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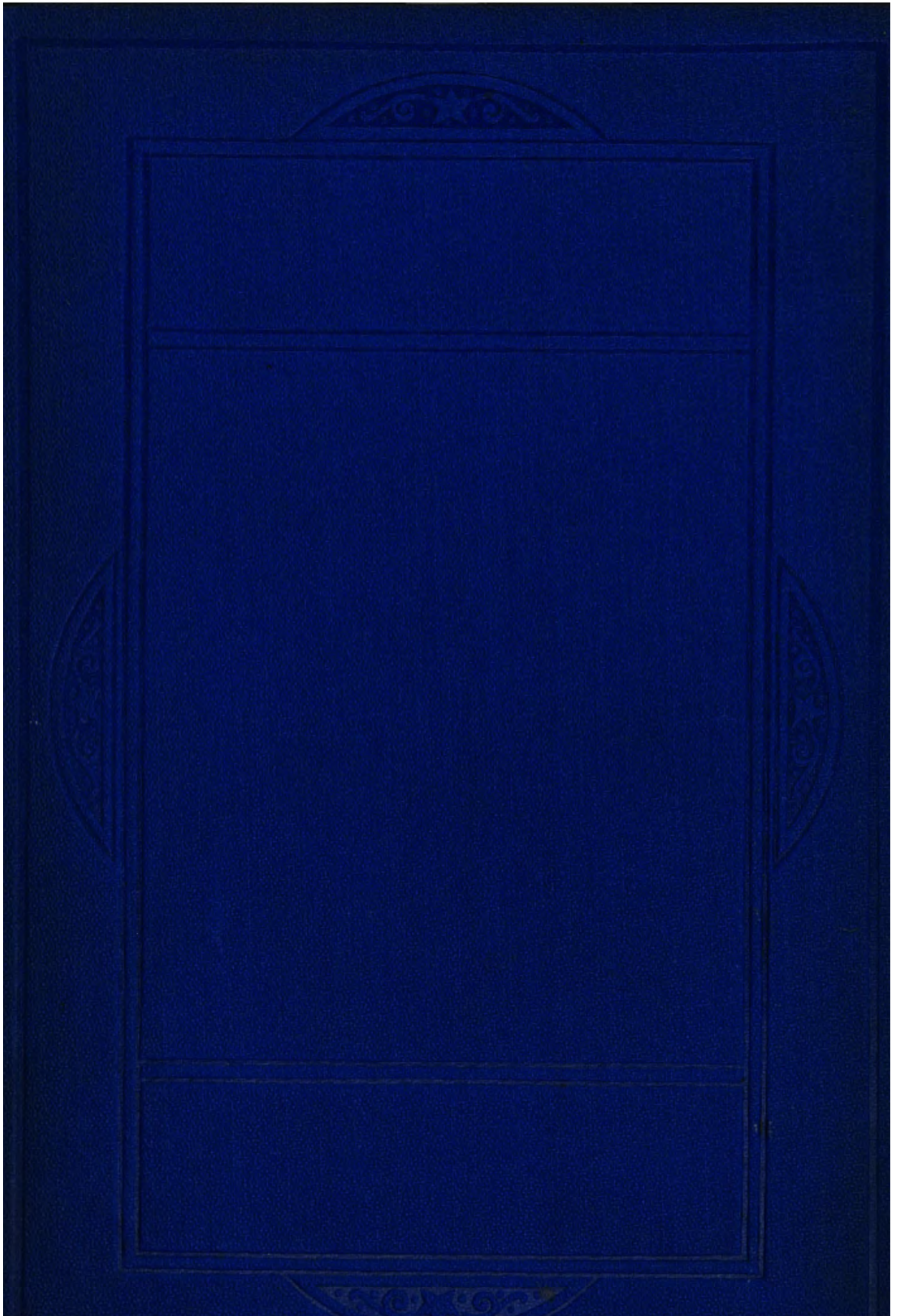
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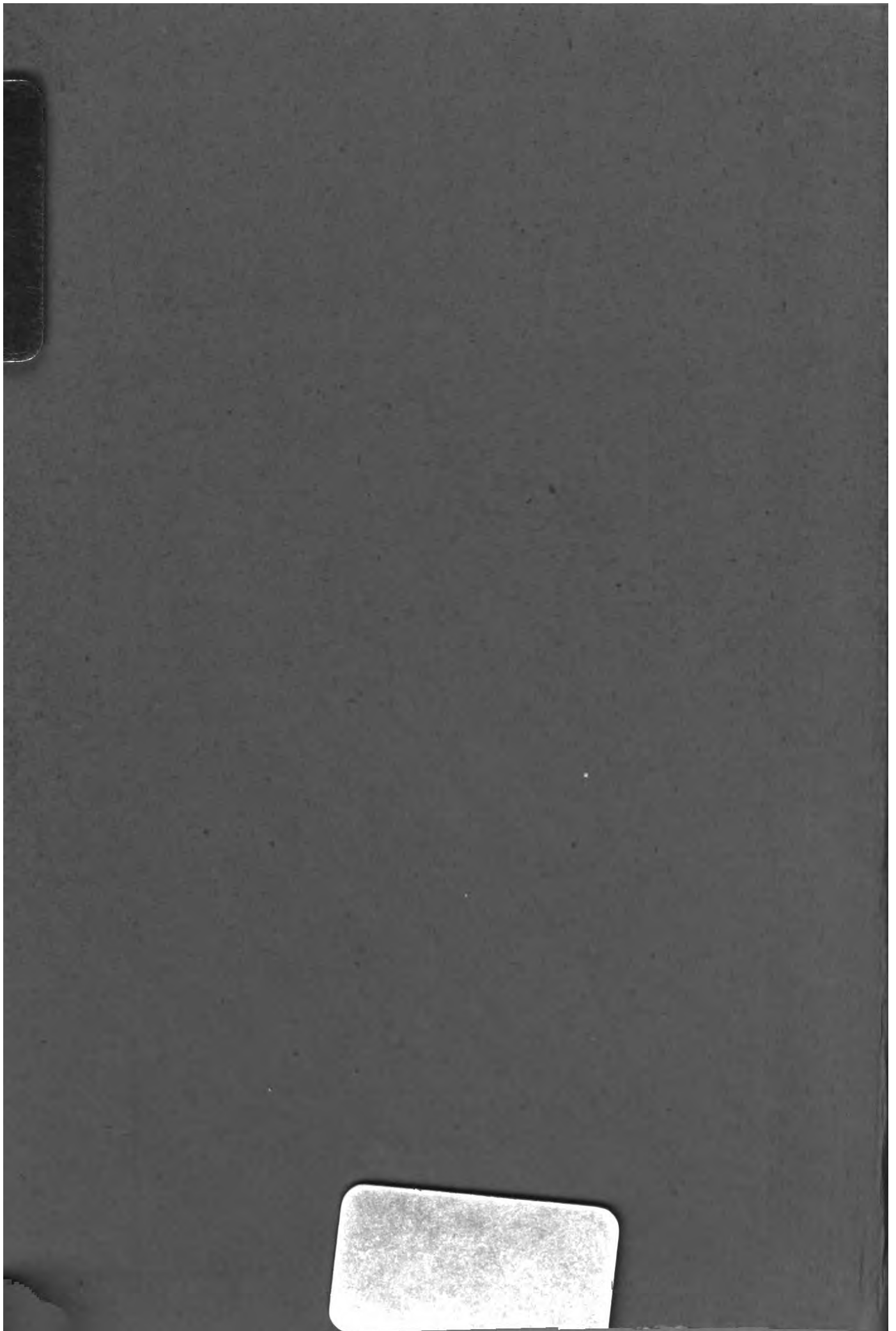
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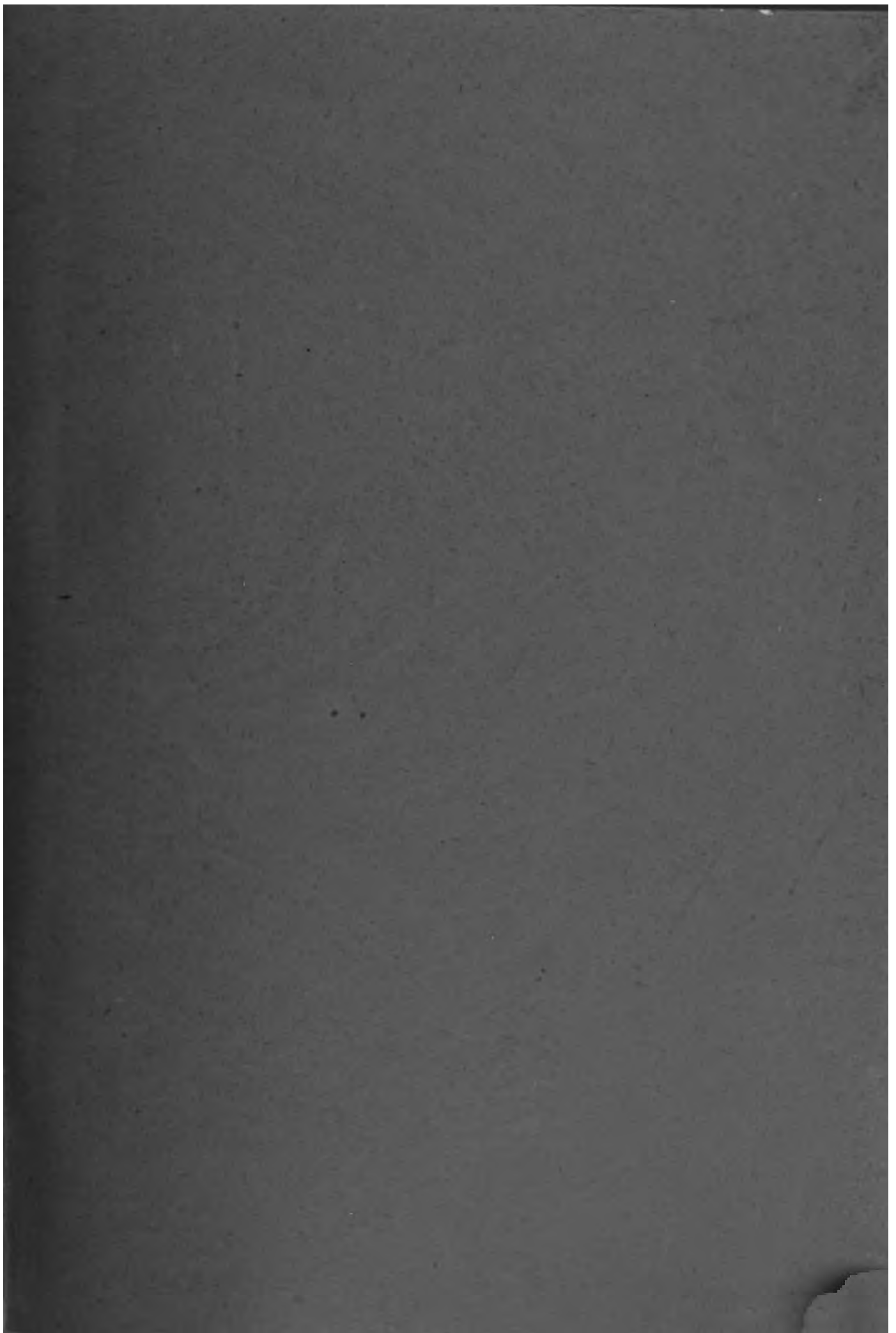
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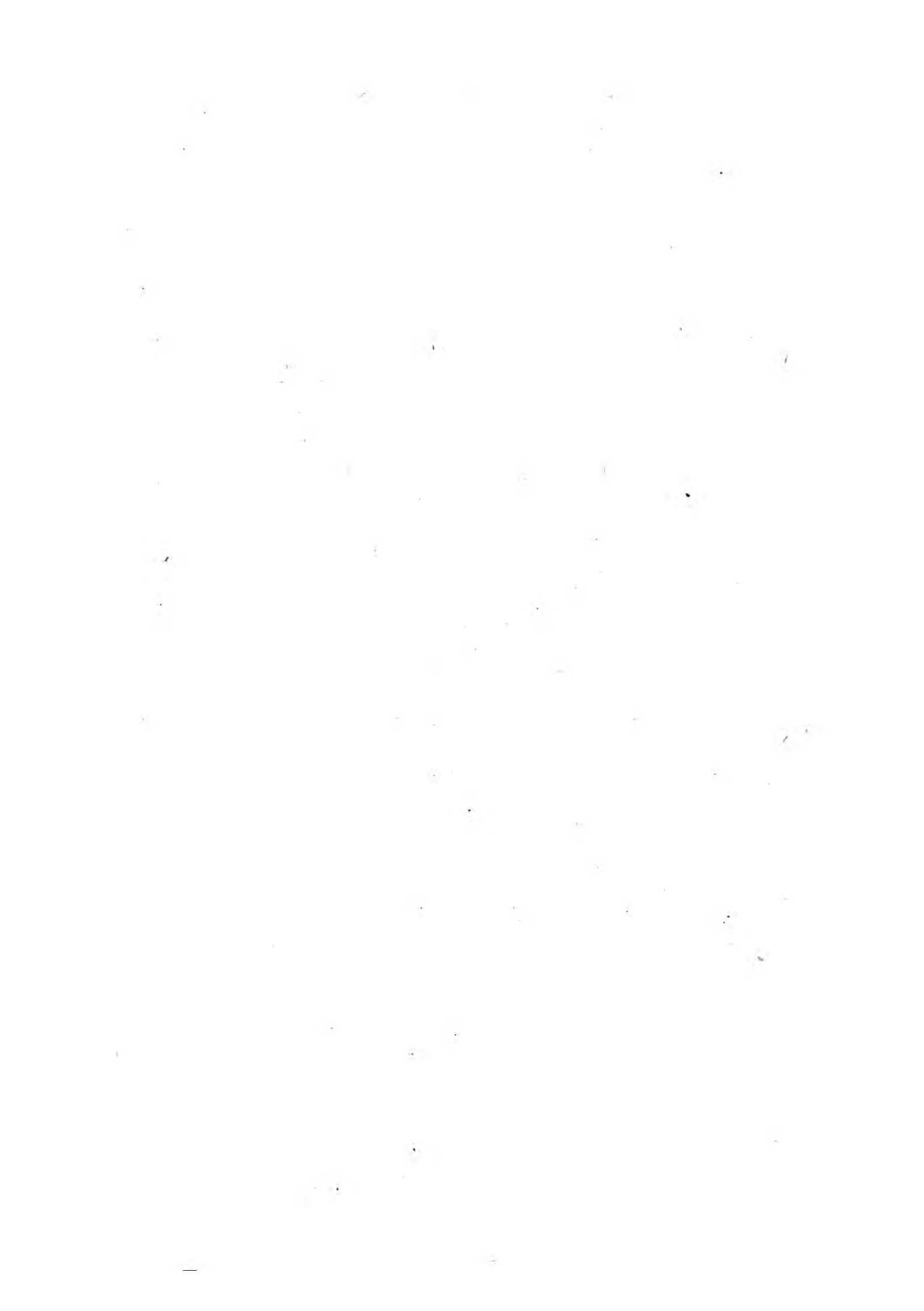


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RAYMOND.

RAYMOND,

LORD OF VER.

Repos ailleurs.



London:

PROVOST & Co.,

40, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

—
1880.

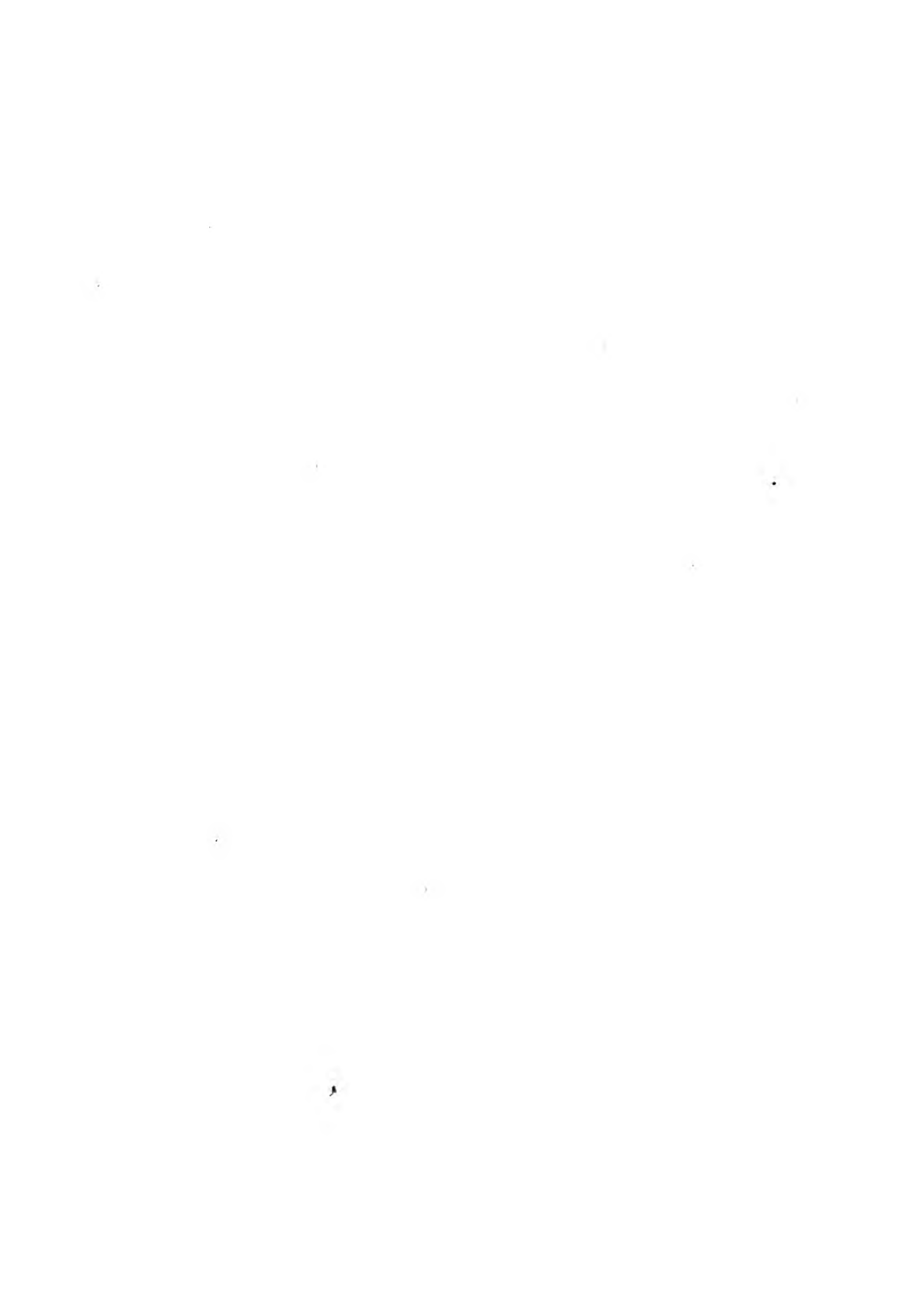
Malone I. 341.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR PROVOST AND CO., 40, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HUGO, *Count de St. Maur.*
RAYMOND, *Lord of Ver.*
LIONEL DE TŒSNI.
GERARD, *steward to Hugo.*
DROGO, *body-servant to Raymond.*
BONTAINE, *a physician.*
STEPHEN, *clerk and notary to Raymond.*
BERNARDO, *armourer to Hugo.*
GILES, *servant to Hugo.*
ANSELMO, *Prior at St. Michael's Mount.*
THOMAS, *Chancellor of the Monastery.*
WITMUND, *Almoner of the Monastery.*
JANITOR, *at the Monastery.*
EUNONIA, *daughter to Hugo.*
BERTHALIND, *her tire-woman.*

SCENE : *Normandy.* During first four acts, at Hugo's Castle, near Avranches; during fifth act, at the Monastery of Mount St. Michael, known as *Sancti Michaelis in periculo maris.*



RAYMOND.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Room in Count Hugo's Castle, St. Maur, near Avranches, Normandy.*

Servants and GERARD, steward to HUGO.

1st Servant. Is it true, then, good master Gerard ?

Gerard. Is it true, quotha ? Is *what* true ? *is* it true—
or is it *true* ? Go to, knave ! thou hast no fine perception
of logic and the moral art. Surely, with so loose a tongue
and lack-brained a head thou wilt burn hereafter ! Put thy
question as a man, plainly, perspicaciously, compendiously ;
and as a man I will plainly, perspicaciously, and compen-
diously give answer.

1st Servant. Faith, I did but ask a question !

Gerard. There I do join issue—for thou didst *not* ask a
question, but merely, as one may say, fumbled with thy
tongue in the vain hope of making thyself understood.
Why, hadst thou askt a question, I had answered thee by
now.

2nd Servant (aside). There be new things under the sun,
then—spite of the Preacher !

1st Servant. Well, resolve me this—concerning which I
have the curiosity of a long-tongued lass—

Gerard. Resolve thee what ?

1st Servant. I am coming to it.

Gerard. Thou art so long a-coming to it, that ere thou arrive I shall be gone ; for Giles did just say our gracious lord was seeking me.

1st Servant. Is it true, then, that our Lady Eunonia will wed with Sir Lionel ?

Gerard. God save the man ! What conglomeration of ideas giveth vent to so fantastical a notion ?

1st Servant. Ideas ? What be they ? Nay, 'tis not ideas, but things I have seen as passing between them.

Gerard. Guy, thou wert none so bad a fellow had thy mother forgotten to supply thee with eyes and speech ; but even so, I doubt not, thou wouldst have smelt out impossibilities with thy nose ! Yet, good Master Simpleton, knowst thou not that what thy mother pretermitted may even now be done by stout arms and iron ?

1st Servant. Save the mark, Master Gerard ! I have not the meaning——

Gerard. Nay, if thou hast not the meaning I am at one with thee ; for there is no meaning in thy foolish question, and therefore I can not answer the same, because, seest thou, to give thine own meaning to another man's, he having none, were indeed a difficult thing.

Enter LIONEL DE TOESNI, advancing slowly, a red rose in his hand.

2nd Servant. Hist ! hist ! See ye not where Sir Lionel cometh ?

Gerard to 1st Servant. Hold thy foolish prate, thou limber-tongued chatter-me-much !

Lionel. Good Gerard, a word with thee.

Gerard. A thousand, your worship. Stand away ye loons ! Doth a gentleman like to open his heart before scullions ?

[Exeunt 1st Servant with 2nd Servant.]

Gerard. Whence comest thou, Sir Lionel ? an I may make so bold ?

Lionel. From a fencing-bout with the armourer ; and, my faith ! that same Spaniard hath an eagle's eye and a wrist of steel.

Gerard. He saith the same of your worship, and glad am I to hear it, for that same wrist of thine must e'en carve a fortune in the wars.

Lionel. True, true ! ere this I should have joined our army in the field, but—but——

Gerard. Silken jesses bind the falcon.

Lionel. Ay, my good friend ; still doth Count Hugo chide
 “ Young man, away ! thy place is now the field !
 War's loud alarum calleth thee afar,
 Where hosts embattled wage grim toil. To arms !
 To arms ! ” and I say nothing to his cry,
 But vow to answer with a mighty deed
 Of valour, which shall lift me to the skies
 Of fair renown and well-won fame—anon.

Gerard. Anon ? tarry no longer ! I have watcht thee well,
 And, cared I to be cruel, now could crush
 The fond hope burning in thy soul. Seek not
 In idle peace the work of manhood ; they
 Who rule the world know not the name of peace.

Lionel. Ere the young moon wax big I will away,
 And equal Raymond in the path of war !

Gerard. There breath'd De Toesni's noble soul !

Lionel. Gerard !

Gerard. What is't ?

Lionel. Did our fair lady pass this place ?

Gerard. Not since the morning.

Lionel. Whither can she have stol'n ?

Gerard. Nay, nay, to arms ! to arms ! and seek her not.
 Linger no longer by Eunonia's side—
 The daughter of St. Maur—wouldst be her mate

Ere thou hast dwelt in camps and mixt with men ?

Lionel. Nay, only this—the first rose of the spring
I swore, when Winter reigned, to find and bear
Unto her. Lo ! an Empress 'mid the flowers !
I yearn to watch it pale upon her heart !
Methinks I see her floating robes ! thy slave,
High-born Eunonia, hastens to thy feet !

[*Exit LIONEL impulsively.*]

Gerard. O Youth, and Hope, and Love, and Foolery !
Why can I not plain language to this boy ?
Why should I let his ardent passions grow
With fatal strength until they thrust him o'er
The precipice, when with a single word
His airy castles may be tumbled down ?
True friendship always dares to deal an ill,
So that the ill of good productive be ;
Yet here I stumble, though the need is plain,
Too tender ! When the blow should fall, instead
Comes back again his dying sire's entreaty,
“ Be ever kind to him, Gerard, and Heav'n
Will bless thee ; ay, for Hugo hath his own ! ”
Young Lionel found another Father, I
Another Master—let that Master strike,
'Tis but his right ! in me 'twere impudence.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter COUNT HUGO DE ST. MAUR and LORD RAYMOND DE VER.

Raymond. Gerard !
Ha, honest heart, how runs the world with thee
This summer morning ?

Gerard. Evenly, my lord,
For he who lodges in these kindly walls
Finds all old men need wish for.

Hugo. Tush, Gerard!
I am thine elder, yet since Lord Raymond here
Hath shone upon us from the world of war,
I seem to gather strength and youth, and long
To break a lance with any knight alive.

Gerard. Yea, my good lord? in truth I may believe
Thou dost so hunger, but Gaffer-with-the-scythe
Hath markt his heavy signet on thy brow,
And shrivell'd all the sinews of thine arm,
And dried the sap and marrow of thy bones,
And pinched thy breath, and only made addition
To thy well-rounded paunch.

Hugo. Sirrah, thou liest! I
Am yet as stout a man as any alive!
Ho! ho! . . . lend me thine arm good fellow! how
This cough doth nip me!

Gerard. I told thee thus 'twould be
If thou shouldst not thy morning-posset quaff.

Hugo. Silence, thou rogue! I am better now.

Raymond. Hugo,
I'faith the enemy gript thee sore. Alas!
Why must we age with age, nor e'er withstand
The sure revenges of long-suffering Time!

Hugo. Gerard, pray get thee gone—thou dost so shrunk
Of leg, so reft of health, so wizen'd of arm,
So coughing-full, and big of belly appear,
That I with mere beholding shall become
Like to thyself, an aged, white-bearded carle.
Nay, go—the good Lord Raymond and myself
Have much to speak of, and would be alone.

Gerard. Farewell. God keep ye both, my lords !

Hugo. Amen.

[*Exit GERARD.*]

Ha, seest thou now how use and habit creep
On suffered custom till this blancht Gerard
Doth deem himself as good a man as I !

Raymond. Why, comrade, dear, no younger do we grow ;
My grizzle-beard lies not so to my face.

Hugo. Tush ! what art thou but stripling ? Well I mind
When we rode forth together from these gates,
First tasting war, a sturdy knight and squire.

Raymond. But that was seven and twenty years ago !
And knowst thou not that when five winters more
Shall cast their snows upon this frosty head
Their sum will number half a century ?

Hugo. Talk not to me of grizzle-beards and heads !
Why, if thou numberest half a thousand years
Yet keep thine own and wear green heart within,
The fiend himself dare never call thee old.

Ay, though thou wert the baldest-pated knave
Who ever strove to eat an apple with bare gums !

Raymond. How firm a front ! Twigs from a dying tree !
As thou dost will, dear Hugo ; let us grow
But younger as the merry years pass on ;
And if Gerard or other ancient clown
Should sourly swear that Time will not release
A single atom from his insatiate maw
For thee, for me, for any, I will vow
• He hath knockt his head against the moon, and views
Our youth and freshness with a lunatic eye !
But what was this great business thou didst plead
As answer when I askt thee forth to breathe
The halesome morning air ?

Hugo. Raymond the Soldier !
 But three days rested from a weary march—
 And wouldst be vaulting charger-back ? No respite
 From care and stratagem and war-worn hours
 Hath blest thee since twelve years ago we journey'd
 Together here—thou the new general, I
 Eased by our King of service in the field.

Raymond. 'Tis true, yet glorying in the fate which made
 My life as thou hast pictured, war and toil
 Became a second nature, and were borne
 As easily as are the stormy winds
 By the lone bird of ocean.

Hugo. Hast thou forgot
 Old friend, my little maid, thy bride ?

Raymond. My bride ?
 Thy little maid ?

Hugo. What ! art thou dazed, and gape
 On me astonisht ?

Raymond. Hugo ; my bride, sayst thou ?
 Thy words do stun me with amazement ! I
 Have never sought nor woo'd a woman, save
 Bellona.

Hugo. Give good leave—our places change ;
 So I am younger, thou the elder grown ;
 And through twelve summers Memory leadeth back,
 And in unfading beauty paints thy bride.

Raymond. Why, did not I but late recall the time
 When seven and twenty years ago we rode
 Away together ?

Hugo. Then torn in halves,
 Or broken-knee'd, or winded, or besmircht
 With dust and fury of the fight, thy mind
 Hath lost the count of circumstances when

Alone thou wendedst hence and left me here.

Raymond. What is't? . . . I know . . .

Hugo. Dear dullard, have I jogg'd
The remnant of thy recollection hoar?
Most ancient gentleman, my youthful sides
Would split in laughter at thy working face.

Raymond. True! I had clean forgot! O what a knave,
A clip-eared flier, a poor dolt am I!
Eunonia, on my soul! That darling child
Who stood and faced me, while her large, deep eyes
Gazed all in wondering ignorance at the scene!
Hugo, forgive me if I slighted thee.

By the fair heavens above, 'twas clean forgot!
Still, I have marked no child within thine house!

Hugo. A child? Whence dost thou think our women
grow?

May twelve long years pass overhead and leave
My daughter as they found her? Tho' a child—
I bless the Father for it—still is she
In all the pure and innocent things which make
A heaven of childhood to the hearts of men.

Raymond. In truth, she must be woman grown by this.

Hugo. Why, Raymond, art thou blind! Nay, that's an
As clear, unshrinking as my falcon's. [eye

Raymond. Blind?

Yes, I am blind, or have been blind; for now
I do remember, in the banquet-hall
But yestereve, she sat beside me—yet
My brain refuseth straight to reconvey
Unto these wishful senses of her form,
Her speech, her features even a shadowy trace.

Hugo. Ah, Raymond, spite of protestation, thou
Has left thy heart with some high dame afar,

And if she be not imaged, trusty sight
Will draw no picture of another.

Raymond.

No!

But sudden change from busy war to these
Sweet ways of peace is all too great as yet
For mind and body, which, familiar grown
With life and action utterly unlike,
Oft fail to apprehend the present—take
No thought together, nor make due response ;
So that the eye may see and yet neglect
To send her message to the wandering brain :
Or, if the brain receive, 'twill be with doubt
The impression is some fantasy of the sight.

Hugo. In the same fashion 'twas with me when first
I left the camp for quiet hours at home.
Waked by the warder's horn, in haste would don
My coat of mail and clank along the hall
Ere my dazed sense overtook the fault ;
Or from my meat rise sudden, and sharply cry,
“ Pack up the baggage ! We shift our camp to-night.”
And send bewildered serving-men to bear
Orders for captains of the battle to charge !
But this will quickly wear. Now do I claim
The due fulfilment of thy knightly vow.
The reasons which twelve years ago were prest
On my too anxious mind resistless grow
As nears the journey every man must take.

Raymond. Dear Hugo, all too sadly dost thou view
The prospect of thine honourable age.
Why thou'rt as good a man as I myself,
And hast a lusty look and wilt live long !

Hugo. If thou didst hold the tenure of my life
It might be as thou sayest ; not for myself

But for Eunonia do I dread the change.

She safe with thee, then, come what may, I care not.

Raymond. Wouldst have me wed her, Hugo ?

Hugo. Surely, yes !

She is a woman grown and sweetly blest

With all her lovely mother's beauty—pure

As angels are—a gem of womanhood.

Raymond. But I am old.

Hugo. I am thine elder far,

And yet not very old ; thou still art young

In all which makes the manhood of a man.

Raymond. So long a consonance with my life as 'tis,

Hath left no skill of wooing, nor desire

To mate and have a double being—half mine,

Half hers—

Hugo. What need for thee to woo ? therein
Her father's wish sufficeth !

Raymond. Yet, bethink,
She may not will a wedding. I have heard
That maids do sometimes hate the sight of man.

Hugo. Excuse me, no excuses ! as for that,
Why, she most constantly with Lionel is,
Nor, to my knowledge, ever hath complained
Of his most frequent presence !

Raymond. Pledg'd am I—
If thou art fixed on this, my bride shall be
Thy fair Eunonia ; yet 'tis a mighty chance
That one so rugged, plain, and soldier-like
Should please her changing fancy !

Hugo. Wilt thou not
Yield without murmur ? By my father's bones
An thou dost love her not when thou hast markt
The splendid graces which are all her own—

More fully than thy stranger eye yet knows ;
 If thou shouldst love her not, nor further yearn
 To sip the sweets which open to thy hand,
 Then I absolve thee from thy promise given
 To ease my soul in bitter days of dread,
 And thou shalt stand releast from knightly troth.

Raymond. Be it as thou dost say, O generous heart !

Hugo. Let us go find her now, and I will speak
 To her of thee.

Raymond. Do thou go first, old friend,
 And I anon will follow : let me taste
 The morning air and feel again the breeze ;
 'Twill give me grace to stand before a dame.

Hugo. Go then, but tarry not—we shall await
 Thy coming in the pictured gallery.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*Long Pictured Gallery in Count Hugo's
 Castle.*

EUNONIA discovered.

Eunonia. I wonder where may Lionel be ? Whose hand
 Hath plucked my beauteous rose, the first rose born
 To Spring ? My rose ! my rose of roses ! mine
 For Lionel. Have I not watcht alone the bud
 Slow forming on the tender shoot, and swell
 Day after day until it burst to flow'r !
 Have I not nurst it as a sister might ?
 Shielded from storm, and frost, and wind, and rain ?
 And all to lose it when perfection came
 And crowned its blushing petals—crowned it king

Of roses' rose-land—sovrán of the flowers !
 Lionel was with me when I spied it first
 Just venturing on the bough, a tiny round
 Of green scarce large enough to see. He swore
 By all the pretty gods of Love to pluck
 And bring me soon the first rose of the spring.
 But I in very wilfulness did cry
 “ Nay, for the blossomy prize shall be my gift
 To thee—thou shalt forswear thyself ! ” And he,
 He laught and chided me in tender guise,
 And vow'd I dared not 'mid the bramble press,
 Or they would straight enfold me in their arms
 And charm me to a Dryad of the forest.
 But well I markt the treasure, nor did guide
 By any look of mine his questioning gaze.
 He saith that ere the young moon grow a sphere
 He will depart and quickly equal Raymond—
 That sad, stern man whose visage only tells
 Of stormy war, and toil, and statesmanship—
 For time is ripe that he should prove himself
 To be the head of Toesni's regal line,
 And have the attainder thrown o'er name and state
 Eclipst by deeds of daring in the field.
 Ah me, what pity 'tis ! why can he not
 Remain at rest within our peaceful walls.
 How I do love him ! When he goes, who then
 Will make this castle fairest spot on earth,
 And days glide quickly by that scarce they tell
 What may be morn, or noon, or eventide !
 That rose ! whose hand hath pluckt the lovely thing ?

Enter LIONEL drawing nearer from behind with the rose in his hand.

Lost flower, like my lost mother dost thou seem,
 Thy beauty view'd by others, not by me.

Lionel (giving her the rose).

Then gaze thy fill, let beauty look on beauty!
Dearest Eunonia, 'tis the spring's first rose!

Eunonia (surprised). Lionel! . . . my rose?

Lionel. Thy rose indeed, fair saint;
How fairer far than this the gem of all
Fair roses!

Eunonia. The spring's first rose?

Lionel. Did I not swear
While each sweet flow'r by wintry snows was prison'd
To find, when spring should come, her first red rose
And bear it thee? Dost thou forget mine oath?

Eunonia. Dost thou forget I promist thee forsworn?

Lionel. Could I forget a single word which falls
From those pure lips! O, hear me Heaven above,
And rain black ravin on my head if e'er
I do forget!

Eunonia. Whence didst thou gain the rose?

Lionel. There where the gnarl'd oak bends nigh o'er the
brook,

Straight from the ladies' postern. Often we
Have linger'd by the place and lost all count
Of time, our spirits bow'd beneath the charm
Of glory heapt o'er land and sky and sea.
This morn in search of thee I hasten'd thither,
And as my seeking glance went wandering round,
I markt a lovely blossom pressing her cheek
Against the chamber'd bosom of the tree,
And therewith rusht upon my soul the vow
So happily made to thee. I seized the bloom—
Shelter'd within a hollow of the rind
And nurst as 'twere by some enguarding fay
From wind and battering rain. "Eunonia's rose!"

I cried, as in my grasp it lay, "the first
Rose of the spring! I pluck thee for thy queen,
O favor'd blossom, and fulfil my vow."
And all the morning since,—within the wall—
Without,—I sought thee, nor could find—as one
Who galled by darkness deems the sun is dead.

Eunonia. O Lionel, dost thou know how long I watcht
This self-same bloom and twined it on the bole,
That its fair face should all unfretted be
When from my hand thou hadst received it?

Lionel. Heavens!
Had I but known! what bliss!

Eunonia. Forlornly I
Reacht after thee that oak and missed my rose,
And far and wide I searcht if haply one
Fair brother had opened to the early spring—
But not a bud hath bloom'd save this.

Lionel. I found
The rose for thee yet lost it for myself!
Then place it o'er thy heart, there let it die
In envy of the hues it may not wear.

[*She places it in her bosom.*]

While I shall die in envy of the rose!

Eunonia. The sun hath loved this blossom.

Lionel. Even he,
All-loving one, for thy dear sake hath been
A partial lover, and, as thou hadst made
That sweet flower holy by thy care, compell'd
Perfection while her sisters wait unblown.

Eunonia. The sun would scorn thy fable—Hark! me-
seems
My father calleth.

[*Makes as if going.*]

Lionel. Echoes! stay awhile,
O gentlest of St. Maur's high-fortuned race!
Why hast thou shunn'd me these three cruel days
Last gone?

Eunonia. Art thou not hastening hence? 'tis well
That thou shouldst have foretaste of absence, I
Do deem it most commodious withal!

Lionel. So lovely and unkind!

Eunonia. Sir Lionel,
Shouldst thou not welcome counsel which would send
Thee gallantly to stirring scenes of war;
Would bind no longer to the lazy wheel
Of lagging hours thy courage and desire?

Lionel (aside). Till now, I dreamt she lov'd me.

Eunonia. Here, one day
Like to another passeth, there, each hour
Teems with new accident and gathers force
Of deed and triumph; here, my father, I,
And Berthalind, with some score men-at-arms,
Make all the comrades told thy ardent soul
May know; while, in the camp, princes shall throng
To press thy hand in friendship, and high dames
Joy in thy prowess and sing thy praise at court!

Lionel (aside). Bitter is wintry blast in summer-time!

Eunonia. In this dull castle foes may ne'er be found;
But there, like Raymond, thy right hand shall flag
Only with fill of slaying enemies
On this side and on that; while here—save one,
Or two, perhaps—the people all do love thee!

Lionel (aside). Why, is the mild Eunonia she who
speaks?

Eunonia. What canst thou be in this my father's house
But young Sir Lionel, hardly more than boy?

Eunonia. Where is need
Of such a sudden haste ?

Lionel. Need ? why the heavens,
The very heavens and all the earth, cry shame
On lagging ! There is nothing now to bind
Me longer here.

Eunonia. What ! nothing ?—nothing here ?

Lionel. O, 'tis the basest of ingratitude
To say so ! Ten long years of peace beneath
The holy shade of these ancestral towers
Bear witness of a friendship strong as death,
Of loving hearts, of gracious presences,
Of all that could enchain a boy to home !
Ay, and the home is mine, although a stranger
I gain'd this portal fresh from a father's arms.
For haven'd here, scarce have my youthful eyes
Turn'd back to childhood's dim, familiar things,
And in thy father mine hath lived again.

Eunonia. O happy thus ! why shouldst thou ever
change ?

Lionel. Honour and Duty call me, tho' their call
Was nigh forgotten until it thrill'd through thee.

Eunonia. The wayward folly of a maiden's tongue !

Lionel. Yet if it chime with my resolve ?

Eunonia. Be sure
That thy resolve is scarce a right resolve,
For like to like doth cleave ; if therefore I
Do falsehood speak in very wilfulness,
Shun the conclusions which may hang thereon ;
And shouldst thou have a purpose seemingly
Built up by such a falseness, quick resign it !

Lionel. But I have sworn to old Gerard that ere
The young moon waxes big I would away.

Eunonia. Gerard did tell me, yet thou knowest well
I promist thee forsworn on this dear rose !
And seeing thou hast made me perjur'd thus,
Let me be perjur'd in thy company,
Be thou my fellow-sinner !

Lionel. Were I man
And scorn such union ? Oaths and promises,
Eunonia, breaks your bondage ! Sinner-saint,
Give me full absolution for the deed.

Eunonia. What absolution can a sinner give
Who needeth absolution as thyself ?

Lionel. *Eunonia,* look on me a penitent
Imploring pardon, that my erring mind
Fail'd to discern when thou didst bid me go
Thou trulier badst me stay !

Eunonia. I bid thee stay ?

Lionel. Sweet banterer, have thou mercy on my soul !

Enter COUNT HUGO at end of gallery.

SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

Hugo. *Eunonia!*

Eunonia. Here am I, my father.

Hugo. Child,

May the bright heavens bestow their benison
And shield thy gentle head from earthly storms !
Were my poor will a fate-compelling power
Then shouldst thou never know a moment's pain !

Eunonia. Dear father, if the time to come is blest
As hath the happy past been by thy love,
Life's truer sunshine waits me.

Hugo. Ah, my girl,
 I have no charm to bind the eager hours,
 And green leaves must replace the fallen brown.
 Yet are there some who scorn the touch of Time
 Nor yield one tittle to his leeching hand.
 See the Lord Raymond now, how strong a soul,
 How firm, how upright, how divorc'd from all
 That tells of human frailness ; such an one
 Stands like a rock above the whirling foam,
 Daring the rage which shattereth weaker stuff—
 To speak of him I sought thee—

Lionel. Dear my lord,
 Shall I be gone ?

Hugo. O, 'tis no secret—stay—
 It may concern thee, for thy warlike plans
 Must be delayed ; in brief, an end unthought
 Is made to the long campaign. What seem'd a truce
 When Raymond left the field—mere breathing-time—
 Hath grown assuréd peace, so the good King
 But now advised our loving friend ; and he,
 Delight of all my days ! in token of old love
 And bonds of amity between us fixt,
 Will serve his fair apprenticeship to peace
 Within these walls—a brother and son in one.

Lionel. 'Tis a rare honour that so mighty a man
 Pays to thy house, dear lord ; and surely ne'er
 Have nobler hearts in nobler friendship beat.

Eunonia. Alas !

Hugo. How now, Eunonia, hast no smile ?

Eunonia. Tho' the Lord Raymond had not met these
 Since I a tender child looked up with awe [eyes
 Unto his glittering helm and dancing plume,
 And placed a tiny hand within his gauntlet,

After a twelvemonths' fighting forced a truce.
 Blessing the respite, Raymond and myself
 Together journey'd here. I ponder'd much
 On all the chances of a soldier's life
 And straightway, he being younger than myself
 By fifteen years, askt Raymond to be lord
 Of this, my little maid. Though such a thing
 Did raise his laughter, in sheer knightliness
 He gave consent; for I bethought me, should
 My blood be spilt in war, nor kith nor kin
 Hath she, my little maid, to shield and bless.
 When thou hast children, Lionel, thou mayst know
 What shuddering through a parent's heart will run,
 As Fancy pictures dear ones left all lonely.
 Praise be to God! our king did me relieve
 From further service in the field; but they,
 My child and Raymond, plighted lord and spouse
 Were bound, and so must ever bound remain.

Lionel. O God! the day is dark!

Eunonia. Still mine, my love!

RAYMOND enters up the gallery. HUGO moves towards him.

Hugo. Here comes Lord Raymond; he shall speak for himself.

Eunonia. O Lionel, I am innocent of this!

Lionel. Did not thy father tell thee?

Eunonia. But as a jest

He would, when in a merry humour, say,
 "How now, Lord Raymond's lady?" On my soul,
 I deemed it but a jest—a jest—a jest!

Hugo (to Raymond). What think you?

Raymond. I have been a dolt, a dull
 Decaying idiot, and blind mole! Have I seen
 Her lovely features, and not on bended knee

Bow'd low in adoration? O divine
 In beauty, blossom'd to perfect womanhood,
 Yet wearing all a gentle maiden's grace!
 Can she indeed be mine?

Hugo. Dost want release
 From knightly troth?

Raymond. Nor heaven nor hell shall tear
 Her from me!

Hugo. She is waiting, all thine own!

Eunonia. Oh make me mad, dear God, or slay me else!

Raymond (to *Eunonia*). Sweet lady, may I dare to kiss
 thy hand,
 In hope thou dost remember me?

Eunonia. My lord—
 My father—Lionel—I— [Swoons.]

RAYMOND supports her.

Lionel. Oh, ye have slain her!

Hugo. Tush, boy, be not so forward! She hath swooned
 O'erjoyed to hear thee, Raymond.

Raymond. Who so blest!
 For, in *Eunonia*, peace is surely mine.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another room in Count Hugo's Castle.*

Enter BERTHALIND.

Berthalind. Our affections are perfect tyrants, for run contrary to them in the smallest degree, they quickly rise in open rebellion, depose our reason, and reign in his stead, with a plentiful sprinkling of tears, whirlwind of sighs, tempest of protestations, and vows foolish though earnest, till the devil himself knows not how to calm the hurricane. Women are notably the most discreet and silent of all mortals, and yet, what think you! doth my young mistress these last three days, but moan in mine ear, “O Berthalind, an he wed me I shall die?” Proper insanity, forsooth! the Lord Raymond being a passable man, indeed, for a man who is, as a body may say, of a certain age. Yet what are years when the gentleman hath high rank? a grizzle-beard when he is wealthy? or ugliness, if his blood be blue? Nothing to a woman of wit: they are but signs of a speedy release, and speak a larger promise than any he can make by word of mouth. O Fortune, what a multitude of faults dost thou cover! Were Lord Raymond a blackamoor and wanted a wife, I know some one who would not wail, “An he wed me I shall die.” Still, poor lady, she means it, and there's the difference. She cannot mould herself to circumstances, nor hath the wisdom to perceive when she is best bestowed. This is the disadvantage of being a lady born and bred,

for they get such finnickin and fine fancies that any ordinary man may not come within ten mile. I thank God I am not proud, and so long as the lad loves me and is honest he shall not call me unkind. If a perverse inclination should ever cast me into the arms of a sweetheart, I will e'en be contented, nor seek to scratch his face. 'Tis strange that my lady should be so distraught, and show me such a poor, dark-ringed eye to look at the golden sun withal; and yet it is not strange, when one thinks how from childhood she hath played with young Sir Lionel, and given him her heart ere she knew she had one. But Sir Lionel is poor and hath no renown, while Lord Raymond hath castles of his own and is famous. The younger hath no chance against the older, while, God love her, my Lady Eunonia may not choose between them, because her father, Count Hugo, hath chosen for her. As to that, being more unable than men to make their likes and dislikes known, it is questionable whether women do ever choose their husbands. It goeth hard with a woman though, if, after marriage, he who hath chosen her discovers himself mistaken in so choosing. Wherefore, meseemeth best to so encourage and wheedle the man preferred that, will-he nill-he, he shall become your chooser, but a chosen chooser. Thus, i'faith, he simply, as your mouth-piece, asks himself to marry you, by asking you to marry him. Yet if other folks choose where you would not, and their choice must be held, 'tis like swimming a river with a strange pair of legs where drowning more surely follows than salvation. Hark! I know that slouching step, crawling along as if ashamed to leave its brother clod; 'tis Giles, who hath the presumption of a man-at-arms without any other quality, good or bad, to recommend or condemn him.

Enter GILES.

Giles. God save you, Mistress Berthalind. My master, Sir Lionel, hath despatcht me with a message for the Lady Eunonia, which, if I do not err, she shall find in this letter.

[*Hands her the letter—she refuses to take it.*

Berthalind. She shall find it verily if thou dost take it to her.

Giles. Nor will she read it worse because thy fair fingers bear it.

Berthalind (taking the letter). Thus is it ever with us women—we refuse, and straightway yield for no better reason.

Giles. I dare not speak to our lady.

Berthalind. Dare not? why? where is saneness in this?

Giles. Nay, saneness is wanting, for Sir Lionel hath gone clean stark, staring mad!

Berthalind. Mad? thou art raving thyself!

Giles. An I be raving, for I do not contradict thee, seeing I am sorely perturbed and unavoidably cumpuffed; but an I be raving, O Heaven, preserve my master!

Berthalind. Thy master's man hath sorer need of preserving—in an iron cage, as a show of what uncheckt foolishness may become.

Giles. Nay, sweet mistress, look not so on me, it blotteth out thy former kindness, nor helpeth me to be calm.

Berthalind. Save the mark! what hath happened? Be rational an thou canst.

Giles. I cannot be as rational as I would, nor wouldst thou be as rational as I can, if the like had happened to thee.

Berthalind. Saints preserve us! hast thou seen a ghost?

Giles. Worse than all ghosts, Mistress Berthalind.

Berthalind. What has thou seen ?

Giles. I have seen Sir Lionel come to this resolve—that secretly and suddenly, even ere the morrow, and alone save for the companionship of your humble slave, he would, without word of warning to a single soul, depart from this castle to go seek his fortune in far lands, ay, even to England. Moreover, he did put me on my bible-oath not to tell a living mortal, which oath I had certainly kept, an I had not met thee. Is not that madness? profane, unholy madness?

Berthalind. Dost thou know what madness is ?

Giles. Do I know? do I know, sayst thou? Why, look you, here sitteth Sir Lionel, there stand I. “Giles,” saith he, in a miserable, melancholy voice, “Dost thou love me, Giles?” “Ay, truly,” saith I, “I love your worship a deal better than I love myself, and would follow your worship the wide world over.” This out of the abundance of my affectionate disposition, for I was ever soft about the heart, Mistress Berthalind, and never dreaming for one moment that he would so disadvantageously and marauderily take me at my word. “Then Giles,” saith he, “canst thou keep a secret?” “A secret,” saith I, “yea, that can I better even than a woman.” “Then Giles,” saith he, “I will tell thee one.” And so he told me how he would steal away in the early morning—he leaving a letter for my Lord Hugo—go into far lands—ay, even to England; do, God knows what prodigious deeds of valour, and come back, never perhaps, but famous knight and henchman whenever we did appear. If this be not madness, then am I a jackass indeed!

Berthalind. In that is little madness, unless sound sense and fine discretion be twin brothers thereto.

Giles. What? dost thou approve, Mistress Berthalind—

knowing well, that except in hard necessity, I have no stomach for fighting?

Berthalind. Thou hast a huge stomach for eating—let each man use his natural gifts; Sir Lionel will not leave thee much fighting, I warrant.

Giles. No soul of Adam may doubt my valour!

Berthalind. No soul of Adam knoweth the unknown; yet art thou valiant in thine own way—pot-valiant.

Giles. Dost thou flout me, Mistress Berthalind? thou mayst discern that 'tis the agony of leaving thee behind which so unmans me.

Berthalind. I may discern so much; yet it scarce needeth mention, perchance, that to be unmann'd, thou oughtest to have had manliness first of all.

Giles. Come, Mistress Berthalind, speak in kindness to me; thou mayst never see me again.

Berthalind. Good fortune blesseth me not so easily! Sir Lionel is to be commended; for, look you, why should he languish here for a lady who must wed another, poor soul! the world being wide, and other maidens as fair?

Giles. There are no two maidens fair as our lady Eunonia and thyself, howsoever wide the world may be.

Berthalind. Women are alike everywhere—most of them tolerable, some intolerable, with here and there a beauty. I would back the world against this old castle, and the world would win.

Giles. I am not so certain.

Berthalind. Why shouldst thou be? thou wert ever uncertain.

Giles. Yet in one thing have I been certain.

Berthalind. Prithee, what may that thing be?

Giles. That I loved thee.

Berthalind. Loved me? why shouldst thou not? I have never done thee harm!

Giles. Nay, in a less brotherly way than that, a deeper, a more enduring way, a marrying way in truth.

Berthalind. Giles, were we to marry, one of us would starve.

Giles. Thou shouldst never starve, Mistress Berthalind!

Berthalind. I should starve, I tell thee, for the lack of a reasonable human being with whom to converse; thou wouldst be so jealous, that never a man could be spoken to save thyself.

Giles. Well, Mistress Berthalind, I did hope to have met with kindness at thy hands, seeing this is a leave-taking.

Berthalind. So long as 'tis not taking without leave, I am happy.

Giles. Why?

Berthalind. Thou mightest have taken a kiss, whereat I should have been most horribly affronted.

Giles. And am I not most mannerly, never attempting what I know thou wouldst not like?

Berthalind. How dost thou know, blockhead?

Giles. Blockhead? blockhead? Ah! . . . I take thee! If I meet as fair a lass, dost thou know what I will do?

Berthalind. Nay, I cannot even guess.

Giles. Kiss her! [Kisses her.]

Berthalind. Begone, Master Impudence! O Giles, I am sad thou art going.

Giles. Thou art not half so sad as I.

Berthalind. Yet stay not over long away, for Bernardo, the armourer, hath askt me, and 'tis like I may wed him if thou art too late.

Giles. Then will I make thee a widow, and marry Bernardo's wife. [Footsteps within.]

Berthalind. Hush, some one is coming!

Giles. Another kiss, if I die for it!

Berthalind. Farewell, Giles ; farewell, simpleton !

Giles. Farewell, thou torturer ! Sweetheart, farewell !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside Count Hugo's Castle Wall by the Ladies' Postern.—A taper is seen burning high up in Eunonia's Chamber.*

RAYMOND *discovered beneath.*

Raymond (looking up at the lattice).

Fair Saint, may heavenly guardians watch thy rest,
 And bring thee dreams which breathe of Paradise.
 Oh, I will feed on hope, and glut desire
 With vain belief that ere the morrow come—
 When I perchance may see thee—cruel hours
 Which intervene will flee as if my wish
 Were lord of Time, and could annihilate
 The separating ocean and make the morn !
 God ! ere the morn can come the tedious moon
 Must drag her weary way across the sky,
 And mock me with her glittering stare and seek
 To wrench my faith, that so I should conceive
 The honest sunbeams phantasy, and her light
 The only light which shineth. And as yet
 She hath not risen ! Eunonia ! Eunonia !
 That name for Raymond holds the Heaven of heavens—
 Yet, wonderful, 'twas but an empty word—
 A shadow—a fable—nothingness—a note
 Blown on the wind and never heard again,
 Three days ago ! Three days ago ! who's he
 Would measure days so evenly ? Are all
 Our days alike ? Shall we take up the faggot

Of Time and lop to a calendar'd length and bind ?
 I have but lived three days ! my former life
 Was but the chaos from which may come Creation—
 A petty mass of years, where not one hour
 Was ever raised above the vulgar round
 Of common duties ; myself, some patient beast
 Born in a darken'd pit, and groping pleased
 To touch the slimy sides, as deeming them
 The vast horizon of a limitless realm.
 But now, like the blended light of mated stars,
 My life shall shine in double splendour, full
 And calm, untainted by the touch of pain,
 The hand of malice, or the spite of chance.
 Superior, in an orbit circling high
 Above the experiences of meaner souls,
 We two will grow together in love, and find
 In every change and season perfect joy.
 [*The chapel bell rings, some monks pass at the back of the stage
 to complines.*]

Ha, who are they ? Blind moles who burrow deep
 In church and monastery, and thrust away
 All that belongs to honest manliness.

The moon rises.—Enter FATHER ANSELMO.

Again that friar, and since the morning thrice
 I came upon him mumbling prayers, or rapt
 In contemplation ; such a man enshrouds
 The bravery of the world with mourning robes.
 Why doth he cross my path ?

Anselmo.

Benedicite,

Fair son ! Art thou a-thinking how that orb,
 Which rises through the vast, and all the earth,
 Its pomp and circumstance, shall melt like wax
 Before the breath of Him the Maker ?

Raymond. No!
Frankly, on my soul, good father, I had thought
Of how most beauteous of most beauteous things
Is this same mother Earth of ours.

Anselmo. Vanity!
All is vanity! vain thy thought! is it not writ?
And doth not Nature's self, responding, teach?

Raymond. We do not read the signs alike; no faith
Have I that disbelief in all the beauty
Of beauty is right or true. Shall I assume
That He who placeth bliss within my heart
Is working false, and saith, "Enjoy it not!
What seemeth bliss is black, unending woe" ?
Are then my senses cheats? Their heaven-made use
To judge that That which Is, is That which is Not?

Anselmo. Then I as man to man may answer thee,
That when my senses whisper, "These are good"
Or "These are lovely—these beyond compare"
Of aught existing on the sinful earth;
My soul replies—and she is true as thine—
"In this life is there nothing good, and when
They seem the lovelier most to be abhorr'd."

Raymond. Thy pardon, father, if I should affront—
But how canst thou in fairness judge of these
Same sinful things? How art thou fit to be
My monitor when all thy world is pent
Within the walls of church or monastery;
When life with thee is but the life of those
Who, shrinking from high duty, selfishly
Put by their manhood, and are content to gaze
Through cloistral sanctuaries at the fight afar—
Proud that though in the world they are not of it!
Yet, should a worldling as myself come nigh,

Judge what they know not to be vanity.

Anselmo. Dost thou remember Ralpho Gonsalamos ?

Raymond. Ralpho Gonsalamos the Lombard ? Well ;
He was the only man who ever crost
A lance with mine, and bore away the meed—
His country's noblest soldier ! We shall meet,
I have sworn it, we shall meet again, and then—

Anselmo. He will lay his hand on thine arm as I do now,
And say this earthly life is naught but vanity,
For *I* was once Ralpho Gonsalamos.

Raymond. Ralpho Gonsalamos ?

Anselmo (throwing back his cowl). Mark well.

Raymond. Good God !

Anselmo. Ralpho Gonsalamos is dead to all
Which makes our being what it seems ; he drain'd
The cup of life to the dregs and found it—death.

[*Replaces cowl.*]

Raymond. Ralpho Gonsalamos !

Anselmo. No longer so ;

Though weakly Nature reassert herself,
When suddenly a face starts from the Past—
Long buried with the springs of faded years—
Father Anselmo knoweth not the man
Save this, that whoso dare avouch he cast
Away the worldling's life in sloth or fear,
Lies to his Maker ! Now, fair son, I go
To complines in the chapel nigh. Wilt thou
Join in our services of praise and prayer ?
Saved from the wrath of war by heavenly aid
Well may the warrior thankfully adore.

Raymond. How sadly strange is such a place to me !
Yet, reverend father, an thou'lt on before
Soon will I follow.

Anselmo. We shall never meet
 In this vain world again. My yearly task
 Of portioning Count Hugo's dole among
 The brethren for the last time is done. Ere morn,
 I journey where the archangel's awful fane
 Towers yonder o'er the troubled sea and guards
 The sinful kingdom, and to them who seek
 Bestows that peace which passeth understanding.
 The Saviour guide thee! [Exit ANSELMO.]

Raymond. Now the very ground
 May tremble under foot, and mountains high,
 Whose roots hold fast the entrails of this globe,
 Supinely topple from their base—no sign
 Of wonder such events could wring
 From my impassive soul! All wonderment
 Hath vanisht with that man! I cannot gape
 Did Satan open hell and show me here
 His mysteries infernal! Vanity—
 What's vanity? All things of love and joy?
 Or is it not the wild imaginings
 Of that disordered mind—struck hard perchance
 By some dread blow of Fate, and helpt to further
 Unmanliness by fasting and lonely cell?
 Eunonia! thou thyself canst dissipate
 With cause resistless such a blasphemy,
 For thou art of the world, yet hast thou given
 More moments of pure bliss to my true soul
 Than I can dream are found in Paradise.
 Oh, that for ever I might clasp that form
 And watch those features! What to me
 Is all beside?—a barren, bitter waste.
 I, who have loved no woman ere this time,
 Have younger grown to meet the fair occasion,

And all the chemic forces of my blood
 Have backward pulsed to youth and eagerness.
 Thoughts which I hardly knew or had disdain'd,
 So blind was I, come thronging to my brain ;
 The springtime is renewed ! my supple frame
 Scorns now the lately-chilling bands of age,
 And passionate feelings tingle through my heart
 And make existence rapture. Eunonia !
 Enchantress by Love's might, this is thy work !
 Thy potent charm hath lifted me to light
 From utter darkness. Now go I that so
 Mine unaccustomed tongue may join anew
 The worship of our Maker, blessing thee
 And bearing thy dear name to Heaven in pray'r.
 Sweet, be thou nigh when I shall come again,
 And make the morning hasten through the skies !

[*Exit* RAYMOND.]

Monks' chant swells on the ear :—

“ *Dona nobis pacem,*” *

EUNONIA *opens the lattice, takes a paper from her bosom, and reads by the moon's light.*

Eunonia. “ When swells the holy psalm I shall be nigh,
 And if in honour thou wilt deign to meet me,
 Ope thou the ladies' postern.” Nothing more.
 Alas ! I wish that all his tender words
 Were writ in this dear scroll, for then could I
 In reading them a thousand thousand times,
 Pass quickly through the desert of my life
 And have the journey ended. O Lionel,
 Lionel ! without thee I am neither maid,
 Nor wife, nor widow ! Three poor days ago

* See Appendix.

How happy were we ! Then came hell, and now—
I wish the moon were shining on my grave.
A wretch foredoomed to living death, this joy
May yet be mine—to see him once again !
And though we meet to part for aye, 'twill be
A lonely glimpse of heaven. . . . The guards shall hear
No step of mine, and, ere they me resolve
Or ghost or mortal, the postern will be gained.

[She closes the lattice, leaves the light burning, and descends.]

Enter LIONEL round a corner of the high wall equipt for a journey.

Lionel. Will she vouchsafe to meet me ? There it burns,
That vestal flame, her taper—holy light !
Oft have I linger'd here and yearned, when storm
And rain howled through the dark, that I were made
A little bird to beat with fluttering wing
Against her lattice—then had she ta'en me in
And pitied me and warmed me on her bosom !
Will she not come again ? Thou white-faced moon,
Canst thou not print oblivion on my brain
And make a dream of that which is too true ?
Oh, if thou couldst ! Oh, if thou couldst ! My lost,
Lost love ! . . . Would we were standing man to man
Here in the moonlight ! by my life's ruin, I swear
His soul or mine should face the dawn in Heaven !
. . . I have grown old since I did see her ! Old ?
The tottering grandsire of a hundred years
Hath younger pulses than this heavy heart
Can ever give me—withered ere my days
Have known the bloom of manhood. . . . Will she come
And bless me ? Will she come ? or am I driven
From Paradise without one word or token
To cheer the weary way which lies before ?

What if she hath not had my poor request? . . .
 Yet Giles affirm'd 'twas rendered sure in hand. . . .
 No shadow on the lattice. . . . Not a sound
 Comes from her chamber to my straining ear!
 No more may I behold her, that is bliss
 Which but remains for some hereafter! . . . Hark! . . .
 The postern seemed to tremble . . . God! . . . it moves!

EUNONIA opens the postern door and advances toward him.

It opens! . . . Heaven be kind! . . . 'tis she! 'tis she!
 Fate, I defy thee! Eunonia!

Eunonia.

Lionel!

Lionel. Then thou hast dared—

Eunonia.

I would dare all for thee.

Lionel. O impotence of Love, that lives like ours,
 Where two hearts beat as in one breast, should be
 Asunder riven! O impotence of Fate,
 That love like ours, though worlds between us rolled,
 Should be for ever changeless!

Eunonia.

Why hath life

Grown hideous? Have we earn'd the curse of God
 By loving one another? I am rackt;
 Tormented as some wretch may be whose hands
 Have workt the vilest crime—whose venom'd soul
 Served evil only! Is it then deserved,
 This dreadful horror, this sore punishment?
 Is there a just Creator, if thou and I
 Are robb'd of all the promise of our love,
 And must walk separate through the pleasant ways?

Lionel. I knew not sorrow till thy father spake
 The fearful doom and bann'd me from my heav'n;
 Yet this was happiness to pangs which gript
 My heart, when thou wert claspt in Raymond's arms—
 That piteous sight! true mercy had struck me blind!

Eunonia. No fiend could dream of torture such as fill'd
My shuddering body, while his loathly touch
Crept through the swoon and dragg'd me back to woe.
O too brief respite ! would it had been death.

Lionel. Fain had I driven my dagger through his heart ;
What stay'd the blow I know not, for my soul
Was but a wasting fire of rage and terror—
Remembrance now is agony ! O God,
Show Thou more kindness, or give Thou more strength !

Eunonia. Love, what is left us ?

Lionel. Hath thy father since
That fatal morning spoke to thee of aught
Touching thyself and this Lord Raymond ?

Eunonia. No !

I have not seen my father ; desolate,
I kept my chamber, and good Berthalind
To him excused me as might best avail.
Alas ! he deems an ecstasy of bliss
At sudden fortune had o'erborne my strength !
And satisfied thus easily, next morn
He to Coutances went with Gerard.

Lionel. His mind
Is open as the sunshine, and suffused
With such a nobleness suspicion ne'er
May gain a lodgment, else our love had been
As known to him as 'tis to old Gerard,
Who late beseecht me to forbear this place
While unendow'd with rank and martial fame.
And I had told thy father of our love,
Prayed him the rather to regard my suit
As pleaded by De Toesni's heir, than him
Who poor, unknown, hath on his bounty fed
These many years ; but mine unworthiness

Prest on me sore and gagg'd my tongue, while Hope
 Would whisper, "Thou shalt yet be great—away!
 Thy deeds shall triumph over Time's disdain,
 And generations yet to come shall hear
 How well De Toesni won his lands anew—
 Then mayst thou ask nor fear refusal." Thou
 Wouldst wander near and Love would cry, afraid,
 "Wilt leave thy dear one for the barren world
 Where ne'er a heart like hers may beat for thee,
 Where ne'er a face like hers may bless thy sight?"
 And thus I linger'd wishing I were gone,
 Yet so Eunonia still might be mine own.
 He wins who dares; I dared not, and—I lost.

Eunonia. What, lost? Oh never, Lionel! I am thine,
 And only thine! Shall any hand profane
 The holy love which fills our hearts and made
 Life one long rapture; which will live and burn
 When all the stars above us wander dark
 In night eternal! May oblivion seize
 My senses if I ever yield a jot!
 Can fifty fathers as my Lionel be?

Lionel. O love, thy words fall glowing on the mine
 Of passion stifled here within: seek not
 To spring it, or, by Heaven, the high resolves
 Of royal duty will be blown to air!

Eunonia. What canst thou mean?

Lionel. Eunonia, when my heart
 Took courage and whisper'd what thou know'st too well,
 And got response of so divine a taste,
 That happiness swept thrilling through my blood—
 Was it by look or motion shown?

Eunonia. Thy face
 Beam'd on me as an angel's; how I blest

My Maker I could give such joy !

Lionel.

Such joy

Was naught to that now mine, as thus thy voice

Rendereth assurance of our lasting love !

I am not worthy this immortal gift ;

Nor breathes she who could mate thy mind or beauty !

How I do love thee ! Witness, Heaven and Earth,

And strike me dumb, ye everlasting powers,

If that my soul doth know a dearer bliss

Than is Eunonia ! Love for thee fills all,

And makes me thine in everything I am !

Eunonia. I tremble while I worship !

Lionel.

Yet, this night—

This night—my steed stands waiting.

Eunonia.

What say'st thou ?

Lionel. How can I speak ? it tears my vitals ! . . . I—

I go . . .

Eunonia. Unsay those words ! Thou shalt not go !

Thou shalt not go and leave me loveless here !

Lionel, thou shalt not go ! thou shalt not go !

Lionel. Eunonia !

Eunonia.

If thou goest I will go ;

And if thou dost not take me as thy peer,

Afoot through all the wide world will I follow—

Thy page, thy groom, thy handmaid. Shouldst thou spurn

Thy servant, I will kiss thy feet content,

So thou art near.

Lionel.

God, she unmans me quite !

Mine own, if then we met a poor old man

With snowy beard and sorrow-wrinkled brow,

Who cried, " My child ! what hast thou done with her ?

Thou traitor to the ties of home and honour ! "

Could I look back into his eyes and say

“ I am no traitor ! Well have I repaid
 Thy constant kindness and thy manly love.
 I have not wreckt thy life nor stol'n the gem
 Which deckt the bleak remainder of thy days ;
 But sacred held betrothal to thy friend,
 And left her in thine arms ; not knave enough
 To make her love excuse for villainy ” ?

Eunonia. Alas ! thou art too honest, or my heart
 Hath fatally misjudg'd thy love of me.
 I drift before the storm ; hast thou no help ?
 No comfort but the pitiless crown of thorns ?
 I cannot wear that crown ; life is not life
 Apart from thee.

Lionel. Eunonia, do not doubt me !
 Naught left but honour, if thou dost refuse
 To grant me this, then am I poor indeed.

Eunonia. Forgive me, love ! despair had made me mad.

Lionel. Curst be the fortune that so tortures thee !
 If we had never met it would be well ;
 But having met, and loved, and lost the right
 To make that love our own—we may lose love,
 Though that shall leave us bleeding, broken hearts ;
 Yet never lose the spring of noble minds—
 Bright honour.

Eunonia. Thou art pleading Raymond's cause.

Lionel. Canst thou remember, when a little lad,
 I first beheld thy face ?

Eunonia. Could I forget ?

Lionel. Who freely found for me the sanctuary
 Which Nature makes the service of a parent ?
 Whose hand hath held me up ? Whose kindly arms
 Have folded to his breast ? Whose generous gifts
 Have made a plenty of my barrenness,

And broke the sting of poverty? Whose care
 Gave youthful cravings their desire, till e'en
 The hallow'd memory of my loss grew dim? . . .
 Three days ago I had not named his name
 Without the blush of shame upon my cheek,
 For then, in bitter wrath, I swore to fly—
 If thou wouldst go—with thee from him and Raymond!
 Now can I answer—Hugo, Count St. Maur!
 May hell gape for me if I do him wrong.

Eunonia. My blood is frozen, Lionel; to discern
 The way I yearn to tread is doubly barred—

Lionel. By honour and by Duty. If I loved thee
 Ignobly, selfishly, unholily,
 How easy 'twere to find in Love a king
 Whose lightest inclination had been law;
 In basest perfidy a righteous deed;
 And lure affection, so the gentle bond
 Which binds a maiden to her sire were snapt!

Eunonia. I have learnt the cruel lesson. What is left
 For us, my Lionel? what is left?

Lionel. To part—
 To part—for ever.

Eunonia. Not to part! no, no!

Lionel. My darling, do not rob me of the frail
 Resolve which strives against my weakness.

[*A horn is sounded.*

Hark!

The warder's horn! Thy father and Gerard
 Back from Coutances. I dare not keep thee here.
 I have left a letter for my lord; tell him
 I can no longer rust in these old walls,
 I must be gone.

Eunonia. O Lionel! I will kneel

Before Lord Raymond and confess our love
 And pray his mercy ; if he have a heart
 He shall restore us each to each.

Lionel. And break
 Thy father's knightly word ? Forswear the oath
 Which thou though innocent did take, and bring
 Black desolation on the waning years
 Of him, my benefactor ?

Eunonia. O noble heart,
 That points to duty with a hero's hand !
 Now, out of my great love I say to thee,
 Go ! and the smile of God be thy reward !
 Our love, sublimed above the love of earth,
 Is lost in victory of self, and thou
 Art he, the victor-martyr.

Lionel. Fare thee well !
 My loved, my lost one, fare thee well ! I bless
 Dear Christ that I have follow'd Him in this,
 And most that thou hast doubted not my love
 Undying as His own. Farewell ! may He,
 Thy lowly Saviour, comfort thee ! If, love,
 By yielding life I could remove one pang
 Which racks thy heart, how gladly were it given.

[They move back to the postern.]

Eunonia ! when in years to come thy lord
 Hath made thee happy, and the children's feet
 Go pattering by, and all is well with thee,
 Deign through the misty shadows of the past
 To glance a moment ; should a tear betray
 The memory of this hour, thou mayst without
 A blush give answer, " Child, I thought of one
 Who loved me better than his happiness."

Eunonia. Lionel, thou break'st my heart

Raymond (concealing his face in cloak). Stand, sir, and draw!

Lionel. Who art thou?

Raymond. Ask me not, but press thy blade
To mine! Dost hesitate? Draw! or by Him
Who made us both, I slay thee weaponless!

Lionel. Under her window! No. Sir, rest assured
I am not seeking to avoid thee, pass
With me along the wall where unobserv'd
The business may be ended. This way—so.

They go higher up the stage along the wall, EUNONIA appears at the lattice.

Eunonia. My life is reft of sunshine! O Lionel,
Where'er thou art, Heaven's blessing rest on thee!

[*She withdraws.*]

Lionel. Now, sir, my sword is ready; yet, in sooth,
I crave the reason for this wild attack—
What is thy name and rank? I know thee not.

Raymond. Then drag it from me an thou canst! . . . No
more!

Presumptuous boy, dost doubt I am thy peer?

Lionel. Nay, but in courtesy—

Raymond. Thou art no knight!

Thou art a churl!

Lionel. Have at thee, then!

[*They fight.*]

Monks' chant is resumed.

Raymond. God's love!

No churl—an iron wrist!

Lionel. An arm of steel!

*LIONEL is wounded and falls. RAYMOND stoops over him.
The cloak unwraps and shows his face.*

I fall. Ha! Raymond! thou canst give no pain.

[*Sinks back insensible.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Room in Count Hugo's Castle.*

GERARD.

Gerard. An honest mystery offers to the mind
 Much good in seeking due unravelment ;
 But this with which my brain now aches must be
 A most dishonest, deep, unsolvable,
 Unwholesome mystery as e'er threw spell
 Of glamour o'er a troubled soul. No thought,
 No will, no habit, cogitation, search,
 Exploit, adventure, purpose, or attempt
 Makes plain the dim profundity, or tells
 How this sharp sickness of young Sir Lionel
 Began, nor what hath caused so dire effect.
 I grope, a blind man in a ditch, and, worse
 Than usual blindness, trip myself heels up,
 And plump into the mud with every move.
 Let me recall the weight of circumstance
 Which fashioned such a casket, yet withheld
 The key. That night my lord and I returned
 Late from Coutances, Lord Raymond bursts within
 My chamber just as I was well-composed
 To sleep, the heritage of all just men ;
 He in a worry of distress entreats
 My services to find a leech, and hale
 The man of physic to his lodging quick
 As time may meet the need, and caps the freak
 By forcing on me half-awake an oath

Most dread that never to a living soul
 The business shall be told. As hap would have
 My lord and I nigh home had fallen in
 With old Bontaine, the town chirurgeon, who
 That instant snugly snored within the castle.
 I led Lord Raymond to him, and they past
 Away before mine eyes, and left me mazed
 And doubtful whether 'twas a dream or no.
 Faith! many a dream hath far more life-like been—
 Yet that was never dream, but staring fact,
 And act, and motion. When I ask Bontaine,
 “How doth the patient?” he but shaketh head,
 While I may not go nigh my dear young master
 Tho' now ten days have gone; and the good Count
 Laments his friend hath need of surgery,
 And vows 'tis but old-fashioned modishness
 For further dallying with his marriage-day.
 Strange how he missed not Lionel! My poor lad,
 I will endeavour to behold thee! Mine
 The duty thou canst claim beyond all else.

Enter Hugo with a letter in his hand.

Hugo. Gerard, a knave hath lately given me this.
 Indeed, 'twas a good se'nnight since, methinks.
 I thrust it in my doublet at the time
 And straight forgot it; take thou it and read. .

Gerard (reads).

“To my loving and honoured Count Hugo de St. Maur.

“MY HONOURED LORD,—When thou hast beheld these lines
 I shall be gone, endeavouring, since the times have grown so
 unwarlike, to atone in far countries for my present and past
 most miserable negligence, in serving mine own ease rather
 than the duty which lieth before every man. That this

may be done the more readily, I have but taken one lackey, Giles Daubeny, with me, and refrained from those courteous and loving adieus to thee and thine, which thou hast all right to expect. In this, indeed, pray pardon me, and deign to receive the fullest acknowledgements my poor heart can give of all thy great and manifold kindness unto me. Give for me my blessing unto Gerard, mine old nurse and counsellor, who was ever with thee in this matter. That heaven may make me worthier thy love, and repay thee therefor is my constant prayer.

“LIONEL DE TOESNI.”

Hugo. In sooth, well writ and manly ; he is mine
Own son by all the lasting ties which bind
Son to a father. Know thou this, Gerard,
I have a fixt assurance that the boy
Will win his name the old renown again.

Gerard. God grant it. Oh, 'twas a broken heart breathed
This letter ! [through

Hugo. Thus our counsel ta'en at last,
We yet shall all behold him honour'd, rich,
And envied by the great ; and tho' so long
He hath delay'd, yet mightier fame shall make
Ample amends for past obscurity.

Gerard. Mayst thou be proved a prophet, dear my lord !
I lack thy cheerful prescience—if my life's
Best blood could give desire achievement, it
Were rain'd this moment at thy feet.

Hugo. Gerard,
In seeing thy devotion to his weal,
I faintly price the treasure found by me
In thee, my faithful seneschal. Be sure
'Twill be as I have pictured, and with years

Let faith in this grow sturdier, and defy
The sure progression of decaying age.

Gerard. My lord, thy favour lendeth present boldness --
Let me retain his letter ; 'tis a thing,
Perhaps the only thing, will speak of him
For many a day to these old eyes.

Hugo.

'Tis thine.

Enter BONTAINE.

How now, physician ! hast a good account
Of our Lord Raymond ? Doth he take the air ?

Bontaine. His worship fareth well, yet for some days
Will rest in his apartment, and doth crave,
My lord, thy pardon for the seeming slight
In asking, as before, that he be left
Unvisited by any in the house.
He trusteth thy affection will discern
Herein no slur on hospitality.

Hugo. Dear Raymond ! so his health doth mend I trow
In these precautions no affront is seen.
Bontaine, is it not most notable that he
So younger far than I should feel the claw
Of withering Time—as thus meseemeth—while
Untoucht, but rarely, still my step is firm,
My brain is clear, my frame no ailment weakens ?

Gerard (aside). How doth a morning-posset thaw the
frost !

Bontaine. A man is simply what he makes himself.
Great Nature heeds his work and bears result
Accordingly. Thus they whose primal heat
Is strong to overcome where weaker flesh
Sink 'neath the weight and stumble, may withal
So turn from temperate action that when years
Grow many, like strong castles undermined,

They topple piteous ruins. Whereas they
 Whose sinews are as threads, whose very strength
 Is weakness manifest, by wiser care
 Maintain such due proportion of their powers
 That Age is only Youth grown old. They know
 True health who, having natural strength, yet build
 Thereto as jealous husbandmen, nor are
 For ever prodigal.

Hugo. My case, Bontaine ;
 What might my youth had gain'd my manhood kept.
 Why, when I left the field this good right hand
 Was vigorous as the day when first it graspt
 A lance, and is so now. Nay, I will test
 The truth thereof! Gerard, go fetch my lance
 Which standeth in the pictur'd gallery,
 And ye shall see what pith mine arms retain.

Gerard. That treen staff? that weaver's beam? Why,
 zounds!
 The great archangel need be nigh to stay
 Thy body perpendicular!

Hugo. Go to!
 Wouldst measure by thyself a man like me?
 Go fetch it, sirrah!

Gerard (aside). An he wield that lance
 With back unbroken, Time doth me grievous wrong!
[Exit GERARD.]

Hugo. Thou seest what a stubborn knave that same
 White-bearded seneschal can be! 'Tis strange,
 Long while he deemeth me a grandfather,
 Disabled and unfit for use. Gadzooks!
 But I will show him what a knight may do
 Tho' threescore years have tumbled on his back!

Bontaine (aside). As thou wilt tumble on thine own!

(To Hugo) My lord,
 Some men grope thro' the daylight as 'twere dark;
 They see their fancies only—custom blinds
 Perception as to real attributes
 Of others; if these answer not the shape
 Forc'd on distorted vision, straight transformed
 To fit the die—beauty is ugliness,
 Youth middle-age, ambition self-conceit,
 Virtue pollution, courage cowardice.

Hugo. 'Fore God thou hast a proper apprehension!
 How blind Gerard doth grow. Ha! here he cometh!

Enter GERARD, dragging the lance behind him.

Now for the trial.

Gerard. Have a care, my lord!
 I do protest 'tis tempting Providence
 For thee to raise so weighty a spar. It fell
 When first unfastened, nearly cracking this
 My thick but only brainpan.

Hugo. Give it here.

Gerard. Help thou, Bontaine, 'tis only fit to mast
 Some stout boat on the ocean.

Hugo. Ha, the bur
 Is loose.

Gerard. Up, Bontaine!

Bontaine. Saints! 'tis no lady's pin!

[They raise it.]

Hugo. So! to me—now—on rest—again I see
 Stout fellows falling 'neath my stroke! Leave hold,
 Ye twain while I will run a glorious charge:

*They leave hold, the point of the lance descends, and HUGO, clutching
 desperately, is dragged down, the lance falling on the floor.*

Gerard. Heaven grant he be not hurt!

Bontaine. A dangerous sport!

Hugo. Wilt thou not help me to arise, thou knave!
Dar'st laugh because I stumbled? 'twas the bur—
The bur, I tell thee; let me to't again.

Gerard. Nay, that thou shalt not.

Hugo. Sooth, I sweat a deal—
Ye see how 'twas—I grasping thus on rest,
The loosen'd bur my fingers spread which lost
Their proper grip. Ho! ho! [Coughing.]

Bontaine. No man may hold
A loose-burr'd lance tho' many try to do it.

Gerard. My lord, thou art a-tremble!

Hugo. Tush! 'tis naught.

Gerard. The fall hath shaken thee.

Hugo. May I not fall
If it should please me? May I not use my limbs?

Gerard. I do beseech thee, dear my lord, to lean
On this my faithful arm.

Bontaine. Indeed, my lord,
They who disdain support may come to harm;
Mayhap thou hast strain'd thy pericardium.

Hugo. Am I a woman? hath not my good right hand
Sufficient strength to grasp a thousand such!
I need support? I can support ye both!
It was the bur, I tell ye, and the fall
Is naught!

Gerard. I should not relish such a fall.

Bontaine. Some falls are hurtful—some may well be
As harmless. [held

Hugo (aside). An Saint Michael himself had said,
That this could ever be, I had told him he lied!
'S'death! quite winded! they shall not know!

(To Bontaine) Bontaine,
My love and duty to Lord Raymond; give

Him token of my constant prayers that he
 May from the insidious foe be quickly freed.
 Some pressing business calls me hence, I leave
 Ye two old cacklers out of my mishap
 To hatch what eggs ye may.

Gerard. Nay, I protest,
 My service shall not blab.

Bontaine. Here am I dumb.

Gerard. Farewell, my lord.

Bontaine. God keep thee, noble Count.

[*Exit* HUGO.]

Gerard. Now, Sir Physician, give thy tongue a use,
 And ease my longing heart; how doth my dear
 Sir Lionel? hath this wondrous sickness gone?
 Hath he recovered? is he nigh to death?
 What! still oracular? I will endure
 No longer.

Bontaine. I have told thee thrice before,
 Lord Raymond hath by oath most terrible
 Chain'd every motion of an answering tongue.

Gerard. Oaths! what are oaths in such a case as this?
 My lord believes him far afield endow'd
 With all that lusty youth may claim; while I—
 A traitor to my lord whose bread I eat—
 His honest, simple soul, scarce could suspect
 A foe of treachery—I and thou both know
 Sir Lionel smitten mysteriously lieth here
 Held in the clutch of Raymond. That bold man,
 May be for purposes most devilish, keeps
 But fellowship with my poor lad, and shuns
 The open day of heaven which will not hide
 Dark deeds and guilty projects. I have sworn
 An oath as good as any gentleman's,

But now, methinks, 'twere better broken than kept.

Bontaine. Some men are callous to a brother's woe,
While some themselves do feel a stranger's pang :
Thy pleading eyes nigh bid me disregard
My vow to Raymond.

Gerard. Surely without fear
Of man or friar thou mayst assuage my thirst
With some scant knowledge.

Bontaine. I will tell thee this,
That one we wot of is so tost upon
A tempest of delirium, tho' near heal'd
In body, whether yet the mind will e'er
Return to calmer reason, He alone
Who made that mind may know.

Gerard. Be merciful !

Bontaine. Thy thoughts of Raymond are unworthy thee !
A patient nurse he sits beside the bed ;
Come night, come morning, thou wouldst find him there.
A mother's hand no tenderer impress knows,
A father's love was never half as kind.
Rest thou assur'd that young De Toesni's weal
Is safer in such keeping than thine own.

Gerard. Right glad am I to hear thee ; thy rebuke
Is welcome music, good Bontaine.

Bontaine. Some men
Pass cleanly through a sickness nor contract
More dangerous ills, while others clear the storm
But to be shatter'd on a rock-bound coast.

Gerard. Lord Raymond leaves him not thou sayest ?

Bontaine. Save when
The night hath fallen, for a little space
Wherein to breathe the air.

Gerard. Heaven bless him for it !

Bontaine. Gerard, time fleeteth ; to such a perilous strait
Hath this misfortune grown, no remedy
Remains for skill chirurgical. Beyond
My art or knowledge there are powers which move
The weaken'd nerves of memory. If our hope
Belie us not, he may be still assur'd
To manhood sound in body and mind.

Gerard. I grasp
No meaning in thy speech.

Bontaine. Then quickly guide
Where Lady Eunonia may in private hear
The message which I bear, for she is now
The pivot whereon our expectations turn ;
And while we seek her thou shalt comprehend
The meaning of my words.

Gerard. Then follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Interior of Raymond's apartment in Count Hugo's Castle. Lionel lying on a couch or bed ; disordered dress, emaciated, and having the appearance of an invalid. Raymond watching over him. Lamps burning. Heavy hanging arras at the back. Raymond much altered ; haggard and worn.*

Raymond. Quiet at last, poor lad ; the leech doth well
To use Gerard as messenger, or she
Had known his features, and my desperate plan
Failed consummation. Can I gauge their love ?
Is there a need ? Wild hopes and folly strain
My mind to such an action, while within
I feel and own the worst, yet strive to change it.

Mad ? who so mad as I ? for I would seek
To find uncertainty in certitude,
And shake the stars a-jingle in mine hand !

Lionel (sings).

*Young Hyperion's daughter, Luna bright,
Shine on, shine on, my lady loves thy light !
My lady loves thy light—say goddess why ?
Forsooth, my lady knows that she must die.*

Not on a Thursday—look you it were vile
To bind the dripping rainbow with a string !
Yet to distil sweet nectar from the moon
For sharpening sword-blades were a gallant task.

Raymond. Hush ! thou wilt wake thy lady !

Lionel. Seest thou not
That grisly form which steals athwart the glade ?
Ha ! he will rend me from my love ! help ! help !

Raymond. Fear not ! so—I have slain thine enemy.

Lionel. What, think you, will he come again ?

Raymond. But now

I passed my rapier through his corse—no, no ;
He may not more withstand thee.

Lionel. I am content. [*He rests.*]

Raymond. Out of his mutterings oftentimes evolve
Ideas in seeming sequence, yet withal
Whene'er I try to gather up the threads
'Tis but a tangle.

Lionel. On the higher bough !

Raymond. What had been best—a living death in life,
Or sudden end to being ? If I may judge,
Our life is not so precious that to strip
A soul of earthly garments, howsoe'er
Unlawful, deals that soul most ill ; but this—
This shattered reason, this unknowing mind,

This flawed machine a touch would make divine,
 This entitled non-entity, this ruin
 Of Nature's perfect work—he who brings this
 Hath cheated life and death alike.

Lionel. Her rose!

Eunonia's rose! ha! wouldst thou pluck it from me?

Raymond. That name! that name!

Lionel. Why doth it wither now?

Raymond. Art sure it withers?

Lionel. An the sheen

Were bright as then, could I not climb thereon
 And get me into heaven? No, no! he comes—
 That dreadful form!

Raymond. There, see, he lieth slain.

Lionel. Yea; but the moonlight scorseth out mine eyes!
 Yet bury me where the oak-tree wooed that rose,
 So I may sail on every wind to her.
 By the archangel, I will go with Giles!
 See to't! have ready hog-backed Joan for me!
 Some fairy-queen hath o'er the petals blusht!
 No, no, Bernardo—'twas a thrust in tierce.
 Wilt thou not save me from the fiend?

Raymond. Take firm

Assurance that the fiend is dead! That rose,
 Which with incessant plaint he grieves mine ear,
 What may it be? Was it some perisht token?

Lionel. In sooth, dear lord, I am too poor methinks
 For such a high estate. Nay, said I not
 That if 'twere trampled on 'twould live the same?
 But yesterday it held the morning dew.

Raymond. Come, rest thee on thy couch, thou art aweary.

Lionel. What? when the trumpet sounds a charge? the
 word

Thou hast, so keep good watch, brave sentinel!

Raymond. I will keep watch while thou dost slumber.

Lionel. Yea?

But lightly tread else thou wilt crush the rose.

Raymond. Again that rose!

Lionel. Hear'st thou?

Raymond. Nay, fear me not!

Lionel. Then if he come there is no quarter?

Raymond. None.

I am prepared, so thou wilt take thy rest.

Lionel. To-morrow we may meet.

[*Sinks back and rests.*]

Raymond. Peace, wandering soul!

Peace, not as the world giveth, be given to thee.

He rests again. His father was my friend

Till the sad times arose; and I have thus

Requited friendship—as a demon might!

By Heaven, a noble lad! De Toesni's son

In every limb the old heroic strain!

I have not dared to face the honest day

Since that curst hour. Is every atom cramm'd

With palpitating life? each tiny grain

A world built up of myriad organisms?

And that we reckon solid rock or tree

Form'd in their very essence of living things,

Whose multitudinous shapes invisible are

Through infinite minuteness? Is the air

Which wraps my body here and melts away

To space ethereal, wombing universe

On universe, and filling height and depth

And unimaginable immensity,

An instrument so delicately wrought

Harmonious, penetrating, sensitive,

That through its tell-tale vastness is convey'd
Each thought, desire, emotion, passion, act
Conceived, begot, felt, borne, or done by man ?
This all must be, and Cain and I have known
Creation, watching with her million eyes,
As only wretches know who stoop to evil !
Strange aspects crown the solemn arch of heaven,
Mysterious whispers load the trembling wind,
Familiar tokens of the smiling world
Drip blood, a dreadful Presence ever by
Insistent asks, " Where, murderer, is thy brother ? "
God ! hath Eunonia my offence divined ?
For having traced my customary way
Unto her lattice yester-eve, when she
Most suddenly did ope the bars and leaned
Toward the glowing vesper-star and sighed,
Tho' hid in gloom I dared not meet her eyes'
Reproachful glory ; and when I turn'd,
Feeling her gaze withdrawn, as if my glance
Shot venom in't and prickt her gentle heart,
She shudder'd, went, and night was desolate !
What subtle intuitions guided then
Her dreaming mind ? Did the same influences
So wrench the infuriate purpose of my blood
That by these guilty arms was Lionel snatcht
From the dread doom their cruel might had won ?
Unkindly ministers, why held ye not
My senses dull'd in bondage, when with fond
Paternal ignorance did Hugo draw
My war-drows'd vision to Eunonia—claim
The due fulfilment of a light-lipt oath,
Made but to ease the trembling of a friend
For what might hap hereafter ? Heavenly grace !

My brain is swimming in a sea of fire
 As point by point each circumstance unrolls
 Before unread, unseen, unapprehended !
 Their love ! Oh, Raymond, thou art school'd indeed,
 That thus with voluble tongue thou durst express
 What seem'd impossibly monstrous—undesign'd
 By all coincidence of natural things !
 Fool ! was she not nigh him every day ? Could he
 Do aught but love her ? though, by the breath of God,
 I swear his love to mine is as the frail
 Cry of a child to manhood's lusty shout,
 As a meteor's vanishing trail to noon's
 Full splendour, as the starved imaginings
 Of what may-be to those eternal deeds
 Which crown the fruited promise of what Is !
 He love as I ? Were he a thousand-souled,
 My love would still outreach his added powers
 And live diviner on that height where Self
 Is blent and lost in others.

[LIONEL moves uneasily and struggles.]

Lionel.

Thou hast lied !

Thou art the Evil One—the deadly Fiend :
 I know thee Satan !

Raymond. Knowest thou, poor boy,
 That thou art he who barrest out my heaven ?
 Tush ! I speak folly to a madman.

Lionel.

Wretch !

I know thee by the strangeness of thy face
 And barbarous speech wherein thou gabblest—
 Avaunt ! I will be gay tho' she be gone !
 Alas, alas ! they tore me from my love !

Raymond. O God, may I hear this and live ? For he
 Distraught, enfeebl'd, lying there forlorn

Is happier so beloved than I who own
All that men count the chiefest joys of life!

Lionel. Damnation to thy soul! thy shadow fell
Between the sun and me, and dasht the dark
About my happy fortune.

Raymond. Happy fortune!
Such words are sadly consonant with the past.
Can he be mending? Woe to the lover then
Yet to the evil-doer salvation!

Lionel. Wretch!
Wilt thou begone? She shall be never bound
In the deep pits where thou dost reign!

Raymond. No more—
He is thy friend who watcheth, yea, thy friend.

Lionel. Art thou not lord of that infernal throng,
Who crowd around and jeer and thrust their nails
Far in the yielding marrow of my brain?
Look! they feed on't!

Raymond. 'S'death! he is mad indeed.

Lionel. Quit sight or I will slay thee! Leave the world!
Resume thy sway where furies gird the house!
Begone!

Raymond. Nay, be appeased, I am thy friend.

Lionel. Dost tarry, vulture? I will cut thy heart
Out, the black pouch wherein it flouts at God!

[*Rises and seizing RAYMOND struggles violently with him,
endeavouring to snatch the dagger out of his belt.*]

Raymond. Have mercy, Jesu! he will tear his wound
Agape!

Lionel. Give way, devil! give way, Beelzebub!

Raymond. No, no; thou hast it not!

Lionel. By Heav'n, I will!

Raymond. A three-fold strength possesseth him!

Lionel. Back, fiend!

Raymond. This runs to danger! thou wilt rend apart
The leech's bandage—Ho! Bontaine! Bontaine!
The potion—quick!

Lionel. He shall not help thee!

Raymond. Hold!

Back to thy couch—Bontaine! why comes he not?
Quick! bring the potion for this madman! quick,
Bontaine!

Lionel. Beast! art thou victor?

[*Sinking back exhausted.*]

Enter BONTAINE, phial in hand.

Raymond. Victor? so—

Be comforted and rest. (To Bontaine) Administer
The soothing potion: he is much inflamed
By burning fantasies—with passionate strength
Hath struggled in my grasp, and barely missed
To stab me with this dagger.

Bontaine. Hold his hands,
An't please you, my good lord, then I may do't.

[*Administers the draught.*]

'Tis a most potent medicine—'t will enforce
A quiet flowing on unruly blood,
And all the finer sensibilities
Thus be prepar'd to feel the lightest touch
Which may awaken memory and resume
Dominion o'er the mind. See, he is eased.

Raymond. Thou art assur'd, physician, of this thing?

Bontaine. My lord, you gave the clew.

Raymond. Oh, ay, 'twas so—
Thou, too, hast known——

Bontaine. Their love, my lord?

Raymond. Their love.

Bontaine. Why all the gossips hereabout have wagged
Impetuous tongues and shaken heads, and nudg'd
Each other as these two would pass them by—
So saith Gerard. Some people do observe
Youth's fond vagaries ; I myself did ne'er
Behold my lady and Sir Lionel here
In such like fellowship.

Raymond. No ?

Bontaine. No, my lord.

Raymond (aside). That "no" distils sweet poison through
Or was he blind as Hugo ? [my veins—

Bontaine. But, my lord,
Time speedeth ; will it please you go within
The chamber next—there have I placed the robes
Which mock this poor attire.

Raymond. True. Thou hast ne'er
Viewed them as lovers ? Spare the answer—take
Sure watch while I am gone. [Exit RAYMOND.

Bontaine. Fear not, my lord.
They will be present ere he can return,
For, by the horologe, the appointed hour
Is nearer than my count. A man indeed !
His is no fallen nature. An it be
Attemper'd to the tune of human ill,
Good ever showeth front and vanquisheth
The evil far more easily obeyed.
If I may read the tokens right, this lad
Hath fitter fields of action in the heavens,
For, on our harder earth, who needeth him ?
Lord Raymond, old Sir Hugo, or myself ?
Lady Eunonia surely hath not poised
Her fate on such a moon-bred gillyflower—
Tho' women use less reason than may nag,

Who ne'er mistaketh emptiness for corn.
 More is than seems—Lord Raymond babbleth not,
 And why he saved the youngling from a death
 So happily contriv'd; why thrust on me
 A dreadful oath of secrecy; and why
 His days are spent a-nursing—these are “whys”
 Whereunto I find no “because.” In sooth,
 I am become a mystery to myself,
 Knowing too much, yet knowing not much more.
 Can there be virtue in the coming trial?
 Was the scheme mine? or hath it, cuckoo-like,
 Been hatcht within the nest Lord Raymond's hints
 Sufficed to build? The morn may bring reply,
 To-day is dumb.

Gerard (within). Dear lady, 'tis the chamber.

Bontaine. Here? and my lord return'd not?

Eunonia (within). Stay, Gerard—

Delay a moment—I am faint—'tis naught.

O Jesu! guide me now!

Enter EUNONIA and GERARD. BONTAINE partly conceals his face.

Gerard. Bontaine, my lady

Thus to my wild entreaties doth respond.

Eunonia. Is the tale true? a matter of life or death?

Where is Sir Lionel? quick! deny me not!

Bontaine (discovering Lionel). Most noble lady, this is he.

Gerard. He lives!

My poor young master! Heav'n be prais'd!

Bontaine. His mind

Wavers a wind-blown flame which finds no hold;

To all my art immedicable.

Eunonia. Lionel!

Bontaine. The draught hath gain'd a respite—slender
 Yet utmost issue of my deepest knowledge. [boon;

A touch, a tone, a look, the smell of flowers,
 The vision of a face—I know not what—
 May lead perchance his wandering spirit back.
 Here skill is useless! In the lonely hope
 That one, his playfellow, might possess such fine
 Affinity of soul as would unlock
 The prison'd spark of reason, have we dared
 Entreat thy presence, lady.

Gerard. Heaven give aid.

Bontaine (to Gerard). See how she broodeth o'er him,
 Whose mate is lost regards the empty nest. [as a bird
 Watch—if my lord delay—lest sudden fit
 Of violence threaten peril. I must go. [*Exit BONTAINE.*

Eunonia. Gerard, he knows me not! what doth it mean?

Gerard. His eyes are closed, my lady.

Eunonia. But before,
 Had I thus bended o'er him as he slumber'd
 He would have smiled and waken'd.

Gerard. 'Tis no sleep,
 But Nature drugg'd to feign.

Eunonia. Oh, is it he?
 Do not my senses cheat me? Did we part
 To meet in such a fashion? Speak, Gerard;
 Say all is false—that I am stumbling through
 A land of dreams, and this most piteous sight
 Is but one dream the more!

Gerard. Would God it were!

Eunonia. How came it so? what was the cause? who
 dealt
 The blow? and in my kindly father's house!
 Shame on the deed! may joy forsake the doer!

Enter RAYMOND, disguised to represent BONTAINE.

Gerard. Hush, madam, my old heart is sore. I pray

You for Sir Lionel's sake withhold these vain
Demandings.

Eunonia. Vain? but I will know, Gerard!

Raymond (aside). All beauty in one face! I cannot yield
her!

Gerard. And wherefore, my sweet mistress? here hath
A deed whose consequence alone thou seest— [workt
Save greater depth of mystery, of the cause
Thou art informed as I.

Raymond (aside). My heart-strings crack!
See how she bows above him! happy Lionel!

Eunonia. Canst thou do naught, physician, for this man?

Raymond. Naught, lady! naught!

Eunonia. Oh, brand him, Heav'n, a slave!
A creeping slave—a paltry hypocrite
Whose bread is gain'd by false pretence of healing!
What use thy science and the dusty lore
Which thou hast gather'd, as a cur drags mire,
Throughout thy loathsome life? Am I too harsh?
Then be thou deaf—my words shall scorch thee else!

Raymond (aside). Deaf to her voice? Oh, what were
Raymond then!

Eunonia. He who lies there, beyond all hope of cure,
Is he who gave a glory to my life,
Which like some rose-hued sunset never may
Be seen again. Can I be callous now?
Or view unmoved the dear one whom I love
Clutcht in the wild embrace of madness?

Raymond. Hold!
In mercy hold. I have grown faint with watching!

Eunonia. Through the dread winter of my coming years
A cruel Fate yet left one solace, this—
Tho' bound to that grim soldier whom I hate,

I could have turn'd in spirit from his side
 And follow'd Lionel through the world, and glean'd
 Haply some whisper how his fame grew bright
 And noble as himself—forgetting thus
 The wretched woman once a joyous maid.
 Thou hast denied me. Oh, be not afeard!
 I have no power to blast thee as I would.

Raymond (aside). My God, this torture is intolerable!

Gerard. Remember, dear my lady, that the leech,
 Saith by some touch or token thou mightst tune
 This living discord to a perfect tone.

Eunonia. I did not hear.

Gerard. Is it not so, Bontaine?

Raymond. In very truth.

Eunonia. Physician, on my soul,
 Thy skill, thy knowledge, thy experience
 Are vile impostures, base, unable things—
 Useless and best forgotten!

Raymond. Lady—I——

Eunonia. What, darest thou answer? Look on him
 and boast!

A wreckt, a ruin'd life! O Jesu! see
 The sunken cheek, the pallid brow, the hand
 Clammy as death! All health, all manhood cankered!
 Tears fill thine eyes, Gerard, and I have none!
 Thou lovest him, old friend, yet were thy love
 Sublimed and multiplied to heavenly proof,
 Still never couldst thou love him as I love!
 Yea, tho' Lord Raymond hold me as his wife,
 My love with Lionel will live buried.

Raymond. Ah!

Eunonia. Despite our love we parted, that the pledge
 My father gave might honourably be kept;

And we did never think to meet again,
But go our separate ways and work our work,
God help us! as we might—and this is all!

Raymond (aside). Pity me, Heav'n! her words are stab-
bing me. [*Lionel moves uneasily.*]

Gerard. He moves, my lady, look you! be prepared.

Raymond (aside). Oh, she would drag my soul from
Satan's grip!

He will recover.

Gerard (to *Raymond*). Be controll'd, my lord.

Eunonia. Lionel! Lionel! Lionel! my only love!

Raymond. My God! that cry would wake the dead!

Lionel (rising suddenly). She calls.

I hear her voice! [*Sinks back exhausted.*]

Eunonia. He spoke! he knew me not!

Gerard. He knew thy voice; he lookt not on thee
then.

Eunonia. How frail and weary! Now be brave!—Lionel!

Raymond. Would I were he.

Eunonia. Lionel! my love, arise!

And be mine own once more. Christ, pardon me!

Lionel (regarding her and gradually recognising her).

Where art thou calling through the mist? I hear!

And feel the light is breaking overhead.

I hear, and beat them off, and struggle on

To thee, to thee! Oh, kiss me as of old!

Eunonia. Love, I am nigh! Love, I am bending o'er
thee now!

Thus with a kiss I draw thee from the dark!

Come back to earth, to life, to me!

Lionel. *Eunonia!*

Eunonia. Mine own!

Raymond. He is saved!

Gerard (kneeling). Almighty Father, Thou
Hast heard my prayer.

Lionel. Love, thou hast lifted me
From hell to heaven!

Raymond. And I have fallen from heaven
To hell!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Room in Count Hugo's Castle.*

DROGO.

Drogo. Faith, I have lost the tally of events here by captaining the men-at-arms back to Ver, and am therefore somewhat in the dark. Therein I but obeyed my lord's commands, while he crost country to greet his old comrade, Count Hugo, after so long an absence, with exprest intention to rejoin us quickly. Then came the puzzle—for when I did expect to see him, a messenger appeareth, bearing his strait summons that, bringing the notary, the castle-keys, and certain parchments, I should betake myself with all speed to this camp of the feminine enemy. On arrival, my lord's greeting was after the same old kindly fashion; but to the notary he hath been as a twin-brother, and suffereth him rarely out of his sight. I being left at the mercy of these Jezebels until now, when he biddeth me have ready his charger secretly bestowed and afterward gain the Lady Eunonia to meet him presently in the pictured gallery. All this, moreover, in a mysterious and hesitating fashion, which accordeth not with his former heartiness of speech, and violently moved as I knew by his tell-tale eyes. Did he want me for this? Why hath he been so constantly closetted with the notary? For marriage settlements, and thereby the detestable undoing of his fortune. My lord is noble, generous, brave, wise, and kind! a gentleman of whom the Almighty may be proud;

why then should he do so foolishly? Nay, nay, it cannot be! Yet why see her in the pictured gallery? For an open answer to the riddle I will wait in a private spot whereby he must pass in going thither, and humbly crave some knowledge of his purposes. He may refuse; but I will follow him, while one foot can swing before the other, to the uttermost ends of the earth. His charger stands ready—ay, and so likewise is mine own old piece of tough horseflesh. Whither the Lord Raymond shall venture, thither may Drogo. He saved my life when the Spaniard's blade was at my throat, but to so large a heart that maketh no obligation, and is a bare service which, he sayeth, my poor doings have long since overpaid. A kingly mind that holds heroic deeds a simple duty! Shall I, then, fancy such a man as married and undone; feeding the multifold fancies of a varying woman; meekly obeying when she crieth, "My lord, the babe lacks sport, go, dandle him awhile!" and become, in place of a full, fame-trumpeted nobility, but the shadow of an exacting wife? Monstrous! impossible! Yet if certainty may be had, certainty shall be got. Meanwhile mine errand waiteth. Ha! hither ambleth the mincing tirewoman; she can speed me to her mistress.

Enter BERTHALIND.

God help us; I would as lief spit on as speak to her.

Berthalind (aside). That surly clown. Where is Bernardo?

Drogo. Good day, Mistress Berthalind. Can you direct me to the Lady Eunonia? I bear a message from my lord.

Berthalind. God save you, Master Drogo, she may hardly see the messenger.

Drogo. Wherefore?

Berthalind. In truth, my mistress is in no mood to receive that she likes not.

Drogo. She is not askt to like or dislike; but merely hear a compliment which, perchance, the Lord Raymond deigneth to bestow.

Berthalind. His compliments will fall flat; for this I say, that though, poor soul, she may marry him, yet can she never love him.

Drogo. Poor soul? nay! Heaven forfend it!

Berthalind. Go thy ways, Master Ignorance! I had forgot thou wert new here, and blind of the matter.

Drogo. Well, Mistress Impudence, an 'tis of marriage thou speakest, tho' strange to the place I have already heard enough concerning it, nor would dwell longer on so melancholy a subject.

Berthalind. Melancholy enough, in truth; tho' it doth surprise me to hear such an admission from thyself.

Drogo. What! know you not I detest your chattering sex, that cannot plainly answer a plain question without mousing disquisitions concerning other folks' business!

Berthalind. What doth the man want?

Drogo. The man doth want but a straight direction to the Lady Eunonia who, will-she nill-she, shall hear my message.

Enter BERNARDO behind them.

Berthalind. What? wouldst thou carry a boudoir by storm?

Drogo. By siege and sack if 'twere needful!—give me mine answer!

Bernardo (aside). His answer! and but yestereve she promised me in place of truant Giles! Oh, scandalous!

Berthalind. Why, Master Bear, go thou along the corridor yonder, then, turning to the right, lift a hanging

tapestry, and, if thy rough tongue is able to prefer a smoother request, the wench who waiteth there will take thee to my lady.

Drogo. A thousand thanks, Mistress Berthalind! in so much hast thou charmed me.

Berthalind. Why truly, Master Drogo, I cannot well refuse even thy——

Bernardo (coming forward). Faithless hussy! art thou sugaring this fellow also?

Drogo. This fellow! prithee, sir, what fellow art thou?

Bernardo. One who will baste thy hide for thee, if thou darest again to address this lady or receive her words!

Berthalind. Thou art overhasty, Bernardo; he but askt me——

Drogo. A plain question, sirrah! in the answering whereof this chattering magpie but delayed an honest man.

Bernardo. A civiller tongue would better become thee, friend; or, by St. Jago, I will split it to improve thy speech!

Drogo. What! a miserable Spaniard beard a Norman in Normandy! by the great archangel, I will stuff Saint Jago down thy throat!

Bernardo. Cain was not Abel, thou swaggerer! spell me that.

Berthalind. Nay, nay, good gentlemen—'tis all nothing; let me explain——

Drogo. Nothing? by Heaven he hath insulted me, and shall smart!

Bernardo. Go behind the arras, Berthalind, while I chastise this bragging savage!

Drogo. Bragging savage! Draw, sir! draw!

Bernardo. None more ready! say thy prayers.

Berthalind. Help! help! [They draw and fight.

Stay, good gentlemen, both! ye quarrel for naught! Put up your swords, or I will call Lord Hugo! Bernardo! Bernardo! lovest thou me not? Oh, Bernardo! he will kill thee!
 [Exeunt fighting.]

SCENE II.—*Raymond's Chamber in the Castle.*

RAYMOND and STEPHEN the notary.

Stephen. My lord, the instruments are all complete,
 And need but signature and seal.

Raymond. The last
 De Ver of Ver! Complete, thou saidst? well, bring
 The parchments hither—nay, but hold awhile!
 When I do call, good Stephen, be prepared.

Stephen. My lord, my father was your father's clerk
 As I am yours; our service makes me bold
 To press again remonstrance and entreaty
 Concerning this most ill-advised resolve.
 What! with a pen-stroke disenfeoff De Ver
 Of all the rich possessions held and gain'd
 By splendid courage, noble loyalty,
 Sagacious handling, honourable endeavour;
 Not only of to-day, but stretching back
 Through a long line of princely ancestors?

Raymond. Deem not, good Stephen, that this act of
 mine
 Is aught but well-considered; where thou dost grope
 Confounded 'mid the dark, I, who have kept
 With straining eyes long vigils of the night,
 Discern the dawning of another day.
 Is it a riddle to thee? let it pass,

Nor fret thyself with guesses or desire
 Of further knowledge. For the good intent
 Thine urgings bear me I do give thee thanks ;
 Yet tho' thou art a man well skilled in law,
 Shrewd, thoughtful, honest, here thy judgment halts.
 Is that perforce the Best which as the Best
 May apprehended be by subtile minds ?
 Mine action gaineth me sure harbour e'en
 Where thou dost hold me wreckt. So much I say—
 No more. Content thee, Stephen—go—be near
 When I shall call thee.

Stephen.

Bitter is the task

To me, my lord.

Raymond. Man ! is our life all sweet ?

Is duty less because unpaaltable ?

Nay, nay. Trifle no longer—I will have thy work
 Shaped to my liking, nor will show thee why.

Stephen. God save your worship. [Exit STEPHEN.]

Raymond.

Kindly fool, 'twere base

To blame his friendship ; why, to him the heavens
 And earth will wear new aspect when no more
 Is Raymond Lord of Ver. No other course !
 This only promiseth the peace I found
 And lost in loving her. Too old ! too old !
 The world's bright colours glare my weary eyes !
 I will not saunter down her common ways
 Leaning on Fortune. What ! is Raymond formed
 Of weaker stuff than Lionel, who could tread
 His heart beneath him in the dust ? Is she,
 Eunonia, to out-hero me ! for she could join
 In such a sacrifice as ne'er the world
 Had known—For what ? For honour—duty ! things
 Which blazoning my ambition spurr'd me on

Through years of toil to scorn the evil, hold
The good, and make temptation useless. Steeled
I deem'd myself—how easy 'twere to break
The bonds of resolution when the hues
Of that fair life still in my grasp array
The future with their glory. O my love!
Tho' thou canst love me not, thy happiness
To me is dearer than mine own! For thee
Do I resign the charm'd old castle where
My childhood laught, the wealth so hardly earned,
The fame and splendour won by high resolves
Forced to successful end, the possible,
Yea, sure, magnificence of coming Time,
That crown of effort blessing human hands
The perfect consummation of their labour.
No empty finery, for he hath learnt
Their regal value whose career began
In poverty and debt; but take them, thou
Who art Eunonia's love, yet lacking these
Lack pow'r to gain thy bride. O happy boy,
Take them and her! despite the niggard heart
Whose beatings thrill insatiable desire
Through every sense and fibre—as the rays
Of light leaven space. Ay, and as they consume
The orbs which feed them yet impinging deal
Life everywhere, this higher love of mine
Shall in the depths of those true lovers' woe
Create new worlds of unimagined bliss.
And it may be that if the residue
Of life is vowed to holy preparation,
When other forms of being garb the soul
Through ever-widening cycles passing on
To gradual perfectness; no longer swayed

By human feelings, I shall rest content
 In her pure friendship, wishing naught beyond.
 Ralpho Gonsalamos, thou didst find peace
 Where peace is only found !

Lionel (within).

My lord !

Raymond.

Who calls ?

Stephen ? not yet—

Lionel.

'Tis Lionel.

Raymond.

Sir Lionel ?

Then enter [*Enter LIONEL*]. Wert thou not asleep within ?

Lionel. 'Twas so my lord, but wearied of my couch
 After thou issuedst with the notary—
 And Drogo also gone—I rose to taste
 Again the air and sunshine.

Raymond.

Were it wise—

Thus late recover'd from a grievous ill—

So sudden a venture ?

Lionel.

Scarcely wise, perhaps ;

But my limbs ached for simple need of change,
 And, faith, they dragg'd me forth most willingly.
 Why stand you so perturb'd, my lord ? The thing
 Hath trivial grown—at least as others read it.

Raymond. Trivial ? What ? did Hugo——

Lionel.

As I pass'd

Round the first buttress face to face we stood,
 My lord and I ! and while I gaspt distraught
 For want of fit invention to explain
 The reason of my presence, he supplied
 The story to his liking, nor did meet
 With contradiction.

Raymond.

Blameless eyes see not

The blame of others ! Heaven is merciful.

Lionel. He will be here, my lord, and quickly, bent

On converse. I have stol'n away to beg
 One last, especial favour—it is this,
 That when he cometh thou wilt urge his grace
 To overlook my disobedient deed
 In breaking his most strict command. In truth,
 But for this chance I had been afar by now—
 I cannot stay, my lord, and he would have me!

Raymond. Nay, that I will not, thou art mad again.

Lionel. Then lacking his forgiveness will I go ;
 Farewell, my lord.

Raymond. Delirium !

Lionel. Doubly sane,

For I, God help me, can resolve and do it !

Raymond. What wouldst thou fly from ? Am I not thy
 friend ?

Lionel. Yea, friend ; yet enemy, if thou shouldst seek
 To hinder me in this.

Raymond (aside). He knoweth not

The issue of his action !

Lionel. Must I go

Sans leave-taking ? it shall content me well
 If thou art suited ! Evil hast thou done,
 And good to me, Lord Raymond. I am not
 An ingrate, yet one thing may countervail
 The other ! Thou art rich and famous, I
 Am poor and tainted with a sire's dishonour ;
 Yet were thy fortune trebled and mine own
 Still baser, save for one thing, I would not change
 Estate with thee this day !

Raymond (aside). O poor, gall'd heart !

Too well I know it. (To Lionel) Lionel, none need wish
 To change with me ! I cannot quarrel now,
 Wert thou to strike me. Do not go, for much

Have I to tell thee.

Lionel.

Nothing canst thou say

That I desire to hear.

Raymond.

Ungracious still ?

Though we have mutually and foolishly,
Since thy recovery, shunn'd all speech of what
Most needeth speech ; for my soul's weal and thine,
No longer may dull silence bar the door
Between us. Ever since that miserable hour
When our swords crost beneath these peaceful walls
My life hath been like Cain's.

Enter Hugo.

Lionel.

'Twas in fair fight,

My lord, the hurt was given.

Hugo.

Be sure of that !

This royal hand ne'er took the bitterest foe
At disadvantage.

Raymond.

Hugo ! thou ?

Lionel.

My lord ?

Hugo. Lionel doth doubtless learn some high exploit
Done by thy matchless valour—is't not so ?
Nay, nay, 'tis plain ! What ! thought you he would strike
In any way but open ? Why, lad, he,
Thy captain there, had battled Hercules
Nor yielded ! Now I swear thou couldst
So hold thy peace ! Faith, though, 'twere hardly wrought
Against me to withdraw thy fellowship
For nursing of the youngster ! Are we bare
Of women in the place ?

Raymond.

Dear Hugo——

Hugo. Now my scolding fit is over—let it pass ;
Tell me in verity canst thou divine
How Lionel got his hurt ?

Raymond. Most easily, alas !

Hugo. What, sadly man ? thou canst not ! wait awhile
Till years have gleaned new wisdom. Plain to me,
Not therefore plain to thee !

Lionel (aside). Oh, how escape !

Hugo. Shortly, 'twas thus—that in the darkness he,
Elated with the thought of knightly prowess,
Nor lacking wine perchance, fell foul of what
Seem'd some grim foe, and dasht upon
A hard-grained tree or harder wall. Deny
This an thou canst ! Nay, be not shamed ;
We all have done it in the sprightlier time.

Lionel. Denial may not serve me.

Hugo. No, in faith !

Then, Raymond, as thou cam'st from prayer and saw
Young Lionel's body prone across the path,
Like the Samaritan of old, and moved
To utter kindness by fresh impulse rain'd
In holy psalm and sermon on thine heart,
Thou liftedst him within thine arms and bore
To refuge, stauncht his wound, and nurst
Him night and day most tenderly.

Lionel. 'Tis truth.

Raymond. True and not true——

Lionel (to Raymond). No more !

Hugo. And firmly fine

In feeling as in deed, thou didst conceal
The matter, Raymond, knowing well that I
Had suffer'd with the lad whose comely face
Hath brighten'd home and hearth these many years.
Though sure and fast above all earthly ties
Is friendship ; yet, for the honour of mine house
And love I bear thee, would my soul be fain

To weld the chain still closer by the link
Of golden marriage, wherefore let me press
The speedy disposition of affairs
Nor longer make delay.

Enter STEPHEN.

Raymond. 'Tis done. I wait
But for the notary's completed work ;
And fear not that Eunonia's weal, old friend,
Could ever be forgotten.

Stephen. Pardon me,
My lord, thou bad'st me call—the writings——

Raymond. Fetch
Them hither. [*Exit STEPHEN.*]

Lionel. By your leaves I will withdraw.

Hugo. Nay, I go with thee.

Raymond (to Lionel). Tarry, Lionel ; keep
Our converse—trust me, I have much to say
Of what may touch thee deeply.

Lionel (to Raymond). An I hear
Thy voice no more 'twere best.

Hugo. Conclude, conclude.

Raymond (to Lionel). Thou know'st not what thou dost !

Hugo. I will away
And leave ye both together.

Lionel. No, my lord,
Thanks for thy courtesy, but nothing breeds
Desire in me of private speech——

Raymond. What ! naught ?

Lionel. With the Lord Raymond ; let us now be gone.

Enter STEPHEN.

Raymond. Stephen ? is it so near me ? Hugo de St.
By all the brotherhood of younger days, [Maur,
By all the sacred friendship which hath lit

Our lives, I charge thee as a man unknowing
 If ever past our present parting we
 Shall meet again—I charge thee to observe
 The fixt conditions of these instruments,
 Which made in purest love of thee and thine,
 Will in their due effect give fit expression
 Unto my deep, deliberate resolve.

Hugo. Why we shall meet bound stronglier than before,
 In tenderer friendship, living in my child
 When I am gone. Say, hath the man of law
 With his provisoes, alsos, howsoevers,
 Dog Latin, and old French o'erawed thy mind,
 That settlements pre-marital have grown
 Beyond their import weighty? Tush! defy
 The fiend.

Raymond. Bear with me, it may rightly be—
 How can they know! O Hugo, fare thee well
 Till all shall be accomplisht!

Hugo. Notary,
 Is thy craft answerable for this?

Raymond. Sir Lionel,
 Wilt thou fulfil one poor request of mine?

Hugo. That shall he. I will promise for him.

Raymond. Then
 I leave it so. Good Stephen here e'er long
 Will publish in the pictured gallery
 Before the household, what my hand and seal
 Upon these parchments will effect this day.
 It is my wish, since Lionel doth not speak,
 That thou, dear Hugo, take him thither to hear
 Results which do concern him mightily.

Lionel. Be not so hard, my lord, I will attend.

Raymond. I thank thee, Lionel. Oh, my friends, 'tis well!

And if I seem beyond my usual wont,
 To feel the things which crowd the passing hour,
 Or bear the triumph sadly, be assured
 My sense and powers are unimpaired, and grasp
 Their purposes unfalteringly resolved—
 Sane and serene. Farewell, farewell.

Lionel. *Farewell.*

Hugo. If 'tis thy humour, Raymond, then, farewell.

[Exeunt HUGO and LIONEL.]

Raymond. Quick, Stephen!

[STEPHEN hands him parchments.]
 Hath each wish of mine herein

A legal issue?

Stephen. Certainly, my lord.

Raymond. These the indentures?

Stephen. These are they, my lord.

Raymond. Lend me thy pen—now witness—this my hand
 And seal. *[Affixing them.]*

'Tis done, 'tis done! Thou churlish boy
 Thus I requite thee.

Stephen. Why not bid me tear
 The hellish writings in a million fragments!

Raymond. Nay, Stephen, they are more divine than aught
 Thou ever didst. Most carefully explain
 The purport of my deed as I have said
 Already. Fail me not, for thou above
 The followers of thy lore art honest. Haste!
 The payment of thy labour waits within.
 Now to deliver her, then all is finish! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*A Passage in the Castle.*

DROGO.

Drogo. The Spaniard shall remember me—well for him we were parted. The Lady Eunonia is comely enough spite of her sad eyes, and pleasant-spoken, withal, as speech goeth among them. Still, even an amiable toleration of the sex need not weakly dribble into marriage. If by dallying I have not missed my lord, he should according to his intention pass this place, and on the instant. Unforeseen waiting is not dallying, and Count Hugo's being with the lady was cause sufficient for delay, seeing that until he withdrew, I could not be received privately as my message required. Ha, 'tis a young gosling would carry needless blame! Hither he cometh—courage Drogo, courage! he can but spurn thee, and that is none of his custom.

Enter RAYMOND.

My lord, the Lady Eunonia will await your worship presently in the pictured gallery.

Raymond. 'Tis good old dog! wilt thou like thy new master—young, handsome, and brave?

Drogo. I have but one master.

Raymond. In heaven?

Drogo. Nay, I know nothing thereof; 'tis your worship of whom I speak.

Raymond. My worship will no longer be thy master, so look and do good service wherever it is claimed.

Drogo. None may claim my service but my lord; and none else shall ever have it.

Raymond. What! if the parchments be duly sealed and attested, and the notary so proclaim it? Wilt thou not fall down and reverence gold?

Drogo. Love made my heart your worship's; how can gold buy it?

Raymond. One man living who adoreth not the common idol! Tried old friend, I have but mockt thee! No, Drogo, see—I have left that behind me which 'shall buy land enough to keep thee beyond any master's whims and pettishness. Away now to the notary, he is in my chamber, and demand thy property from him. He hath my commands, and knoweth how to act. Delay not. Time is pressing me sore and I have far to go ere the night close. No, no, Drogo, I would not leave my faithful watch-dog to a new master's mercies.

Drogo. These sayings are dark, my lord!

Raymond. What? plainlier man? He loveth plain-speaking also! a man among a thousand!

Drogo. I was never good at riddlement—straight cut-and-thrust talk suiteth me best.

Raymond. Did I not send thee to the notary? He hath reasons at so much a folio, and knoweth my mind beside.

Drogo. Master Stephen is a decent soul, though somewhat dry; yet, my lord, speak fairly unto me, nor leave me longer with the heart-ache.

Raymond. Well then, in homely speech, dear companion, trusty servant, faithful watch-dog, loving Drogo, thou and I stand now face to face for the last time on earth; in truth, good fellow, we must part.

Drogo. Part, my lord? why? what have I done?

Raymond. 'Tis not what thou hast done, but what I have done which maketh such dealing necessary.

Drogo. Whither go you, my lord?

Raymond. Ask me not.

Drogo. Art thou going afar? [again!

Raymond. So far, that all which was will never be

Drogo. May I not go also ?

Raymond. Thou mayest not.

Drogo. Why may I not ?

Raymond. Drogo, year after year hast thou served me well, but never yet didst thou question my commands. Away to the notary—live, prosper, and be happy. I will pray for thee and thou shalt have peace. Forget me, Drogo—there—farewell !

Drogo. Lord Raymond, many a year yet shall I serve thee better ! What ! leave thee in my scarred age who art my sun, my pride, my glory, the centre of my humble thoughts, my dearest master ? Surely, my lord, thou wilt not cast me off without a reason !

Raymond. I cannot give thee any.

Drogo. Then will I follow thee wherever thou dost go, and live on garbage so I may see thee were it only once a twelvemonth !

Raymond. Heavens ! there is no escape ! Drogo, I have resigned this day my rank and riches, and shall pass the rest of earthly life in some calm monastery, against which the waves of human folly may break but never overwhelm. Canst thou comprehend ? I am no longer Raymond, Lord of Ver, but a poor monk — an unworthy brother of thine own. How then can I need thee further ?

Drogo. Amazing ! how canst thou need me further ? Didst thou think that change of estate in thee could change Drogo ? Why, thou wilt want me more than ever. I will not leave thee, dear master, while I have breath to say it !

Raymond. Wouldst thou be a monk, too, and handle rosaries instead of swords ? counting beads in place of the slain, and living in an atmosphere where never cometh brunt of danger ? Bethink thee, man, nor utterly be lost.

Drogo. Like thyself I have no kith nor kin. Why should I leave thee? Let me go with thee, and I will e'en be a bald friar, if 'tis in thy company! Oh, my lord, thou knowest not how impossible 'tis for me to part from thee while I am a living soul!

Raymond. Must I give way? 'tis folly, Drogo! Good Drogo, look you, I leave you well provided, and independent of the world. Better than any man's service will be thine own.

Drogo. I care not! I will with thee wherever thou goest—though thou trample on me, though I go naked, though devils bar the way! I cannot leave thee!

Raymond. Oh, then, habet! Thou doest thyself shameful despite! To the horses and there tarry. I will join thee soon. Away!

Drogo. Dear lord, beyond all thanks will I prove my gratitude for this! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Pictured Gallery in Count Hugo's Castle.*

EUNONIA.

Eunonia. Would that submission brought oblivion too!
 How vain the bitter striving! What I seek
 To bury with the desolated past
 Is disentomb'd by every pitiless stroke
 Which rings the tale of time, and bleeding wounds
 Are with new agonies reopened, making
 My wild endeavours to forget effectless.
 There! we had parted and the horrible pang
 Was over—though it killed us it was done.
 Then came Gerard's entreaty, and ere numb'd

To cold passivity, that mad, white face
Peer'd, seeming Lionel's spirit groping lost
'Mid deathly presences, until again
He found me on his bosom. Now, my father,
As with good tidings, telleth how my love
Was dasht against a tree, and will remain
To view my marriage with Lord Raymond! God!
I durst not meet the dawn of such a day
Were it with Lionel possible; look Thou
To that!—a monstrous thing! a dream! my sire's
Contriving—insupportable! Avaunt!
Dishonouring phantom! I will not believe it!
Must the clogg'd wheel of Destiny grind on
To sure fulfilment of a dreaded morrow?
O that the last great judgment-day could burst
The skies this moment, hurling mountains down
And making every power of Nature useless,
Decrepid, dead, unacting!—then this base,
This pitiful life were done and all were over.
Alas! the Present will not pass, his wish
Constraineth me—my future lord. Oh! shame
That thus obediently I come, nor Heaven
Doth slay me! How I yearn'd he might delay
Still further? Mercy, there is none for me;
It must be borne—my father's bond—the troth
Pledg'd sacredly—Lionel's heroic words—

Enter RAYMOND.

No looking back! Oh, Raymond, didst thou know,
Surely thy manhood had vouchsafed release!

Raymond (aside). Vouchsafed release? how doubly hard
the task

When her too heavenly face is nigh! Be still,
Tumultuous heart, nor altogether choke

My speech with these fierce beatings. (To Eunonia) Lady,
Hast deign'd to meet me here. [thou

Eunonia. Thy messenger,
My lord, did so direct.

Raymond. Direct? Entreaty
Was that wherewith I charg'd him.

Eunonia. Alike the end.

Raymond. Nay, if those tones were not thine own, how
harsh

Might seem their import; but thy voice, or ire
Or love compell'd it, on mine ear would fall
As fill'd with melody divine.

Eunonia. My lord,
I am but weak and sick; if anywise
The business causing this our interview
Could be completed with convenient speed,
It were most grateful to me.

Raymond. Sayest thou so?
It would indeed be well, and shall be well.
'Tis of thy marriage——

Eunonia. Lord Raymond, spare me that!
I know the tie which binds us—be thou sure
Thereof—but, give me leave, this wondrous change
Which so exalts the maiden to a wife
Is one which suiteth meditation best;
In truth, I cannot talk thereon with thee.
Be thou contented—let the hour be fixt,
I shall not fail. Oh, do not press, my lord,
For previous wooing—let it go; so thou
Do gather fruit, what matter if thy hand
Hath never toiled in tillage.

Raymond. O my love!
My love! I am content! I am content—

God help me an it should be otherwise—
Content to lose thee.

Eunonia.

What, my lord?

Raymond.

Content

To lose thee—to release thee—to restore
Thy Lionel to thee; will not that suffice?

Eunonia. Such mockery ill-befits thee; it were best,
My lord, to have this meeting over.

Raymond. 'Twere wholly best! Yet be thou sure of this,
Thy Lionel's love to mine—why, what are words?
Shall I be bragging? Fie! 'twere vile.

Eunonia.

My lord,

I do beseech thee let the business rest,
Another day may serve.

Raymond.

No, no; to-day!

To-day, to-day! to-morrow? what is that?

Eunonia. Thy words are strange, my lord.

Raymond.

They shall be clear.

Forgive me, I will crush it under foot—
Great God, 'tis horrible! So lovely fair,
And pale, and sad, and dark-ringed eyes—and done
By me! Eunonia, pardon for the sin
Of loving thee, and all the miserable
Result! but, by the Eternal Father, 'twas
In ignorance that thou hadst given thy heart
To one more worthy.

Eunonia (aside).

Is it then discover'd?

Raymond. Had I but known! I only knew too late.

Eunonia. My lord, wouldst thou say more?

Raymond.

Thy father woke

My slumbering senses, and I gazed and loved—
What else could be? He prest the pledge
So lightly spoken, or it had never been.

Through weary years of war my yearning soul
 Had turned to some bright future where true Peace
 Should bless me, and the happy daytime glide
 To happier dark, and Ver's old castle ring
 With rosy children's laughter: such a dream
 As comes to toiling men amid their mirk
 And seeming endless labour—but a dream.
 Yet when that summer morning I beheld
 With fresh-awaked perception thy dear form,
 The glory of thy beauty, and the light
 Of those pure eyes, I deem'd my dream fulfill'd,
 Nor doubted. Was it base in me to feel
 The headlong current of a passionate love?
 Why didst thou charm me back to glowing youth
 And make existence rapture? Ask me not
 How 'twas discovered, but full soon I knew
 My stranger step was trampling on the hopes
 Of two united hearts—all innocently,
 As God shall judge us! and this day I come
 To make thee reparation.

Eunonia.

Oh, my lord,

I have maligned thee!—basely, kindly!

Raymond. I do release thee in the sight of Heaven
 From any bond of marriage to myself,
 And unto Lionel do restore thee now—
 My love! my only love!

Eunonia.

O noble heart!

What have I gain'd! the Almighty Father bless thee!
 This is too much!

Raymond.

Eunonia, think of me

As one who loved thee more than any man
 E'er loved a woman. Oh, thou hast the proof
 In this!

Eunonia. I was not worthy, thou art high
Above—forgive my cruel words.

Raymond. Forgive ?
Nay, speak for ever !

Eunonia. Thanks are beggarly !
How recompense thy deed ?

Raymond. My recompense
Is in thy happiness. Oh love, and live
Belov'd ; and be to Lionel all I would
Thou wert to me. As years shall pass
In shade and sunshine do thou sometimes turn
Aside when the day dies, and breathe a prayer
For Raymond, so before the throne of Him
Who made us what we are, our spirits shall
Commingle.

Eunonia. Whither goest thou ?

Raymond. Should I stay
To cloud thy life ? my darling, fare thee well.
One kiss ! Oh, this is heaven—yet I can go !
Father, bless Thou my darling ! Oh, farewell.

[*Exit* RAYMOND.]

Eunonia. There is none like thee ! gone ? Are angels such
As he ? Released ! and Lionel mine ?

Enter HUGO, LIONEL, GERARD, STEPHEN, BERTHALIND, BERNARDO,
and Servants.

His love
Hath whelm'd me. Phantasy ! nay, no vision—see
Who come—Lionel among them, and my father !
What meaneth this ?

Stephen. The place and time appointed.

Hugo. Good notary, give thine errand—ha, my child !
Remain—be sure the present business thee
Concerneth.

Stephen. Shall I now declare the pith
And sinew of the matter, or peruse
These legal covenants ?

Hugo. They may suffice
To authenticate thy speech ; where is Lord Raymond ?

Stephen. He comes not hither.

Hugo. And the reason ?

Stephen. That,
He only knoweth—'twas his will.

Hugo. A whim !
He is full of fancies—so be it ! Say on,
Good Stephen, we attend thee.

Lionel (aside). Near me now,
And peerless in her beauty—but removed
As Satan stood between us !

Eunonia (aside). Sad and pale,
Yet grief is slain by noble Raymond's hand !

Stephen. Count Hugo and all persons toward ! 'tis
Well known that short while gone Lord Raymond sum-
mon'd

My presence here, and hath employ'd my skill
In many weighty matters of his pleasure ;
Results whereof are these most binding acts,
Which do consolidate his wishes into
Their strict expression by our laws, thereby
Conforming to his often-urged instructions—
So much for warranty. You, my good lord,
And eke Sir Lionel, can be witnesses
That the illustrious Raymond, Lord of Ver,
Commanded me to publish in this place
Before the household, what his hand and seal
Affixt to these grave parchments had accomplisht.

Hugo. I can bear witness.

Lionel. So can I.

Stephen. Withal,

Was it not clearly evident that my lord
Was sane and hearty, and possest his will
Most excellently accompanied by reason ?

Hugo. No saner nor more reasonable man alive !

Lionel. In truth, Lord Raymond did discourse as one
Who held some gracious end with firm resolve
Of manly intellect.

Stephen. Thanks for the proof.

Now hearken ! Raymond, late of Ver, by deed
Of gift, attendant settlements, and all
Such legal statutes as are necessary,
Doth freely give, convey, confirm, and grant
His whole possessions, hereditaments ;
Corporeal, incorporeal, personal
Estate, choses in action or possession ;
Both chattels real and chattels personal—
In brief, whatever thing on earth was his,
Unto, mark this, Sir Lionel de Toesni,
To have, hold, and enjoy, himself and heirs
For ever !

Hugo. Heavens ! 'tis false, thou evil scribe !

Lionel. It chokes me ! What ? from Raymond ?

Eunonia. Oh, 'tis love

As pure as Jesu's !

Hugo. 'S'death, thou imposture ! close
Thy lying mouth !

Stephen. I do not lie, my lord ;
These instruments attest the utter truth
Of every word. Take them and read—see here
His signature and seal.

Lionel. This suiteth well

With Raymond's sayings.

Hugo. Forgery! Gerard!
Commit him to the dungeon!

Stephen. No, my lord!
I am Sir Lionel's man—Lord Raymond will'd
His followers so.

Hugo. Where is my friend?

Stephen. My lord,
I know not.

Hugo. A vile murderer's plot! and thou,
Sir Lionel, hast a hand! Find me Lord Raymond.
For till himself shall swear the verity
Of this, may hell be mine if I believe it!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Monastery, Mount St. Michael.*

(The Common-room.)

ANSELMO and DROGO, the latter cleaning some large candlesticks.

Anselmo. Thou art unlearn'd, despite my toil, good brother !

These candlesticks placed round his corse who sped
But yesterday from death to life, do sign
That Christians look for light beyond the grave.

Drogo. I had forgot—good Robert, kindly abbot,
May he find rest among the saints in bliss !

Anselmo. That Cyprian should be chosen to his throne
By all the chapter is a precedent
Most dangerous.

Drogo. And wherefore, holy prior ?
My noble lord hath borne the yoke and fill'd
His place so manner'd with true sanctity
That Abbot John, of Otterton, in Devon,
Where we did first profess—an Englishman
And prejudiced against our nation—writ
With his own hand most special commendations
Unto our careful abbot, who in turn
Bore him such reverence as to publicly
Name him successor ; and that choice, thou sayest
Hath by the chapter been confirm'd.

Anselmo. Thy lord ?
Who is thy noble lord ? Beraldus, thou

Wilt not remember that a man becoming
 A monk relinquisheth possessions, name,
 And everything he calleth his ; nor hath
 His daily necessaries supplied but through
 The hands of spiritual fathers at command
 Of their Superior. All are equal here
 Before the God who made us ! See thy tongue
 Offendeth not again, or thou shalt straight
 Do penance in the solitary cell.

Drogo. I will endeavour, though, meseems, my lord
 Hath grown but nobler since he wore this frock
 And knelt the humblest monk amid us all.

Anselmo. Yet hath he but renounc'd the world two years,
 While thrice that time I have been prior here,
 And, till he came, assur'd the higher seat—
 The abbey hath but known him seven months past.

Drogo. Ay, but an exile of one year in England
 Weareth both flesh and spirit more than ten
 Breath'd wholesomely in Normandy ; my lord
 Was aged and weaken'd much thereby—I pray
 That in this native and more bracing air
 He may eftsoons recover.

Anselmo. Still “ my lord ” ?
 Thou art incorrigible ! Hast thou also cleans'd
 The holy-water basins, incense-burners,
 Lamps, chalices, and other sacred vessels
 Against the requiem ?

Drogo. Save the monstrance, all.

Anselmo. Bear these within, and with a silken cloth
 Make clean the altar and the pyx thereon ;
 And for thy froward titling of a monk—
 One brother Cyprian—in the choir to-night
 Carry a lantern, so the light shall keep

Thy sin in due remembrance, and, beside,
Rouse brethren who seek slumber.

Drogo (aside). I shall yet
Demand my secular habit! [Exit *DROGO*.

Anselmo. What saith John?
“Another is preferr’d before me”? Why?
There is no reason which a just account
May give therefore. Strange that mine ancient foe
Should worst me in this place! What need could rise
For Hugo de St. Maur to ask with tears
If Raymond were a habitant—as well
I do remember—and for months renew
His pettish questioning? Is Raymond now,
As broken Cyprian, worth my envy? he
Is bound too surely for the unseen land.
Yet when St. Maur may meet these eyes again,
I shall acquaint him of our new-made abbot,
Whose heart, methinks, too fondly beats accord
With the low hopes and loves of men and women.
Was he not pledg’d in marriage to some dame?
Ha! they return.

Enter RAYMOND, THOMAS, WITMUND, and other monks.

Till one hath formal place
Authority is mine; an chance reveal
Suspected weakness, I will test him well.

Thomas. Nay, thou canst have no scruple! Father
Robert,
When at my hands he took viaticum
And blest me, whispered “Cyprian” faintly, thus,
While death drew on him; meaning that his will
As previously expounded was that thou,
Dear brother Cyprian, in his place shouldst be
Our abbot, bishop, pastor, master, head.

The choice is now confirm'd by consistory
 Of brethren formed obedient to the rule
 Of sainted Benedict, wherefore we beg
 Thine honourable acceptance, and will then
 Present thee duteously for installation.

Witmund. Yea, brother ; in our voices hear the wish
 Consentient of our whole fraternity ;
 Nor let humility annul the act
 Which surely is approved by God Himself.

Thomas. Speak, Master Prior, and overcome his doubt.

Anselmo. 'Tis as thou hearest, tho' perchance thy
 thoughts

Admonish thee how, passing late received
 Into the bosom of our holy Mother,
 It were a great and grievous sin to take
 The sacred office with a wavering mind
 Still moved by freshly-quitted lusts. For this,
 If my experience with thine own should fit,
 Is what we do year after year, ere bound
 By grace continual unto Christ and all
 The company of saints, our hearts no more
 Respond to weak emotions, and the body
 New-born puts off the old Adam and purely waits
 A bride array'd to meet her heavenly Bridegroom.

Witmund. But, reverend prior, our gentle brother here
 Hath shown such constancy of holiness
 As cometh not from those who with an eye
 Turn'd backward to the world profess our life.

Thomas. Although so short a time before our face,
 His every deed hath been a testimony
 That if perfection in the holy things
 Whereto we strive with groaning had been given
 To man, the same were Cyprian.

Anselmo. Ay, but flesh
 Is frail till well confirm'd in sanctity !
 I would be last gainsaying any worth
 In any brother, and indeed my love
 For him in this may speak which would deplore
 Aught seeming failure in the best attempt
 Of inexperience to essay control
 Of this great abbey.

Thomas. Failure ?

Witmund. Not with him !

Raymond. How richly do ye clothe my nakedness,
 Kind brothers, and have utterly put by
 My weakness and unfitness—charity
 Which covereth up the vile, and magnifies
 Half-deaden'd evil into perfect good !

Anselmo. Most wisely spoken, brother.

Raymond. Not for me
 The abbot's chair, though with his dying breath
 Our happier father chose me, and the monks,
 Adopting his desire, do by ye twain
 Seek my acceptance ! It were vain, dear friends,
 For one so worn and weary to attempt it !
 Nay, but remember, from the English land
 I hasten'd, knowing well mine earthly days
 Drew to another dawn, and hither prest
 By a fierce yearning to bid life " adieu "
 In sight of Normandy, my country.

Anselmo. That

Did reach mine ear aforetime.

Raymond. Else, as now,
 My tongue had never needed adequate words
 To tell my poor heart's gratitude for this
 Most precious of your many courtesies.

Witmund. Our father Robert was not strong.

Anselmo. Yet lithe

And passing active.

Thomas. But a feeble man—

“ My grace shall be sufficient,” saith the Lord—
Thou dost debase thyself.

Anselmo. The rarer wisdom.

Raymond. Shall then a stranger, one so little known
Among ye be assign'd the government ?
Is there no holier man within the place ?
None more deserving preference that ye seek
The last and most unworthy ?

Thomas. 'Tis of right—

Expressly writ by sainted Benedict,
That should the brotherhood be minded, they
May choose the last new-comer.

Witmund. And 'twas done

Oftimes in other abbeys and our own.

Raymond. Where is necessity ? the reverend prior
Before us standeth well-approv'd by word
And deed, a noble soldier in Christ's army.
Meseemeth, far beyond mere human choice,
The hand of God doth witness this is he
Who should be abbot.

Anselmo. Thou art kind.

Raymond. In truth,

Ye have forgotten, while our father lay
Long ailing his lieutenant faithfully
Performed all duties of the sacred seat,
And now, until 'tis filled, is by the canon
Accredited our lawful ruler. Who
Can cast a stone against his any act ?
Hath he not served our welfare and the faith's

With single heart ? given firm example ? borne
 The cross in tears and fasting, yet observ'd
 With pure religion and true dignity
 The functions of his office ? shall the work
 Of years, wherein he was confirm'd with each
 Recurring day a minister of heaven,
 Be lightly valued ? Nay I do ye wrong
 To deem it possible ! No abbotship
 For me, but if ye do esteem my wish,
 However lightly, bear this answer back,
 And pray the chapter to elect Anselmo.

Thomas. Our reverend brother is most highly held.
 In verity his actions speak for him,
 But it is somewhat fear'd he would revert
 Unto the ancient, unendurable
 Interpretation of Saint Benedict's
 Familiar canons.

Witmund. Placing on our shoulders
 Intolerable burdens, so the weak
 Shall perish by the way.

Thomas. We do refuse
 To take the meats and raiment which sufficed
 Egyptian hermits as appropriate here
 In this our frosty clime.

Anselmo. No violent
 Constraint I seek, but undeniably
 We have profest the rule of Benedict
 Yet fail in strict observance.

Raymond. Why, herein
 The reverend prior's zeal is clear ; and best,
 Dear brothers, such a man should be supreme
 Than one who might by natural wishes gauge
 Your spiritual welfare. It was true

And wisely spoken that till well-confirmed
 In patient godliness the flesh is weak.
 For often when alone I pace a-top
 The scarpéd rock which sheers into the whirl
 Of waters do I dream of what hath been,
 What might have been, and what now is, with all
 The passionate longing and regret of mere
 Humanity! Yea, though the world is dead
 To me and I to it as if the flowers
 Bloom'd o'er my grave.

Enter Janitor, with LIONEL, EUNONIA, and GERARD following.

Thomas. In sorrow have we heard
 Thine answer.

Janitor. My lord prior and holy masters,
 Here be a couple craving marriage-rites,
 Nor will they be denied.

Lionel. Most pious father,
 'Tis as he sayeth—we have crost the Gréve
 At peril of our lives to seek secure
 Performance of the sacred ceremony.
 Haste of thy charity, ere, hurrying on,
 A mulish sire may overtake and vex
 Your ears with anger!

Raymond (aside). God have mercy! She
 Again? all the old agony returns.

Anselmo. Who are ye thus unseemly to force
 Our privacy?

Gerard. Of that may I avouch
 Most reverend father—Lionel, Lord of Ver,
 Erst named De Toesni, is the groom; the bride,
 Lady Eunonia, only child of him,
 Count Hugo de St. Maur.

Anselmo. A liberal son

Of holy Church ; why do they flee him ?

Gerard. Sooth,
To tell he doth impose impossible
Conditions, and reserveth his consent
Till their fulfilment.

Raymond (aside). Oh, my heart goes out
To meet her !

Anselmo. Is the lady such an age
As warranteth the sacrament required—
Her sire's bestowal wanting ?

Eunonia. I have seen
Some twenty years.

Raymond (aside). Too young for me ! 'tis best,
'Tis best !

Thomas (to Raymond). What aileth thee, my brother ?

Raymond. Naught ;
A fleeting spasm—nay, naught——

Anselmo (aside). As yet too youthful,
And 'twere but folly to offend the Count.
Fair son and daughter, the holy Church to all
Her children is a handmaid, so with due
And lawful service everything be done,
Nor impious haste profane her hallow'd rites.
Count Hugo is our friend, I may not deem
It meet against his will to sanction this
Untoward marriage of his daughter.

Eunonia. She
May give assurance, father, that the act,
Tho' lacking that assent, before the heavens
Is just and blameless.

Lionel. I will pile thy store
With golden ingots, an the marriage halts
No longer !

Anselmo. Wouldst thou gild religion? fie!
 Bring me fair evidence the Count St. Maur
 Assenteth to thy marriage, or resolve
 His fixt conditions, and with mine own voice
 I will pronounce the benediction.

Witmund. Good!
 Else were't irregular.

Lionel. He will not consent—
 No! were the Almighty's finger on him laid
 To urge it!

Raymond. Needless now to fear—they know
 Me not! I must be changed indeed!

Lionel. Unless
 Beyond the power of doubt itself to doubt,
 'Tis proved that Raymond, sometime Lord of Ver,
 Is dead. For two years past afar and near
 Continual search was made, but not a breath
 Concerning him hath blest me—who can then
 Resolve the hard condition?

Raymond. That can I.

Eunonia. Oh, father, hast thou seen that noble soul?
 Tell me, and is he dead?

Thomas. Thou, brother?

Raymond. I.

Lionel. Heaven bless thee for it! hear'st thou this, sir
 prior?

Anselmo. I hear—it needeth explication.

Eunonia. Say,

Sweet father, didst thou look upon his face
 Before he died? He would confess to thee—
 A man so evidently gentle, worn
 With the deep lines of sorrow—did he speak
 Of me—Eunonia? Oh, I owe him all

I am or may be! Father, wilt thou say?

Lionel. Tell her thou venerable monk! His hand
Bestow'd such gifts on me that were my voice
To rise in fitting praise, ye all would deem
That praise idolatry and heaven forgot!

Raymond. Oh, many times within the two past years
I heard him name thy name, fair lady; he
Did ever entertain a reverent
And lasting love for thee, nor could forget
The hope which once gave glory to his life.

Lionel. And aught of me?

Raymond. My son, he humbly sought
Thy pardon for much wrong, and bade thee clasp
Thy love the closer to thy heart, for that
When honour seem'd to thrust her from thee, she
Would go.

Anselmo (aside). Some hidden frailty here! he shall
Be celebrant.

Eunonia. Oh, what is love like ours
To this!

Raymond (aside). I cannot long endure.

Anselmo. Fair children,
If Cyprian dare seal his words sure truth,
By doing that they seem to justify,
And also take the peril as his own—
Whatever followeth on the unapprov'd
Achievements—presently may be fulfill'd
Your marriage.

Raymond. What is meant, Anselmo?

Anselmo. Thou,
Be thou the celebrant—do thou pronounce
Their nuptial blessing, at thy singular risk;
So blame—if blame ensue—shall only rest

On thee, nor Hugo bear offence to us
 Poor monks who quarrel not with benefactors.

Witmund. A fine discretion!

Thomas. He is best our abbot.

Raymond. Thus thou wilt sanction?

Anselmo. Yea.

Raymond. Then I will do it!

Help me, my God, to drink this bitter cup!

Anselmo. Proceed we to the chapel—follow us,
 Lord Lionel and thy lady; by the help
 Of this good friar ye twain will soon be one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Passage before the Gate.*

The JANITOR.

Janitor. A mouldy loaf and sour ale! hardly worth place in my lodging yonder above the gate, where the roof now leaks, and the stairs grow more tortuous every time I climb them! The cellarer refuseth me a new suit because supplies are short! and why short? because he hath been lazy. I strive to bear ills quietly and never grumble, yet these be grievances would make a man's blood boil were the climate warm enough! 'Twas a prime brewing when the abbot's old sow fell into the vat, and privately diluted herself for our special comfort, last October! The ale hath been thin and watery ever since, with a twang of verjuice surely got by reflection from the maltster's lenten countenance. Were he to tumble in the loss would be small—yet the gain would be small also. Still there is much earning thankfulness here; but who shall be our new abbot? Is't possible the chapter will heed the whims of a dying

oddity? 'Twere criminal to appoint Cyprian who hath hardly courage to return my salutation, and whose ravaged frame can never, surely, bear the weight. The great archangel prevent it—lawfully or unlawfully—all's one to me so it be done! Why, he hath a soft heart like a woman's, and when I came suddenly on him yesterday at sunset top of the cliff and disturbed his devotions, he started and blusht more like some nervous wench than a cowed monk! Abbot, forsooth! penance would become unknown and the prison a desolate waste! Discipline so relax that the fathers, grown turbulent and luxurious, would e'en drink wine in their water! The standard of virtue must be maintained, in appearance at least, or where is our reputation? Now the prior hath all claims to the office—is vigorous, able, and, moreover, my friend. Yet the best man is not always placed nighest the fire, except in hell where, doubtless, desert is properly respected. Yet whoever may be abbot, here do I escape Frinegunde, and the Church consequently hath proved a refuge indeed! I may not be by nature religious or ritualistically inclined, but, like Lot, am blest in escaping Gomorrah and leaving a wife behind. The clack-clack of her scolding tongue is well nigh forgot, and only haunteth my dreams. Therefore, I bless the discerning prior who named me Janitor, and shall ever be his true man [*bell rings*]. Another visitor! he may wait. Strange how I came here to be rid of a wife and that young lord to get one! Yet will I not backbite him [*bell rings*] for his hand is liberal and his sweetheart comely. Mayhap, gentlefolk have more comfort at home than poor people [*bell rings again*]. Faith! the bell will be twisted off! Who rings?

Hugo (within). Open, Janitor! open! [*bell rings*].

Janitor. Stay thy hand! thou wilt spoil our bell. There

can be no need for such clatter were the devil himself in chase!

Hugo (ringing). Open! open, I say! open! or by Saint Michael, I will batter down the place!

Janitor. Pretty words in a sanctuary! The impiety of the outside world groweth hugely day by day [*bell rings*]. Who art thou thus disturbing peace? Give thyself a name, an thou hast one!

Hugo. St. Maur! St. Maur! open, Janitor, for the love of God! St. Maur!

Janitor. Whew! a testy old rascal; but the prior would baste me were I to anger him, so he must e'en be admitted [*opens the gate*]. Welcome to your lordship!

Enter Hugo and servants armed.

Hath your lordship rung? I knew not that 'twas your lordship.

Hugo. 'Fore God, Janitor, I am tempted to knock thy head against the post! Wherefore delayedst thou?

Janitor. I humbly beseech your lordship's pardon. I took your lordship for one of the commonalty who is expected.

Hugo. Thou egregious knave! inform me instantly if my daughter and a gentleman have come here desiring marriage? We traced them to the shore and in the sands, and learn they were just before us.

Janitor. A fair young lady?

Hugo. Yea.

Janitor. And a handsome young gentleman?

Hugo. Yea, yea—the traitor!

Janitor. Then such were admitted some quarter or half hour back?

Hugo. Where are they? take me to them instantly! Where are they?

Janitor. They are e'en now being made man and wife, if indeed it is not already done.

Hugo. Oh, I will slay him as he standeth before her! undutiful daughter! Conduct me to them, Janitor! stay not an instant!

Janitor. We had best go straight to the church. I heard the gentleman plead for speedy celebration. Follow me, my lord, follow me, perchance there may be time.

Hugo. Away! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Church. Before the altar.*

RAYMOND, LIONEL, EUNONIA, GERARD, ANSELMO, THOMAS, WITMUND, monks, and officers. RAYMOND vested as celebrant and so acting. LIONEL and EUNONIA kneeling before him. Solemn music as the scene opens.

Raymond. May she in shamefastness be grave and meek,
In holy doctrines learn'd, faithful and chaste,
Fruitful in offspring, proved and innocent,
Like Rachel gentle, like Rebecca wise,
Like Sarah true and reverend; and attain
Unto the heavenly kingdom and the rest
Prepared for those who love Him by the Lord.

Choir chant: "Ite missa est. Deo gratias."

Raymond. The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac,
The God of Jacob with you be! Himself
Fulfil His blessing that you both may see
Your children's children to the third and fourth
Generation, and may afterward partake
Of everlasting life by Jesu's help,
The Christ, who with the Almighty Father and

The Spirit through eternity doth live
And reign one God.

Enter JANITOR, HUGO, and servants following.

Janitor. This way, my lord!

Hugo. Withhold

Thy hand, sir priest! I utterly refuse
My sanction to this marriage! Villain! thou
Hast stolen my child!

Raymond. Too late! 'tis done, 'tis done!

Eunonia. Forgive me, father?

Lionel. Have no fear, sweet wife!

Anselmo. Shall we be blameless here?

Gerard. He chokes with anger!

Hugo. Vengeance on him, who creeping to my hearth
Hath, like the frozen serpent, stung the hand
That fed him! Thou has witcht my daughter, scoundrel!
Give back to me the dearest jewel left
In Time's hoar crown! False friars, this sacrilege
Shall cost ye dear! Gerard, thou knave——

Gerard. My lord,

Sir Lionel is my master.

Lionel. Let me speak——

Hugo. So foul a stain my house hath never known;
Vengeance on Lionel! vengeance on the slave!
Unhappy father! O unduteous child!
My curse shall blast this desecrated rite!

Raymond. Peace! sinner all presumptuous! Know'st
thou not

That worldly wrangles have no place beneath
Our sacred roof? Wouldst thou with oaths defile
God's hallow'd temple, and upbraid His priests
For due performance of a marriage blest
By heaven and earth alike? What He hath joined

Man may not sunder. Injury to thee
 Or thine this deed can never bring ; if blame
 Be merited my single head shall bear
 Alone thy worst displeasure, for the monks—
 Thy fatherly bestowal wanting—turn'd
 From what these hands have done nor countenanc'd
 In least particular.

Anselmo. His words, my lord,
 Proclaim our innocency.

Hugo. Juggle me none
 Excuses ! baseness breedeth baseness. Ye
 Do live so far removed from worldliness
 Our poorer virtues, such as gratitude,
 Veracity, and honour have no place
 Among ye !

Drogo (to Raymond). Dear, my lord, you pale and
 tremble.

Raymond. 'Tis naught—'tis naught ! How beautiful she
 E'en in her terror ! [is

Lionel. Kindly father mine,
 No blame shall rest on thee nor on the house.
 All may be justified.

Hugo. What ! is Raymond dead
 That ye profane the solemn obligation
 Between us vowed ?

Raymond. Raymond is dead.

Hugo. Is dead ?
 How know'st thou that, bold monk ?

Eunonia. If he be dead,
 What nobleness is quencht !

Hugo. How know'st thou that ?

Raymond. Nay, it befits not thee to ask ; but this
 I know—Raymond is dead—Raymond is dead

To thee and all as ever mortal may be ! [knight.

Hugo. Didst thou know Raymond Ver, that stainless

Raymond. Ay, well, old man. I knew him better far
Than any soul on earth ; God is my judge—
And he is dead I tell thee.

Hugo.

How ?

Eunonia.

Alas !

Raymond. A lowly sinner, he profest when woe
Bittered his cup of please and deflower'd
The promise of his life, " Brothers, I crave,"
His weary voice did tremblingly beseech,
" Brothers, I crave the haven of these walls,
That ne'er again the echoes of the world
Ring in mine ear. I would be one with ye—
The lowliest of a lowly brotherhood,
Your Christly work be mine, your fare be mine,
Your lot, your life be mine." Drogo ! thy arm !
And so into the friar he passed away ;
And dead to all the world, his death hath done
But good to all the world, and most to thee.

Hugo. That voice awakeneth echoes of old days !
Tush ! I grow credulous. Make clear their truth !
For else thy words confirm thee his accomplice,
Who infamously doth usurp the state
Of Raymond.

Lionel. Shall e'en age spit venom, and not
Be answerable ?

Drogo. He is beside himself,
My lord !

Raymond. The ancient fire ! stubborn as brave !

Drogo. Have care, you are infirm and jaded.

Eunonia (to Hugo). Father,
Hast thou forgot thy love ?

Hugo. Thou hast forgot
The modesty of woman, and art fallen
Down to the measure of his villainy.
My men surround the place, and, by the Lord
Who wept in dark Gethsemane, thy husband there
Shall never be thy husband save in name,
Unless 'tis proved that Raymond, Lord of Ver,
Is dead.

Raymond. Ha! help me nearer, Drogo; thanks.

Lionel. Eunonia, courage!

Hugo. Yea, I will wrench thee from
His arms were the archangel's wraith between us,
And keep thee virgin, though I wall thee up
Alive! Wulf, sound the trumpet!

Raymond. Madman, hold!

Drogo. No more, my lord.

Hugo. Away! prove Raymond dead—
Show me his corse or bring me witnesses
Of his decease! Back, insolent! nor palter
With words! Where art thou, Raymond?

Raymond. I am he.

Hugo. Thou, Raymond? No, no!

Eunonia. Raymond?

Raymond. I am he.

Once Raymond, Lord of Ver, now Cyprian,
A poor monk of this abbey—Drogo, leave
Me not. *[Leans on Drogo.]*

Drogo. Never, my lord.

Raymond. Am I so changed
That e'en my features speak no more of me!
Hast thou forgot me, Hugo? Look!

Hugo So worn,
And feeble! and my sight is dim.

Eunonia. 'Tis he !

Raymond. Did I not charge thee kept the covenants ?

Eunonia. What smote me blind ?

Lionel. Is't possible !

Eunonia. But now

I see his visage clearly—wasted face—

White hairs !

Lionel. Shrunk from a prime majestic

To such a piteous wonder !

Raymond. Drogo !

Drogo. Master,

Thou art faint.

Hugo. O, Raymond ! Raymond.

Drogo. Give room !

Hugo. Dear heart, what was the cause ? what was the
cause ?

Drogo. Crowd not upon him, he is very frail.

Raymond. Where art thou, Drogo ? did she come ?

Drogo. Knoweth not,

My lord his faithful watch-dog ?

Hugo. Raymond, speak !

Raymond. The vesture chokes me—Hugo, I will tell
Thee all some other morning. [Dies.

APPENDIX.

DONA NOBIS.

For A.T.T.B.

p Andante.

Do - na no - bis pa - cem, Do - na, Do - na

Do - na no - bis pa - cem, Do - na, Do - na

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p

- cem, Do-na pa - cem, *dolce.* Do-na,

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Do - na no-bis pa-cem, Do-na no - bis, no-bis pa-cem, Do-na

Do - na no-bis pa-cem, Do-na no - bis, no-bis pa-cem, Do-na

Dona no - bis pa-cem, pa-cem, Do-na

dim.

pa-cem Do-na, Do - na, Dona, Do - na no - bis

pa-cem, Do-na pa - cem, Dona, Do - na, no - bis *rall.*

pa-cem, Do-na, Do - na, Do-na no - bis, Do-na no-bis

pa-cem, Do-na, Do - na,

p

pa - - cem, Do - na no - bis pa - -

pa - - cem, Do - na no - bis pa - -

pa - - cem, Do - na no - bis pa - -

rall.

Do-na pa - - cem, Do - na no - bis pa - -

- cem, Do - na, Do - na no - bis pa - cem,

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- cem, Do - na, Do - na no - bis pa - cem,

- cem, Do - na, Do - na no - bis pa - cem,

- cem, Do - na, Do - na no - bis pa - cem, Do-na

pp

pa - cem, pa - cem.

pa - cem, pa - cem, pa - cem.

pa - cem, Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

pa - cem, pa - cem, pa - cem.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR PROVOST AND CO., 40, TAVISTOCK STREET
COVENT GARDEN.

1

The following text is a scan of a document page. It contains several lines of text, some of which are partially obscured or cut off. The text appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly related to a technical or scientific study. The entries are separated by lines of varying lengths, suggesting a list format. The text is somewhat blurry and difficult to read in many places, but some words and numbers are discernible.

The text is organized into several paragraphs or sections, with some lines starting with a small number (e.g., 1, 2, 3). The overall layout is that of a standard document page with a header and a main body of text.

The text is as follows:

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