaming sword.

Oh! ALBION's sons—ye generous few,*
Supporters of the sacred cause,
Your noble acts with zeal pursue,
Assist them to defend their laws:
Remember, 'tis at Honour's call
The spear is pointed at the breast,
Demanding, on insulting GAUL,
Revenge for crimes yet unredress'd.
To aid her heroes, then, with pride,
Your timely succours send,
And heal the wounds, which, gaping wide,
Increase the anguish of a friend.

So shall renown, around your brows,
The greenest laurels twine;

* The subscribers to the Patriotic Fund for the relief and assistance of the brave Spaniards.

To which may now be added the truly great and glorious collections made, and still making, for the brave and unfortunate Portuguese. Nor should the subscription for the PRISONERS IN FRANCE be forgotten.—Three such exalted instances of humanity, exercised in Britain, cannot perhaps be equalled in the annals of the world.

EDITOR.

Nor honest gratitude refuse
 The meed which Heaven has stamp'd divine!
 While distant ages pleas'd shall raise
 The swelling anthem of unbounded praise,
 And, O! till time expire, recorded be,
 The genuine offspring of HUMANITY.

Hark! how heavenly Sympathy,
 From her tear-gem'd throne on high,
 Implores the tribute of relief;
 On England's favour'd shore she casts
 A look of expectation proud;
 While HOPE, to sooth a nation's grief,
 On rapid pinion hastes,
 And to each Patriot calls aloud,
 "With zeal your sanguine foes withstand,
 "For, lo! assistance is at hand."

Nobles, merchants, freemen,—brave,
 Ye favour'd of a favour'd isle,
 To acts awake, which Heav'n surveys
 With Approbation's brightest smile;
 Concordant all, unite and send
 Relief to those who dare their rights defend,
 'Tis yours the drooping fire to raise,
 To rouse to energy the fetter'd slave,
 And bid the smouldering embers of the NATIONS
 blaze!

And you, brave warriors,—flowers of war!
 Whose matchless deeds, in realms afar,
 Prove your superior power;
 Deeds, which conspicuous were display'd,
 When EGYPT'S sands were strew'd with slain,
 And MAIDA'S blood-stain'd reeking plain,
 Affrighted mark'd the sad eventful hour,
 In which, with dread,
 The legions fled,
 Whose vaunted actions had the world dismay'd!

A steady, loyal, gallant, band,
 With Patriot valour, hand-in-hand,
 And swords in flaming union join'd,
 To battle rush; the trump of Fame
 Calls loudly on each BRITON'S name
 To hurl destruction on his foes,
 Chastise Ambition, and,—by Heav'n design'd,
 Burst EUROPE'S galling chains—and bid her sons
 repose.

Burn on, fair Sun, in splendour bright,
 And, on HISPANIA'S rocky shore,
 Attend the Patriots to the fight,
 Nor set, till VENGEANCE cries aloud,
 “Ambition festers in his gory shroud,
 “ To tyrannize and subjugate no more!”
 Yes, yes, blaze on;—and through the gallant bands

Diffuse heroic heav'n-directed fire;
 Inspire the bosoms of the just and brave
 With love of liberty and hallow'd ire,
 That, with united hearts and hands,
 They may, from GALLIA's frontless brow,
 The laurels tear,—lay' her proud eagle low,
 Then, till the FABRIC OF THE WORLD
 Be all in CONFLAGRATION HURL'D,
 Alike subdue the TYRANT, and abhor the SLAVE.

THE END.

ERRATA TO VOL. II.

Page 176, line 5, for *would*, read *woulds't*.

— 182, — 13, for *dearer far than would a nation's shouts*, read
and dearer far than a whole nation's shouts.

— 206, — 11, *impressions*, read *expressions*.

