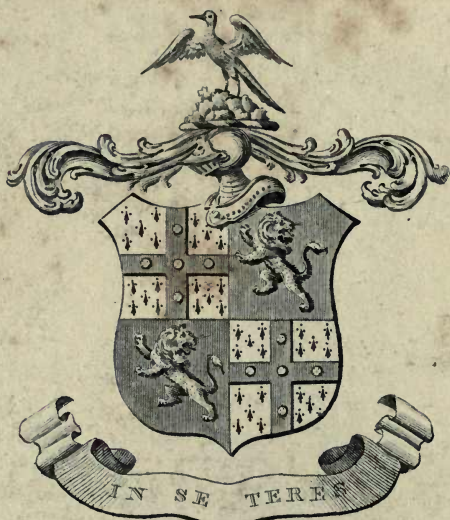


UC-NRLF

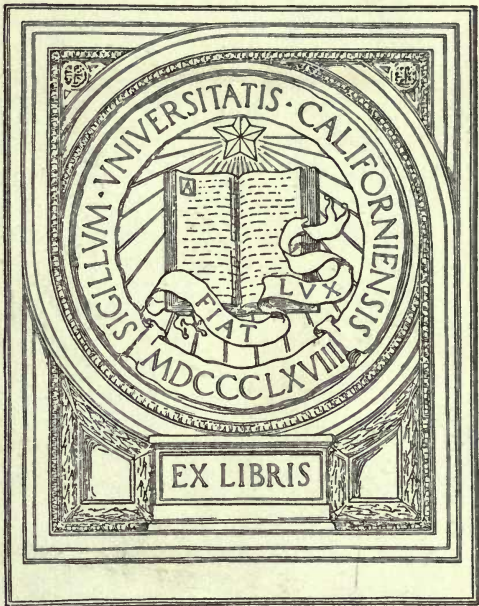


QB 116 549



*Arms of St. Aubyn.*

**JAMES ST. AUBYN.**



EX LIBRIS

919  
P414  
fz

ser. 2





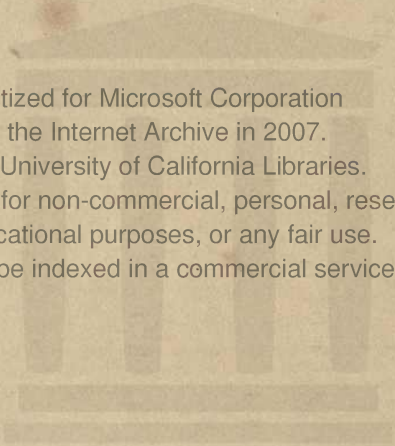
INTERNET ARCHIVE

Digitized for Microsoft Corporation  
by the Internet Archive in 2007.

From University of California Libraries.

May be used for non-commercial, personal, research,  
or educational purposes, or any fair use.

May not be indexed in a commercial service.



9

# BRITAIN'S HISTORICAL DRAMA;

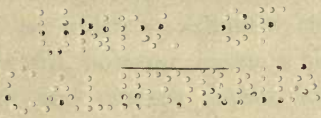
A SECOND SERIES OF

## National Tragedies,

INTENDED TO ILLUSTRATE THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND RELIGIOUS  
INSTITUTIONS OF DIFFERENT ERAS IN BRITAIN.

BY

*J. F. Pennie*  
J. F. PENNIE.



“Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all poems. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture. Therefore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy.”—MILTON.

---

LONDON:

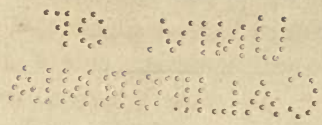
HENRY STOCKING, 25, KING WILLIAM STREET,  
LONDON BRIDGE.

MDCCCXXXIX.

BRITAIN  
HISTORICAL DRAMA

National Drama

LONDON:  
MAURICE AND CO., HOWFORD-BUILDINGS,  
FENCHURCH-STREET.



The first part of the volume contains the history of the drama in England from the earliest times to the present day. The second part contains the history of the drama in France from the same period to the present day. The third part contains the history of the drama in Italy from the same period to the present day. The fourth part contains the history of the drama in Spain from the same period to the present day. The fifth part contains the history of the drama in Germany from the same period to the present day. The sixth part contains the history of the drama in Russia from the same period to the present day. The seventh part contains the history of the drama in the United States from the same period to the present day. The eighth part contains the history of the drama in the East from the same period to the present day. The ninth part contains the history of the drama in the West from the same period to the present day. The tenth part contains the history of the drama in the South from the same period to the present day. The eleventh part contains the history of the drama in the North from the same period to the present day. The twelfth part contains the history of the drama in the East from the same period to the present day. The thirteenth part contains the history of the drama in the West from the same period to the present day. The fourteenth part contains the history of the drama in the South from the same period to the present day. The fifteenth part contains the history of the drama in the North from the same period to the present day.

LONDON:  
MAURICE AND CO., HOWFORD-BUILDINGS,  
FENCHURCH-STREET.



## INTRODUCTION.

---

IF, in this enlightened age, there still exist any lingering prejudice against Dramatic Poems, it arises, no doubt, from their supposed connexion with the Stage; and if such moral and philosophic writers as Milton, Thomson, Mason, Milman, Graham, and Mrs. Joanna Baillie, have not yet been able wholly to eradicate all groundless objections, it would be unavailing for us to argue against them. The best confutation we can advance, must be found in the innocence, morality, and usefulness of the Historical Dramas themselves, which we submit to the judgment of the Public. We will, however, quote a noble defence in favour of ancient and modern fiction, written by that learned and pious historian, Mr. Sharon Turner.

“ Fictitious compositions are so many concentrations of the scattered virtues of life; so many personifications of whatever is amiable and admirable in the manners or conceptions of the day. . . . We may, indeed, say that most of the romances of our forefathers were advantageous, in some respect or other, to the progress of their social life. In every one some vice is made revolting, and some virtue interesting. . . . It is probable that our best romances and tales have been, on the whole, nearly as efficacious in their moral operations as our sermons and our ethics. They have, at least, been great auxiliaries: society would not have been what it is without them. . . . It is the fault of

## INTRODUCTION.

the artist, not of his art, if his fictions be either unuseful or pernicious. . . . Fictitious narratives have been highly useful, and may be more so. We all need tuition as much as we dislike it; it may therefore be welcomed from every quarter, and particularly when it comes accompanied by harmless emotion and intellectual delight. Let us only urge our minstrels and fableurs to make their own ideal beauty as excellent as they can, before they embody it to our sight. . . . From the natural desire of reputation, every man performs the task which he allots to himself as ably as he can; and as the great preponderance of nature is always to good, society has been, on the whole, perpetually a gainer by the romances, tales, poetry, and dramas of its authors, notwithstanding the alloy of some individual eccentricities.”\*

The flattering and cheering manner in which the First Series of this National Work was received by a certain portion of the Public, has been one great stimulus to our exertions in the production of a second volume; and we trust that, in its execution, it will not be found that we have merited less forbearance, kindness, and encouragement, than have been shown to our first attempt; particularly when we state that it has been accomplished under domestic afflictions unusually severe and trying.

\* History of the Middle Ages.

# THE ENGLISH SLAVE;

OR,

## THE EVE OF ST. BRICE.

A TRAGEDY.

---

“ Thy castle yet,  
Sweet Lyd, remains, of all the dwellings fair  
That clustered once upon thy marge. Alas !  
Profoundest silence reigns where rolled the voice  
Of business on the fitful wind. No more  
The crowded mart, the echoing street, where flowed  
The human stream along.—

The grave has closed  
Upon thy myriads, Lydford: nought remains  
Of thee and thine but that frail lonely pile,  
Sole relic of thy ancient glory, where  
Proud floating o'er the battlements, thy sons  
Once gave the banner to the breeze.”

CARRINGTON'S DARTMOOR.

THE ENGLISH SLAVE

THE LIFE OF ST. PAUL

BY J. H. ...

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

### SAXONS.

GONDABERT, Earl of Devon.

LORD EDGAR, his Son.

ALBERT, the Slave.

HAROLD, Seneschal of the Household.

OTHMAR, Captain of the Retainers and Guards.

ELFILIA, a supposed Bondmaid.

EDITHA, a Neif, or Bondwoman.

### BRITONS.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

RODERICK, Captain of the Banditti.

1st Robber.

2nd Robber.

### DANES.

ROGVALLA, a Sea-king or Pirate.

CATHIMAR, }  
IVOR, } Danish Chiefs.  
FROTHO, }

EVANDA, }  
BERTHA, } Captives to Gondabert.

Saxon and Danish Soldiers, Peasants, Robbers, and Attendants.

ERA—1002.

THE HISTORY OF THE

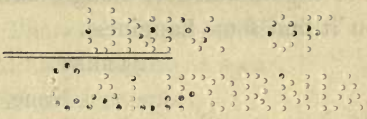
CHAPTER

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

CHAPTER

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

# THE ENGLISH SLAVE.



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of a miserable Cottage.*

*Enter Editha and Albert.*

EDITHA.

ST. Cuthbert save us ! what can ail thee, boy,  
To be so testy, wayward, cross, and peevish ?  
Some fearful spirit of the stormy moor,  
Which thou dost ever haunt, hath on thee cast  
An evil eye ; or the night-roaming hag,  
Crossing thy path, bewitched thee !

ALBERT.

Mother, no—

I love to wander when the tempest howls  
O'er Dartmoor's lonely wilds, for then I seem  
To breathe the mountain air of liberty :  
I the fierce stag love to companion where  
The herds in freedom rove, for then I seem  
To be as free as they : I love to climb  
The eagle's granite throne, and see him wave  
His broad wings to the wind, for then I feel  
As if I from my limbs had dashed the chains  
Of loathsome bondage, and, like that proud bird,  
Were master of myself.

EDITHA.

Now goodness keep me !  
 Why, Albert, should thine ever-restless mind  
 Indulge such vain desires ? Win thou content,  
 And in thy humble lot, though hard it be,  
 Thou 'lt find some happiness.

ALBERT.

None, never, none,  
 While I behold the stern usurping Thane,  
 In splendour clad, tread like a god the earth,<sup>(1)</sup>  
 And frown me into nothing ! Why should he  
 Have all things at command, while I must wear  
 These sordid weeds, and toil, yoked to the plough,<sup>(2)</sup>  
 For food his dogs would scorn ?

EDITHA.

The saints assoil thee !  
 Why, Albert, where hast thou picked up such treason  
 Against thy high-born betters ?

ALBERT.

Why my betters ?—  
 In what are they my betters ? True, they feed  
 From trenchers loaded with the daintiest cheer  
 The garden, forest, flood, and harvest yield ;<sup>(3)</sup>  
 Furred robes they wear, bedizened o'er with gold<sup>(4)</sup>  
 And dazzling pebbles, bought with blood of slaves ;  
 Curb fiery steeds, in costly trappings decked ;  
 Grasp in their hands a spear, the sign of freedom,<sup>(5)</sup>  
 And on their ring-bound fingers bear a hawk,  
 None daring to command them ;—but are they  
 In aught else, mother, better than myself ?

EDITHA.

Why should that bosom harbour such proud thoughts,  
 So ill-beseeming thy low state in life ?



ALBERT.

Has not this bosom passions like to theirs?  
 Have I not speech like them? Was I not born  
 A man, an Englishman, and hath not God  
 As brightly on my forehead stamped his image,  
 As on the proudest Thane's? And yet for me  
 To touch the tuneful harp, to grasp a spear,  
 And in the forest with a falcon sport,  
 Are crimes deemed worthy stripes and banishment. (6)  
 O, I could curse the day that gave me birth!

EDITHA.

Nay, good my child——

ALBERT.

Why didst thou bring me forth  
 To be a slave? Why was thy womb not barren?  
 Why died I not before I saw the light?  
 Thyself a bond-slave, thou shouldst, knowing all  
 The miseries of a state so vilely base,  
 Have strangled me, even in the porch of life;  
 Or, wanting strength, have bade my father dash  
 My brains out on his threshold. That had been  
 Paternal kindness to me.

EDITHA.

Blessed Virgin!

Art thou distraught with passion? O, what strange  
 And fearful beings hast thou on the moor  
 Held parley with?

ALBERT.

Those, mother, who amid  
 Its stony caves and fairy-haunted woods  
 Dwell free as the wild bull, making the great ones  
 To their dominion crouch: and if ere long

I gain not freedom, man's eternal birthright,  
I'll join the gallant band, and then shall I——

EDITHA.

Mercy forbid! Thy father was a slave,  
So was his sire before him: they both lived  
And died in honest bondage, and in peace.

ALBERT.

And *I* will die in freedom! from these limbs  
Bravely the fetters of bond-service fling,  
And cast off slavery's badge! No peace for me  
Till this great work is done, till I can feel  
I have a title to be ranked with men,  
And wear its honest dignity with honour.  
The lord of Lydford, Devon's high potent Earl,<sup>(7)</sup>  
After long years of absence, to yon towers  
This day returns, and with him Cornwall's Duke;  
Whose daughter, as I hear, will be the bride  
Of Edgar, Devon's brave son. Mother, farewell;  
I'll to the castle—I must be among them.  
I will do something there shall make strange stir—  
I know not what——But from this doughty Earl  
I'll win my freedom, or a hated life  
Fling reckless to the winds!

EDITHA.

Stay, Albert, stay.

Thou art become so headstrong, fierce, and wild——

ALBERT.

What! wouldst thou have me tamely bear these wrongs?  
Slavery and age have blunted all thy feelings,  
And thou canst smile in chains; but my young blood  
Is all on fire t' achieve that sacred birthright,  
That noble gift which Heaven on all bestows  
But impious man denies——

I may be torn to-morrow from thine arms,  
 And in the market sold to some new lord ;  
 Or, by men-stealers borne beyond the seas,  
 Pine in far-distant lands. (8)

EDITHA.

O, it would break  
 My heart, wert thou sold from me.

ALBERT.

Ay, and now  
 Another passion stirs within this bosom.  
 Where is Elfilia ?

EDITHA.

In the forest, boy,  
 Keeping our herd of swine.

ALBERT.

O, how I love—  
 No words can tell how much I love that maid,  
 Who to our cottage came one stormy night,  
 And craved to share with us a home of bondage.  
 Her eye, when on its lashes hangs a tear,  
 Is like the azure violet, full of dew.  
 Her beauty—Pshaw ! I'm barren of all words  
 When I would praise her. Soon I'll make her mine.  
 A powerful spur is that to urge me on  
 To freedom's happy goal ; for while a slave  
 Were she my wife, this Earl might tear her from me,  
 And sell her to some merchant,—cursed thought !  
 Mother adieu ! I'll to thine arms return,  
 And thou no more shalt call thy son a slave.  
 I will be free—free from this galling badge,  
 Or we, dear mother, ne'er shall meet again. [Exit.

EDITHA.

Ah, I do love him e'en as if he were

Mine own begotten one. 'Tis twenty years—  
 More, by St. Cuthbert—since that boy was placed,  
 A little changeling, in my husband's arms  
 (As o'er our evening fire we sat) by some  
 Dark-visaged chief, who made us, trembling, swear  
 The boy should be as ours ; and ne'er to blab  
 In mortal ear the tale, till he again  
 Appeared to claim him. A foul-featured deed,  
 I ween, done in some quarter, save that he  
 Were a sweet child brought out of fairy-land.  
 No tidings since have come from that wild chief.  
 'Tis time this secret should be sent abroad :  
 How I have kept it here so long locked up,  
 I know not. But where stays the fair Elfilia?  
 She is another mystery ! O, I'd give—  
 What would I *not* give, could I now but reach  
 The bottom of these secrets ! [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A magnificent Hall in the Castle of  
 Lydford, hung with rich tapestry.* (9)

*Enter Evanda and Bertha.*

EVANDA.

Stars of my destiny, when will ye cease  
 To pour your wrathful vials on my head !  
 How fatal was that battle-hour to me,  
 When on the southern coast of this great isle,  
 Which long hath trembled at the Northman's power,  
 The stalwart Earl of Devon, at midnight watch,  
 Assailed our slumbering camp, and to his ships  
 Rogvalla, Prince of Danish warriors, drove,  
 While I was sent a captive to these towers !

BERTHA.

Rather would I be in these splendid halls,  
Than tossing to and fro wild on the deep,  
The sport of storms and waves.

EVANDA.

Rather than sit  
A pining slave within these Saxon walls,  
I would be rushing in Rogvalla's barque,  
Though mastless and unhelmed, o'er those dark seas  
That round the northern cape, involved in storms,  
Dash their broad-sheeted billows. [*Music within.*

BERTHA.

Hark! heard you not  
Those sweet sounds, lady, of a plaintive harp?

EVANDA.

'Tis Edgar, son of Devon's stern-minded Earl,  
Who waits his father's coming. Day and night  
He, like a love-sick dreamer, to his harp  
Is sighing tristful ditties.

BERTHA.

His soft strains  
Perhaps are kindly, lady, meant to soothe  
Your dull captivity.

EVANDA.

They soothe not me.  
I'd rather hear the breakers' wolfish howl  
Round the steep rocks of some deserted isle,  
Or the wild shrieks of that fierce hag who rides  
The midnight tempest, leading in her train  
The witches and dark spirits of the north, <sup>(10)</sup>  
Than sweetest music in the stranger halls.

BERTHA.

How bright the morning shines. Will you not walk,

And breathe the freshness of the violet air  
In yonder castle gardens ?

EVANDA.

No ; I hate  
The very soil on which these Saxons tread.  
More pleasant than this prison's garden bowers  
Would be to me that island of the north, <sup>(11)</sup>  
Where Nature silent lies in death-like sleep,  
Mid horrors wonderful.

BERTHA.

Gods, keep me from them !

EVANDA.

Dark isle of storms, I loved at eve to stand  
Amid thy desert vales and naked rocks,  
And view the dreadful mountain heights around,  
Crimsoning the skies with fire, while down their sides  
Rivers of burning, smoking sulphur rolled ;  
To gaze upon thy fountains, as they flung  
Their boiling columns far into the heavens,  
Circled with clouds, while their deep spirit-voices  
Filled all the dreary solitude with sounds  
As of a thousand thunders !—calling forth  
The long-departed forms of warrior hosts  
O'er the red firmament, bright in their pomp,  
With gorgeous banners rustling to the blast,  
And fearful din of arms ! <sup>(12)</sup>

BERTHA.

O, may I, lady,  
Ne'er look upon so terrible a sight.

EVANDA.

Great Odin, king of spells, hast thou decreed  
That I shall my Rogvalla meet no more ?  
If not on earth, triumphant shall we meet

In thy proud halls of glory. Ere this Earl  
Shall to the altar lead me as his bride,  
I'll set my spirit free, and by that act  
Obtain a throne among our warrior gods.

BERTHA.

What though Rogvalla, o'erwhelmed by numbers,  
Fled to his ships, doubt not of his return.

EVANDA.

When, my brave sea-king, shall I hear thy horn  
Wail out its battle-summons round these towers!  
When shall I see thy brand with Saxon blood  
Red to the hilt, and in blest freedom roam  
With thee again the bright and boundless deep!

[*Martial flourish.*

What sounds are those? 'Tis not the Danish horn.

*Enter Harold.*

HAROLD.

Lady, I come with tidings which, I ween,  
Thou with no welcome wilt from me receive.  
The Earl of Devon approaches.

EVANDA.

As I feared.

HAROLD.

He and his warmen from their steeds alight  
Without the castle gates. There also come  
The British Duke of Cornwall and his daughter,  
With many Danes, the captives of my lord.

EVANDA.

The purple plague come with him, and a curse  
To blight his fondest hopes!—But there is peace.

HAROLD.

Lady, I wait to lead you to his presence

EVANDA.

Lead me where hungry wolves at midnight gather,  
 And howl for blood ; or in some darksome cave,  
 Where hideous reptiles o'er the slimy bones  
 Of the dead murderer crawl, let me be hid  
 For ever from the cheerful light of day,  
 Rather than at the bridal shrine become  
 The wife of Gondabert.—Be still, my heart,  
 There is a path to peace, though dark the way ;  
 And when the solemn hour of trial comes,  
 Odin shall nerve this arm to strike the blow  
 That ends all mortal suffering, and translates  
 My spirit to Valhalla's golden halls. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Outside of Lydford Castle.*

*Enter a procession of Saxon soldiers bearing banners and trophies of war, then a train of Danish captives in chains. Enter, from the castle, maidens strewing flowers and bearing garlands ; then Edgar and Harold, leading Evanda, followed by Bertha and numerous domestic slaves of both sexes. Enter Gondabert, leading the Princess of Cornwall, followed by the Duke, with knights and guards. Gondabert presents the Princess to Edgar, who receives her with a respectful but melancholy air, and takes himself the hand of Evanda, whom he presents to the Duke, and then leads her forward, martial music playing the whole time.*

GONDABERT.

When I behold thy beauty, I forget  
 The injuries and the sufferings of my country,  
 And with my laurel-garlands would entwine



The fairest rose of Denmark. 'Tis not meet  
That sadness o'er thy brow of sunny beauty  
Should fling one passing cloud, when I, returned  
Triumphant to these towers, with eager hope  
Claim the glad spousal rites. What cause for grief?

EVANDA.

Canst thou, proud victor, question me the cause  
Of this deep sadness? Know, then, 'tis thyself!  
Thou art the cause of all this heart endures,  
And must endure long as thou keep'st me here.  
I am a woman, and the sacred laws  
Of honour and of knighthood bid thee yield<sup>(13)</sup>  
Evanda to her country, home, and friends.  
Think of my sufferings, and from hence permit  
Thy captive to go free. Saxon renowned,  
Act still the hero, still be nobly great  
In mercy as in arms, and thou shalt win  
A brighter wreath than garlands dyed in blood.

GONDABERT.

That night which on Devonia's southern coast  
The Saxon arms with glorious conquest crowned,  
I waded deep in streams of Danish blood,  
And hewed a passage through the pagan ranks  
To where thou mid the war's harsh thunder stood'st,  
Like a bright sunbeam on the stormy sea.  
And shall I yield my sword-won captive up,  
When love imperiously demands her stay?  
No, this strong arm, which thro' that death-strewed field  
Unfearingly o'er chiefs and ocean-kings,  
Rolled in their blood, did bear thee, shall ere long,  
Beloved Evanda, lead thee to the altar.

EVANDA.

Saxon, forbear! Though now on fortune's sea

Thy barque in triumph rides, and all thy sails  
 With the pride-soothing breath of fame are filled,  
 And green the laurels on thy lofty brow,  
 Yet, if thou play the tyrant, soon will come  
 The fearful tempest in its darkness forth :  
 Then shalt thou perish, and thy storm-rent wreaths  
 Oblivion on the rushing blast shall hurl.

GONDABERT.

Maid of the north, thy prophecies I fling  
 All to the winds—I was not born to fear.

EVANDA.

That brow of stern disdain shall yet wax pale.  
 Proud Thane, there is an arm that o'er thee hangs—  
 I see it in the heavens, 'tis red with vengeance.  
 Ha ! dost thou quail beneath my searching eye ?  
 My mother knew the deep thoughts of the heart,  
 And her prophetic spirit is upon me.—<sup>(14)</sup>  
 That arm shall smite thee ! Yes, the time draws near,  
 The hour of awful judgment is at hand  
 For some dark, secret crime——

GONDABERT.

Sound, sound the warlike trump,  
 And let the thunder of the full-braced drum,  
 With harp and pipe, the martial chorus swell :  
 Then strike the bridal notes of joy, and wide  
 The portals of my castle fling, to welcome  
 Our regal guests of Cornwall. Warriors, on !

CHORUS.

Hail, warriors, whose victorious brands  
 Have routed Denmark's savage bands,  
 And driven her few remaining slaves  
 Across the ocean's storm-dashed waves.

Ye Virgins, swell the choral lay,  
 Strew garlands bright in the conqueror's way;  
 Loose on the winds your banners fling,  
 Strike, strike the harp's triumphant string;  
 And to these scenes of festive joy,  
 Where pleasure and mirth the hours employ,  
 Welcome, welcome beauty bright,  
 True Valour's just reward, young Love's delight.

[Gondabert leads the Cornish Princess into the castle,  
 the Duke takes the hand of Evanda.—All the cha-  
 racters follow, except Harold and Edgar; the latter  
 stands in a thoughtful and despairing attitude.]

EDGAR.

Marry this British princess? Rather let me  
 Be wedded to despair, and madness seize  
 On all my faculties! The ducal crown  
 May from her brows flash forth its diamond fires,  
 As through the frosty night the clustered stars  
 Shine out resplendently; but this firm heart  
 They cannot warm to love. A brighter eye  
 Than hers hath on me sweetly beamed, and here  
 Lit love's eternal flame.

HAROLD.

Ha! youthful lord,  
 Art thou already stricken with this Duchess?

EDGAR—(not heeding him.)

Yet, Elfilia,  
 Thou art—O, that accursed, horrid word  
 Dies on my lips!—a slave!—a peasant slave!  
 If ever I become the Thane of Devon,  
 She on my vassals freedom shall bestow. (15)

c

I'll have no slaves to till my fields, and make  
Them barren with their curses.—But, loved maid,  
How to secure thee from my father's wrath?—  
Ah, Harold! Thou art more my friend than servant—  
O, I am greatly troubled.

HAROLD.

Good my lord,  
I thought you were the happiest of the happy.

EDGAR.

No, the most wretched living. Come thou near.  
This is no longer any place for me;  
I must depart, fly hence this very night,  
To some far-distant country.

HAROLD.

Nay, my lord,  
Are you beside yourself?

EDGAR.

Well nigh, good Harold.

HAROLD.

Fly hence, when on the eve of bridal joy?  
When you should wed a lady, whose fair hand  
Will on her bridegroom place the starry robe  
Of sovereignty and power?

EDGAR.

I'd rather wear  
The savage clothing of the new-slain wolf,  
And in the cavern of some desert live,  
Whose sands the foot of man hath never trod,  
Than in Dunheved's princely palace dwell  
With Cornwall's daughter.

HAROLD.

Thou dost much amaze me.

EDGAR.

Thy truth I've proved—then aid me to escape.  
I know the lofty spirit of my father,  
His fierce ambition, which would sacrifice  
The young affections of this ardent heart ;  
His stern relentless curses they will fall,  
When I am gone, on my devoted head ;  
Yet I'll endure all miseries,—all but one,  
The loss of her I love. Come in with me—  
I'll call thee friend and brother. Farewell pomp !  
To pathless wilds and deserts must I fly :  
If here I tarry, madness is my doom !            [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A pleasant Valley on the borders of the Forest of Dartmoor ; lofty and barren Mountains in the back ground.*

*Enter Elfilia.*

ELFILIA.

How am I changed ! Erewhile in splendid robes,  
Mid bannered halls and gorgeous pomp, I moved  
Gaily and proudly ; while the air I breathed  
Was rich with odours and harmonious sounds  
Of harps and viols. Now, in these coarse weeds,  
I am the slave of slaves. Yet have I pomp ;  
The golden skies of morn are o'er these vales  
That shelter me outspread, where every grove  
Is filled with melodies, and soft the winds  
Breathe of the rose and violet. More than all,  
Peace in yon humble cottage with me dwells,  
And love makes blessed this delightful valley.  
Then why should I regret my once proud home,  
From which a father's sternness drove me forth  
To shun the bridal bed of one I hated,  
Though round his princely brows flashed ducal wreaths.

[*Music at a distance.*

It is my Wilford's harp. Enchanting sounds !  
Yet is he lowly born, while boast my veins  
The noblest blood in England ; but with him,  
Caverns would be to me as kingly halls.

*Enter Edgar, disguised, with a harp.*

EDGAR.

My loved, my own Elfilia. [*Embracing.*

ELFILIA.

Ah, my Wilford,  
Thou art not what thou seem'st. No peasant slave  
Dares with toil-roughened hand the harp-strings sweep;  
Or if he dared, could with thy skill and fire  
Master the gentle craft.

EDGAR.

My birth have I,  
To prove her love, concealed, and must not yet  
Disclose the truth—(*aside*). Thy Wilford is no slave.  
My father to the house of Gondabert  
Was a retainer, and held lands in fee; <sup>(16)</sup>  
To whom a cuirass, helm, and sword were given  
As a reward for valour. But I loved,  
From childhood loved the poet's heaven-born art;  
I panted for immortal fame, and strove,  
Despite all scorn, reproof, and cold neglect,  
To win the bard's high honours.—E'en my dreams <sup>(17)</sup>  
Were wild imaginings of sweet romance,  
And visions bright of genius triumphing  
O'er envy and oppression; till at length  
My harp won Gondabert's indulgent ear,  
And I became his minstrel.

ELFILIA.

Canst thou, then,  
With the green laurels of thy genius crowned,  
Stoop from thy height to love a wretched slave?

EDGAR.

O, cast not on thy beauty such a cloud;

'Tis darkness on the sun. Thou wouldst adorn  
 Earth's mightiest throne! Away, then, all sad thoughts,  
 For ere to-morrow's eve-clouds dim the west,  
 Thou shalt be free, and in these arms a bride.

*Enter Albert.*

ALBERT.

So, my young harper, thou art here again!  
 I've marked thy frequent visits to our valley;  
 And now I learn thine errand. Hie thee hence,  
 And leave this maid to me.

EDGAR.

To thee, base slave!

ALBERT.

Hah! how that word falls on me with a curse,  
 And to my heart-core burns like glowing iron!  
 I am no slave!—at least I shall not be,  
 Proud youth, ere long. I will be free as thou,  
 Or e'en the haughtiest lord that treads the soil;  
 And though desertless now, I'll bravely wrest  
 From Gondabert my liberty, or fling  
 This carcass to the eagles of the moor.

ELFILIA.

Nay, Albert, thou to me hast still been kind,  
 And gentle as a brother. What hath stirred  
 These stormy feelings in thy bosom thus?  
 And why that brow of wrath?

ALBERT.

My wrongs, my sufferings!  
 Long have I borne them, and in secret long  
 Brooded o'er my despair, as on the mountain  
 The heavy tempest lours, till came thy beauty



Shedding its brightness through the cloud and gloom ;  
Then all the barren desert of my mind  
Shone out with golden light : thy tuneful voice  
Fell on my soul more sweet than forest lays,  
That make the wild moor pleasant. Like the torrent,  
When genial spring-suns melt the torpid ice,  
My wild heart leaped with hope, and bounded on  
In sparkling, boisterous gladness for the land  
Of sunny freedom ; and that bourn I'll reach,  
Though giant rocks and mountains intervene ;  
No bar the roaring cataract shall stop  
Of my proud feelings, till I reach the shore  
Of liberty's bright ocean.

ELFILIA.

Hear me, Albert.

ALBERT.

Hear thee ? Ay, give me but one soft, kind word,  
And I will listen to the dove-toned sounds  
Of thy sweet voice, like the pale silent moon  
When the glad nightingale her wild love tells  
In yonder myrtle bowers. And shall that minstrel,  
That shallow-hearted boy, bear thee away  
From these strong manly arms ?

ELFILIA.

Woe worth thee, Albert !

How will this end ?

ALBERT.

In death, if he persist.  
I am a mountain-minded son of toil,  
And let that twangling bard of sloth and pride  
Beware the rover of the desert moor,  
Strong as its iron rocks, and sternly fierce,  
When moved with anger, as its own dark storms. (18)

EDGAR—(*casting away his harp.*)

Thou herd-groom ruffian, base-born mountain serf !  
I scorn thy strength as I despise thy birth.  
Dare but to raise thine eye, and cast a glance  
Bright with love's passion on that peerless maid,  
And I, who have the power, will make thee crouch  
Like craven wolf when in the hunter's toils.

ALBERT.

Dare thou the thunder on those cloud-veiled rocks  
To dash its red and fiery streams of death,  
But dare not me to look on this sweet maid !  
For I, though born a slave, would on her gaze,  
Ay, and thus clasp her to my fearless heart,  
Though England's crown were flashing on thy brows !

ELFILIA.

Albert, forbear.

EDGAR.

Hence, savage of the desert !  
Or I will grapple with thee, till thy limbs  
Fail to support thee to thy cavern lair.

ALBERT.

Grapple with me ? Fool ! I have on the moor  
The gripe encountered of the hungry bear,  
And with this clenched hand felled him : I have striven  
With the fierce stag, and dashed him to the earth ;  
And thus I'll trample on thy dainty form.

[*He rushes towards Edgar—Elfilia runs between them,  
and in her endeavour to prevent Albert, a letter  
drops from her bosom.*]

ELFILIA.

O, for the love of Heaven and all the saints,  
Appease this dreadful anger. Albert—Wilford—  
For my sake, I implore you, be at peace.

[*Music, with the cry of hunters at a distance.*]

EDGAR.

Distraction ! 'tis my father and the Duke,  
 Returning this way homeward from the chase.  
 O, disappointed vengeance ! If I stay  
 They will discover me, and I shall lose  
 My dear Elfilia—(*aside.*) Fly, thou dove-like maid,  
 The falcon is abroad ; I would not have  
 The Earl or Cornwall's Duke behold thee here.

ELFILIA.

The Duke of Cornwall ? All good angels save me !  
 O, I would fly to earth's remotest verge,  
 Rather than meet the Duke. Yet now to go,  
 And leave these lion-mettled spirits stirred  
 To wage a deadly strife—Nay, Albert, yield ;  
 Let my sad tears fall like the rain from heaven,  
 To cool thy bosom's fire-enkindled wrath.  
 Thus low on bended knee do I beseech  
 Thee, Albert, to withdraw.

EDGAR.

Rise, loved Elfilia,  
 Nor humble thus thyself before a slave.—  
 All must be told. Mark me, wild mountaineer ;  
 Though clad in minstrel vest, I am Lord Edgar,  
 Son of Devonian's Earl ; and if thou darest,  
 Barren of honour and of warlike fame,  
 T' insult that maid with thy degrading passion,  
 Like a wild bull shalt thou be seized and sold  
 To those who traffic in the blood of men  
 Amid the slave-mart, and on foreign shores <sup>(19)</sup>  
 A master find to tame thy daring spirit. [*Exit.*

ALBERT.

A brooklet in a storm ! Thy frothy rage  
 Flows idly by, and beggars my contempt ;

For come the worst, there's freedom in the caves  
 Of yon cloud-haunted tors, where strong bands lurk  
 Who fear no mortal thing. I know thee now,  
 And to the echoes of the rocks will shout  
 The treachery of thy heart. Elfilia, cast  
 The false one off, even as thou wouldst a snake  
 That on thy sleeping breast had coiled its folds,  
 Or he will sting thy soul. That lord to-morrow  
 The daughter of the Cornish sovereign weds.

ELFILIA.

Wed Cornwall's daughter ?

ALBERT.

Let me die unhouseled, <sup>(20)</sup>  
 If I speak not the truth. The Duke hath brought  
 His daughter, heiress of the western crown,  
 To Lydford castle, where the bridal feast  
 Is now preparing.

ELFILIA.

Ha ! all gracious Heaven !  
 No, Albert, no ; it cannot, cannot be—  
 Dwells, Wilford, in thy heart such cruel falsehood ?

ALBERT.

By the most holy rood-tree, by——

ELFILIA.

Swear not,  
 For I believe thee now. That deep disguise,  
 A borrowed name, and the deluding tale  
 Of his low birth—all, all confirm thy words,  
 Nor joy, nor hope on earth remains for me !  
 Fiend of despair, come fling thy moody spell  
 Wild on my brain, and let the tempest loose  
 To hurl me down the gulph of madness, where

Remembrance through the dark confusion sheds  
No gleam o'er all the past !

ALBERT.

Elfilia, turn to me.

Here is a heart all truth, a heart that burns  
With passionate feeling. Give me one bright smile,  
And though it long hath been a dreary waste,  
The wilderness into sunshine and with joy  
Shall break forth into singing, and the flowers  
Of hope bloom sweetly there.

ELFILIA.

What ! love a slave ?

ALBERT.

A curse eternal on the ashes rest  
Of him who first his fellow-men enslaved !  
He who yon kingly orb flung on the heavens,  
And crowned the shadowy night with countless stars,  
Made me a man equal in form and mind  
With yon proud lord, who to the mart of slaves  
Would drive me like a beast.—But be thou mine,  
And I shall feel a new and mighty spirit  
Uplift me, like the youthful eagle when  
Her untried plumes expand to meet the sun,  
Till fame and honour shed their glory on me.

[*Horns and cries near.*]

ELFILIA.

It cannot be.—Hark ! the proud hunters come !  
O let me fly—

ALBERT—(*seizing her arm.*)

Beware of my revenge !

Thou shalt be mine, or I to Gondabert  
Will thy stolen meetings with his son reveal.  
And, by St. Edmund's bones ! here is a proof

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Which to the Earl, though I know not its language,  
Will silently confirm, past doubt, my tale.

ELFILIA.

'Tis Wilford's—Edgar's letter ! Lost for ever !  
O Albert, with compassion hear my prayers ;  
And if indeed thou know'st what 'tis to love,  
In pity to a maiden's weakness hide  
Our hapless passion from the haughty Earl.  
Prostrate I fall before thee. O, respect  
My tears, my agonies. Restore that letter.

ALBERT.

Swear, then, on bended knee, to be my wife ;  
Swear by all holy things——

ELFILIA.

To be thy wife ?  
Eternal powers ! where shall I turn for hope ?  
Woe comes on woe, the surges of despair  
Rush o'er my sinking soul, and I must perish  
If thou refuse to save. Albert, my fate  
Is in thy hands ; on thee I call for mercy,  
Mercy from him who has declared he loves me.  
Canst thou behold these tears thy feet bedew,  
Yet not relent ? Is there no spark of pity  
In thy stern soul ? Wouldst thou accept the hand  
Of her, whose breaking heart is far estranged  
From all thy joys and cares ?

ALBERT.

Then let revenge,  
Though it should in this bosom wake a hell  
Of after anguish, yield a transient joy  
Thy wilfulness denies. (*Horns and hunters very near.*)  
They come, proud maid,  
Famed Cornwall's Duke, and Devon's imperious lord !

ELFILIA.

Heaven, for thy mercy ! there is none on earth !  
 Remorseless man, hurl me from yonder rocks  
 Deep in the roaring torrent's black abyss,  
 Rather than let me meet—(*shrieks.*) Ha ! I behold him !  
 The hated, dreaded Duke.

ALBERT.

O, how it racks  
 My heart to see her thus.—Yet must it be,  
 Or blasted every hope that life can yield. [*Aside.*  
 Swear to be mine, and I will bear thee hence,  
 Where he shall never find thee.

ELFILIA.

O, faithless Edgar !  
 What fires are these which lighten round my brow ?  
 Madness is on my wild and burning brain !  
 Swear to be thine?—(*hesitates*)—thine ? Tortures,  
 racks, and flames  
 Shall sooner be my portion ! Monster ! fiend !  
 Dark savage of the moor, despair's dread curse  
 On thy last death-hour fall ! [*Rushes off.*

ALBERT.

The secret shall be told to win my freedom,  
 And then away—away to th' wildest depth  
 Of Dartmoor will I safely bear my love.

*Music.—Enter Earl Gondabert and the Duke of Cornwall, with a train of hunters.*

GONDABERT.

Right gallant spoil have we this day enjoyed  
 Amid the wilds of Dartmoor's regal forest.  
 That shag-maned bull, by our fierce dogs embayed,

Fought like a veteran warrior, till he fell,  
Illustrious Duke, beneath thy well-aimed spear.

DUKE.

'Twas ever my delight at early dawn  
To rouse the tusked boar, the wolf, and elk, <sup>(21)</sup>  
And make the vale and mountain forest ring  
With cry of falcon, hound, and merry horn.  
Such were my youthful sports, which schooled me well  
In all the nobler duties of the soldier.

ALBERT.

I would presume with Devon's fame-honoured lord  
To claim a private parley.

GONDABERT.

Who art thou?

ALBERT.

I am a vassal, born on thy domains,  
And something have to say, redoubted chief,  
That much concerns thy honour.

GONDABERT.

Duke, lead on :

My train will to the castle's eastern gate,  
Through yonder wood, conduct you.

[*Music.—Exeunt Duke and hunters.*

Blood-stained ambition ! idol of my worship !  
But one step more—the dukedom of the west—  
On what a noble height shall I have placed,  
In some brief hours, my loved and only son !

ALBERT.

My lord——

GONDABERT.

Let me but this long-laboured plan achieve,  
Let me behold my gallant Edgar lead



The British princess to the bridal shrine,  
And this glad heart——

ALBERT.

If I err not, 'tis like  
Your hopes, my lord, will scurvily be crossed.  
A princess? no; a bondmaid, who doth tend  
A swine-drift in yon forest, is the choice  
Of his aspiring aims. It moves my mirth  
To think how all thy future heirs will be  
Of mongrel breed,—half noble and half vile!  
How in their veins such different blood may flow  
Without eternal discord, I must leave  
To thy far deeper knowledge.

GONDABERT.

I hear thy words, but gather not their meaning.

ALBERT.

They'll marry in despite of thee, if I——

GONDABERT.

Marry the devil, if thou wilt; what reck  
I whom thou marriest? Doth thy bridal aught  
Concern my honour?

ALBERT.

No; 'tis of Lord Edgar——

GONDABERT.

Well, what of him? What darest thou speak of him?

ALBERT.

O, nothing evil—only of his love——

GONDABERT.

Ay, for a princess——

ALBERT.

Princess of the hogs,  
And maid of honour to my honoured mother.

GONDABERT.

Lord Edgar? maid of honour to thy mother?  
Why thou art mad! or I, more mad than thou,  
Of thy strange story make most strange disorder.

ALBERT.

Clear is the story as those sunny beams  
That sparkle on Lydford's mountain flood,  
If thou mar not its meaning. Thy young heir  
A maiden woos who dwells here on the moor;  
And for a princess is content to take  
A lowly bond-wench to his bridal bed.

GONDABERT.

Lord Edgar woo a bondmaid for his bride!  
Away, foul-spoken villain! ere my sword  
Leap from its scabbard to revenge in blood  
Thy base, misboding lies!

ALBERT.

Ha! ha! ha!

GONDABERT.

Darest, sodden-witted slave, to mock my wrath?—  
Fiends! now I on him look, why do I start  
At th' evil glances of that scoffing eye?  
His visage drives the blood cold to my heart!  
His wild laugh sounded like——It cannot be.  
What weakness hath possessed me?—(*aside*). Wolf-dog,  
hence!—  
Still dost thou brave me with that brow of scorn,  
Nor, like a trembling bond-serf, crouch in fear?

ALBERT.

Fear! what is fear? I know it not, proud Thane.

GONDABERT.

Audacious swineherd! speak'st thou like an equal?

ALBERT.

Why *am* I not thine equal, Gondabert?—  
 Bating thy jewelled robes, thy warman's spear  
 Of freedom and command, thy insolent train  
 Of serving-vassals, and thy rich domains  
 And titled birth,—for which, high-minded lord,  
 Chance claims thy thanks. I am at least a man,  
 Although a slave, and not the haughtiest Thane  
 Wins higher rank in nature; while in honour,  
 I'll challenge an equality with him  
 Who stands the mightiest noble of the land,  
 Scorning the shame of falsehood. Let that teach thee  
 An injured slave can be an honest man.

[ *Holding out the letter.*GONDABERT—(*snatching it.*)

By Mary's blessed shrine, 'tis Edgar's hand!

ALBERT.

How rolls his full eye like a savage stag's  
 When kept at bay by hounds. Were those bright robes  
 Of splendour on *my* back, I should appear  
 A braver lord than he.

GONDABERT.

O, this would turn  
 Meekness into a Fury, love paternal  
 To deadly hate and loathing! Powers of hell,  
 Have ye conspired to blast a father's hopes?—  
 Down choking rage, nor to the evil eye  
 Of this strange slave expose me. A deep spell,  
 A dark disease of mind, some youthful witch  
 Hath on thee, Edgar, cast, and marred thy brain!—<sup>(22)</sup>  
 This letter proves thy story merits faith,  
 And high reward shall wait on thy desert.

D



The shadows of the damned around me flock,  
 And ghastly forms haunt all my evil dreams!  
 The forms of those I've wronged—the innocent—  
 The murdered children——

*Enter Messenger, hastily.*

Who art thou? A spy  
 Upon my private thoughts? A listener, sent  
 To pluck the secrets from my tortured soul,  
 And then betray them to the scoffer's scorn?

MESSENGER.

I listened not, my lord—

GONDABERT.

Liar and slave! [*Rushing on him.*

I'll tear thy heart out, rend thee limb from limb,  
 And with thy treacherous carcass gorge the wolves!  
 Ha! ha! ha!—

Nay, do not tremble, man. A sudden passion  
 Came o'er my troubled brain. At times a cloud  
 Of darkness flits across this harassed mind.  
 My son's disgrace—I mean my brother's wrongs—  
 I mean—I—know not what I mean.  
 Heed not my words—thy presence doth confound me.  
 What brings thee to the forest?

MESSENGER.

Good my lord,

I bear despatches of the utmost moment  
 From Ethelred the King; and was commanded  
 To place them in no other hands than thine,  
 When I arrived at Lydford. [*Delivering a sealed packet.*

GONDABERT.

All Heaven's blessings  
 Rest on his Highness! He, I trust, is well.

MESSENGER.

He is, my lord.

GONDABERT.

Return to Lydford castle.

A largess waits thee there. [*Exit* Messenger.]

What state concerns are these? I let me peruse.

*[Opens the packet and reads.]*

“To our trusty and well-beloved Thane, Gondabert Earl of Devon, greeting.—Whereas by the advice of our Æthelings, Earldormen, Thanen, and chief officers of our household, in council assembled, we have resolved and do decree, that on the holy Eve of St. Brice, all the Danes, not excepting one in any station, within our realms, shall for their haughtiness, oppression, and barbarous cruelty to the English, be put to the sword privately, not sparing the women or children of that detested people; that so our kingdom may be rid of its lordling oppressors, and our loving and faithful subjects be restored to their inheritance, and dwell in liberty and peace.

These commands we lay on all men of the Saxon nations, who hold authority and office under us, within these our kingdoms.

ETHELRED THE KING.”

A general massacre! and in cold blood!  
 Women and children, too! Why even I,  
 Who have not shrunk from fiendish deeds of guilt,  
 Do almost freeze with horror. Hence, remorse!  
 The softer feelings here must find no place.  
 St. Brice, to-morrow is thy fatal eve:  
 Murder and death shall chaunt thy vigil hymns.  
 I'll do this work of vengeance—it may suit  
 My private purpose: 'tis the King's command,  
 And on *his* head be all the blood I spill. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Grand Hall in Lydford Castle.**Enter Gondabert and Harold.*

HAROLD.

THE Danes throughout the kingdom to be slain?  
And in one night?

GONDABERT.

Ay, Harold, every soul,  
Man, woman, and the suckling at the breast.

HAROLD.

'Tis horrible!

GONDABERT.

It is the King's command ;  
And, seneschal, we must obey his will.  
Let all my warren and retainers hold <sup>(23)</sup>  
Themselves in readiness, and they will need  
Well-sharpened blades—'twill be a bloody work.  
Mark, instant death shall be that soldier's doom  
Who dares to breathe a word.—Thou look'st aghast.

HAROLD.

It is a frightful deed!

GONDABERT.

The dainty slaves!  
'Tis just to cut them off. Do they not waste  
The hours in decking their voluptuous forms  
In splendid garments? o'er their flowing locks  
Pour the most precious ointments of the East,

And riot on the substance of the English ?  
 Who dare not lift the mead-cup to their lips,  
 When in the presence of these lordly thieves,  
 Without the fear of death. (24)

HAROLD.

Most true, my lord.

But ah, their guiltless infants—

GONDABERT.

Perish all—

The serpents and their spawn ! or the vile brood  
 Will rise and sting our young ones to the heart—  
 All but my lovely captive and her slave.  
 But I have that which claims more anxious thought  
 Than these fell Danes. Go, hither send my son.

HAROLD.

Has he discovered Edgar's luckless passion ?  
 Dark thoughts are gathering in his troubled breast,  
 And mark his clouded brow.

GONDABERT.

Why stand'st thou there ?

Command him to my presence.

HAROLD.

I obey.

[*Exit.*]

GONDABERT.

Had but this shameful tale been spread abroad,  
 My glory had departed, and the line,  
 The illustrious line of Gondabert been dashed  
 From honour's radiant page.

*Enter* Edgar.

Audacious boy !

Strange thou canst wear that brow of guilty boldness,  
 And meet my searching glance with steadfast eye,



When in thy heart lurks a disgraceful secret,  
Which, once made known, would thy fair honour blast,  
And sink thy father to a timeless grave.

EDGAR.

Mysterious are thy words of wrath to me.  
I wot not of their meaning : but I stand  
Fearless in innocence, and proof to all  
Th' envenomed shafts of slander.

GONDABERT.

Spare thy words.

Know then at once, to strike thee dumb with shame,  
'Thou minion of a slave-begotten slave,  
Thy baseness is discovered ! Look on this.

*[Showing the letter, then flinging it towards him.]*

Read thy confusion there.

EDGAR.

A falsehood shall not taint my lips, for now  
The cherished passion of this ardent heart  
Right frankly will I own—nay more, my lord,  
Boast of it as my joy, my honest pride.  
True 'tis, that gentle birth no lustre lends  
To the self-radiant charms of her I love,  
Whose beauty, form, and mind, divinely matched,  
Make her a paragon, transcending all  
The lofty damsels of the English court.  
Wouldst thou but on this maiden deign to look,  
Her smile would that stern heart to kindness win,  
And draw a blessing from thee.

GONDABERT.

I look on her ?

The accurst enchantress whose dark passion-spells  
Thy reason and thy honour have destroyed ?  
Dare not to hope that I will sacrifice

My glory in the flames of thy base love.  
 My word is pledged : the powerful Duke of Cornwall  
 Waits to bestow on thee his daughter's hand.  
 On, then—on to dominion and a throne !

EDGAR.

Ambition, like the winter's reckless storms,  
 Swells high the mountain torrent of thy pride.  
 I love not noisy greatness, but through life  
 Would, like the valley-streamlet, glide in peace,  
 Amid the music and the flowers of love.

GONDABERT.

Spell-witched enthusiast, wouldst thou love despair,  
 And wed thyself to beggared infamy ?  
 Such folly might teach Patience to blaspheme !

EDGAR.

Thou still hast been to me the kindest parent,  
 And I thy love return with such affection,  
 That it would almost break my heart to say,  
 Father, adieu for ever ! Yet banish me  
 Far from thy presence to some storm-girt isle,  
 Whose dreary solitudes have never heard  
 The voice of man, with her my young heart loves,  
 Rather than chain me to a hated throne,  
 Or bind this brow with regal gems, whose fires  
 Would my hot brain, like hell-born lightning, scorch !

GONDABERT.

Answer one question,—speak as if thou stood'st  
 On the dim threshold of eternity :  
 Say, is that life which being gave to thine,  
 Is it held sacred by an only son ?

EDGAR.

Bear witness all ye ministers of Heaven,  
 Ye warrior hosts of light, who o'er the Danes

Victory to us have given in fields of glory,  
 And bowed their raven-banners to the Cross, <sup>(25)</sup>  
 Witness the filial ardour of my soul  
 For thee, loved, honoured author of my being.

GONDABERT.

Then, on this sword, swear—swear, in solemn dread,  
 By Heaven and all its joys, by those fierce pangs  
 Which hell for perjury hath in reserve;  
 Swear by the blessed passion of the Cross,  
 Thy hope, thy passport to the realms of bliss;—  
 And, if thou break thine oath, on thee invoke  
 The torments of the lost while here on earth,  
 And, when thou quitt'st that form of loathsome anguish,  
 Redoubled pangs amid the penal fires  
 Of everlasting torture!—Edgar, swear.

EDGAR.

Swear! what, my lord? What wouldst thou have me  
 swear?

GONDABERT.

Elfilia to renounce—renounce for ever!

EDGAR—*(after a pause.)*

No! Rather let me by unheard of pangs  
 Die inch by inch, yet never reach that goal  
 Where human sufferings end!

GONDABERT.

Then hear *me* swear—

EDGAR.

Hold! O, for mercy hold!

GONDABERT.

Now by that oath,  
 With heart of fire, that in its sternest mood  
 Hath loved thee, Edgar—ay, these burning tears  
 Too deeply tell the father's strong affections—

By that tremendous oath do I now swear,  
 The hour thou wedd'st a slave shall see this sword  
 Plunged in thy father's heart ! and on thy head  
 His reeking blood shall rest.

EDGAR.

O, horror ! horror !

[*Edgar staggers back, and leans against a pillar  
 speechless.—A pause.*]

GONDABERT.

Come, Edgar—come, my gallant, noble son,  
 Take courage to thine aid : like a true hero,  
 Stir up a manly spirit to quell thyself.  
 Thy spring-tide virtues have borne richest flowers ;  
 Let not this spell-wrought passion blast their promise,  
 And they shall ripen into glorious fruit,  
 That time will make immortal. Let my prayers  
 Win back thy soul to honour, and the blessing  
 Of a fond parent rest upon thy head.

EDGAR.

O, what a struggle duty and affection  
 Wage in this troubled heart !  
 Shall I prove faithless to my gentle maid ?  
 My life, Elfilia, is bound up in thine.

GONDABERT.

And dost thou still prefer that low-born slave  
 To fame, to honour, and thy father's life ?  
 Hence from my sight, thou bastard to my blood !  
 I sicken to behold thee ; once my son,  
 Now mine no more for ever !

[*Exit.*]

EDGAR.

No, Elfilia,  
 They shall not tear thee from these faithful arms !  
 And yet to steep my bridal bed in blood,

A dear-loved parent's blood ! O dreadful thought !  
I'll yield her up, resign the beauteous maid  
To happier arms, myself to endless woe !  
Resign her to a savage mountaineer ?  
Eternal madness would be then my fate !  
So closely round her are these heart-strings twined,  
That he who plucks her from me, must the chords  
Of life asunder rend ! [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* Gondabert.

GONDABERT.

What ! is he gone ?

I must be speedy in my dire intent.  
There is no way but this. Another victim,  
Ambition, must on thy red altar bleed !  
How deeply am I plagued for my misdeeds.  
My brother, nephews—where, ay, where are they ?  
Dust, ashes, slumbering in their gory graves !  
And blood must flow again ! Now could I find  
That fiend-like instrument, whose dagger won  
For me Devonia's Earldom.—He, no doubt,  
Has long since perished with his robber clan,  
And their white bones hang whistling to the winds  
On yonder lonely moor.

*Enter* Roderick, *his figure and face wild, ghastly,*  
*and ferocious.*

What witchcraft's this ?

I have no spell to call thee from the tomb. <sup>(26)</sup>  
Look not upon me with that ghastly smile ;  
It makes my marrow freeze ! Away, grim spectre,  
Back to thy gallows tree !

RODERICK.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

GONDABERT.

The sound of hell is in thy fiendish mockery,  
 To him who feels th' undying worm within.  
 And hell, if thou art mortal, sent thee here  
 Another dark and bloody scene to act.  
 That look ferocious speaks thee ready still  
 To do my bidding. Give me, then, thy hand—  
 'Tis warm with life. Welcome, thrice welcome,  
 Roderick.

RODERICK.

I thank thee, Thane. Hearing of thy return,  
 I hastened hither to renew our friendship,  
 If, proud in fortune's sun and winged with fame,  
 Thou soar'st not to a height above my reach.  
 I have not been without *my* victories, too,  
 Or many a fair prize on the moor's wild skirts,  
 Won gallantly in spite of sword and law.

GONDABERT.

Most opportunely com'st thou to my wish.

RODERICK.

Thou somewhat knowest my deeds. Thine elder brother  
 By my bold daring fell into the hands  
 Of those death-dealing Danes, who spared him not:  
 And both his infant sons, consigned by thee  
 To these kind nursing arms, I rocked asleep;  
 Nor have they from their slumbers e'er awoke.

GONDABERT.

Roderick, I've seen them oft.

RODERICK—(*alarmed.*)

Ha! where, my lord?

GONDABERT.

In horrid dreams and visions of the night,  
That o'er me fling the torments of the damned!

RODERICK.

Pshaw! 'tis thy fancy, Thane. Oft have I wiped  
The blood of men from this keen dagger's blade;  
Yet sleep I soundly when the night-storm howls,  
As the strong eagle on her mountain-perch.

GONDABERT.

Long years have passed away since the fierce Danes  
Destroyed that brother, whom my soul abhorred.  
The grave hath safely cradled, too, those brats.—  
But there is yet one act, brave Roderick, which  
Thou must perform, and ever bind me fast  
To thee in gratitude.

RODERICK.

Name it, my lord.

But let me say that gratitude is oft  
A poor rewarder. Like gold-feathered birds,  
That sit and warble while we stand aloof,  
But, if approached, soar quickly on the wing,  
Are most men's promises,—made in their need.  
A dangerous service claims a better gift  
Than soft lack-money words.

GONDABERT.

What! would this slave  
Claim half my Earldom?—(*aside.*) Do but this one act,  
And I will heap rewards upon thy head  
Beyond thine utmost wishes. Dost thou know  
A female slave o' th' borders of the moor,  
Much noted for her beauty?

RODERICK.

What, Elfilia?

I've heard our band commend her comely looks.

GONDABERT.

The same, the very same. She deals in spells,  
And the forbidden arts of dark enchantment.  
Her witchcraft blasts my brightest hopes of power,  
And while she lives, my honour o'er the steep  
Of foul disgrace clings to a reed, that bends  
With every sigh she breathes!—I wish her dead.

RODERICK.

She dies, my lord. There need no further words.

GONDABERT.

I charge thee be not prodigal of time.  
Take her off quickly, and thy great reward  
Shall outgo all deservings.

RODERICK.

Fear me not.

The vesper-bell of yon monastic towers  
Shall be her summons to another land.

[*Exit.*

GONDABERT.

She is disposed of, and my worst fears with her.

*Enter* Evanda.

EVANDA.

No tidings yet, Rogvalla, of thy fleet!  
On what far-distant seas have tempests driven  
Thy galley eagle-winged?—I come once more  
Freedom to claim of thee, war-honoured Earl.

GONDABERT.

Freedom? All-beauteous lady, there is none  
Beyond these walls for thee. If thou depart  
From the protection of these rampant towers,  
Death will o'ertake thy steps.

EVANDA.

Death? Better far  
His cold embrace to meet, and lay me down



In sweet forgetfulness, than here to dwell  
Hopeless of every joy.—  
Think'st thou that I, in whose veins flow the blood  
Of Denmark's bravest sea-kings,—I who oft  
Undaunted at the elm have stood, when all  
The deep its mountains hurled against the heavens,  
That thundered back their wrath,—who on the deck  
Have fought unfearingly, and seen that deep  
Red with the life-stream of the battle-slain,  
That I will shrink from death?

GONDABERT.

Bright ocean-queen,  
That sounds like spirit, and it charms me more  
Than all the softness which the softest maid  
Could breathe in my fond ear. Yet think how dreadful  
To meet cold-blooded Murder in thy path,  
And see his poniard, gleaming to the moon,  
Against thy shieldless bosom. Scorn me not.  
Already doth the stern Avenger whet  
His two-edged sword to go forth and destroy:  
One wild, dread shriek o'er all the land will rise,  
Piercing the clouds that hang upon the night,  
And every threshold shall be steeped in blood!

EVANDA.

Thy words have a dark meaning——

GONDABERT.

They breathe death,  
Death on St. Brice's Eve to every Dane!  
There's not an Englishman but is prepared  
To do the King's command. Wilt thou refuse  
To fly to the protection of these arms?  
No power but love can stay thy threatened doom.

EVANDA.

Then let me perish—perish gloryingly !  
 Think'st thou I at the altar would accept  
 Thy hand, all reeking with my nation's blood ?  
 How I despise and hate thee for the thought !  
 Visions of what shall come, your spell is on me.  
 Hark ! hear'st thou not the shouts of fierce revenge ?  
 From Norway's cape to Denmark's southern isles  
 The North pours forth her thousands on thy land !  
 England ! thy King for this shall sit in dust,  
 And sackcloth be his robes. He comes ! he comes !  
 The warrior of the North, to wear thy crown,  
 And tread upon the necks of Saxon slaves !

GONDABERT.

Never, false-boding maid.

EVANDA.

Proud scorner, mark ;  
 As truly do my words predict what shall be,  
 As those deep hollow sounds, the sea at eve  
 Breathes in its dream of peace, foretell the storm  
 Which dooms the barque to perish. Make thou bare  
 That sword of vengeance, and its point shall pierce  
 Deep to thine own heart's core ! [Exit.]

GONDABERT.

I do not heed  
 The wild dreams of thy darkly-troubled fancy.  
 The sound of Death's pale steed, as on he rides  
 In terror through the land, will tame thy spirit.  
 Within there, ho !

*Enter Harold and Othmar.*

Are all things now prepared  
 For Edgar's bridal rites ?

HAROLD.

All, good my lord,—  
Except the bridegroom, who will ne'er be ready.

[*Aside.*]

GONDABERT.

Let splendour not be lacking: I would have  
All pomp of circumstance attend the spousals  
Which royalty demands. The town of Lydford  
I will have gay with bonfires, and with lights  
And torch-flames lustrous make our garden-bowers,  
Where every vassal to the harp and pipe  
Shall hold high revelry.—To-morrow eve  
How changed will be the scene! Thy duty 'tis  
To see the honours of our house sustained.

[*Exit* Harold.]

Othmar, my castellan, chief of my guards,  
'Thou know'st the secret of St. Brice's Eve?

OTHMAR.

I do, my lord.

GONDABERT.

There is within these walls  
A serf, to whom I lately freedom gave,  
Albert by name. Have thou an eye upon him,  
And let him not depart: he knows a secret  
That troubles me. To-morrow, when thou hear'st  
St. Brice's heavy death-knell, let him die. <sup>(27)</sup>

OTHMAR.

Your will, illustrious Earl, shall be obeyed. [Exit.]

GONDABERT.

Thus wade I on from blood to blood, each step  
Still deeper than the last! What abject slaves  
Are we to our dark passions. All our pleasures  
Are dearly bought with toil; and when achieved,

E

Fade like the rainbow, which o'er hill and dale  
The mountain-boy pursues with fruitless speed.  
Well, be it so.—

One sun-bright passion still inspires my soul  
Amid its gloomiest storms—love for the land  
That gave me birth ; and to protect her rights,  
Her lofty freedom, which so well befit  
A subject to enjoy, a prince to give,  
I at thy shrine, St. Brice, a sacrifice  
Will offer of my country's hated foes. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Castle Gardens, illuminated with torches. At the upper part of the stage, tables laid out for a feast, canopied with festoons of flowers.*

*A crowd of Vassals of both sexes discovered, with bands of glee-men and glee-maidens dancing in various groupes, and Scalds playing on their harps ; others tossing knives and balls in the air, <sup>(28)</sup> with all the sports of a Saxon festival.*

*Enter Elfilia, with a wild distracted air.*

ELFILIA—(*advancing to the front of the stage.*)

What do I here, amid this festive scene ?  
Where every vassal shouts joy to thy bridal,  
Destroyer of my peace ! I, too, will shout  
A darkly evil day, and many, follow  
Thy nuptials, cruel Edgar. Here the wolf,  
The grey wolf of Dunheved's mountain dwells ; <sup>(29)</sup>  
Yet have I wildly ventured to his den.  
Earth has no greater misery now for me :  
I'm reckless what may come——

## CHORUS OF VASSALS.

Sound the tabor, harp, and flute,  
 Virgins touch the soft-toned lute ;  
 Edgar, son of warlike might,  
 'Tis thy happy bridal night :  
 Love entwines his magic flower  
 Round thy rich coronal of power.

## ELFILIA.

Cease those strains  
 Of festal joy, and let the mournful knell  
 Ring out its dirge of death. Ye roses fade,  
 Ere on thy brows the priest, thou false one, bind <sup>(30)</sup>  
 The sacred bridal wreath. Rend those bright garlands,  
 And bring, ye maids, pale flowers to strew my corse :  
 Prepare, ye guests, for me the winding-sheet,  
 And steep it in the crimson tears this heart  
 Weeps for thy falsehood, Edgar. I once more  
 On thee will look, and then away, away  
 To yonder mountains, a wild maniac flee :  
 There with the wolf I'll make my stormy home,  
 And dig my own grave out.—The grave, the grave !  
 There is no other home on earth for me. [Retires.

*Enter Edgar, followed by Harold.*

## EDGAR.

Not see her ? no where to be found ?

## HAROLD.

No, good my lord.

I saw the bond-neif, Editha, in tears  
 Lamenting that Elfilia, wild with grief,  
 Had fled, she knew not whither.

EDGAR.

Fled ?

Perish renown but I will through the world  
Seek her, nor food nor rest——

*[As he is going off he meets Elfilia, she shrieks and  
sinks overpowered into his arms.]*

Transporting bliss !

This happy, happy meeting——

ELFILIA—*(disengaging herself from his embrace.)*

Hence ! forbear !

Thou art another's.—See the torches blaze  
On yonder altar ! There thy regal bride  
Waits for her gallant Edgar. Let me take  
One last, one parting look, then far away  
Wander amid the howling wilderness,  
And find some cave to die in.—Cruel Edgar !

*[Bursts into tears.]*

EDGAR.

Still am I thine, and only thine, sweet maid.

ELFILIA.

No more delude me with thy flattering tongue——

EDGAR.

There's not a moment to be lost in words.  
My flight with thee shall prove my constant truth :  
Our steeds stand ready to convey us hence.  
On, Harold, to the grove. *[Exit Harold.]*

ELFILIA.

And art thou true indeed ?

EDGAR.

As truth itself. The impatient princess waits,  
Clad in her bridal robes : my father calls—  
My father ?—O, my heart !—I see him now——

ELFILIA—(*alarmed.*)

Where, where, my dearest lord ?

EDGAR—(*not attending to her.*)

O, yes, I see

My honoured father in his wild despair,  
As he beside the trembling princess kneels,  
Invoking Heaven's dread curses on my head !  
He on the ground flings his uprooted locks  
In bitter madness ! Agony of soul  
The flashing of his dark eye dims with tears,  
As rain and lightnings mingle. Now his hand  
The glittering dagger grasps ; he calls on me,  
On me his son, but calls in vain, to save him.  
Deep in his heart the horrid steel is plunged !  
'Tis I who strike the blow !—My brain's on fire !  
His blood streams o'er the altar, and from thence  
Will it cry out against me for revenge !  
Revenge ! revenge on a foul parricide !

[*Edgar falls, Elfilia shrieks and sinks beside him.*

*Enter Roderick and several Robbers, the Peasants  
scream with terror and run off. Roderick mo-  
tions the Robbers, who seize Elfilia.*

ELFILIA.

Awake, my Edgar ! Fiends, let go your hold ;  
Ye shall not tear me from him.—  
Save me, my Edgar, save ! He hears me not.  
Ah, then farewell, for ever and for ever !

[*Faints in the arms of the Robbers, who bear her  
off. Roderick stands in a triumphant attitude  
over the fallen Edgar.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Banks of the Tamar, by moonlight.*

*A Danish Fleet discovered drawn up to the shore. Rogvalla, Cathimar, Ivor, and Frotho leap from the foremost vessels, followed by the Danish army.*

## CHORUS OF DANISH SOLDIERS.

OUR home is the booming ocean wide,  
Where in sunlight and storm we fearlessly ride,  
Where many a rock-girt island lies,  
All wealthy and fair,—the warrior's prize.  
We laugh when the rushing blast comes by,  
When lightnings dart from the lurid sky,  
And midnight is there, and the last faint ray  
Of the struggling moon hath passed away.  
Then afar, afar o'er the storm-swept flood  
We joyously rush to plunder and blood!  
Now fling on this island's night-winds, fling  
Our dark banner-raven's magical wing.  
Sound, sound to the charge, lift the fierce battle-cry,  
And march, proudly march, to conquer or die!

## ROGVALLA.

Once more, fair England, to our warlike tramp  
Echoes thy flowery soil. What joy to roam  
From land to land, and hear its wail and shriek  
Ascend to heaven, the heralds of our might.  
Nor tides nor stormy billows stay our course:



The sea-king makes the elements his slaves,  
To speed him on to plunder and renown.

CATHIMAR.

Ours is a manly life of freeborn rovers.

ROGVALLA.

I scorn the dull inactive state of those  
Who dwell beneath a smoky roof, and quaff  
The wine-cup o'er their blazing hearths.—By Odin !  
'Tis the life of slaves. Our dwelling is  
The summer ocean in its sunny pride,  
Or in the boundless hall of winds and storms,  
With meteors and the crimson lightning roofed,  
Where Thor on his cloud-throne of thunder sits,  
And rules the noisy heavens.

CATHIMAR.

Ay, noble chief,  
Lord of the land and sea the Northman roams.

ROGVALLA.

The wealth of field and fold my soul disdains.  
An honourable harvest do I reap  
From cities sacked and villages in flames : <sup>(31)</sup>  
These are the trophies of the illustrious brave.  
The ocean is my golden path to glory ;  
And I such ample spoils have nobly won,  
As to my wide dominion of the deep  
Have gained a host of brave ones.

IVOR.

Who will ne'er  
Desert thy banner, while a fragment floats  
Above thy barque's tall mast.

ROGVALLA.

I now must leave you.  
At my return by morn, I'll call you forth

To battle with the haughty Thane of Devon,  
 Who holds Evanda captive in his halls.  
 Let me but free her from this Saxon's power,  
 And then, ye dauntless lions of the sea,  
 Shall fire and sword make one wide desolation,  
 And plunder be your valour's bright reward.  
 Ho! Cathimar.

CATHIMAR.

Here, my valiant leader.

ROGVALLA.

Take thou my helm, the motion of whose plumes  
 The courses of the unruly winds can change,  
 Or sink them into silence; and this shield  
 Of blazing gold, invulnerable to lance,  
 Arrow, and sword of foe,—for it was forged  
 By fairy dwarfs amid their secret caves,  
 Rich with refulgent ore and starry gems, <sup>(32)</sup>  
 Then, by the maids of death, cooled in the fount  
 Which flows beneath Valhalla's throne of light,—  
 These, in my absence, as vicegerent wear,  
 And rule till I return.

CATHIMAR.

With joy—and hope  
 That thou, young warrior, wilt appear no more  
 To claim them at my hands. [*Aside.*]

ROGVALLA.

Bring my disguise. I'll seek this western Earl,  
 And, as a wandering harper, in his halls  
 With music's sweet enchantment charm the serpent  
 To swift destruction.

*Enter* Albert.

Who art thou? A Saxon?

ALBERT.

I am.

ROGVALLA.

Why, Christian fool, art thou life-wearied grown?  
And is thy lot so dark, that not one gleam  
Of hope beams on thee?

ALBERT.

No; though dark it be,  
Yet through the storm a straggling beam of glory  
Breaks brightly on me.

ROGVALLA.

Soon will it be quenched  
In total darkness. We no mercy show  
To a vile Saxon, who bows not to earth  
And cries, Hail! my lord Dane. <sup>(33)</sup>

ALBERT.

I will not bow  
To earth before the proudest of you here,  
Nor lick the blood-stained dust from off your feet.

[*Cathimar and Ivor half unsheathe their swords.*  
I laugh your swords to scorn.—Give me a lance,  
And I will make the stoutest warman here,  
Who dares this iron-sinewed arm to meet  
In equal combat, humbly kiss the ground  
Beneath *my* feet.

ROGVALLA.

Thou vaunt'st right boldly, slave.

ALBERT.

Slave in thy teeth! I am as free as thou,  
A sea-king born, to wander where I list.  
As boldly as my tongue hath dared to speak,  
This arm, doubt not, shall act.

ROGVALLA.

Thy manly bearing,  
Thy form and countenance, all for thee plead,  
And wake my heart to friendship. Whence comest thou?

ALBERT.

I from the towers of Gondabert have fled,  
That den of murder; and amid these woods,  
Wandering I knew not whither, heard rich music  
Break on the breathless night. I shouted loud  
“Danes and revenge are come!” and the dim woods  
And rocks replied, “Danes and revenge are come!”

ROGVALLA.

Is there a Saxon heart that can feel joy  
At our arrival?

ALBERT.

Yes, *I* feel a joy,  
A maddening joy of fierce and just revenge  
On that stern, villain Thane, the Earl of Devon.  
Listening in secret, I o’erheard a plot,—  
A plot to murder all the Danes that breathe  
Within the English realms! Yet a brief space,  
Be well assured, and this remorseless act  
Shall be performed; while I, for service done  
To that false Earl, was also doomed to fall.

ROGVALLA.

O, for such treachery shall these Saxon dogs  
Be worthily repaid!—  
Come, guide me to the Earl of Devon’s strong towers,  
And thou shalt to my heart be as a brother.

ALBERT.

I’ll do it gladly.

ROGVALLA.

Arm him with a war-knife,

And o'er his shoulders fling the minstrel's vest.  
Prepare our tents, and keep good watch and ward.

IVOR.

And wilt thou trust thee with this stalwart Saxon?

ROGVALLA.

Trust him? Ay, would I, by my golden bracelets, <sup>(34)</sup>  
Though he possessed the strength of twenty Saxons.  
There is an open, fearless honesty  
Imprinted on his brow; and in that eye  
No base dissimulation darkly clouds  
The flashing of its spirit-lighted fire.

ALBERT.

Thou read'st me, warrior, rightly. I would joy  
The fiercest that e'er wielded blade to meet  
In a death-wrestle for the prize of fame;  
But let him my protection claim, and I  
In his defence this heart's life-blood would spill.

ROGVALLA.

If I return in safety, thou shalt have  
Plunder and high command.

ALBERT.

Deeply, young chief,  
Have I been wronged by Saxon lords and tyrants,  
And from my birth in galling bondage held;  
Yet let this sword-arm from my trunk be lopped,  
Ere I will lift it to destroy my country.  
Give me a battle-axe, and lead me on  
To other lands and other isles than England,  
And I as brave a name in arms will win  
As ever echoed round your northern shores.

ROGVALLA.

Take these my golden bracelets. Thou shalt be  
My brother until death. At our return,

We'll quaff the wine-cup mingled with our blood, <sup>(35)</sup>  
 And swear eternal friendship. Hark! I hear  
 The distant signals of a coming storm.  
 Thou wilt not heed the huffing of the blast?

ALBERT.

I heed it? Why on yon bleak, barren moor  
 I've met the tempest in its fiercest wrath,

[*Thunder remote.*]

When awful spirits and unholy forms,  
 That walk at night the desert, from their wings  
 Shook the pale lightning round me; while the thunder  
 Made tor and mountain quake, till sunk its voice  
 In the far-sounding cataract's solemn roar,  
 Whose grandeur fills the wild: yet have I laughed <sup>(36)</sup>  
 These mountain flaws to scorn, breasting their rage  
 Unflinchingly.

ROGVALLA.

Come, then, and let us on.

ALBERT.

Now shall I, Gondabert, have full revenge  
 For thy contempt and black ingratitude,  
 That deemed my life more worthless than thy dog's.  
 A sword ere long *my* arm will grace, and I  
 Shall onward rush to glory o'er thy neck. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Forest. The stage quite dark. A  
 Tempest, with thunder and lightning.*

*Enter two Robbers, dragging in Elfilia in a swoon.*

FIRST ROBBER.

I'll carry her no further.

SECOND ROBBER.

I do not half like this bloody business—and such a

bitter tempest, too. Every thunder-clap seems to din in our ears, 'Tis a most unmanly act.

FIRST ROBBER.

Pshaw! never let honour be upon thy lips again, when disobedience to orders sticks at thy fingers' ends. Our commands were to kill her in this forest, and bury her immediately.

SECOND ROBBER.

Well, then, to business, since it must be so.

[*Drawing his poniard.*]

FIRST ROBBER.

Stay; we'll fasten her to this tree, and by the glimpses of the lightning make her a fair mark for our arrows I'll wager half my share of the next night's booty, that I hit her in the heart with the first shaft.

ELFILIA—(*reviving.*)

O, mercy, mercy! Spare, O, spare my life!

FIRST ROBBER.

Thy prayers are vain. Our captain commanded us to dispatch thee in this forest, and we never dispute his orders. Reward is all we have to look to.

ELFILIA.

O think on that reward, which from the throne  
Of Heaven's Almighty justice is dispensed  
To the relentless murderer! Hear ye not  
His voice, who made the world and all its creatures?  
Mark, how in dreadful thunder it forbids  
This most inhuman deed; while every flash  
That your terrific forms to me reveals,  
Is but the pale reflection of that vengeance,  
Which at the hour of death shall be outpoured  
In crimson cataracts on the soul of him,  
Who dares to plunge his hand in guiltless blood!

## FIRST ROBBER.

Comrade, listen not to her, but help me to bind her fast; or our captain shall know of thy cowardly milk-heartedness.

## ELFILIA.

O, yet a moment stay—give me but time  
To breathe one last, short prayer. Mercy, kind Heaven!

[*The Robbers fasten her to a tree in the centre of the stage, she appears nearly fainting: they then retreat on either side, and make ready their bows and arrows. The first Robber is about to draw his bow, Elfilia shrieks, and Albert and Rogvalla enter at the moment from the top of the stage. A vivid blaze of lightning illuminates the whole scene, and discovers the situation of the characters.*]

## ALBERT.

Elfilia here! Fury and vengeance! Die,  
Thou hell-dog murderer, die!

[*Albert rushes forward, and stabs the first Robber; rapid lightning. The second Robber shoots an arrow at Albert, but missing his aim, is immediately stabbed by Rogvalla. Roderick enters at the same moment, and seeing the Robbers slain, sounds his horn: several of the Banditti rush in, who, with Roderick, seize on Rogvalla and Albert, and after a hard struggle, overcome and disarm them of their war-knives. Elfilia, during the contest, disengages herself from the tree, and makes her escape. Rogvalla's disguise is torn off, and he appears in his Danish habit.*]

## RODERICK.

Ha, Danes and chiefs! Revenge again is mine.



O, how it joys my soul when I can see  
My sword gilt ruddily with Danish blood.  
By hell, that death-doomed maiden is escaped !  
Pursue the fugitive, ye lagging slaves,  
And bring to me some witness of her fate.

[*Exeunt several Robbers.*

ALBERT.

Scald-headed thief, that look'st as if thy carcass  
Had on the gibbet-tree to shower and sun  
Hung in the north-wind parching, wilt thou, canst thou  
Murder that maid so innocently fair ?  
Whose beauty all the goodness of her mind  
Reflects as clearly as the stream its banks,  
Making its waves all flowers ? Off, dog-whelps, off !  
My arm shall rescue her from a thousand robbers.

RODERICK.

Thou rescue her, Dane ! What is that maid to thee ?  
Ha, why it is the hunter of the moor !  
My spies have always had an eye upon thee.  
Thou, sturdy knave, shalt do me noble service.  
The time is near at hand, when I will make thee  
A better captive than a host of Danes.

ALBERT.

Could I shake off these hounds, thou shouldst not go  
Unbrained from hence, cadaverous wolf-eyed villain !  
Freedom but yesterday to me was given,  
And though my soul abhors a bondman's chains,  
Let me but, like the lightning, fly to save  
Elfilia from thy blood-dogs, and I swear,  
By all in earth and heaven, I'll sell this body  
To be from henceforth thine eternal slave,  
Thy meanest slave, to kneel and wipe the dust

From off thy feet,—do any service for thee,  
And lose the name of man.

RODERICK.

I've other work  
For thee to do. Hence with them to our cave.

ALBERT.

A curse—ay, and a thousand on thee fall!  
I'll plant a dagger in thy throat for this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest. Storm continues.*

*Enter Elfilia.*

ELFILIA.

Have pity on me, all ye saints of light,  
In this appalling hour. Assuage your wrath,  
Ye storms, that beat on my devoted head,  
And pass in pity on. Yet what are all  
The terrors of the angry elements  
Compared with those of cruel men, who seek  
To shed my guiltless blood? Did ever heart  
Feel anguish like to mine? Where can I flee  
For hope or refuge? Heaven, enwrapped in fire,  
Threatens above; and through the storm I hear  
The dismal howlings of the hungry wolf,  
And wild halloo of ruffians armed to slay me!  
O, Edgar, dearest Edgar, didst thou know  
What now is my sad doom!—All gracious heavens!  
I hear the murderer's footstep rushing on.  
Where can I hide me from his blood-hound search?

[*As Elfilia attempts to go off, enter one of the Robbers; she flies to the opposite side and meets another, both having their daggers drawn.*]

Ha ! then all is lost ! Sweet Virgin, take  
My guiltless spirit to thy mercy. Oh !—

*[Elfilia sinks on the ground overpowered. As the two Robbers seize her to plunge their weapons in her bosom, enter Edgar, with his sword drawn; he rushes on the Robbers, who drop their daggers and unsheathe their swords to fight with him.—Edgar encounters both.—Elfilia revives, and seeing Edgar nearly overcome, snatches up one of the daggers, and stabs the Robber nearest to her; he staggers and falls off, while the other is slain by Edgar. Elfilia and Edgar rush into each other's arms, the former overpowered by her feelings.]*

EDGAR.

Revive, loved maid ; all danger now is past.  
The Virgin Mother, as I through these woods  
Wandered in search of thee, did guide my steps  
And aid me in thy rescue. Come, be calm,  
And we, ere morn, will quit Devonia's land.

ELFILIA.

The words of hope and joy on my pale lips  
Expire ere I can breathe them ; but to Heaven  
My heart in humble gratitude outpours  
Its silent adoration.

EDGAR.

Let us haste  
To where good Harold with our steeds yet waits  
To bear us swiftly hence.

*[Enter Cathimar and a party of marauding Danes, who surround Edgar as he attempts to fight, and instantly disarm him.]*

F

CATHIMAR.

Ha, Saxons! Ay, and beauty, too!—  
 That is *my* prize. Part them, they meet no more.  
 Thou art of noble birth—(*to Edgar*). To-morrow is  
 Great Odin's festival, and thou shalt be  
 A sacrifice meet for our battle-god;  
 An offering of revenge to the brave spirit  
 Of every Dane that falls by Saxon guile.

ELFILIA.

O, Edgar, Edgar!

EDGAR.

Farewell, dear Elfilia,  
 Till we shall meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt Edgar and Elfilia, hurried off separately.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Castle of Lydford, with a lofty window, reaching nearly to the ground, and partly open.*

*Enter Gondabert.*

GONDABERT.

Vile shame be on thee, Edgar! I'm disgraced  
 For ever with the haughty Duke of Cornwall.  
 But thou, though fled, that bondmaid ne'er on earth  
 Again shalt meet.—  
 The storms are past, and from the parted clouds,  
 Wooed by the nightingale, comes forth the moon,  
 Shedding her soft light o'er the quiet world.  
 Hide thee, sweet star: how ill thy presence suits  
 The dark scene swift approaching.—Hark! I hear  
 The sharpening of the instruments of slaughter:  
 It makes *my* blood flow cold! [*Looks out of the window.*  
 Lydford, thy streets

Are silent as the grave. What a dread moment,  
 Big with the fearful fate of unborn years,  
 England, is this ! There is not one of all  
 Thy warrior sons but, like the crouching lion  
 Ere on his prey he springs with savage roar,  
 Eagerly listens, burning for revenge,  
 To hear the fatal knell.

[*The vesper-bell of St. Brice rings.*

It sounds ! it sounds  
 Through the deep stillness !—Onward, onward peals  
 The voice of death, and mountain unto mountain  
 Through Ethelred's dominions echoes—Death !

[*A noise, with cries and shrieks, without.*

*Enter Roderick.*

RODERICK.

Ay, this would be a scene befitting well  
 My arm and temper, were I but at leisure.

GONDABERT.

Roderick ! What brings thee hither ? Hear'st thou not  
 The rushing forth of armed multitudes,  
 Like wintry torrents o'er the storm-beat moor ?—  
 The struggle and the groan of dying men,  
 With shrieks of murdered infants and their mothers ?

RODERICK.

I've weightier matters on my hands than listening  
 To children's screams, or wail of fearful women.

GONDABERT.

Sleeps in her gory tomb that maid of shame ?

RODERICK.

Her heart is colder than the clods that rest  
 Dark on her forest grave. But I have news

Now to impart, which more concerns thy fame  
Than that poor bondmaid's death. Well dost thou,  
Thane,

Remember those two boys, thy nephews, whom——

GONDABERT.

A mischief on thee, babbling fool ! Why name,  
At such a dreadful hour, those injured ones ?  
My soul is clogged with guilt.

RODERICK.

More saintly qualms !

Nay, bid them all subside and hush thy fears,  
Thou conscience-stricken penitent, for I  
A remedy have brought for thy disease.

GONDABERT—(*bitterly smiling.*)

A remedy ? Canst thou administer  
A potion which shall charm to sleep the viper  
That here eternal coils its fiery folds,  
And feeds upon my life-stream ? If thou canst,  
I'll kneel and bless thee.

RODERICK.

Tender-hearted man !

That with repentant tears dost still wash off  
The crimson stains of murder, and still dipp'st  
Thy hand afresh in blood. I, by St. Peter,  
*Have* brought a remedy, a sovereign balm,  
To give thee peace, and sleep, and happy dreams.—  
Both thy young nephews live !

GONDABERT.

Both live ! said'st thou ?

No, no !—My brain's bewildered, set on fire !  
Madness and torture ! Live ! do they both live ?—  
Thou hell-born traitor ! O, thou liest to plague me !

RODERICK.

By Heaven! 'tis true. Have I not brought thee balm  
To heal the sorrows of thy broken heart?  
And call'st thou me a traitor? Why I thought  
Thou wouldst have pressed me in thine arms with joy  
To know they live; and, hastening to restore  
Thine ill-got wealth to those whom thou hast robbed,  
Exchange the gaudy trappings of thy power  
For cowl of beadsman and the hermit's weeds,  
Resolved in some lone cell thy days to pass  
With peace and penitence.

GONDABERT.

Drive me not mad  
With thy foul mockery. Tell me, where hast thou  
So long these boys concealed? and why at such  
A time as this, when my distracted soul  
Is harassed with a thousand cares and fears,  
Are they brought forth to blast me?

RODERICK.

Mark, then, my words.  
One of those boys I to a peasant's care  
Confided; and the other with our band  
Was cherished as mine own, till the wild Danes  
Once, in my absence, plundered all our treasures,  
And bore that boy to sea.—  
One led, the other joined the Danes new-landed,  
And both are captives in my cavern home.  
Hope not that I delude thee.

GONDABERT.

Now thou pour'st  
A balm indeed on my fresh-bleeding wounds.  
They're mine again! O transport! Bring them hither.  
They shall not live to see returning light.

RODERICK.

Hold ! not so fast, my lord. I will be now  
 Rewarded—amply paid for all I've done.  
 Be generous, then. Remember, mighty Thane,  
 I hold these struggling sleuth-hounds in the leash ;  
 If I but let them slip, they'll hunt thee down  
 To racks and infamy. Where will be then  
 The boasted glory of thy far-spread fame ?

GONDABERT.

Death and all horrid things are in the thought !

RODERICK.

Then sign this parchment with thy mark and seal, <sup>(37)</sup>  
 (I've had it long for this event prepared,)  
 To me devolving half thy vast estates.  
 Do it, and I these dangerous boys will lodge  
 Safely within thy towers.

[Gondabert stands for some moments dumb with  
 rage and astonishment.]

GONDABERT.

Give thee half my estates ?

RODERICK.

Or lose the whole. I'm weary of this life  
 Of blood and plunder, and would fain reform,  
 And pass my latter days an honest man.

GONDABERT.

An honest man ?

RODERICK.

Yes, plundering, murderous miser !  
 An honest man I should be, did I wrest,  
 Ay, every foot of thy possessions from thee.  
 I am of British blood, and all thou claim'st  
 Did my forefathers through a glorious line  
 Justly inherit : thine, a Saxon race



Of worse than Danish pirates, seized the whole,  
 My ancestors out-turning on the world  
 To be their wretched slaves. I scorned their fate,  
 And feel 'tis honest—noble to destroy  
 All of thy lineage who my rights usurp. <sup>(38)</sup>

GONDABERT.

Thou lying robber ! base, audacious slave !  
 This instant die !

[*Rushes on Roderick and attempts to stab him, he avoids  
 the blow and wrests the dagger from Gondabert.*]

RODERICK.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Thy feeble fury beggars my derision.  
 Think'st thou I did not come prepared to meet  
 Thy utmost vengeance ? If I in one hour  
 Return not safe, these boys will be set free,—  
 Such were my strict commands,—free as the winds.  
 They know from me the secret of their birth,  
 And to the English monarch will appeal.  
 There is thy blade. [*Flinging it towards him.*]

Now, if thou darest to strike,

Strike manfully. I will not stir a foot,  
 Till thou hast signed and sealed that deed of gift.

GONDABERT—(*snatching the parchment—a pause.*)

I will not sign it. Let them to the king.  
 Who will believe a wandering robber Dane,  
 A nameless pirate ? No, I fear them not.  
 Take, thou pernicious caitiff, back thy scroll,  
 [*Flinging it at him.*]

I scorn thy deep-laid plans. What ho !

RODERICK.

Hold, Gondabert, if thou wouldst save thyself.  
 I heed the utmost thou to me canst do

Less than that forest king, the stately elk,  
 Regards the baying of the mongrel cur.  
 When I the eldest boy bore to my hold,  
 I marked his shoulders with a burning arrow, <sup>(39)</sup>  
 I and my comrade Wolfe. That stamp he bears,  
 Th' imperishable legend of his birth ;  
 And when I stripped this sea-king, on his flesh  
 To carve the Danish eagle,—a keen torment  
 That joys me to retaliate on those dogs,— <sup>(40)</sup>  
 I knew him for thy brother's long-lost heir.  
 Wolfe still exists, a witness that shall crush  
 Thy power to nothing ; for he will proclaim  
 Before the king, the world, thy nephews' wrongs.

[Gondabert, *overcome by his feelings, staggers and leans for support against the side scenes.*

Decide ! dispatch !—

Dost thou not hear, loud thundering at thy gate,  
 The lion-like destroyer of the North ?

GONDABERT—(*faintly.*)

Give me the parchment. But what pledge have I  
 For the fulfilment of thy doubtful word ?

RODERICK.

The safest, surest pledge—that pledge which makes  
 Honest the miser and the veriest rogue—  
 My interest.

GONDABERT—(*after signing.*)

There,—begone—nay, fly !

O, tarry not a moment by the way,  
 Or I am lost for ever.

RODERICK.

Do not fear.

The roaring lion will not 'scape the toils  
 Ere my return. Wealth, triumph, and revenge ! [*Exit.*]

## GONDABERT.

Eternal maledictions be thy portion,  
And all plagues fasten on thee ! What a night  
Of damning crimes is this ! No room is here  
For gentle love ; but I the proud Evanda  
Have saved from the fierce slaughter.—Well, these boys  
In my death-clutches soon will be secured,  
And then some means shall take this robber off.  
To hired ruffians I will trust no more :  
These nephews shall die openly as Danes,  
Whose lives my country and my king demand——  
Grim spectre, hence ! back to thine ocean depths !  
Thou com'st to stay my vengeance ; but in vain,  
Thou hated phantom-brother.—I *will* strike,  
And save my fame and honour. His dark frowns  
Wither my soul !—The fearful spectre rushes,  
In lightning clad, upon me !—<sup>(41)</sup>  
I'll wrestle with thee, though of other worlds,  
While life remains.—

[*In his delirium he struggles as with a real combatant.*

Ha ! I am nerveless with his giant grasp ;  
His arms of fire crumble my bones to dust !  
Help ! help ! I sink amid encircling flames ! [Falls.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Castle.**Enter Evanda and Bertha.*

EVANDA.

'Tis past, the dreadful tragedy is closed,  
 And, England, thou art one dark land of death!  
 The wild lament of mothers o'er their babes  
 Slain on their bosoms, and the roaring flames  
 Of Danish dwellings, with the wolf-like howl  
 And shout of Saxons o'er their manly victims,  
 Have into silence died! The blood-red streets  
 Are strewed with corpses, and the listless moon  
 Sheds her cold light upon the martyred dead.

BERTHA.

Terror o'erpowers my senses, and I feel  
 Like one just waking from a horrid dream.

[*Flourish and shouts of "The Dane! the Dane!"*]

EVANDA.

He comes! he comes! my loved Rogvalla comes  
 To save and to revenge. Those martial strains  
 To me are like the wild notes of the swan,  
 That sings of coming summer to those isles  
 Amid the polar ocean. <sup>(42)</sup>

[*Enter, on one side, Gondabert, Othmar, and Saxon Soldiers; on the other, Roderick and several Robbers, with Rogvalla in chains. The Robbers fall back and go off. Evanda rushes into the arms of Rogvalla.*]

O, to meet  
My gallant warrior, after long divorce,  
Not as a conqueror, but a chain-bound slave !  
Yet it is joy e'en thus to meet, for now  
We'll die, Rogvalla, in each other's arms.

GONDABERT—(*aside to Roderick.*)

Is he the Danish chief ?

RODERICK.

Yes.

GONDABERT.

How like his sire !  
That eagle eye unmans me, and my spirit  
Before him quails. Where is the younger brother ?

RODERICK.

Fled.

GONDABERT.

Fled, traitor ? I again am lost !

RODERICK.

Soft awhile.

My interest is at equal stake with thine  
In his escape. The strong-limbed villain brained  
Two of my stoutest fellows with his chains,  
And in the darkness fled to join the Danes  
New landed. But the country's up in arms ;  
Soon, as a traitor, he'll be hunted down.

GONDABERT.

My heart feels light once more.

RODERICK.

Behold, my lord,  
Your Danish prisoner.

ROGVALLA.

Why, thou tenfold miscreant,

Is this the expected freedom? These vile chains  
The birthright thou bestowest?

RODERICK.

Ay: is it not  
Sufficient for thy merit? Higher honours  
Soon will be thine, when o'er the castle walls  
That lofty head hangs black'ning in the winds,  
And ravens hail with joy thine elevation.

ROGVALLA.

Detested robbersman! But I will not  
By deep concerted treachery thus be wronged.  
Saxons and soldiers! you in me behold  
The heir to these proud towers and their domains.  
Know, for a truth, I am the long-lost son,  
Earl Edric's first-born, whom yon recreant thieves  
Conspire to rob of his inheritance.

RODERICK.

Hear ye this madman? Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
Captive hath stirred his shallow wits  
To mutiny. What! carrion bird, wouldst thou  
Usurp the tempest-daring eagle's nest?  
The son of Edric!—Ha! ha! ha!

*[The Saxon Soldiers join in his laugh.]*

GONDABERT.

Thou, a wild wandering Dane, a pagan robber,  
My long-departed nephew counterfeit?  
Impostor! fool! where are thy proofs? Away!  
Such madness moves my mirth. We know thee well,  
Thou hideous plague-fiend, who from shore to shore  
Roam'st with thy savage crew, nor do ye spare  
Or rank, or age, or sex; your ruthless swords,  
Mid shouts of impious revelry, commix

The blood of serfs and nobles, priests and kings.  
 But your detested locust-hordes this night  
 Are in one purple torrent swept from off  
 The groaning land—the wide-spread plague is stayed.  
 My country's wrongs demand that thou shouldst die,  
 And on my gates thy severed head I'll spike,  
 England's last noble trophy of revenge!

ROGVALLA.

Hide not thy hell-deeds 'neath the splendid veil  
 Of patriot virtue. Murderer! Fratricide!  
 Where is thy brother, my renowned sire?  
 His blood for vengeance calls on thee and thine!

GONDABERT.

Stop the foul reptile's tongue! Prepare the block.  
 Hence with him to the castle's deepest dungeon!

EVANDA.

Hold! coward tyrant! Stay, Rogvalla, stay;  
 I'll with thee die,—no power again shall part us!

GONDABERT.

Bear hence the lady to her chamber. Quick!  
 Tear them asunder.

EVANDA.

Off, vile murderers, off!  
 Thus, thus I'll twine his chains around my limbs,  
 And to him cling while sense or being last.

*[The Soldiers drag off Rogvalla, Evanda wildly  
 holding him in her arms.]*

GONDABERT.

Harm not Evanda for your lives, ye slaves.—  
 It stings me they have met. Now for my plan  
 Of vengeance on this insolent brigand.  
 Othmar, remember: let not one escape  
 Of all yon robber crew the sword of justice. *[Aside.]*  
*[Exit Othmar.]*

Roderick,—give me thy hand.—  
 Right faithfully hast thou performed thy word.  
 Thou art an honourable man—thy virtues—

RODERICK.

Oh, my lord.—What further service needs the hypocrite?  
 [*Aside.*]

GONDABERT.

My gratitude—my favours, worthy Roderick,  
 [*Leaning on his shoulder.*]

Shall speak—ay, deep—  
 Deep to thy heart-core let my dagger speak them!

[*Stabs Roderick, who falls dead at his feet; then eagerly searches his bosom and finds the parchment.*]

'Tis here! 'tis here! and I am lord once more  
 Of Lydford Castle and its wide domains!

*Enter Othmar.*

OTHMAR.

The sturdy robbers to a man are fallen.

GONDABERT.

My triumph is complete. No, there is one  
 As yet beyond my reach. Pshaw! what care I?  
 No friend has he to back his cause, or proof  
 To make me fear him. Has any news  
 Yet of my son arrived?

OTHMAR.

No, good my lord.

GONDABERT.

Thou wayward boy! now leisure serves to think,  
 Thy disobedient absence sorely pains me.  
 Send out fresh scouts, and search the country round;  
 I have no peace until my Edgar's found.



All other cares are past, and in this breast  
 Love shall again find its sweet place of rest.  
 So when dark winter's wreckful storms retire,  
 And spring-suns light the heavens with golden fire,  
 Returns the eve-bird to her home of flowers,  
 And, rich in music, charms the moonlit bowers. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Plain, by moonlight. The Danish  
 Camp in the back ground.*

*Enter Cathimar.*

CATHIMAR.

A Saxon renegade the news hath brought,  
 That our young chief, Rogvalla, is a prisoner  
 To Gondabert. I now shall have my wish.  
 His death is certain, and I rise to power,  
 The leader of yon bands.

*Enter Elfilia.*

Who gave thee freedom?  
 And whither goest thou at this early watch?

ELFILIA.

O, stay me not one moment; I would fly  
 Swift as the winds, to save a captive's life.

CATHIMAR.

What captive's life, fair damsel, wouldst thou save?

ELFILIA.

My Edgar's. Gondabert a prisoner holds  
 Rogvalla in his towers; and I have won  
 The chieftains in yon camp to let me fly  
 To Lydford Castle, and implore the Earl  
 To exchange the Danish sea-king for his son,  
 Whom your stern priests demand in sacrifice.

## CATHIMAR.

Have they done this without consulting me?  
 Perish Rogvalla! Let him inch by inch  
 Waste, famine-clung, a living skeleton,  
 Till he dash out his anguish-maddened brains  
 Against his dungeon walls. Thou shalt not hence.

[*Seizing her arm.*

## ELFILIA.

Let go thy savage grasp; each moment's precious  
 To my loved Edgar's life, and while thou hold'st me  
 He dies! Off monster! off! and let me pass.  
 A feeble woman's weakness I cast from me,  
 As on her cloud-girt throne the eagle shakes  
 From her sun-gilded plume the early dew.  
 Love nerves me with a manliness of strength,  
 And were thy strong-knit sinews like the elk's,  
 I'd strive with thee to save my Edgar's life.

## CATHIMAR.

Mistaken maid; the dove dares not to wage  
 Unequal combat with the towering falcon.  
 Nay, struggle not; for softer strife than this  
 Thy delicate and gentle limbs were formed.  
 Come to my tent.

## ELFILIA.

Never, till thou shalt bear  
 My bleeding corse in thy detested arms.  
 Oh, for a mighty giant's strength to battle  
 With this foul-visaged robber!—'Tis in vain.—  
 Alas, I feel I am but woman still.  
 O, look with pity on me, dreadful chief! [*Kneeling.*  
 Let not a poor heart-broken maiden sink  
 Prostrate before thee, and in vain beseech  
 A man, a gallant warrior to show mercy.

Come, come, thou wilt relent ; and let me now,  
Kind, gentle Dane, depart.

CATHIMAR.

Thou suest in vain.

ELFILIA.

Then will I raise the camp with my loud shrieks,  
And call the chiefs to aid me with their swords.

CATHIMAR.

Nor cries or tears will aught avail thee here ;  
For, in the absence of Rogvalla, I  
Am the commander of yon dauntless bands,  
And henceforth under me they march to battle.  
Come, then : my tent is filled with splendid robes  
And precious gems, the spoil of many lands.

ELFILIA.

Out, fiend of darkness ! Help ! O righteous Heaven !

*Enter Albert.*

ALBERT—(*as he enters.*)

Roam where I may, thy last despairing cries,  
Elfilia, on the night-winds sound, and set  
My frenzied soul on fire. Her vision comes  
Again before me !—Ha ! she lives, she lives !  
And we shall part no more !

[*Rushing between Elfilia and Cathimar, and  
throwing him off.*]

CATHIMAR.

What dog art thou ?

ALBERT.

One whose strong fangs shall fasten on thy flesh  
And shake thee into fragments, if again  
Thou place a finger on that lovely maid.

G

CATHIMAR.

Wouldst thou stir up the princely lion's rage  
 With thy whelp-bayings? Hence! ere I put forth  
 My foot and trample thee, earth-crawling vermin.

ALBERT.

Thou shag-eared wolf's-cub of the north—thou Dane!  
 I'll make thee howl for mercy. This good sword,  
 Now girt upon my thigh, shall prove my manhood.

[*They fight, and exeunt.*]

ELFILIA.

Angel of victory! guide brave Albert's brand  
 Home to the ruffian's heart. Alas! he falls.  
 Now, now he rises with redoubled strength;  
 His sword hath cleft the Danesman's crashing helm.  
 Oh, what a sight!—I cannot look again.  
 Yet, now I do bethink me, Albert may  
 Retard my eager feet. I dare not tarry  
 To thank him for deliverance.

[*Going.*]

*Enter Albert, wounded, with Cathimar's sword bloody.*

ALBERT.

Stay, Elfilia,  
 Let me the pirate's sword lay at thy feet  
 Red with my blood—the first, and ah! the last  
 Proud trophy of my arm.

ELFILIA.

Dear Albert, thou  
 Art wounded e'en to death.

ALBERT.

And am I dear  
 To thee, Elfilia? Oh, that one kind word  
 Soothes my departing spirit. Sweet Elfilia,  
 Forgive, forgive the past, and let my blood

Atone the wrongs I've done. O, could I live  
 To tell thee of my noble birth, how I,  
 Wouldst thou be mine——But no, I am cut off,  
 Ay, in my dawn of glory ; I must sink  
 To an untrophied grave,—no voice shall speak  
 Of me hereafter.

ELFILIA.

Albert, I will ne'er  
 Forget thy noble goodness ; and my hand,  
 Should I survive the terrors of this night,  
 Shall strew thy grave with flowers.

ALBERT.

Ah, let me press  
 On that kind hand one last, one dying kiss ;  
 And in thy happy hours, oh ! sometimes think  
 On him who loved thee more——Farewell, Elfilia. [*Dies.*]

ELFILIA.

Alas ! he died for me. Can I refuse  
 These tears of tender pity ?

[*Music in the camp, Elfilia starts.*]

Ha !—(*shrieks*)—that horn  
 Proclaims the approaching sacrifice to Odin.  
 Oh, Edgar, thou wilt be led forth and slain,  
 Ere I can save thee from their gory knives. [*Rushes off.*]

SCENE III.—*The Hall in Lydford Castle.*

*Enter Gondabert.*

GONDABERT.

I thought my heart had reached the haven of peace.—  
 There is no peace to the foul murderer's conscience.  
 Will nothing calm the stormy passions here ?

I wear a brow of pride ; yet to their will  
 Am the most abject slave. Remorse is vain,  
 For I must deeper plunge my soul in blood,  
 Or shame will pluck my robe of honour off,  
 And I in naked infamy shall stand  
 The scorn of Heaven and mockery of mankind !  
 O, Edgar, Edgar ! where art thou, my son ?  
 A thousand fears for thee now rack my heart.

*Enter Elfilia, her garments torn, her hair dishevelled,  
 and her manner altogether wild.—Gondabert starts.*

What fearful vision from the shades below  
 Art thou, that hell and night have conjured up  
 To fling new horrors round me ? Speak ! Who art thou ?

ELFILIA.

Elfilia.

GONDABERT.

Open earth, and hide me deep,  
 Deep in thy centre, from the awful sight  
 Of that appalling spectre.

ELFILIA.

Nay, my lord,  
 I am no spectre, but a wretched maid,  
 Who, braving every danger, dares to rush  
 Before thee, and on bended knees entreat  
 Compassion for thy son, thy noble Edgar.

GONDABERT.

Does she then live ? Oh, how have I been fooled !

ELFILIA.

Thine Edgar is a captive to the Danes,  
 And doomed to die on Odin's gore-stained altar !

[Gondabert *hides his face in agony with  
 both hands.*

Even now, in yonder camp, the inhuman priests  
Their horrid rites of sacrifice prepare ;  
Wild Dartmoor's mountains echo to their yells  
And fearful shouts of revelry around  
The blood-feast of their god. Thine Edgar's brows  
Are bound with garlands, and the battle-song  
To Odin rises from their noisy tents,  
Claiming the destined victim.

GONDABERT.

Lost, lost Edgar !

ELFILIA.

Fearless of savage beasts and murderous bands,  
I hither o'er the dark moor wildly flew  
Through briar and thorny brake, stained with my blood,  
To cast me at thy feet. For now the knife  
Is sharpening for its gory work of death ;  
Yet such the faith they for their sea-king hold,  
If thou to him give freedom, Edgar lives.  
Haste, then, from his dark dungeon and his chains  
Thy captive to release.

GONDABERT.

No, never ! never !

ELFILIA.

Art thou a parent, yet canst see the priest  
Plunge his red knife in thine own offspring's heart ?  
Canst view him on the horrid altar laid,  
Bleeding to death amid encircling flames ?  
Hear his expiring groans, his cries for mercy—  
To thee for mercy ?—thee, thou ruthless sire,  
Who hadst the power, yet wouldst not save thy son ?

GONDABERT.

Can hell find greater torments for ambition  
Than those I now endure ? I cannot yield,  
To lay me in a grave of infamy.

No, better thou shouldst die, my Edgar, far  
Than be the heir to beggary and disgrace. [Aside.]

ELFILIA.

Canst thou, stern Earl, prefer a mean revenge  
Even to the life of him thou call'st thy son?  
Oh, think what bliss thy soul will feel, when he,  
Rescued from death, and by a father rescued,  
Shall rush into thine arms! what ecstasies  
Thou wilt bestow on two young hearts that love,  
Like ours, with boundless passion.

GONDABERT.

Think not I'll save  
A son to give him to a bond-maid's arms.  
Hence! seek again these Danes, and let their priests  
Mingle thy blood with Edgar's on the altar,  
Rather than he a base-born slave shall wed.

ELFILIA.

Inhuman man! Proud kings have wreathed, ere now,  
Their crowns with low-born beauty's simple flowers. <sup>(43)</sup>  
But all must be revealed.—  
Nor abject slave, nor vassal-maid am I.  
Blood full as noble in my veins doth flow,  
As thou, Devonian's haughty chief, canst vaunt;  
For I the daughter am of Gloucester's Earl,  
Who from a cruel parent's castle fled  
To shun the love of Cornwall's potent Duke;  
And this disguise hath proved my Edgar's truth.

GONDABERT.

Can this wild tale be true?—

ELFILIA.

Doubt'st thou my story? In this bosom plunge  
Thine angry sword, and I will bless the hand  
That gives me death, so thou wilt haste to set  
Thy Danish captive free.



GONDABERT.

Oh, torture

Unutterable ! There is—there is a cause,  
A dreadful, nameless cause ! I dare not give  
That captive freedom.

ELFILIA.

Nay, thou must, thou shalt.

My tears will melt thy stubborn heart to pity.  
The hour is nearly past.—O, yet preserve him.  
He is, Earl Gondabert, thine only son,—  
Thy gallant boy, whom thou so dearly lov'st.  
By me he supplicates thee for his life :  
Then save him from a horrid, horrid death.  
Mercy, O mercy to thine own brave son !—  
And wilt thou drive me mad ? Hear, hear me, Earl ;  
Hear me while I have strength or reason left  
To urge thee to compassion. Nay, I *will*  
Have mercy, or for ever hang upon thee,  
And shriek with frantic fury in thine ears,  
Cursed be the murderer of an only child !

GONDABERT.

Oh, Edgar, Edgar ! all a father's feelings  
Rush on my soul, and bear my honour down.  
*Thou* shalt be saved, and *I* for ever lost !

ELFILIA.

Hide, night, in thy dim cave the sun's young beams,  
Where morning may not find them.—'Tis too late  
Too late to save him now ! for see the dawn  
O'er yonder mist-clad mountain redly breaks.  
Evil betide thee to thy last dark hour,  
Thou unrelenting man !

GONDABERT.

Ho, within there !

*Enter Othmar and Attendants.*

Go, haste, and bring the Danish captive forth.

[*Exit Othmar.*

ELFILIA.

Hear'st thou those shouts? That death-trump is his knell.  
Pale are his brows, as crowned with flowers he stands  
Beside the altar. Now he casts around  
A mournful glance, but no deliverer comes,—  
No ransom, no redemption from the grave.  
The fiend-like priest stands ready.—Hark! the horn  
Wails its last signal. Now he lifts the knife—  
He strikes!—(*shrieks.*) Ha! how the blood-streams  
gush! he falls!

Hurl me amid the flames,

That I may perish with him! Ha! ha! ha! [*Falls.*

GONDABERT.

Gently bear her in.

[*Elfilia is borne off by the Attendants.*

*Enter Othmar with Evanda, muffled up in the minstrel  
robe of Rogvalla, with Guards.*

Chief of the Danish host, thou shalt be free.

EVANDA.

Tyrant, to thy confusion know, that he

Is free already.

[*Throws off her disguise.*

I it was who gave

The warrior freedom. Hid in monkish garb,

I to his dungeon visitation paid,

And, as in that disguise he safely fled,

Remained thy captive in his gloomy cell.

GONDABERT.

Sure Heaven at length the vial of its wrath

Hath emptied on my head ! Hast thou, whom I  
 So fondly loved, my deadliest foe let loose ?  
 Traitress ! that love is changed to fellest hate !  
 With speed send forth a herald to the Dane,  
 And tell that wild freebooter of the sea,  
 If he send not, unharmed, my Edgar back,  
 I will take off Evanda's head, and hang  
 Her body o'er my walls !

EVANDA.

Dark homicide,  
 I fear thee not ; a Danish woman  
 Now triumphs o'er thee, and defies thy rage. [Exit.

GONDABERT.

There is one only way. Call forth my guards !  
 I'll seek these Danes, and rescue from their knives  
 My gallant boy, or perish on his ashes. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*A wild Heath. In the centre of the stage a large cromlech, or rock-altar, with steps leading up to it. A fire blazing on the ground ; the cold grey tints of morning on the distant mountains. A storm, with thunder and lightning.—Wild and solemn music.*

*Enter a train of Danish women, strewing the altar and ground with flowers ; then Ivor and officers, leading a procession of Danish Soldiers, with banners, horns, and trumpets. Then the Chief-Priest, bearing the sacrificial knife, Edgar following in chains, and crowned with a garland ; a train of Priests behind him. Edgar is made to ascend the altar during the chorus, the Chief-Priest standing beside him prepared to strike.*

## CHORUS.

*During which the thunder continues very loud.*

Sound the trump, and sound the horn,  
 Hail to Odin's sacred morn !  
 Hark ! his thunders roll on high,  
 His glories fill the burning sky.  
 Turn the captive to the north,  
 Let his blood gush freely forth !  
 Strike ! as peals his death-hymn far,  
 The victim to our god of war !

Strike!—strike!—strike! [*Thunder.*

[*As the Priest lifts his arm to stab Edgar, shouts without and voices.*

Rogvalla ! Rogvalla !

*Enter Rogvalla, the Danish officers flock round him.*

## GRAND CHORUS.

Triumph ! triumph ! he is free !  
 Revenge ! revenge ! and victory !  
 England, blood for blood now calls,  
 Flames shall scathe thy princely halls !  
 Thou shalt rue St. Brice's night,  
 And sink, the slave of Denmark's might !

*Enter Frotho.*

## FROTHO.

The Earl of Devon hath stormed the camp and slain  
 Our stoutest Danes, and, like a raging lion,  
 He hither comes. Speed, warriors, to your ships !

*Enter Gondabert and Othmar with Saxon Soldiers,  
 driving in the Danes.*

GONDABERT—(*entering.*)

Spare not a man!—

Now, Dane, shalt thou again be in my power.

[*Rogvalla springs on the cromlech, snatches the knife from the Priest, and points it at the breast of Edgar.*]

ROGVALLA.

Advance another step, and I this knife

Will, reeking with thy son's blood, at thee hurl!

GONDABERT.

Ha! my loved boy, what in the tiger's grasp?

Withdraw thy blade.—Victory how art thou checked

In thy career of glory. Spare him! spare him!

The conqueror's triumph in the father's feelings

Is lost and perished. See; proud Gondabert

Kneels on the ground, and humbly at thy hand

Implores for mercy to his guiltless son.

ROGVALLA.

On one condition only.

GONDABERT.

Name it, name it.

ROGVALLA.

That thou before thy Saxon guards confess

I am the son of thy ill-fated brother,

And heir to his possessions.

GONDABERT.

Perish my son,

Dear as I love him, ere my lips shall stain

My honour with such——

[*Hesitates.*]

EDGAR.

Let me die, my father,

With glory die, rather than thou shouldst yield

Thy honour to the injustice of this robber.

ROGVALLA.

Justice then strike ! and for the father's crimes  
 Let his son's blood, by this avenging arm,  
 Stream forth to appease the spirit of the dead.

GONDABERT.

Hold, monster, hold ! The dead, if they are conscious,  
 Must be avenged, appeased ; for misery's flood  
 Rolls o'er me with so strong and deep a tide,  
 That I amid its billows soon must sink.  
 Pity a father's agonies ! I am  
 Not used to tears, but anguish for my child  
 Wrings from my iron heart these bitter drops.  
 He is the only being whom I love,  
 The only one on earth that now loves me.  
 Oh, then forbear, nor send him from my heart,  
 And I will heap rewards and blessings on thee.

*Enter Elfilia.*

ELFILIA.

Ah, he still lives ! and we may yet be blest.  
 Why dost thou threaten with that deadly knife ?  
 Claim'st thou a victim for thy horrid gods ?  
 Here, I this bosom offer to the blow :  
 My life for Edgar's, stern-browed warrior, take.

ROGVALLA.

I cannot listen to the wail of women :  
 His life, base Gondabert, hangs on thy breath.  
 Proclaim thyself a murderer, and he lives ;  
 Be dumb, and thou shalt see his spouting blood  
 Gush o'er this flinty altar to thy feet.

GONDABERT.

And must he, must he perish for my crimes ?

ELFILIA.

Perish? No, no; thou shalt not let him perish.  
Swear thou art guilty of the blackest crimes,  
Guilty of blood!—ay, e'en of kindred blood!  
Rather than let yon fell destroyer slay  
Thy son before thy face.

GONDABERT.

Eternal fires were bliss to what I feel!  
I'll not confess—together we will die!

ELFILIA.

Ay, ruthless father, we'll together die!  
Away! the mightiest here shall stay me not!  
The daughter of the Earl of Gloucester mounts  
The stone of death, and through her heart the knife  
Shall only reach her Edgar's guiltless bosom.

ROGVALLA.

Thus, then, thou slayer of thy son, this arm  
Strikes the avenging blow!

GONDABERT.

I yield!

I yield!—thou art——

ROGVALLA.

Speak, homicide!—

GONDABERT.

Oh, horrible! O damning infamy!  
Thou art—yes, yes, thou art— [With violent effort.  
The son of my lost brother, and his heir.

[Sinks exhausted into the arms of the Saxon Soldiers. Shouts from the Danes; flourish of music. Rogvalla drops the knife and unbinds Edgar, who embraces Elfilia, and they both rush from the altar towards Gondabert.]

## GONDABERT.

Off! touch me not.—

I am polluted, stained with shame and blood !  
To save thy life, I have confessed my guilt,  
And fallen from glory's height to rise no more !  
This is thy work, Ambition.—Ha ! the morn  
Is dawning on me ; never more shall I  
Look on its lovely brightness. Fall, ye rocks !  
Ye mountains cover me ! It is not day—  
Eternal flames their lurid glare spread round me.  
I'm lightning-smitten ! Oh, for some cooling draught  
To quench the fire within ! This is the balm

[*Stabs himself.*

For pangs like mine. The grave will yield repose.

Edgar,—for thee I die—forgive me—O—

[*Gondabert joins the hands of Edgar and Elfilia,  
and dies. Evanda enters to Rogvalla, and all the  
characters form a picture as the curtain falls.*



## NOTES.

---

(1) *While I behold the stern usurping Thane,  
In splendour clad, tread like a god the earth. . . p. 6.*

“The French and Norman nobility admired the fine persons, the flowing hair, and the beautiful dresses of the English nobles.”—*Asser. Vita Ælfredi.*

“Persons of rank and wealth, of both sexes, among the Danes and Anglo-Saxons, seem to have been very fond of ornaments of gold, as gold chains and bracelets.”—*Dr. Henry, v. 4.*

“The Anglo-Saxon chiefs and kings were called givers of gold chains and bracelets.”—*Chron. Saxon, p. 112.*

(2) *and toil, yoked to the plough,  
For food his dogs would scorn. . . p. 6.*

“Let every man know his *teams of men*, of horses and oxen.”—*Wilk. Leg. Sax. p. 47.*

In the laws of Ethelred the Unready, the era which this tragedy illustrates, the price of a man, or slave, among those of other things, is fixed at one pound Saxon, or 2*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* sterling. The price of a hawk, or a greyhound, was the same as that of a man.

“In the year 1015, an express law was made in England to prevent *parents* from selling their own children, with which they used to supply the French markets.”—*Sharon Turner.*

“It is well known that a large portion of the Anglo-Saxon population were in a state of slavery. They were bought and sold with land, and were conveyed in the grants of it promiscuously with the cattle and other property upon it. In the Anglo-Saxon wills, those wretched beings were given away precisely as we now dispose of our plate, our furniture, or our money.”—*Hist. Anglo-Sax.*

(3) *the daintiest cheer  
The garden, forest, flood, and harvest yield. . . p. 6.*

“Gardening was not unknown to the Saxons. Brithnod, the first abbot of Ely, was celebrated for the excellent gardens

and orchards which he made, stocking them with a variety of shrubs, herbs, and fruit-trees."—*Apud Gale*.

Malmesbury exhibits the island of Thorney as the picture, says Sharon Turner, of a paradise: amidst the marshes abounding in trees, was a fine green plain, as smooth and level as a stream; every part was cultivated; here apple-trees arose, there vines crept along the fields, or turned round poles. Yet he adds one trait so expressive of loneliness, as to throw a gloom over the charms of nature.—"When a man comes, he is applauded like an angel." Some years ago, we ourselves visited this spot, and we shall always recollect with pleasure the kindness and hospitality which we received from the inhabitants of Thorney.

(4) *Furred robes they wear, bedizened o'er with gold.* . p. 6.

Witlaf, king of Mercia, gives, in his charter to the Abbey of Croyland, his purple mantle and his golden veil, embroidered with the history of Troy.

"Furs of various kinds were used by persons of both sexes in lining their tunics and mantles."—*Dr. Henry*, v. 4.

(5) *Grasp in their hands a spear, the sign of freedom.* . p. 6.

The meetings of the freemen and landholders were called weapon-tacks, or the touch of arms, because every one touched the spear of the chief magistrate, who was present, with his spear, in token of his submission to his authority and readiness to fight under him. A spear in his hand was an essential part of the dress of an Anglo-Saxon Thane, or gentleman, by which he was distinguished, and without which he never stirred abroad. Vide *Leges Edwardi Regis apud Wilkins*. When a Saxon slave was made free, a spear was put into his hands.

(6) *To touch the tuneful harp, to grasp a spear,  
And in the forest with a falcon sport,  
Are crimes deemed worthy stripes and banishment.* . p. 7.

By the laws of Wales, a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman, *i. e.* a freeman; and by the same laws, to prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp. Among the Saxons and Danes, those who played upon this instrument were declared gentlemen by law. Their persons were esteemed inviolable; they were admitted to the highest company, and treated with distinguished marks of respect wherever they appeared. A slave could not

have a hawk, which was also the mark of gentility on the finger of a nobleman.

“A master has the same right to his slaves as to his cattle.”  
—*Leges Wallicæ*.

“If a freeman or ceorl killed a stag in a royal forest, he was degraded to a slave; and if a slave killed one, he was put to death.”—*Constitutiones Canuti, apud Spelman Glos.*

(7) *The lord of Lydford, Devon's high potent Earl.* . . p. 8.

Lydford, Lydeford, or Hlidaford, Lidefort, and Lyghatford, now a miserable village, was once a place of much importance. Julius Cæsar is said by Bruce to have made a visit to it shortly after his invasion of this island, but without any authority. In the days of Edward the Confessor it was the king's demesne, or *terra regis*, and the manor extended, as it still does, over the whole forest of Dartmoor. Ethelred II. had a mint at Lydford, the coins of which are known by the letters LV D. LVDA. LVDAN. Two of these coins were in Dr. Hunter's cabinet. In the 19th of Ethelred II. the Danes came to Lydford, after destroying Tavistock Abbey. The foundations of the walls and gates of the town were remaining in the time of Risdon. The ancient keep of the castle, forty feet high, on an artificial mound, is all that is left of its former grandeur. The custody of the castle and Dartmoor chase, was always given to a man of high dignity.

(8) *And in the market sold to some new lord ;  
Or, by men-stealers borne beyond the seas,  
Pine in far-distant lands.* . . p. 9.

Slaves were incapable of any office of power, trust, or honour. They had no authority over their own wives and children.

“An absolute power of life and death was executed by these lords; and when they married their daughters, a train of useful slaves, chained on to the waggons to prevent their escape, was sent as a nuptial present into a distant country.”—*Gibbon*.

“The portreeve of Lewes in Sussex, was to have four-pence for every man sold in his borough.”—*Scriptores Saxon. Gale edit.*

“Slaves still continued to form one of the most valuable articles of exportation from England in this period.” Men, women, and children were carried out of this island, and, like cattle, exposed to sale in all the markets of Europe.

(9) *hung with rich tapestry. . . p. 10.*

The arts of tapestry and historical painting were well known to the Saxons. Edelfleda, widow of Brithnod, Duke of Northumberland in the tenth century, presented to the church of Ely "a curtain, which had the history of the great actions of her deceased lord painted upon it, to preserve the memory of his great valour and virtues."

"Among the furniture of their rooms we find hangings, to be suspended on the walls, most of them *silken*, some with the figures of golden birds in needlework, some woven, and some plain. Their love of gaudy colouring was as apparent in these as in their dress, for Aldhelm says, if finished of one colour uniform, they would not seem beautiful to the eye."—*Hist. Anglo-Sax.*

There is the clearest evidence, says Dr. Henry, that the arts of weaving various figures of men or other animals, or flowers, foliage, &c. into cloth, and of embroidering them upon it after it was woven, were practised in England before the end of the seventh century.

(10) *Or the wild shrieks of that fierce hag who rides  
The midnight tempest. . . p. 11.*

Nieneven, the giant hag that rode on the storm, and led the hags and fairies of the North.

(11) *that island of the north,  
Where Nature silent lies in death-like sleep. . . p. 12.*

The Papar, or Irish Christians, resided on this distant island previously to the arrival of the Norwegians. Nadodd, its first discoverer in the ninth century, gave the name of Snæland (the land of snow) to this island, which Floki, the Norwegian pirate, changed to Iceland.

(12) *Crimsoning the skies with fire . . . .  
With gorgeous banners rustling to the blast,  
And fearful din of arms. . . p. 12.*

Gmelin gives a most terrific account of the Aurora-borealis on the borders of the Icy-sea. The animals are struck with terror, the hunters' dogs crouch on the ground, while the streams of light crackle, sparkle, whistle, and hiss, like artificial fire-works. Hearne says, "I have frequently heard them making a rustling and crackling noise, like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale."—Sir Charles Giesecke, who fre-

quently observed these lights in Greenland, asserts nearly the same.

(13) *and the sacred laws  
Of honour and of knighthood bid thee yield. . . p. 15.*

Knighthood was well known to the northern nations. Abbo, a contemporary of Dunstan, in his account of the death of St. Edmund, King of East Anglia, makes the King say to the Danes, "I have always shunned the reproach of disgrace, and especially of cowardly abandoning my knights."—*Sharon Turner*, v. ii.

(14) *My mother knew the deep thoughts of the heart,  
And her prophetic spirit is upon me. . . p. 16.*

Witches, fatal sisters, or prophetesses, were held in high respect among the northern nations.

"These admired magicians and fortune-tellers were commonly old women, for whom the Anglo-Saxons, as well as their ancestors the Germans, entertained a very great veneration, and in whom they believed an inferior divinity resided."—*Vide Tacit. de Marib. German. c. 8.*

Among the Danes, according to their old historian Bartholin, these witches, or prophetesses, travelled with all the pomp and retinue that waited on Queens, and were always received and treated with the highest respect.

(15) *She on my vassals freedom shall bestow. . . p. 17.*

"We have many instances of the emancipation of slaves: A landholder in Edgar's time, who had thirty men on his grounds, directed that out of these, thirteen should be liberated as lot should decide; so that, placed in the highway, they might go wherever they pleased. Sometimes the charitable kindness of others redeemed them. Our wise and benevolent Alfred directed one of his laws to lessen the number of the enslaved. He could not emancipate those who were then in servitude, nor their future families, without a violent convulsion of the right of property which then subsisted; and the *general resistance* would have made the romantic attempt not only ineffectual, but pernicious, both to those he wished to benefit, and to society at large. But what he could do safely, he performed. He procured it to be enacted by the Witenagemot, that if any one should in future buy a Christian slave, the time of his servitude should be limited to six years, and that on the seventh he

should be free without any payment, and depart with the wife and clothes he had at first. But if the lord had given him the wife, both she and her children were to remain. If he should choose to continue a slave, he might do so. This law struck a decisive blow at slavery in England; it checked the future multiplication of slaves; it discouraged their sale and purchase; it established a system of legal emancipation, and gave the masters a deep interest in the kind treatment of the slaves then belonging to them, to preserve the race.—*Hist. Anglo-Sax.*

(16) *My father to the house of Gondabert*  
*Was a retainer, and held lands in fee. . . p. 21.*

“If a ceorl or freeman (a kind of gentleman farmer) had a greater propensity to arms than to learning, trade, or agriculture, he then became the *sithcundman*, or military retainer to some potent and warlike lord, and was called the *huscarle* of such an earl.”—*Spelman's Glos.* If the *huscarle* so far obtained the favour of his chief as to be presented with five hides of land, or a gilt sword, helmet, and breastplate as a reward for his valour, he was considered as an inferior Thane. Here is another certain proof that the feudal system was known and practised by the Saxons.

(17) *E'en my dreams*  
*Were wild imaginings of sweet romance. . . p. 21.*

Bede gives an account of the Saxon Scald, or poet, called Cædmon, who was a monk in the Abbey of Streaneshalch in the seventh century, and who was so inspired with the poetical genius, that he composed his best poems in his sleep, and repeated them as soon as he awoke.

(18) *and sternly fierce,*  
*When moved with anger, as its own dark storms. . . p. 23.*

“A storm on Dartmoor bears little resemblance to storms in general. It is awful, perilous, astounding, and pitiless; and woe to the stranger who in a dark night, without a guide, is forced to encounter it.”—*Notes to Carrington's Dartmoor.*

(19) *and on foreign shores*  
*A master find to tame thy daring spirit. . . p. 25.*

“Some young men were exported from Northumberland to be sold according to a custom of that country, where the people

sell their nearest relatives for their own advantage, a custom which we see them practise even in our own days."—*William of Malmesbury*.

"Great numbers of unhappy men, women, and children were carried out of this island, and, like cattle, exposed to sale in all the markets of Europe."—*Dr. Henry's Hist. Gr. Brit.*

(20) *Let me die unhouseled.* . . p. 26.

From the Saxon *Husel*, the Sacrament. "Unhouseled, unanointed, and unknelled:" for so, I have little doubt, was originally written by Shakspeare that line in *Hamlet*, which has so much puzzled his commentators; each word alluding to the last rites of the Catholic church.

(21) *To rouse the tusked boar, the wolf, and elk.* . . p. 30.

"William of Malmesbury speaks of the wolf (whence several places in Devon have their prefix) and the *winged serpent*; and though the latter may be fabulous, it is indisputable that bears, wolves, foxes, boars, martens, badgers, otters, wild bulls and cows of a milk-white, similar to those described by Bœthius in the Caledonian forest, and which were at one time common in Great Britain,—perhaps the lynx, goats, hares, stags, and red deer, abounded throughout the moorish district."—*Notes to Carrington's Dartmoor*.

Fitz-Stephen informs us that in his time, the twelfth century, the wild bull, the bison, or bonassus, roamed at large in the great forest of Middlesex. The species exist to this day in Chillingham Park.

"The bear shall be on the heath, old and terrible."—*Saxon Poem*.

"The best hunted meat is the stag, and the hare, and the wild boar, and the bear."—From a curious old Tract in Welch, on Hunting and Field-sports, preserved by Dr. John Davies.

Of the elk being a native of Britain, we have spoken in the former series.

(22) *A dark disease of mind some youthful witch  
Hath on thee, Edgar, cast, and marred thy brain.* . p. 33.

Mackenzie tells us that a poor girl was to die for witchcraft, whose real crime was, that she had attracted too great a share, in the lady's opinion, of the attention of the laird.

"They seem to have used philtres; for it is also made

punishable if any one should use witchcraft to produce another's love, or should give him to eat or drink with magic."—*Hist. Anglo-Sax.* v. iii.

- (23) *Let all my warmen and retainers hold  
Themselves in readiness. . . p. 37.*

See Note 16.

- (24) *Who dare not lift the mead-cup to their lips. . . .  
Without the fear of death. . . p. 38.*

"If an Englishman presumed to drink in the presence of a Dane, without his express permission, it was esteemed so great a mark of disrespect, that nothing but his instant death could expiate it. The English were so intimidated, that they would not adventure to drink, even when invited, till the Danes had pledged their honour for their safety; which introduced the custom of pledging each other in drinking, of which some vestiges are still remaining among the common people."—*Pontopidan Gesta et Vestigia Danorum.*

"When an Englishman met a Dane on a bridge, or in a narrow path, where he could not avoid him, he was obliged to stand still with his head uncovered, and in a bowing posture, as soon as the Dane appeared, and to remain in that position till he was out sight."—*Ibid.*

The Litany of these times contained the following petition: "A furore Normannorum libera nos, Domine."

"The Danish soldiers who were quartered upon the English in the reigns of Edgar the Peaceable, and of Ethelred the Unready, were the beaux of the times, and were particularly attentive to the dressing of their hair; which they combed at least once every day, and thereby captivated the affections of the English ladies."—*Dr. Henry.*

- (25) *Victory to us have given in fields of glory,  
And bowed their raven-banners to the Cross. . . p. 41.*

When Corinth was besieged by the Saracens of Africa and the Slavonians of Peloponnesus, the citizens in a sally drove the barbarians from their gates, and the glory of the victory was ascribed to the phantom of St. Andrew the Apostle, who fought for them in the foremost ranks.

"When the Emperor Theodosius, near the foot of the Julian Alps, fought against Arbogastes the Frank, who had murdered Valentinian, and placed Eugenius the Rhetorician on the throne of the West, the spirits of St. John and St. Philip appeared to



him on horseback, as Theodoret affirms. This is the first instance of Apostolic chivalry, if we except the martial apparition of Constantine, which was afterwards so common in the Crusades."—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

"In the celebrated battle of Ethandūne, Alfred the Great, seeing a standard-bearer leading on one of his divisions with great bravery, pointed him out to his warriors as St. Neot himself at their head. This belief increased their enthusiasm."—*Anglo-Saxons*, v. ii.

These celestial warriors are only copies from the heathen, sufficient examples of which may be found in the machinery of Homer and Virgil. When Aquileia was besieged by the ferocious barbarian, Maximin, the inhabitants believed that Belenus, their tutelary deity, fought in person for their defence.

(26) *What witchcraft's this ?  
I have no spell to call thee from the tomb. . . p. 43.*

"Scinlæca was a species of phantom, or apparition, and was also used as the name of the person who had the power of producing such things: it is, literally, a shining dead body.—Galdor-cræftig implies one skilled in incantations; and Northwyrtha is, literally, a worshipper of the dead."—*Hist. Anglo-Saxons*, v. iii.

(27) *To-morrow, when thou hear'st  
St. Brice's heavy death-knell, let him die. . . p. 49.*

Numerous passages in the Saxon chronicles and laws lead us to believe, that the Saxon Earls, after the union of the Octarchy, enjoyed a power approaching to sovereignty, derived from the station which their kingly predecessors held. This seems apparent from the regal diadem on the seal of Alfric, Duke of Mercia, which has been lately found near Winchester.

"They obtained the power of supreme jurisdiction, both civil and criminal, within their own territories; the right of coining money, together with the privilege of carrying on war against their private enemies in their own name, and by their own authority. Such was the state of Europe from the seventh to the eleventh century."—*Robertson's Life of Charles V.*, v. 1.

The lord of Spitchwich within the forest of Dartmoor, and the Abbot of Buckfastleigh, had to a late period the power of inflicting capital punishment on their vassals.

(28) *others tossing knives and balls in the air. . . p. 50.*

It may surprise many to find the feats of Indian jugglers

practised by the Anglo-Saxons; but we have undoubted evidence of the fact: these, as well as various other exercises, formed part of the profession of the Saxon glee-men, as is evident from the 17th plate in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, taken from a MS. in the Cottonian Library, marked Vespasian, A. i. which he thus describes:—"We there see a man throwing three balls and three knives alternately into the air, and catching them one by one as they fall, but returning them again in rotation. To give the greater appearance of difficulty to this part, it is accompanied with the music of an instrument resembling the modern violin." The MS. in which this painting is preserved, was written as early as the eighth century.—*Strutt's Sports and Pastimes*, p. 133: ditto *Hone's ed.* p. 173. Vide also, *Sharon Turner's Hist. Anglo-Saxons*, vol. iv. p. 98.

(29) *Here the wolf,  
The grey wolf of Dunheved's mountain dwells. . . p. 50.*

Dunheved, the ancient name of Launceston, and residence of the British Dukes of Cornwall.

(30) *Ere on thy brows the priest, thou false one, bind  
The sacred bridal wreath. . . p. 51.*

"Both the bride and bridegroom were crowned with flowers by the priest, which were kept in the church for that purpose."  
—*Olai Magni*, p. 553.

The Druids exhibited flowers at their festivals. In the Grecian ceremonies, flowers were scattered in profusion, and the Romans founded floral games 173 years before Christ; which games were re-established at the May festivals in 1323, by the Troubadours.

(31) *An honourable harvest do I reap  
From cities sacked and villages in flames. . . p. 55.*

The people of Scandinavia, comprehending the kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, breathed nothing but war, and were animated with a most astonishing spirit of enterprise and adventure. By their numerous fleets they rode triumphant in all the European seas, and carried desolation and terror to the coasts of Germany, France, Spain, Italy, England, Scotland, and Ireland, to say nothing of the East, into which they also penetrated. They are well known to have used the skulls of their enemies for their banquet-cups, and Temagin, or Zingis Khan, drank out of the skull, encased in silver, of the Khan of the Keraites; who, under the name of Prester John, corresponded with the Roman Pontiff and the Kings of Europe.

(32) *for it was forged*  
*By fairy dwarfs amid their secret caves. . . p. 56.*

The northern nations, who were Scythians, believed in a race of dwarfs who inhabited the rocky regions, and who forged in their secret caverns all kinds of weapons of warfare, to which, by their magic skill, they imparted the most wonderful powers.

Witches, or magicians, were supposed by the Scandinavians to possess the power of granting to whom they thought proper, swords and armour of proof, girdles of defence, and caps that, every way they were turned, should direct the weather.

(33) *who bows not to earth*  
*And cries, Hail! my lord Dane. . . p. 57.*

For several ages after this period, a lofty insolent person was called a lord Dane.

“The towns through which the Danes passed, exhibited the most horrible scenes of misery and desolation. Venerable old men lying with their throats cut at their own doors, the streets covered with the bodies of young men and women, without heads, legs, or arms, and of matrons and virgins, who had been first dishonoured and then put to death.”—*Wallingford, apud*

(34) *Trust him? Ay, would I, by my golden bracelets. . . p. 59.*

“The Danes esteemed no oath so sacred and inviolable as that which they swore by their golden bracelets.”—*Asser. Vita, Æthelward's Chron.* l. iv. c. 3.

(35) *We'll quaff the wine-cup mingled with our blood,*  
*And swear eternal friendship. . . p. 60.*

“The romantic attachment of the warriors of the North who entered into a compact of friendship, is well known to all versed in Scandinavian manners; it was confirmed by the superstitious ceremony of mingling their blood in wine, and drinking it. *They even pledged themselves not to survive each other.* They were called Stall-brodre. When Baldwin II. and last Latin Emperor of Constantinople, to aid his sinking cause, formed a dishonourable alliance with the Turks and Comans, to please the latter a dog was sacrificed between the two armies, and the contracting parties tasted each other's blood as a pledge of their friendship; and a Comanian chief, or king, was buried near one of the gates of Constantinople, with a train of followers and horses *alive.*”—See Joinville.

The chiefs of the North were often Scaldi, as well as warriors. Regnor Lodbrog, King of Denmark, united (as was not uncommon in that age) the characters of king, warrior, poet, and pirate.

“Anlaf entered the camp of the Saxon King, Athelstan, under the disguise of a Scald, and Alfred did the same in the camp of the Danes. When the hordes of the Tartar Huns retired to the West, from the limits and dominion of the Chinese empire, into the extensive plains of Sogdiania, they still retained one vestige of their ancient barbarism; for when a chieftain died, his companions or retainers who had shared his liberality and wealth, were buried alive with him in the same grave.”—*Procopius de Bell. Persico*, l. i. c. 3.

(36) *In the far-sounding cutaract's solemn roar,  
Whose grandeur fills the wild. . . p. 60.*

“The roaring of torrents in the moor, after heavy rains, is sublime to a degree inconceivable by those who have never heard this impressive music in a wild and solitary district.”—*Notes to Carrington's Dartmoor*.

And here we are happy to have it in our power to offer a simple testimony of respect to our late dear friend, Mr. Carrington, with whom, since the publication of the *Royal Minstrel* till his lamented death, we were in the habit of frequent correspondence. His poem of *Dartmoor*, from which we have extracted the above note, is replete with such glowing images, such just and tender sentiments, as cannot fail to touch the heart of all those who soar above the grovelling conceptions and brutal appetites of the mere ignorant purse-proud worldling. His poetry is equally devoid of raving bombast, of maudlin cant, and dull obscurity, with which the strains of many of our modern “twangling jacks” so much abound. Its melody is exquisite, yet varied; and its descriptive scenes are the fac-simile of Nature's most beautiful and sublime productions. We have heard that his townsmen of Devonport have it in contemplation to erect a monument to his memory. Such an act would do honour to themselves, but the bard of Devon needs not this just memorial of his merits and his fame. He who has so sweetly sung

“Devonia's lovely land of flowers and song,”

shall never lack a monument to celebrate his name while Dartmoor's lofty tors and mountains of eternal granite lift their majestic summits to heaven, a resting-place for the cloud and the storm.

(37) *Then sign this parchment with thy mark and seal.* . . p. 70.

“Seals were used for the purpose of impressing the wax, which closed the epistles of the Anglo-Saxons. The seal of Ethelward, Bishop of Dunwich, (830-70) has lately been discovered, about two hundred yards from the gate of the Monastery of Eye, by a labourer; who gave it to the child of a workman employed on a neighbouring farm: the child threw it on the fire, from which its mother rescued it. It was afterwards purchased by Mr. Hudson Gurney, and presented to the British Museum.”—*Archæologia*, ii. p. 480.

(38) *And feel 'tis honest—noble to destroy  
All of thy lineage who my rights usurp.* . . p. 71.

“In those times (the Anglo-Saxon) too many, who by their rank and wealth were entitled to be members of the supreme council of the nation, were notorious thieves and robbers.”—*Dr. Henry*.

Bede, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, describes the implacable hatred of the Britons against the English nation and the Catholic church.

(39) *I marked his shoulders with a burning arrow.* . . p. 72.

“When Basil Zuski, of the ancient family of Rurick, the first sovereign of Russia, ascended the throne in 1606, the Czarina, wife of Demetrius, (said to have been the son of the murdered Iwan, and deposed by Zuski,) with her father were sent to prison. The child was privately conveyed to the Ukraine, under the care of a faithful cossack, and the priest who baptized him marked on his shoulders, in aquafortis, ‘This is Demetrius, the son of the Czar Demetrius.’ This being discovered as he grew up, while bathing in a public bath, and the news of the discovery reaching the ears of Stanislaus, King of Poland, he invited him to his court, and treated him as the heir to the throne of Russia. After the death of this prince, he was obliged to withdraw to Holstein, where he lived some time in obscurity; but at length the Duke, in consideration of the acquittal of a debt due to Zuski, for a sum of money lent to the Holstein ambassador, sent the young prince bound to Moscow, in which city he was publicly beheaded in the year 1625.”

Ruric was prince of the Waregi, who obtained the dominion of Russia about the period of King Alfred's youth, and fixing his seat at Novogardia, adorned it with many noble buildings.

(40)

*on his flesh**To carve the Danish eagle,—a keen torment**That joys me to retaliate on those dogs. . . p. 72.*

Carving the eagle, or stripping the skin from the shoulders and turning the flaps back, was a favourite mode of torture practised by the Danes on their prisoners.

(41)

*The fearful spectre rushes,**In lightning clad, upon me. . . p. 73.*

“It is asserted of Theodric the Goth, who after a life of virtue and glory descended with shame and guilt into the grave, that he was alarmed by the invisible terrors of futurity. One evening, when the head of a large fish was served on the royal table, he suddenly exclaimed that he beheld the angry countenance of Symmachus, his eyes glaring fury and revenge, and his mouth armed with long sharp teeth, which threatened to devour him. The monarch instantly retired to his chamber, and, as he lay trembling with aguish cold, under a weight of bed-clothes, he expressed, in broken murmurs to his physician Elpidius, his deep repentance for the murders of Bœthius and Symmachus.”

“But if Constans could fly from the people, he could not fly from himself. The remorse of his conscience created a phantom, who pursued him by land and sea, by day and by night; and the visionary Theodosius, presenting to his lips a cup of blood, said, or seemed to say, ‘Drink, brother, drink;’ a sure emblem of the aggravation of his guilt, since he had received from the hands of the deacon the mystic cup of the blood of Christ.”—*Gibbon*.

(42)

*To me are like the wild notes of the swan,**That sings of coming summer to those isles**Amid the polar ocean. . . p. 74.*

“The singing of the swans on the neighbouring lakes, added to the novelty of the scene.”—*Dr. Henderson’s Iceland*.

The natives of Iceland compare the singing of the northern swans to the notes of a violin. They are heard at the end of their tedious and dismal winter, when the return of that bird announces the approach of summer: such sounds must therefore be indeed melodious to the Icelanders, which proclaim their release from the long and gloomy horrors of an Arctic winter.

(43) *Proud kings have wreathed, ere now,  
Their crowns with low-born beauty's simple flowers.* . p. 86.

“The mother of Athelstan and Edward was called Egwina, a shepherd's daughter of great beauty.—*Vide Malmesb. et Bromt.*

Torfæus says, that the people of Spangareid, an isthmus of Norway, relate, from the accounts of their ancestors, that a golden harp came on shore in a small bay near their residence, in which was found a little girl. She was taken care of, brought up, afterwards kept sheep, became famed for her beauty, and married a Danish king. Her name was Otlanga. They show a hill, called Otlanga's hill. The bay in which she was found is named Gall-siken, or golden bay, and the stream near it is called Kraakabecker, or the rivulet of Kraaka, which was another name belonging to this female.

END OF THE ENGLISH SLAVE.





**THE DEVOTED ONE.**

A TRAGEDY.

THE OBTAINED ONE

A TRAGEDY

TO  
DANIEL CABANEL, ESQ.,  
OF BATH,  
AS AN HUMBLE BUT SINCERE TOKEN  
OF FRIENDSHIP, GRATITUDE, AND ESTEEM  
FOR HIS VIRTUES,  
THE FOLLOWING DRAMATIC POEM  
IS DEDICATED,  
BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,  
J. FITZGERALD PENNIE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

CANUTE, King of England, Denmark, &c.

WALDIMAR, Son of Zandagast.

GODWIN, a Forester.

ZANDAGAST, Sclavonian Captain of the Danish Thingamanna, or Body-guards.

ROLF IRIC, a Norwegian Prince, Duke of Northumberland.

EDRIC, Saxon Duke of Mercia.

TURKEETUL, Duke of East-Anglia.

ULFMANDO, Brother-in-law to Canute.

WULFNOTH, a Ceorl of the Forest, Brother to Edric.

BORNWULF, a Swineherd.

Bishop.

High-priest.

ELGITHA, a Saxon Lady.

ERMINGILD, Mother to Waldimar.

EDITH, Cousin to Canute.

EVORA, Attendant on Edith.

1st Witch. 2nd Witch. 3rd Witch. 4th Witch. 5th Witch.

Guards, Attendants, Priests, &c.

ERA—THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

# THE DEVOTED ONE.

---

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Selwood Forest at day-break.*

*Enter Godwin and Bornwulf.*

BORNWULF.

A cheery morning.

GODWIN.

Ay, the fiery sun,  
Bathing his forehead in those purple waves  
As he uprises, from his golden locks  
Shakes daylight on the world. How like a young  
And noble mind, that through the sullen clouds  
His abject birth flings on him bravely breaks,  
And wins the steep where Fame immortal dwells,  
Art thou, proud luminary of the east,  
That, bright and brighter still, dost upward soar,  
Till the wide earth is covered with thy glory.

BORNWULF.—

More of thy flighty dreamings and vain words,  
Which few may understand, but I have still  
The plague to hear!—while all the toil is mine  
To tend thy father's hogs, that but for me

Would stray the saints know where, and soon be lost  
In this wild lonesome forest.

GODWIN.

Soul-less clod !

BORNWULF.

A soul-less clod, indeed ! I'd have thee know  
That I am thought, among the maids at home,  
As brisk and merry as a summer bee.  
A clod, forsooth ! What whimsey next will fill  
Thy crazy-smitten brain ?

GODWIN.

Why thou art scarce  
One poor degree above the swine thou serv'st.  
Thou look'st on Nature, but thine eyes discern  
None of her heartfelt beauties ; thou canst hear  
Her many voices, but they never come  
On thy dull ears in a rich flood of music.

BORNWULF.

Why I behold skies, mountains, rocks, and trees,  
And what canst thou see more ? I hear the streams  
Which keep a constant brawling ; hear the wind,  
That blustering bully, and the noisy birds  
Whistling, I ween, for breakfast, like a herd  
Of tame hogs squeaking round their feeder when  
Their wonted meal is due. I know not which  
Is the most pleasing sound, the swine or birds ;  
But this I know,—my ears are quick as thine,  
Nor is my sight more dim.

GODWIN—(*not heeding him.*)

O, how my soul  
Aspires to win renown in arms ; to mix  
In council and in camp with warrior Thanés ;  
To be the leader of a gallant host ;

To hear the shout of armies as I come  
Victorious from the field, and then to shine  
Amid the courtly throng ; to have my deeds  
Sung to the sweet-toned harp of scald, and be  
Companion meet for kings !

BORNWULF.

I long have thought  
Thy shallow wits were ebbing fast away,  
And certain is it now they've left thee dry  
As any brook in summer. Blessed Mary !  
Companion to a king ! Companion thou  
Art to thy father's hogs amid these woods,—  
A fitting school in which to learn the airs  
And manners of a court.

GODWIN.

Fool ! hold thy peace.  
True dignity and noble bearing are,  
Like passions, born with him whom genius crowns.  
Kings may bestow high titles, but can give  
Nor virtue nor desert : he who hath these,  
Is far more noble than the proudest chief  
Whose only honours are the alms of princes.  
Far off I can discern that land of promise,  
Where I would dwell with Fame. The sun is on  
Its golden shores and emerald bowers of light ;  
But a wild stormy sea between us lies,  
Impassable to me. Yet better far  
To bravely breast the surges, though I perish,  
Than on this desert strand to sit me down,  
Despairing like a coward.

BORNWULF.

Thy good father  
Would wax right wrathful, if he heard thee talk

So like a brainless ninny. 'Tis not I  
That am the fool. No, no ; let wise men judge  
If from my lips such mad words ever fell.

GODWIN.

My father ? He, kind easy man, lives on  
Contented with his cottage-home and farm,  
The master of a few poor flocks and herds,  
And stupid slaves like thee : he never dreamt  
Of those gay scenes that shed the golden light  
Of fairy-land round rank and lordly power :  
He never felt the unsatisfied desire  
Great and renowned to live,—to win a name  
Eternal in the annals of his country.

He is content

To live as his fore-fathers lived, to breathe  
Awhile in simple ease, and then descend  
To mingle with their dust in dark oblivion :  
He looks on greatness and its witching pomp  
As listless as the evening wolf regards  
The queen of heaven, when on her forehead shine  
The thickly gathered sunbeams.—I would be  
That savage wolf and nightly howl for food,  
Rather than live a life so meanly worthless.

BORNWULF.

Bless me ! a wolf ? And why may he not lead  
A life to him as happy as a Thane  
With all his wealth enjoys ?

GODWIN.

Dull-minded carl !

O, there is one, one only path for me.—  
Through fields of war that track will I pursue,  
And live with glory, or with honour die.  
Yes, great I shall be ! for I met the witch,



The dreaded witch of Thorswold glen, what time,  
Last night, the golden star of eve arose.

BORNWULF.

Sweet saints protect us! Ay, 'tis she that hath  
Bewitched thee thus.—'Thou'rt labouring now, I see,  
Under some powerful spell. I'll put two straws  
To-night across the threshold. (1)

GODWIN.

Once in thy life  
Thou, beetle-headed sage! hast wisely spoken.  
I am indeed beneath a potent spell,  
The spell of future greatness.—“Hail, brave Earl!  
For such thou shalt be,” cried the prophetess:  
“Thrice hail, thou father of a mighty king!  
Who born to conquer, yet subdued will fall.  
A queen shall be thy daughter, England's queen,  
A virgin queen, yet wedded to a king!  
More seek not thou to know.” Mysterious words! (2)

BORNWULF.

Mad! raving mad! Well, I'll go seek the hogs,  
Whose heads have wiser notions far than thine.  
There is some sense in them, but none in thee. [*Exit.*

GODWIN.

There have been many, with proud deeds emblazed  
In fame's bright chronicles, who wisely caught  
The fair advantage of the times on which  
Their fortune cast them; but who still had trudged  
Through life's dull pilgrimage in peace, and found  
A mean unlaurelled grave, had not stern war  
And stormy faction, like a swelling flood,  
To glory onward borne them. These are days  
To call *me* into action; action will beget,  
If bravely carried, fame,—and fame bring honours,

Degree above degree, till I have won  
As great a name as ever graced an age.

*Enter Ulfmando.*

ULFMANDO.

Lost in the mazes of this forest——Ha,  
A youth!—of goodly aspect, too. I will accost him,  
Although a Saxon by the garb he wears.

GODWIN.

A warrior, and a Dane!

ULFMANDO.

Even so, young man.  
In yesterday's great battle I pursued  
A remnant of the Saxon host, who fled  
For safety to these woods; but when I turned  
To join the army of the Danish king,  
I sought retreat in vain, and through the night  
Have this wolf-haunted desert hopeless roamed  
Of succour or escape.

GODWIN.

Thou art beset  
On every side with perils.

ULFMANDO.

But if thou  
Wilt be my guide to where the Danish fleet  
Lies off the southern coast, or to the camp  
Of King Canute, thou shalt be well repaid  
For such kind service.

GODWIN.

O, the way is long  
Through these inhospitable shades, to where  
Thy fleet lies near the shores of Withgar's isle.  
The rustic dwellers of this forest land

Thy nation loathe ; and well is known the fate  
Of yesterday's most bloody battle, fought  
On the red fields of Skorstein. If the serfs  
Meet thee, or any of the Danish host,  
They will no mercy show ; nor would he find  
A milder doom, were it once told who gave  
Assistance to their foeman.

ULFMANDO.

Can I doubt  
That honour dwells within a form so noble ?  
Or think thou wouldst betray a foe who claims  
Thy generous pity in the hour of need ?  
Then take this ring, this purse with oras filled ;  
They shall be freely thine, if thou wilt guide  
My steps in safety to the Danish host.

GODWIN—(*after looking at the ring.*)

It is a tempting prize : and some there are  
Who bravely would protect—ay, and betray,  
For such a gift, a foeman or a friend.  
Receive, lord Dane, again thy proffered wealth.  
Scorn fall on him who takes a bribe to act  
Deeds of sweet charity ! In my poor thoughts,  
More noble 'tis to save a suppliant foe,  
Than e'en the sternest in the field to quell.  
Come to my father's cottage ; thou shalt there  
Find food and shelter. When the shades of night  
Fall on these woods, I will conduct thee hence ;  
And should we safely reach thy friends and home,  
Reward me as thou wilt. O, how I love,  
Till all my spirit seems on fire, to gaze  
Thus on the warrior clad in gleaming arms !  
Shall such bright plumes o'er my young brows e'er wave ?  
Such mail encase these limbs ?

ULFMANDO.

To me thou seem'st,  
 Like the strong eaglet, born to soar above  
 Thy forest eyrie, and a spirit shines  
 In thy dark eye with most prophetic beams  
 Of gallant daring; gentle is thy phrase,  
 And from thy tongue flows native eloquence  
 Might shame our courtly chiefs. My forest-boy,  
 I cannot choose, but trust thee fearlessly.

GODWIN.

And I would rather die, than thou shouldst find  
 Cause to repent thy trusting.

ULFMANDO.

Forward, then.  
 Thou shalt be held in honour by the king.

GODWIN.

Propitious Heaven! the day is come at last,  
 That gives me earnest of those dreams which haunt  
 The slumbers of my couch. Farewell ye woods  
 And gloomy shades, and ye wild birds farewell!  
 I shall your simple minstrelsy exchange  
 For courtly harp and war-proclaiming trump.  
 Farewell ye flocks and herds, a long farewell  
 To my poor father's home!—The world, the bright,  
 The blissful, stirring world, is now before me,  
 For which so oft I on these primrose banks  
 Have sat me down in bitter spite and wept.  
 Speed to the ocean, thou slow-toiling sun!  
 I, at thy setting, like the young moon, shall  
 Begin to rise in glory.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter Edith.*

EDITH.

The woods are fragrant with the breath of flowers,  
And full of pleasant sounds. Who would not live  
With the meek fawn these mossy glades to tread,  
Where the sweet violet and the cowslip dwell?  
Fair daughters of the sun, ye lift your heads  
To meet the first warm kisses of your sire,  
As children, after a long absence, greet  
Their father's glad return. But where stays Godwin,  
That idle youth, who dreams of courts and kings?  
Bright is the morn, but I confess his smiles  
Would make it still more lovely. O, to me  
These ancient woods are happier far than halls  
Of regal state, for there——

*Enter Godwin.*

GODWIN.

My Edith! ay,  
My own dear Edith!

EDITH.

What, romantic youth,  
Still walking in thy sleep!—for I perceive,  
Thou listless dreamer, by thy merry looks  
Thy thoughts are in some brilliant vision wrapt  
Of things that shine, but fade. In thy lone walks  
Amid this haunted forest, dost thou not  
Meet and commune with elves and fairy maids,  
And beautiful spirits of the groves and streams,  
Who tempt thee with strange love, and o'er thy mind

Their bright enchantments of delusion shed ?  
I shall be jealous soon.—The saints amend thee !

GODWIN.

I in this forest no communion hold  
With any spirit half so heavenly fair  
As thou, my Edith, art. The queen of elves  
Looks not so lovely in her moonlit pomp  
As thou dost, with those wild flowers in thy locks,  
When on me fondly smiling.

EDITH.

Art thou not,  
Dear Godwin, dreaming now ?

GODWIN.

No, 'tis reality, and real all  
Those dreams of greatness, mocked by thee so oft ;  
For I am hither come to bid farewell  
To Edith and these gloomy solitudes,  
For camps and splendid courts.

EDITH.

Farewell, saidst thou ?  
And wilt thou leave thy Edith, and these shades  
Where all is peace, and melody, and love,  
For palace-halls in which grim Envy dwells,  
And Murder lurks to dye his knife in blood ?  
Leave these green bowers, steeped in the glittering hues  
Of summer suns, where breathes the violet air  
In all its early freshness, and the voice  
Of the love-speaking turtle still is heard ?  
Wilt thou leave these for noisy midnight camps,  
For battle-fields, for danger, wounds, and death ?

GODWIN.

Ay, will I, girl, and triumph in th' exchange.  
I hate these woodland scenes of idle dulness,

Where men grow cowards, and low ignorance lies  
Basking upon a dunghill like the swine.

EDITH.

And canst thou leave thy Edith, too, for aye ?  
Leave her alone with solitude and grief ?  
Sad will these woods be when thou art away.  
To me the flowers will fade, the birds forget  
Their merry carols. I shall heed no more  
The gentle voice of spring, nor wander here  
To list the nightingale at moonlight hour ;  
For busy memory would recall the past,  
Till my lone heart were broken.

GODWIN.

Leave thee, my dearest Edith, and for ever ?  
Am I a thing so barren of all truth ?  
Ill thrive my hopes, may honour cast me off,  
And shame and scorn pursue me through the world,  
If this fond heart to Edith e'er prove false !  
When I the warrior's laurel-wreath have won,  
To thee I'll come, but not in peasant weeds.  
No ; in a chieftain's splendid arms I'll shine,  
And thou shalt be a gallant soldier's bride.

EDITH.

Love is a gentle spirit, soft and bright  
As moonbeams slumbering on the quiet waters :  
Her home is like the dove's, concealed beneath  
The fragrant blossoms and the leaves of peace.  
With proud Ambition she can never dwell :  
He steeps his hand in blood, and offers Love  
A sacrifice to power. Greatness is like  
The swelling mountain, which in barren pride  
Its cloud-veiled summit lifts to meet the skies :  
The torrent's roar is heard amid its rocks,

Whose rugged brows the thunder deeply scars :  
 But humble worth, like the low valley, lies  
 Sheltered from storms, with silent streams made glad,  
 And rich in virtue's roseate fruits and flowers.

GODWIN.

What ! shall I dwell in these inglorious shades  
 A forester, a swineherd all my life,  
 And perish on the spot which gave me birth ?  
 Be like the stagnant pool amid the forest,  
 Which rotting weeds o'ermantle, and the toad  
 And tadpole make their home ? No ; let *my* course  
 Be like the mountain cataract in its strength,  
 With strife still onward dashing, which no rocks  
 Can bar or hinder ; while my fame shines out,  
 As gleams that torrent's rainbow to the sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Cottage of Wulfnoth.*

*Enter Wulfnoth and Godwin.*

WULFNOTH.

So, thou wilt leave me, Godwin ?

GODWIN.

Ay, my soul

Is wearied with these dull unchanging scenes.

WULFNOTH.

And leave poor Edith, too, thou truant boy,  
 To follow this lone stranger, this dark chief  
 Of Danish blood ? to follow the wild bent  
 Of thy determined will, the beckoning forms  
 And airy visions of thy heated brain,  
 Distempered with ambition ?

GODWIN.

Didst thou know,  
 My much-loved father, how my life has past



Amid the dreamy shadows of these woods  
In shaping out the visions of that world,  
A land to me unknown, which lies beyond  
The borders of this desert ; how I've formed  
Proud palaces and halls, like those which eve  
Lights up with sunset splendour in the heavens,  
And peopled them with kings and mail-clad chiefs,  
Whose names are held in honour ; how I've watched  
The flame-winged shapes which thronged the midnight  
skies,

When o'er the blood-red clouds came forth in arms  
The chivalry of heaven ;—  
How, as they flashing mixt in battle-strife,  
I called them Danes and Saxons, and, when fled  
The vanquished host with riven shield and helm,  
Shouted, till all the startled woods replied  
From their deep solitudes ;—ah ! didst thou know  
How then I flung me on the dewy turf  
And wept at my low state, burning to mix  
In scenes on earth like those bright scenes in heaven,  
Thou wouldst not marvel that from hence I go  
To seek a warrior's name.

## WULFNOTH.

Alas ! my son,  
Thy wild imaginings of pomp and power  
Are all unlike their dark reality.  
Thou dost remind me of the sea-boy who,  
Far on the northern ocean's gleamy verge,  
City, and battlement, and tower beholds,  
With verdant fields and mountains forest-crowned ;  
But when his vessel nighs that magic clime  
Where human foot ne'er trod, nought finds he there  
Save freezing iceberg, naked rock, and surge.

GODWIN.

But fame endureth in its endless course,  
Unchanging as the everlasting sun.

WULFNOTH.

Fame ! what is fame ? A passing meteor blaze,  
That one brief moment shines,—the next, is nothing.  
What numbers, once by deeds of glory fired  
With the vain hope of ever-living fame,  
In dark forgetfulness have ages slept,  
From which no trump can call them to remembrance !  
Where are the brazen statues, pillars, towers,  
The marble tombs that immortality  
Promised to those whose names they registered ?  
Dashed, with their founders, by oblivion's wing  
'To undistinguished dust !

GODWIN.

Most true: but when I've bravely shaken off  
This forest sloth, which heavily doth hang  
On all my energies, like a black cloud  
Hiding the sunshine from the mountain's brow,  
I'll win such martial glory as shall live  
Till the proud annals of my country die.

WULFNOTH.

High-aiming youth, think of the cost, if won ;  
And when obtained, how worthless for thy pains !  
Thou'lt find, my son, the unfaithful court a place  
Where traitors thrive, and fawning knaves are cherished ;  
Where merit, if found poor, no friends can win,  
While wealthy fools are worshipped ; where thy tongue  
Must flatter bloated pride, thy knee bend low  
To gold-clad baseness ; and where Envy waits  
To thrust thee back at every step thou climb'st  
In thy aspiring aims.

GODWIN.

O, I was born  
To wrestle with opposers. What if fame,  
Hereafter fame, be nothing but a sound,  
Yet living honour is a glorious thing.  
Splendour, and power, and wealth are in her train,  
And he who would to her gay smiles prefer  
Pale poverty, is at the best an ass,  
And merits all the burdens which the hag  
Lays on his lank and bony back to bear.

WULFNOTH.

Alas! with thy ambitious hopes to strive  
Is bootless all. But hear me, ere we part,  
And I'll a tale unfold shall stir thy wonder.  
I have not ever been what now I am:  
There was a time when all which thou dost feel  
Came o'er my soul in dreams as bright as thine,  
And faded, as I fear me thine will fade,  
In darkness and in storms.

GODWIN.

Proceed, dear father.

WULFNOTH.

Learn, then, that I Duke Edric's brother am,  
That prince of traitors, that perfidious wretch,  
Amid the darkness of whose demon heart  
There never came one brief redeeming ray  
Of mercy, truth, or honour.

GODWIN.

Saints of heaven!

Art thou the brother of a Duke? (3)

WULFNOTH.

Even so.

An humble peasant was our sire, who lived

As I do now, and died in low content,  
 As I would die. But we aspired to shine  
 In camps and courts, and soon in favour rose  
 With the mind-changing Ethelred, till both  
 Chieftains of power became. Faithful I stood  
 To my loved country, which on me drew down  
 My brother's envy and spiteful hate.  
 Of treason by his fiend-like arts accused,  
 And doomed unheard by Ethelred to death,  
 I fled with some few gallant ships, and roamed  
 A sea-king o'er the deep. But vain my flight  
 From Edric's vengeance, whose strong fleet pursued me.  
 A tempest rose as we prepared for battle,  
 Which wrecked our vessels on the southern coast.  
 One poor revenge was mine,—I burnt the ships  
 Of my fell persecutor: then, dismissing  
 Those faithful followers who survived the storm,  
 Sought safety in these woods; where I became  
 A tiller of the field, and here have found  
 That peace at last, which courts and kings denied.

GODWIN.

O, may I meet this Duke, when I shall reach  
 The Danish court——

WULFNOTH.

Beware of him, I charge thee;  
 He hath the serpent's craft, the adder's fang,  
 The tiger's thirst for blood: with these, a tongue  
 That would beguile an angel. Claim thou not  
 Kindred with him, or soon will he destroy thee.

GODWIN.

I'd rather own myself of wolfish blood,  
 Than claim him for a kinsman.

WULFNOTH.

Dear-loved boy,  
Whate'er betide, let virtue still be thine.  
Scorn all dishonest means to make thee great ;  
Be modest, but not servile, and should fortune  
Crown thy deserts, thine honours wear with meekness,—  
'Twill lend them tenfold lustre. Now, farewell !  
Perchance, my Godwin, 'tis a last farewell !  
I, who may never more that face behold,  
Can not restrain these parting tears, which fall  
In sorrow on thy bosom. When far hence,  
Forget not thou my counsel ; nor forget,  
In joy or woe, thy sad and lonely sire.  
Whate'er befall, here shalt thou find a home,  
And, till I in the cold grave lay me down,  
A father's arms to welcome thy return.  
Never shall I at night my pillow press  
Without a prayer for thee. Farewell, my son !  
God and good angels bless thee !

GODWIN.

Do not weep.  
I shall return to thine embrace again  
With glory on my brow, and joy shall crown  
Our happy meeting. Fare thee well, my father.

[Exit.

WULFNOTH.

Gone ! gone art thou to me for ever, Godwin !  
The sun is set that gave me light and joy !  
Life's feeble twilight now is nothing worth,  
And night with double-darkness hastens on.  
Yet gentle Edith stays.—Alas ! she too  
Must quickly bid a long, a last farewell  
To me and my poor dwelling. Then shall I

Of both my children be bereaved, and left  
 Disconsolate indeed! Selfish and base  
 It were to keep her here.

*Enter Edith.*

EDITH.

O, my preserver,  
 I came with thee to weep; but I behold  
 Thy grey hairs bowed with sorrow to the dust:  
 Then let me haste mine own dim eyes to dry,  
 And bind with filial love thy broken heart.  
 Godwin hath left us,—ay, for stranger halls  
 And dreams of idle pomp; but thy poor Edith  
 Will never leave thee. Still at early morn,  
 And when the shadows of the evening fall,  
 I will be nigh to aid and cheer thine age;  
 In health and sickness shall my prayers ascend,  
 That Heaven may give thee comfort.

WULFNOTH.

Ah, my child,  
 Thou too must leave me,—yes, for ever leave me!  
 The time is come that we must part, and thou  
 This humble cot, these savage deserts quit,  
 For courts and regal halls.

EDITH.

Ha! name them not;  
 They to my mind a thousand horrors bring  
 Of massacre and blood! O, they recall  
 That dreadful night, in which the Danes were slain  
 Throughout the kingdom. Then was my loved sire,  
 Although an English Earl, stabbed by those fiends  
 Who, drunk with fury, rushed amid our halls.  
 Thou know'st—too well, how, struggling with a host

'To save my wretched mother's life, he sank  
 Mangled and gashed, sank at her feet and died !  
 I heard that mother's wild distracted cries,  
 As on the marble floor the Saxon foe  
 Dashed out my brothers' brains ! O God ! I felt  
 Her last, her agonized embrace, as thou,  
 By pity urged, didst fold me in thine arms,  
 And from th' assassins' fiercely-gleaming swords  
 Bear me in safety, far beyond the gates  
 Of Dunmarn's blood-drenched palace : nor canst thou  
 The close of that terrific scene forget,  
 When the ferocious Duke of Mercia dragged  
 My frantic mother to the fatal block,—  
 A princess born of Denmark's royal line,  
 On whose fair brows the font's ethereal dews  
 Had been devoutly sprinkled.

WULFNOTH.

'Twas a night  
 That filled the land with wailing ! Dreadful since  
 Hath been the retribution of just Heaven  
 For that foul deed, by hated Edric planned,  
 Who friend nor foeman spares.

EDITH.

Child as I was,  
 That night hath images of horror stamped  
 For ever on my brain ! Oft, in my dreams,  
 I stand amid those gory halls of death,  
 Where on me wildly glare fierce fiendish eyes,  
 And flash the knives of slaughter, till with shrieks  
 I break my troubled slumbers. Oft I see  
 My mother's spirit bending o'er my couch,  
 All palely beautiful in light, and hear  
 Her mournful voice soft on the evening winds,

That from the forest to my window come.  
O, then no more talk thou to me of courts,  
For I will make these woods my home for ever.

WULFNOTH.

Thou, Edith, art the daughter of Gunhilda,  
Who was the sister of Canute's brave sire :  
Meet therefore 'tis thy beauty find that state  
So justly to thy noble birthright due,  
And shine, protected by a sovereign's power,  
The ornament of courts. I have concealed  
From Godwin thy descent, lest, knowing well  
His lofty thoughts, he might aspire to win  
Thee for his bride, and make thy princely claims  
The steps to his ambition.

EDITH.

So have I,  
Lest it should place me at too great a distance,  
And on the blossoms of his tender hopes,  
Like winter's lagging frost on early flowers,  
Fall blightingly. Ah, pray forgive—in sooth  
We love each other dearly, very dearly.

WULFNOTH.

Then doubly needful is it thou shouldst leave  
My poor protection,—that so rich a flower  
Should be transplanted from this desert soil,  
To bloom beneath the sunshine and the care  
Of kindred royalty.

EDITH.

Ah ! to be crushed  
With every bud of hope by those fierce storms  
That beat on dangerous greatness. Dear, my father,  
For such art thou to Edith, let me still  
Dwell here with thee, till Godwin shall again



Return to cheer us. Think, O think how sad,  
How lonely thou wilt be, when we are both  
Gone from thee far away. Then banish not  
Thy fearful Edith; cast not her, whom thou  
Didst from the tempest and the ocean save,  
On the wild surge again.

WULFNOTH.

My dearest child,  
The lofty rock which I would place thee on  
No future storms can shake, for half the realm  
Thy royal cousin by his sword hath won.  
In justice to thyself I send thee hence,  
And well, for thy sake, is my heart content  
To endure the heavy sorrow it must feel  
When thou departest from me. Some trusty slaves  
Will safely guard thee to the Danish court,  
And ample proofs have I, which shall convince  
Canute of thy descent.—These bear thou with thee.

EDITH.

Whose voice shall soothe thee when I go from hence?  
Who tend thy couch, should sickness thee befall,  
Or meet thy wishes with that tender care  
Thy Edith would have shown? O, I shall weep  
Amid the pomp of crowded courts, to think  
On my loved father's loneliness and age.—  
I cannot, will not leave thee.

WULFNOTH.

Be content.

I am resolved, and to my lot resigned.

EDITH.

If go I must, one joy will yet be mine:  
I shall behold my Godwin, and in him  
Is centred every blessing earth can yield.

He will act bravely, and make honour proud  
To wait upon him. I, by simple art,  
Will prove if Love can stern Ambition quell,  
And to his bridal car, in flowery bands,  
That lion-passion yoke. If not, adieu  
To kingly halls. I know my humble course :  
Greatness and I shall never meet again.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Grove near the Palace of Canute.*

*Enter Elgitha and Waldimar.*

ELGITHA.

STILL so desponding, gentle Waldimar?  
Would I had power to win from thee a smile,  
To soothe thy wayward spirit into peace,  
And o'er thee fling the sunny beams of joy.

WALDIMAR.

No gleam of joy o'er my dark morn of life  
Hath ever dawned, no friend have I e'er known,  
Or heard the soothing tones of Pity's voice:  
I may conceive, though I have never felt,  
How sweet such blessings are. But not for me  
Is earthly fellowship of mortal man.  
I must commune——

[*A pause.*]

ELGITHA.

With whom? Tell me, I pray.  
Dreams Waldimar that in his lofty moods  
With bodiless spirits, forms of fire and air,  
He holds communion?

WALDIMAR.

Spirits? ay, with gods!!  
Awful, terrific forms, that make my brain  
Seem like the river's dark and eddying whirlpool.  
Speak not of spirits.—O, there is no heart,  
No kindly heart that for my misery feels;

For none may know its deep and secret cause.—  
Speed on the dreadful hour that gives me peace !

ELGITHA.

Thou art, I fear, possessed : some evil spell  
Of wizard-craft is on thee. Let me, then,  
The blessed Cross upon thy forehead sign,  
And drive the foul fiend from thee.

WALDIMAR.

Not for worlds !

I should be torn in fragments, and my limbs  
Hurled on the struggling winds ! The mystic name,  
Dreadful ! ineffable ! the name that makes  
Heaven's everlasting pillars trembling bow ;  
His name whose attributes I know not,—yea,  
Nor where He dwells, but whom I yet shall meet,  
Is on my forehead, and it must not be  
Effaced till Death's pale hand shall wash it thence,  
In Ister's sacred wave. (4)

ELGITHA.

Mysterious man,  
Wouldst thou become a Christian, and receive  
The font's baptismal rites, the peace of Heaven  
Would through the storm upon thy soul descend,  
And with its sunny glimpses make thee glad.  
Turn not away in moody wildness thus :  
In sooth, my friendship merits thy good-will.

WALDIMAR.

O, thou art kind and gentle, and thy voice  
Comes o'er my spirit, like sweet music heard  
Amid a lonely desert ; but for me  
Thy pity flows in vain, like a pure stream  
Lost in that sun-smote desert's burning sands.

ELGITHA.

Turn from thyself, and look abroad on nature :  
Peruse her volume of delightful records,  
Unfolding to the eye an endless change  
Of beauties ever new.

WALDIMAR.

It may not be.

ELGITHA.

Indeed it may, if thou wilt be advised.  
Look on the morn,  
When, showering roses bathed in dew, she comes  
O'er yonder azure mountains, and uplifts  
The veil of night 'neath which the dim earth slept,  
That laughs with joy, like a light-hearted child  
When by his mother found where he had lain  
Concealed in wanton play. Then every grove  
And every vale is full of life and music ;  
While o'er the corn that bends its wealthy ears  
To the soft salutation of the winds,  
The lark, amid the gorgeous-coloured clouds,  
Her merry carol sings. O, these are sights  
And sounds, my gentle Waldimar, might win  
Thy heart to peace and joy.

WALDIMAR.

Thou talk'st in vain.

ELGITHA.

Then let the sober night attract thy gaze :  
She in her loneliest hours hath melodies  
Sweeter than day can boast ; and glory, too,  
Glory that shines unperishingly bright,  
Excelling all the pomp of courts and kings.  
What, though I talk in vain, if thou wouldst cast  
Thine eye upon the moon, that vestal queen,

When she doth glass her beauty in the sun,  
 And bind her brows with light; then mark the host  
 Of golden stars, which from the sapphire depths  
 Of heaven come forth to attend her solemn state,  
 Lifting thy heart in prayer to Him who showered  
 Those living splendours o'er eternal space;  
 O, HE would teach thee how to wrestle with  
 The fiend that vexeth thee, and from thy bosom  
 Cast out the evil one.

WALDIMAR.

Alas! there is  
 No beauty in this world for one who waits  
 The doing of the all-nameless fearful deed!  
 The groves are decked in flowers, the heavens are bright  
 With morning dyes, and evening suns go down  
 In crimson pomp; but not for me the flowers  
 Put forth their bloom, or suns arise and set.  
 My thoughts are not of those delightful scenes  
 That bless the years of youth. Yet on me shines,  
 When thou art present, a bright nameless gleam;—  
 It is not joy or hope, for they can find  
 No place in my dark bosom.

ELGITHA.

What hast thou done?

WALDIMAR.

By Radegast! not since I saw the light  
 Have I to any done one evil deed.  
 O, cast not on my innocence a shade  
 Of guilt or crime; or thou, alas! wilt add  
 New anguish to my sufferings.

ELGITHA.

I believe thee,  
 Firmly believe—but—

WALDIMAR.

'Thou canst never know  
The awful secret. When the hour arrives  
That I shall hence depart ne'er to return,  
And soon that hour must come, wilt thou, Elgitha,  
Remember me, and pity my sad doom?

ELGITHA.

Remember thee? ay, and with tears bewail  
Thy unknown destiny. O Waldimar,  
Say, whither goest thou?

WALDIMAR.

Inquire no more.—

A flash darts through my stony heart like lightning.  
Can it be love, or something heavenly? Know I not,  
But well I know I would not lose this feeling,  
This new-born pleasure, to be made a king!  
Sweet stranger-guest, thou in my soul dost shine  
Like a lone star amid the clouds of night,  
And I will keep thee till the destined hour  
Of my departure hence. And now I look  
On thee again, Elgitha, I perceive  
That earth *has* beauty,—beauty e'en for me!  
For thou art of this earth, and thou dost feel  
Compassion for my sorrows. Fare thee well:  
Yet and again I'll see thee ere I go.

ELGITHA.

O, talk not thus——

WALDIMAR.

Thrice beautiful! art thou not some blest vision,  
Sent down to guard me from those sights and sounds  
That oft my reason mar? When thou art nigh,  
No fierce and gloomy shadows round me throng,  
Or formless things of horror; while thine eyes

A tender radiance o'er my darkness shed,  
 Like moonbeams on the wild and stormy sea.  
 The let me, dear Elgitha, gently press  
 My lips to thine, since we so soon must part.  
 I never breathed on lips of woman, save  
 My lady mother's—(*kisses Elgitha.*) Radegast, and all  
 Ye gods above! the joys of heaven are in  
 Thy balmy kiss, and from those lips despair  
 Might pluck eternal rapture! My dark soul  
 Is kindled by a strange and sudden fire,  
 That burns and struggles with the gloom of years,  
 Like flames amid the heart of some full forest!  
 But I must quench it, or on me will rush  
 Madness and demons, hell and all its horrors. [*Exit.*]

ELGITHA.

Alas, that such a noble form should be  
 By frenzy blighted thus! Mystery and fate  
 Hang on him, like a cloud which hides the thunder,  
 Whose secret dwelling may not be approached.  
 Pity and Friendship, ye have also lit  
 In my poor heart a never-dying flame,  
 That will, if he depart, to dust consume me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Palace of Canute.*

*Enter Canute, Zandagast, Turkeetul, Rolf Iric, Earls  
 and Attendants.*

CANUTE.

England, thy nobler provinces are ours,  
 By treaty fixed and ratified with Edmund.

TURKEETUL.

By right of valour all to thee belong,  
 All tribes and kingdoms, pryncedoms, powers, and states



Within the borders of this sea-girt land ;  
 And all, ere long, shall humble homage pay  
 Before thy footstool.

ZANDAGAST.

By the Velibogc, (5)

Our gods of brightness, the base craven Saxons,  
 Of whom a troop will fly before the lance  
 Of one Slavonian soldier, (6) must yield up  
 All England to thy power. The eagle dwells  
 In solitude on her storm-shaken rock,  
 Claiming the full dominion of the skies :  
 The lion reigns alone, and scorns to share  
 The desert with the wolf.

CANUTE.

Brave Zandagast,

Renowned Slavonian captain of my guards,  
 I would not have thee swear by heathen gods.  
 Thou must forget the customs of the Wends,  
 Thy native tribes along the Baltic shores,  
 And be a Christian. When, in merry mood,  
 Thou lift'st the wine-cup in the hall of shields,  
 Drink deep to Christ and all the blessed saints : (7)  
 So shall thy high deserts fresh honours win.

ZANDAGAST.

Your gods and saints are then, if I deem right,  
 Boon wassailers, and love the jovial bowl  
 Which I despise, hating the thief that steals  
 All I have worthy from me.

CANUTE.

Speak not thou

So misbeseeingly.

ZANDAGAST.

My lord, the race

From which I sprang, revere, as Christians do,  
 The all-powerful Deity, whose dwelling is  
 The temple of the skies: who frowns,—and light  
 Departeth from the sun: who speaks in wrath,—  
 And thunders roll throughout immensity:  
 Who looks abroad,—and, in his awful glance,  
 Darkness and Night die on their funeral pyre:  
 Who smiles,—and the glad earth and heaven shine out  
 In glory measureless: who speaks in love,—  
 And cloudy mountain, hollow vale, and wood  
 Drink deep of music, with whose viewless spirit  
 Ocean, inspired, doth break forth into song.  
 He delegates the rule of all below  
 To his celestial offspring, as a king <sup>(8)</sup>  
 Sets o'er his provinces inferior chiefs.  
 We to these gods, high councillors of splendour, <sup>(9)</sup>  
 Homage, and vows, and sacrifice perform.  
 Do we not then believe, as thou believ'st,  
 In one true God, the Eternal King of kings?

## CANUTE.

No; for ye worship other gods than one.—  
 My bishop shall instruct thee in these things,  
 For I would have my Danish subjects Christians. <sup>(10)</sup>

## ZANDAGAST.

Not all the Christian priests that own thy power,  
 Shall win me to forsake my fathers' gods:  
 I'll perish first in fire!—(*aside.*) I've yet to learn, <sup>(11)</sup>  
 My royal master, that thy Danish subjects,  
 Who have their war-gods changed, have changed them-  
     selves,  
 Or mended their old manners. Still they fight,  
 Not in defence, but for unbounded power,  
 And the Vikings' bloody craft pursue,

Plundering on sea and land, while fell Revenge  
 Crimsons their knives as deeply as of old.  
 At their proud banquets, night and day they spend  
 In such debauching riot, as exceeds  
 All I in heathendom have yet beheld.  
 Nor are these Saxons, who so long have borne  
 The Christian name, for better deeds approved :  
 But much I marvel pious bishops should  
 Make nobles drunk, to cheat them of their wealth,  
 Whereby t' enrich themselves. (1<sup>2</sup>)

CANUTE.

I must confess  
 Their deeds too oft disgrace the name they bear ;  
 But still the faith is pure, howe'er so ill  
 The practice of its followers.

ZANDAGAST.

Stranger still !  
 A tree so goodly, bitter fruits produce ?  
 A fount so pure, such turbid waters yield ?

*Enter Officer.*

OFFICER.

Duke Edric waits without to see your Grace,  
 And bids me say, he brings important news  
 To be in secret told.

CANUTE.

My Earls, withdraw.

*[Exeunt Chiefs, &c.]*

What tidings hither brings this Mercian Duke ?  
 I know him for a villain ; but while he  
 To my ambition ministers, I must  
 With honours gild his baseness. Kings may love  
 Treason to foes : but hate, and watchful fear,

L

And keen suspicion dog the traitor's heels,  
While o'er his head the sword of justice hangs  
By a frail hair suspended.—But he comes.

*Enter Edric.*

Now, Edric, speak thy message.

EDRIC—(*kneeling.*)

Hail, Canute!

Thrice hail to him who o'er all England reigns!

CANUTE.

Ha! glorious news! But Edmund, what of him?

EDRIC.

He is, my lord, as thou wouldst have him be,—  
A lifeless piece of clay. <sup>(13)</sup>

CANUTE.

Relate, good Edric,

The manner of his death.

EDRIC.

Seek not to know

More than I tell thee.—I beheld his blood  
Red on the trusty blades of those who did  
Their office faithfully. 'The nobles all  
Of Edmund's faction now are turned to thee,  
And every Saxon owns thy sovereign power.

CANUTE.

Then am I king indeed! and on my brows  
The crowns of England and of Denmark rest,  
While Norway soon——Scant shall not, Edric, be  
Thy guerdon for such service. Other deeds  
Must yet be done. Thy axe the royal tree,  
Sprung from the ancient root of Cerdic's line,  
Hath felled to earth; but from it freshly springs  
Some cherished saplings, which, if not destroyed,

May grow to dangerous height. Edward and Edmund,  
Sons of King Ethelred, I have them safe,  
And they must be——

EDRIC.

Might I advise, my lord,  
Those princely youths from England should be sent,  
To some far-distant land. It would be lack  
Of policy and king-craft now, when all  
The Saxons feel inclined to own thy sway  
From love, or fear, or interest, by the death  
Of these fair Æthelings to estrange their hearts,  
And thy strong fabric of dominion, reared  
With so much toil, and with the noblest blood  
Of Englishmen and Danes cemented, shake  
To its deep-laid foundations.—No, my liege,  
Hence on a visit send them.

CANUTE.

Ay, from which,  
My worthy Edric, they may ne'er return.  
It shall be so.—I will to Sweden's King  
Despatch them straight, with secret charge that he  
Rid me for ever of the dangerous brats.

EDRIC.

No fear they will return, to breathe again  
The balmy air of England.

CANUTE.

Call the chiefs,  
That I may each appoint to his command  
O'er the great provinces of my new kingdom.

EDRIC—(*aside.*)

For this my last bold deed, no doubt mankind  
Will on me heap all vile opprobrious terms  
That baseness ever bore. And what reck I,

So that my titles, wealth, and power remain?  
 Censure and praise, brief shadows of an hour,  
 Ay, and hereafter obloquy and fame,  
 Although less fleeting, less substantial far,  
 Are equally my scorn.

[*Exit.*]

CANUTE.

By my war-bracelet ! I protest my heart  
 Goes not with these dark doings ; (14) but my state,  
 My crown, my empire, all compel against  
 My better feelings. As I hope for heaven,  
 Hereafter deeds shall for this blood atone ;  
 And I will to all future ages leave  
 Memorials worthy of immortal Fame,  
 Who o'er them shall her golden sceptre wave,  
 Though the cold atoms which compose this form  
 Sleep where no mortal knows.

*Enter Zandagast, Edric, Turkeetul, Rolf-Iric, and Earls.*

ZANDAGAST.

My sovereign lord, we thy commands await.

CANUTE.

Chieftains of England and of Denmark, learn  
 That Edmund is no more. His death makes void  
 The contract which divided England's crown,  
 And robbed it of its lustre. On our brows  
 That symbol now in full refulgence shines,  
 And we will wear it bravely. Gentle Earls,  
 To each, as doth his several merit claim,  
 We give high rule and power subordinate  
 O'er England's provinces. Thou, Edric, still  
 Shalt be the Duke of Mercia ; thou, Turkeetul,  
 East-Anglia govern ; and Northumberland,  
 Norwegian Iric of the magic sword,

Be thy domains.—The south ourselves will hold  
In full immediacy.

EDRIC—(*kneeling with the Earls.*)

We all do swear  
Allegiance, as true vassals, to thy throne.

CANUTE.

And now, brave chieftains, as ye tender well  
The weal and happiness of a great people  
Committed to your charge, as ye respect  
My favour and support, as ye would reap  
That proud reward of valour ye have sown  
In the red fields of war, and keep unstained  
Your noble honour, without which a prince  
Is baser than the basest predial slave,  
Let perfect equity to Dane and Saxon  
Guide every action. When ye judgment give,  
Beware the scales of even-handed justice  
Swerve not the turning of a grain of dust  
For love of sordid lucre, friend, or kin,  
Or brief will be your power. Briton and Dane,  
Angle and Saxon, are my subjects all,  
And equally will I their rights maintain :  
So farewell, lords, till we at banquet meet.  
I've counsel, Mercia, for thy private ear.

[*Exeunt Canute and Edric.*]

ZANDAGAST—(*aside.*)

There go two Christians ! One—and well 'tis known—  
A greater miscreant never curst the earth :  
The other—but no matter. Edmund dead !  
I doubt he came most foully by his death.  
That treacherous, base blood-shedder——

ROLF IRIC—(*to Turkeetul.*)

How died Edmund ?  
His death is strangely sudden.

ZANDAGAST.

Ask Duke Edric.

TURKEETUL.

It matters not, Lord of Northumberland,  
 How strange or sudden. From its suddenness  
 We pluck our greatest comfort for his loss,  
 Since by his death we two fair Dukedoms gain.

ZANDAGAST.

Mean selfishness! Is it no matter, when  
 A brave man falls, how by his end he came?  
 The field of glory should *his* death-bed be,  
 His winding-sheet the banner, dipt in blood,  
 Which o'er him waved as he to victory rushed.  
 The poisoned cup, the assassin's hidden steel,  
 Are only meet for cowards.

TURKEETUL.

I, for one,

Have no weak curiosity to hunt  
 Out dangerous secrets. If there aught be wrong,  
 The English faction may, when they have power,  
 Correct what is amiss. But come, my lords,  
 It well behoves us merrily to quaff  
 And feast, with song and harp, from morn to night,  
 From night to morn again, like jovial sons  
 Of conquering Denmark: 'tis an honour due  
 To both our own advancement and the King's.  
 Come, thou wilt join us o'er the wassail bowl,  
 Brave captain?—Nay, for once be social, man.

ZANDAGAST.

That means—come, be a drunkard. Drunkenness  
 Is one of your great Christian virtues: I  
 Have never known a noble deed yet done



In one of its mad moods ; but who may count  
Its dark and evil things ?

TURKEETUL.

O dull of soul !

'Tis only when bright, generous wine inspires  
The heart of man, that all his better powers  
Expand to full perfection. Selfish thoughts  
Are lost in friendship, and life's vexing cares  
Drowned in unmeasured joy. O, such bright hours  
Are worth an age of dull and sober time ;  
Who would not bid them welcome ? Mighty wine !  
Thou canst, like love, make all things lovely seem,  
And add to love itself a tenfold bliss :  
Canst make the very miser dip his hand  
In his close purse, and scatter blessings round him :  
Turn cowardice to valour ; give to silence  
Music and eloquence ; and, like the sun,  
Arouse man's torpid nature into action,  
Warming the wintry sleeper to new life.  
Glorious, but brief, thy summer-time of mirth,  
Too happy long too last ; yet, ere it flies,  
Man feels himself a god !

ZANDAGAST.

Yet this same wine  
His godship soon transforms into a devil.  
And then comes double sight, and double speech,  
With maudlin folly of vain-glorious tongues ;  
Then noisy riot, brawls, and maddening strife,  
And blows and wounds,—till dearest friends become  
The bitterest foes, till murder dyes the cups  
With deeper purple from the gushing veins  
Of the fierce revellers, who to and fro  
Stagger, as if their feet on earthquakes trod ;

Then, of all reason, speech, and motion reft,  
Sink prostrate on the ground, the laugh of fools.  
No grovelling beast, my gallant lord, is half  
So brutish as thy wine-created god.

ROLF IRIC.

Ye both are right ; and where meet your extremes,  
Is found man's brightest joy. It is a flower,  
A sweet enchanted flower, that blooms immortal  
In Odin's paradise, but fades on earth,  
Fades in the very plucking.

ZANDAGAST.

Ay, and turns  
To the most noxious weed, that soon destroys  
The infatuated gatherer.

TURKEETUL.

Be it so,  
I'll not refrain ; for, like all earthly bliss,  
It hath its price, which I pay willingly.  
I know no mortal joy has fewer cares  
To mar its sweetness.

ZANDAGAST.

Yes, sobriety.

TURKEETUL.

Call you sobriety a joy ?

ZANDAGAST.

I do ;  
Which never makes a fool of its possessor,  
Or raises on his honest cheek a blush.  
The joy of wine is but the joy of madness,  
A frenzy, which lets all the passions loose  
To make us slaves and idiots.

TURKEETUL.

'Tis a joy

I doubt thou ne'er hast felt, or hast no taste,  
Brave Zandagast, to feel ; and thus, like men  
Who have not certain passions, thou dost rail  
Loudly at those that have. It is, I deem,  
A brave defect, if a defect it be,  
And well becomes a soldier.

ZANDAGAST.

Ah ! my lord,  
How tenderly man blames his own misdeeds,  
Slight counting them, though deemed by others vile ;  
And still from circumstance, and time, and place  
He gathers fair excuse, till to himself  
He faultless seems, whate'er may be his actions.  
Adieu, my lords, and merry be your revels.

[*Exit.*

TURKEETUL.

A valiant, honourable heathen ; yet  
He scorns a cup, the soldiers blithest cheer.  
Better would he a bishopric become  
Than half the Saxon beadsmen, were his creed  
Of their complexion.

ROLF IRIC.

By my spell-forged sword !  
These bishops are no fools, my lord of Anglia :  
They, as occasion needs, the cross or brand  
Can wield with equal force ; and at the banquet  
No Danish soldier, in his merriest hour,  
Ere lifted wine-cup with a freer hand  
Than these ascetic priests.

TURKEETUL.

Then do they set  
An excellent example. I will choose  
For my confessor one that, like myself,

Permits not the full bowl to go its rounds  
 Unquaffed. Light shall my penance be with him.  
 I never yet knew one that did not love  
 A gay carouse, but was a sullen wight,  
 Morose and proud, with failings dark and many  
 Hid 'neath a veil of owl-like gravity.  
 But we lose time, that should be better spent  
 Than in this idle talk. When morning comes,  
 It still shall find us, Iric, jovial watchers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the House of Zandagast.*

*Enter Ermingild and Waldimar.*

ERMINGILD.

My son, revered and honoured as a god  
 Among our Wendic tribes, why hangs a more  
 Than wonted gloom on that pale brow of thine?  
 And why those deep-drawn sighs?

WALDIMAR.

I wot not, madam,  
 Save 'tis the knowledge that the time draws nigh,  
 When I must bid farewell to all which now  
 Seems bright and beautiful beneath the moon.  
 And yet am I impatient for the hour:  
 The worst to learn, were better than this state  
 Of dark uncertainty and fearful doubt.

ERMINGILD.

Thou know'st, my son——

WALDIMAR.

Ay, know I e'en full well  
 That thou from infancy hast on my mind  
 Deeply impressed my doom. Ere we forsook

Our native land to follow Denmark's King,  
The fatal sign was fixt upon my brow;  
And wheresoe'er I moved, respect and awe  
From the Slavonians met me, as if I  
Were the strange offspring of some fearful god,  
A being nor of earth, or heaven, or hell,  
Till from my very self I shrunk in dread,  
And wished the hour were come.

ERMINGILD.

To-morrow, then,  
At night's dark noon, that destined hour arrives  
When thou, my noble son, shalt be received  
Among the gods—thyself a god! and find  
In brighter worlds, above the strife and coil  
Of human passions, thine eternal home.

WALDIMAR.

Ah! this hath been a dreary world to me,  
In which, from childhood, I have never known  
Kind fellowship, or sympathy, or love:  
If other worlds hereafter I may find,  
Darker they cannot be.

ERMINGILD.

O, thou wilt float  
On the resplendent meteor, and thy steed  
Shall be the rainbow of the summer skies,  
Chasing the shower o'er climes where ever bloom  
Roses of damask hue. Then shalt thou dwell  
In those refulgent palace-halls, that burn  
With sunlit gems, and gold, and diamond fires  
Amid the western heavens at eve-tide hour;  
And in those cloud-isles wander where the groves,  
All blent with ruby dome and gate of pearl,  
Their emerald light o'er flowers immortal shed,

And bathe in crystal waters, breathing music  
Along their golden shores.

WALDIMAR.

And shall I dwell,  
When he, the dread Destroyer, calls me hence,  
In regions such as these ?

ERMINGILD.

Ay, verily ;  
And with the warrior-spirits of the slain  
Companionship and lofty converse hold,  
Where the proud Genii of the northern star  
Spread their pavilion, and where gorgeous pomp  
Illumines earth and heaven. Thy mother oft  
Will from her bower look forth on those bright skies  
Thy form to mark, in glittering mail yclad.

WALDIMAR.

The warrior's guise, his glory, and his sword  
Are not for me. I own this heart hath felt,  
When I have heard the stormy trumpet fling  
Its brazen clamour on the winds, a wish  
That I had been a soldier ; but ere long  
Such thoughts have died amid my bosom's gloom,  
Like sun-gleams on the darkly-rolling sea,  
When swift the storm-cloud comes.

ERMINGILD.

What though, my son,  
No battle-garland decks thy sacred brows,  
Thou wilt become a spirit great in power.  
Oft shall I list to hear thy deep-toned voice  
Amid the cloud-borne thunders, as thou rid'st  
On thy white giant steed, with vesture dipt  
In blood-red glory, while the nations quake  
With sad foreboding fear as they behold

Thy going forth to war. Then wilt thou bless  
Thy mother for her vow, that made thee great  
Among the gods on high.

WALDIMAR.

Ah me, alas !

Your visions, O how different all to mine,  
That still are wildly fearful ! Oft have I  
On the Wenedic sea's surge-smitten shore,  
Shunning and shunned by man, gone forth to meet  
At midnight hour the coming of the tempest.  
There on the rocks I've laid me down to list  
The thunder's voice, the cataract-sounding roar  
Of the mad ocean, mingled with the shrieks  
Of drowning mariner. And then, methought,  
Strange mutterings came between the weary winds  
That sunk o'erspent with rage, while ghastly forms,  
Unlike aught human, glared with eyes of flame  
Upon me through the gloom, and seemed to say—  
“Come, thou devoted one, amid the surge  
Plunge deep at once ; and, freed from this dull clay,  
Be e'en as we are. Our unknown abodes,  
Hid in the elements of flood and fire  
Amid the burning centre of the globe,  
Wait to receive thee, where the earthquake dwells,  
And the red lightning in its naked essence  
Lives with Eternity.” Then did I shriek  
With cold and thrilling horror, for I felt  
The god, whose name is written on my brow,  
Clasp in his giant arms my quivering form :  
His breath came like a furnace seven times heated,  
And o'er me waved his awful-sounding wings,  
That darkened sea and land with tenfold night !

ERMINGILD.

’Twas but the brain-born spectre of some dream.

WALDIMAR.

No, 'twas reality; for laughed so loud  
 The shadowy demon, that the thunder paused  
 To listen, and the wild sea held its peace,  
 Silenced by fear. Ten thousand meteors shook  
 He from his cloud-broad plumes, that swept the heavens,  
 Till ocean, towering cliff, and shore shone out  
 All bright and clear, as though the morn had woke  
 With sudden wonder:—Darkness rose and fled.  
 Then such a form unutterable I saw  
 Above me hovering, that my spirit died  
 With agonizing dread! When I revived,  
 Night stood with me alone.

ERMINGILD.

Ah, my loved child,  
 Such thoughts and visions will be oft with those  
 Who are the called and chosen of the gods.

WALDIMAR.

Nay, gentle mother, am I not devoted  
 To Czerneboch, the Black and Evil One,  
 King of the land of Darkness? <sup>(15)</sup> Or why thus  
 Am I so haunted with strange shapes and things  
 Of hideous aspect, that by mortal tongue  
 May never be revealed.

ERMINGILD.

No, no, sweet boy:  
 It is wild fear that on thy dreamy mind  
 Such dark illusion flings. Ere Zandagast,  
 Thy father, followed Swëin to this isle,  
 He was in battle wounded nigh to death.  
 Then did I vow to SIVA, the CREATOR,  
 PRESERVER, and DESTROYER,—attributes  
 In ONE OMNIPOTENT,—the Lord of lords,



If he thy father's days prolonged, and thou,  
 Unborn, a boy shouldst prove, I would to him  
 Thy life devote; and when revolving suns  
 Brought in their radiant course the destined hour,  
 Thou, to the death-song of our priests, shouldst cast  
 Thyself from Siva's rock amid the waves  
 Of the deep-rolling Ister. <sup>(16)</sup>

WALDIMAR.

Thus have I been,  
 Since first I saw the light of heaven, cut off  
 From those emotions other mortals feel ;  
 And all that is to them on this fair earth  
 Pleasing and bright, have not a charm for me.  
 I stand alone amid a busy world,  
 Unmoved by all its passions, like a rock  
 Barren and shunned, around whose rugged sides  
 The foamy sea-wave breaks, and then retires.  
 Yet, good my mother, ever do I feel,  
 When sweet Elgitha kindly on me smiles,  
 A mournful joy mount to my burning cheek,  
 As steals the crimson rose's lovely hue  
 O'er dying twilight's paleness.

ERMINGILD.

Ah, my son !

Elgitha is a Christian. Thou no more  
 That witching maid must see.

WALDIMAR.

O mother ! mother !

Be not so cruel to thine only child.  
 Since I so soon must pass away, and fade  
 From all remembrance, let me yet behold  
 Her heavenly face till the dark billows close  
 Above my head, and thy chief god receive me.

O, let her star-bright eye shine o'er the eve  
 Of my departure hence, and thy poor boy  
 Shall feel—what his lone heart ne'er felt before—  
 A parting gleam of gladness, cold, yet bright  
 As the last glimpses of the winter sun.

ERMINGILD.

'Tis as I feared. This maid in his dark bosom  
 Hath lit love's flame, which faintly burneth, like  
 A dim lamp in the tomb. O Waldimar !  
 Thou hast not to this Saxon girl betrayed  
 The secret of thy doom ? Canute's fierce wrath—  
 Misery and want—the curses of the gods  
 For broken vows—all, all will on us light,  
 If it be known—prevented——

WALDIMAR.

Fear not, mother ;

The secret I have kept, and will thy vow  
 Most faithfully perform.

*Enter Zandagast.*

ZANDAGAST.

My Waldimar,

My only one, my first-born, could thine arm  
 Wield this good sword, couldst thou to distant years  
 Prolong our warlike line——But to the gods'  
 Superior claim resigned, I yield thee up.  
 Art thou prepared thy mother's solemn oath  
 Manfully to fulfil ? (17)

WALDIMAR.

I am, my father.

ZANDAGAST.

Are all things ready for this awful deed,  
 Which must be done in secret ?

ERMINGILD.

All, my lord.  
 To-morrow, when shall rise May-Evening's star,  
 The sun-rites of the ancient heathen dwellers  
 Who once this isle possessed, will be performed  
 By Saxon Christians. High on cairn, and rock,  
 And mountain-steep will blaze a thousand fires;  
 And round the May-pole, with its flower-sheaves crowned,  
 Maidens and youths will dance in frolic glee, <sup>(18)</sup>  
 Beneath the midnight stars.

ZANDAGAST.

But what have they  
 To do with Waldimar?

ERMINGILD.

Attend my words.  
 Nothing have they; yet through the land will ring  
 Loud joy and merriment, and all the sky  
 Will shine with lights,—an honour meetly due  
 To Waldimar's translation. On that night,  
 As our good priests affirm who with us dwell,  
 The dead will from their graves, where they have lain  
 Unnumbered ages, rise, and flock to meet  
 The mighty gods of air, and flood, and fire,  
 With goblins grim, and dwarfs, and fairy sprites,  
 And giant demons of lone fen and moor,  
 High festival to hold on Vadha's rock,  
 In Rimmon's gloomy woods. <sup>(19)</sup> From distant lands  
 Will gather there those prophet hags, who with  
 The blood of infants newly slain consult  
 The Immortal Ones, and o'er the earth have power  
 To cast the dread enchantment and the spell  
 Which to their will resistless all things bind.  
 Thither our priests shall at the midnight hour

M

Conduct thee, Waldimar; and from that rock,  
Thou to the eddying flood beneath shalt leap,  
And so for aye be blest.

ZANDAGAST.

And must he join  
That wild and fearful throng? I, who would stand  
Unshrinking in the battle-front, and brave  
Singly a host in arms, feel every nerve  
All tremulous to hear thee name this meeting.

WALDIMAR.

I heed not that, for I have ever loved  
The wilderness, lonely and dark, to haunt;  
Where in its solitudes all-nameless things,  
And creatures not of earth, I've oft times met,  
And held communings with them.

ZANDAGAST.

By my sword,  
Thou wouldst have made a soldier, truly, boy,  
A gallant soldier!—but it may not be.  
'Tis well the time is short, for England's King  
Expects that we our ancient faith should change,  
And soon will send his priests to teach us——

ERMINGILD.

What?

ZANDAGAST.

Their mystic creed.

ERMINGILD.

I'll perish ere I'll learn,  
Or worship their strange gods.

ZANDAGAST.

And so will I.  
He who forsakes the faith of his forefathers,  
From fear or interest, is the worst of traitors.

[*Exeunt Zandagast and Ermingild.*]

WALDIMAR.

Would I had never seen thee, dear Elgitha ;  
For tenfold horror now broods on my soul,  
As swiftly comes the time of self-destruction.  
Life ! O for life but one short month t' enjoy  
Love's unknown heaven in my Elgitha's arms !  
Then would those sufferings I've so long endured  
Be more than recompensed.—  
But no—my fate is fixt. Farewell to earth,  
Now in its morn of beauty dawning on me !  
What will the next state be ? Darkness and clouds  
Rest on it ; yet I faintly through the gloom  
Terrific forms discern, and lakes of fire  
Which heave and chafe against a shore that glows  
Like molten iron ; then in deeper night  
Fade, like the last red gleam i' th' dusky sky.  
Let come what will, can I know greater misery ?  
Adieu, Elgitha, thou mild beam of heaven !  
Soon must we part for ever ! Life's weary day  
Of tempest and of gloom is near its close ;  
And to that sun-light I must bid farewell,  
Which from the storms hath broken forth so brightly  
On my last evening hour,—then haste to sink,  
Sink broken-hearted, in eternal night.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace.**Enter Canute and Edric.*

CANUTE.

THE sons of Ethelred are on the deep  
That bears them far away to Swedish shores.  
Their names will in the chronicle of kings  
Be never entered: History shall forget them,  
As though they ne'er had been.—

But think'st thou, Edric,  
That Athelburg will take a faithful charge  
Of Edwin, who too nearly stands beside  
Our English throne? on whom the people look—  
I mean the Saxon rabble—with such love  
And worship that 'tis said he hath acquired  
The ambiguous title of the King of Peasants.

EDRIC.

The sole remaining leaf is that, my lord,  
Of England's regal tree, whose trunk is dry,  
Whose branches all are smitten by the flash  
Of thy death-dealing sword. Soon will the winds  
Of autumn dash that trembling leaf to earth,  
And never shall its parent root put forth  
A summer bud again.

CANUTE.

O, how I feel  
My eagle-spirit burn to soar above

The poor ambition of those northern kings,  
 Whose highest fame is plunder and destruction.  
 I would be great—ay, truly, nobly great !  
 And though my rising be o'ercast and dimmed  
 With lurid clouds of blood, shine forth I shall  
 In all those princely virtues which make kings  
 The representatives of God on earth ;  
 And ere I set, the glory of my reign  
 In blessings shall outspread o'er many nations.

EDRIC—(*aside.*)

This King, with all his power, is but a fool !  
 Make others blest ! Let me be blest myself,  
 And I reck not on whom misfortune lights.  
 He that on man showers benefits, doth cast  
 Seed on a naked rock, or in a soil  
 Where nothing springs but rank ingratitude.

*Enter Ulfmando, and Godwin in a rich habit.*

CANUTE.

Ha ! art thou not the shadow of thyself  
 Risen from the grave, my brother ? Mortal still  
 I feel thou art. A thousand welcomes home !  
 We deemed thee on our day of victory fallen :  
 What caused so long thine absence ?

ULFMANDO.

I was lost,  
 The foe pursuing in dim Selwood's forest ;  
 From whence I had not 'scaped this tale to tell,  
 But for a faithful friend.

CANUTE.

That friend shall find  
 In us a friend ; and if his fortunes need

The fostering hand of power, beneath our smiles  
They shall grow up to greatness.

ULFMANDO.

Good my lord,  
Behold the youth whose worthiness and faith  
Claim lasting gratitude. He will deserve,  
I'll answer with my life, thy royal favour.

CANUTE.

A goodly form,—and on that brow is stamped  
A lofty nobleness, which speaks him born  
To noble deeds. Thou shalt have place, and rank,  
And honours at our court. What is thy name?

GODWIN.

Godwin, my royal lord.

EDRIC—(*aside, and starting.*)

There is the sound  
Of other years in those familiar tones.

CANUTE.

Kneel,—and henceforth be thou Earl Godwin styled.

GODWIN—(*aside.*)

Earl Godwin! Bliss and heaven are in that title.  
O, brave prophetic witch! The rest shall follow.  
A swineherd yesterday, and now an Earl!  
My senses are bewildered. Bold Ambition,  
Aid me this greatness gallantly to bear  
As if to honours born, nor let me pall  
In presence of these proud ones.

CANUTE.

If thou love  
The warrior's high renown, thou shalt ere long  
Means and occasion find, whereby to win  
That glory which shall make our gifts seem poor



As scanty rivers, when they tribute yield  
To the wide and wealthy ocean.

GODWIN.

O, for the glory of a wide renown  
My soul hath thirsted, like the panting hart  
For the cool fountain-wave in desert lands.  
My father was a warrior-chief; but I,  
A wild boy of the forest, lack the skill  
To handle shield and lance; yet let the sword  
Of chivalry be mine, and sound the trump,  
I will do battle for the wreath of fame,  
And bravely fall; or, braver still, redeem  
The pledge which thou hast ventured for my honour  
In thy ennobling gifts.

EDRIC—(*aside.*)

The very echo of my brother's voice!  
His face the image, too,—

ULFMANDO.

'Then since thou hast  
To my deliverer shown such grace, my lord,  
I will, in token of my grateful love,  
'To him my gentle sister give in marriage,  
So your renowned Highness yield consent.

CANUTE.

My leave thou freely hast.

EDRIC—(*aside.*)

All plagues consume him!  
Who is this forest upstart? and from whence  
Doth he, proud peasant, come to blast my sight?  
An earldom, and a bride of princely rank,  
Won in so brief a space by goodly looks  
And vaunting words, that cost him nought save breath!  
He deals with hell and devils! Is he not

That hated brother's son? Ere long will I  
 My dark suspicions or confirm or end:  
 Let them be true or false, no rest for me  
 Till this new favourite of the court I've crushed. [*Exit.*

ULFMANDO.

And wherefore is Earl Godwin thoughtful grown?  
 Comes joy not with thine honours?

GODWIN.

Ha! *Earl* Godwin?

Why dost thou mock me?—Pardon, good my lord,  
 I did forget myself. Earl Godwin! O,  
 Could but my father hear that blissful sound,  
 And gentle Edith,—how their hearts would leap  
 With joy to hail my glory! Ah! sweet maid,  
 Thou of my lofty greatness oft mayst hear,  
 But not behold,—for meet we must no more!  
 My soul is in a whirlwind tossed and torn  
 With fiercely struggling passions. [*Aside.*

ULFMANDO.

Art thou sad

To hear me name my sister for thy spouse?  
 Though she hath beauty, and an ample dower  
 Might claim a princely bridegroom, yet if thou  
 The pledge of my full gratitude decline,  
 Still I must be thy friend.

GODWIN.

Decline, my lord?

Should I refuse and scorn a gift so bright,  
 I were more fit to be a slave, than stand  
 Honoured in Honour's presence. No, my lords,  
 I'll never prove ungrateful. Why, by Heaven,  
 Greatness, which should ennoble, makes me base,  
 Ay, a base lying villain! for to Edith

I must ungrateful, false, and perjured prove,  
 Or blast the golden promise of my hopes.  
 Love and Ambition for the mastery strive,  
 Like seas that meet in thunder. O, I feel  
 Something like madness here !

[*Aside.*

CANUTE.

Go, and behold  
 The fair Celtina. By my shield and bracelet,  
 To see her is to love. We will become  
 A suitor in thy cause, for thou hast saved  
 The husband of our sister, and we count  
 No gift too great for service such as thine.

[*Exeunt Canute and Ulfmando.*

GODWIN.

The die is cast.—Love, thou must yield the throne  
 To thy more powerful rival. Yet will I  
 A brother's tenderness for Edith cherish.  
 Soft ! there's another path, a primrose path  
 For me to tread, that leads to perfect bliss.  
 Edith shall be my mistress. I will have  
 No sighs, or tears, or broken hearts, to mar  
 The joys of rank and grandeur. Thou, Ambition,  
 Shalt seat me high in power, and laughing Love  
 This brow engarland with his brightest roses.  
 I, at one leap, have cleared the wide-stretched gulph  
 Where the dead-sea of dark oblivion rolls ;  
 And now I stand upon a sunlit steep,  
 With Honour by my side. O, how my heart  
 Burned with despite and envy to behold  
 The mighty and the noble,—not from hate  
 To rank and titles, but that I was doomed  
 To be a thing for their contempt or pity.  
 If kind they seemed, the manner of their kindness

To me was bitter insult; when they smiled  
 In condescension, O, I writhed as if  
 A gilded serpent stung me, for I felt  
 My soaring spirit brave and proud as theirs:  
 But when their scorn fell on me, by yon heaven,  
*That* came like molten lead poured on my brain,  
 And I with rage would weep because they stood,  
 Like towering cliffs above the dashing surge,  
 Too high for my revenge. Now I'm their equal:  
 And let them taunt my birth, and they shall find,  
 If I have not the kingly lion's lineage,  
 I have at least his courage.

*Enter* Edric.

EDRIC.

So, brave my springal Earl, thy lucky stars  
 Have lifted thee to courts, where thou hast found  
 In the King's presence favour.

GODWIN.

By St. Brice,  
 Thou speakest somewhat scoffingly, I trow.  
 But let it pass awhile.

EDRIC.

'Twere better thou  
 Shouldst never name that Saint in Danish courts.  
 Reverence for her will mar thy fortunes here.  
 There's counsel for thee. Take it as 'tis given.

GODWIN.

I will,—and that is with no slight contempt.  
 Thou art a courtier; yet I trust the King  
 Hath gifts so rich and many to bestow  
 On whom he lists, that what has fallen on me  
 Can give thy heart no pang.

EDRIC.

My heart a pang?  
Thou know'st me not. Yet may I marvel much  
His gifts should be so great to one so young,  
A stranger to himself and all the pomp  
That waits on high-born nobles.

GODWIN.

This is envy.  
Ay, there was truth in what my father told  
Of courts and palaces—(*aside.*) Is it, my lord,  
So wondrous, then, that princes should feel grateful  
For service done them in their utmost need,  
And due reward bestow?

EDRIC.

Thy words betray  
Thine ignorance of the world. Where wast thou born?

GODWIN.

What's that to thee? It matters little where  
I was brought forth, or who my parents are,  
Since born I am,—born to a lofty state,  
A proud inheritance; and I'll maintain  
With my good sword the honours I have gained,  
Against the mightiest lord that dares insult me.

EDRIC.

If they will condescend so far to grace  
Thy new nobility; if not—

GODWIN.

Why then  
I'll taunt them in the court—ay, in the presence,  
As base unmanly dastards. I will teach  
The vilest slaves to hoot them for rank cowards.  
My *new* nobility! How old is thine?  
And whence comes your patrician birth, of which

Ye vaunt so proudly? Fools! know ye right well  
 The stock from whence your ancient lineage sprang?  
 Did Heaven the earliest founders of your race  
 Create superior beings? No; if back  
 Ye trace your generations, ye shall find  
 There was a time, conceal it as ye may,  
 When your forefathers were of vulgar birth,—  
 Soldiers and robbers, who by battle-craft,  
 By lawless plunder, and dark deeds of blood  
 Won their distinction. And the days will come,  
 When those proud titles ye now wear shall be  
 The birthright of some beggar's distant issue;  
 While your descendants, lost amid the herd  
 Of crouching slaves, toil for their daily bread,  
 Even on the very lands their haughty sires  
 Held in dominion. Though *my* father were  
 The meanest serf that tilled the stubborn glebe,  
 My spirit—and 'tis mind, ay, mind alone  
 Which man exalts above his fellow men—  
 Would be as noble as the proudest chief's  
 Who counts in his long line a thousand Earls!

EDRIC—(*aside.*)

His lofty thoughts confirm my strong suspicions.

GODWIN.

What though the honours which my service won,  
 And honestly, have been but newly sown  
 On a wild uncultured soil, they shall spring up  
 And flourish proudly, yielding in due time  
 A golden harvest of immortal fame.

EDRIC.

Immortal fame on earth? The earth forbids it,  
 For daily she to dissolution tends: <sup>(20)</sup>  
 And when shall come her doom, as soon it must,

Where will be then thine everlasting fame ?  
Delusion of mad fools ! and therefore I  
Laugh such vain hopes to scorn, while all my care  
Is for the enjoyment of that narrow space  
Which man's few days inherit.

GODWIN.

Soulless sage !

Barren of all that's truly great and brave !  
Thy poor nobility hangs on thy back  
In costly trappings. Strip thee of thy robes,  
And the foul beggar is at least thine equal.

EDRIC.

Why, saucy forest-groom, and dost thou know  
Who stands before thee ?

GODWIN.

No, not I ; and care,

By Heaven, as little.

EDRIC.

Thou unmannered serf,

I am the Duke of Mercia.

GODWIN.

Then indeed

I know thee well, and cry thy mercy, Duke,  
For likening thee to a poor scurvy beggar ;  
Yet to the houseless beggar have I done  
By far the greater wrong.—  
For not the basest, bloodiest, ditch-dog thief  
That nightly steals to feed his famished maw,  
And ruthless murders doth for guilty hire,  
Is half so vile as thou art ! On thy head  
Thy country's deep and deadly curses rest :  
They, like eternal fire, shall to thee cling,  
And in thy passion-quivering heart Remorse

Crimson her vulture-beak. Living shalt thou  
Be as the damned; and dead, be living still  
In utter darkness, anguish, and despair!

EDRIC.

Hence, foul-tongued ruffian! herd thee with the wolf  
And forest bear, thy old and meet compeers.  
Thou seed of vipers,  
That crawling from thy slime into the sun  
Of courtly favour, by its warmth art swelled  
To serpent growth; but I, of noble blood,  
Despise thy venom'd fangs.

GODWIN.

Seed of a peasant,  
First-born of forest serfs and lackland slaves,  
Talk'st *thou* of noble blood?  
I know thy birth, thou honourable miscreant!  
By every crime that yet hath found a name  
Hast thou to greatness risen. Thou a Duke?  
A slave! the vilest slave that ever stretched  
His houseless, leprous carcass on a dunghill!  
Go hang thyself! thou art too base to die  
By any brave man's sword. By Heaven, thy blood  
Would e'en disgrace the knife of an assassin.

EDRIC.

What is it makes me to this upstart cower?  
He deals with fiends, and casts enchantment on me.

[*Aside.*]

Know'st thou the law for him who dares defame?

GODWIN.

What reck I of the law, now made an Earl?  
I am above the law, like other courtiers.

EDRIC.

I'll have thy tongue cut out. Such is the law



For false and slanderous railers. <sup>(21)</sup>

GODWIN.

Slander thee?

That were impossible: thy deeds outgo  
The blackest accusations. Gentle Duke,  
The Devil is no match for thee in fame;  
And, spite of thy contempt for man's opinion,  
Disgrace shall with thee dwell throughout all time,  
And on thy grave the curse of ages fall.

EDRIC.

Thy ignorance, like thy malice, moves my laughter.  
Think'st thou the dead man's bones, that rotting lie  
In some time-ruined charnel, weed-o'ergrown,  
Can aught of pleasure, aught of sorrow feel,  
That, for the good or evil he hath done  
A thousand years gone by, earth's crawling worms  
Deem him a saint or fiend?

GODWIN.

Thou surely art  
Some pestilent fiend embodied in that shape,  
Haunting the earth to curse it. Man or fiend,  
I'll wrestle with thee till I drive thee hence.  
Where is thy brother, thou dark homicide?

EDRIC.

Where I will send *thee* shortly,—in deep hell!  
Unless his troubled spirit walk the earth,  
Seeking revenge in thy detested form.

GODWIN.

I am the spirit of revenge, sent forth  
In storm and whirlwind by my injured country;  
And I, ere long, will blood for blood demand,  
And rid the world of thee, its vilest curse! [Exit.

EDRIC.

Whence comes this bold mysterious being?—Pshaw !  
 It is the son of Wulfnoth, whose cold bones  
 Sleep in the sea-caves of the southern coast.  
 Deep hate I know pursues me for my deeds ;  
 Nor from them can I gather self-respect,  
 Or days of joy, or nights of sweet repose.  
 Yet power is mine, and I from that do pluck  
 A balm for every wound, a richer wreath  
 Than a good name bestows,—the pride of fools.  
 And must I crouch,  
 When flourish green and proudly all my honours,  
 Crouch to this slave? Eternal shame were mine  
 If I in combat met him, for he wears  
 The spells of sorcery, and hath to the Devil  
 Bartered his soul for wealth and rank. The court  
 Long cannot hold us both. Must I give place  
 And power to him? Fury and plagues ! If gold  
 Can purchase steel or poison, he shall find,  
 So generous am I, that my purse for him  
 Whom most I hate, the noblest largess yields. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.**Enter Edith and Evora.*

EVORA.

O, this is glorious ! Who would wish to live  
 In Selwood's lonesome forest ?

EDITH.

Sooner far  
 I in its happy solitudes would dwell,  
 Than in these noisy halls of wine and riot.

EVORA.

O, patience bless me ! our companions there  
Were chattering pies, and cawing rooks, and wolves,  
And shag-browed clowns, from whose lips never dropped  
A well-turned compliment to female beauty.  
Here, even the knaves are dressed and talk like lords,  
Are so polite, so witty, and so gay,  
Yea, all a damsel loves. O, 'tis a heaven  
To live at court ! Thrice-blessed day for me  
When you, dear lady, took me from the woods  
To be your humble handmaid.

EDITH.

Take good heed.  
False-heartedness dwells here too well know I,  
To my deep sorrow. He who flatters most——

EVORA.

Ay, gentle lady, is the greatest rogue.  
But though their courtly phrase—the truth to tell—  
Is sweet as honey, yet be sure that I  
Will take right caution of the envenomed sting  
That lurks beneath.—But why in these vile weeds ?  
Are you not born a princess ? And the king,  
Has he not on you showered his royal favours ?

EDITH.

True—doubting nought which hath been of me told.

EVORA.

And did he not appoint you such high state  
As fits your noble birth ? Were mine the change,  
I would be decked in purple, cloth-of-gold,—  
Ay, be a mass of jewels, every eye  
That looked upon me dazzling ! O, 'tis shame  
To see a princess like a bondmaid clad.

N

EDITH.

Full cause there is——But well know'st thou my love  
 For noble Godwin,—noble now indeed !  
 For he hath rank and titles, pomp and friends,  
 The mightiest in the court. But he, alas !  
 Already his poor forest maiden scorns,  
 Deserts his Edith for some courtly dame,  
 Whose rank and dowry promise large increase  
 Of wealth and honour.

EVORA.

Noble, call you him ?

Out on his nobleness ! a scurvy groom,  
 A serf-born drudge, a poor swine-monger, whom  
*I* scarce had deigned to bless ! O could I see him,  
 I'd lower his proud nobility ; I'd tell him,  
 Though all the court were present——

EDITH.

Peace, Evora,

I must not hear thee speak of Godwin thus.  
 I deemed his truth firm as the eternal hills ;  
 And hope is mine, though round his brow the clouds  
 Of falsehood darkly lour, that honour's sun  
 Will on his loftiness break forth, and make him  
 Bright with its glory, as in days gone by.  
 I would not he should learn my altered state,  
 Till I have proved his heart.

EVORA.

But surely you

Will never see him thus ?

EDITH.

Even as I am.

EVORA.

So would not I. No, by my troth, I first

Would ransack every wardrobe in the palace.  
 I'd load myself with gems, and my full train  
 Should stretch throughout the hall, with twenty slaves  
 In glittering habits to uphold its length.  
 I'd be indeed a princess.

EDITH.

Silly wench,  
 I scorn to win him by the outward show  
 Of gilded pomp. Love, pure and simple love,  
 Without one taint of proud ambition, shall  
 Make him for ever mine, or I to courts  
 Will bid a last farewell.

EVORA.

St. Guthlac aid us !  
 For he approaches, lady. Well-a-day !  
 Plainly do I foresee that rustic garb  
 Will find no grace in his star-gazing eye.  
 A sparkling coronet had conjured up  
 A thousand tender thoughts of past affection.  
 O, that you would but list to my wise counsel ! [*Exit.*]

EDITH.

There is in her simplicity of speech  
 Some truth, I fear. Be still my trembling heart ;  
 The dreaded trial comes. [*Retires.*]

*Enter Godwin—(splendidly dressed.)*

GODWIN.

How changed are all things ! Lowly bow the humble,  
 While proud ones on me smile ; and earth, that seemed  
 A dark and howling wilderness, shines out  
 A paradise of beauty. Yet am I  
 The happier for this change ? No ; still my thirst  
 For splendid greatness is unslaked, as when

I at the foot of this pre-eminence  
 Lay pining in the shade, for mountain towers  
 O'er mountain as I rise. Brief rest for me,  
 Till I have reached that broad and sunny height,  
 On which no shadow falls of loftier things.  
 I now shall climb and sit among the stars  
 That rule the lower world. It is foretold,  
 That from this bridal shall a son be born,  
 Whose brows will wear the imperial crown of England.  
[Observes Edith.]

Death to my state! How, Edith, cam'st thou here?  
 Hast thou already, broken-hearted, died,  
 And comes thy gentle spirit to upbraid?  
 How couldst thou learn, so soon, that I was false?  
 Why didst thou hither come?

EDITH.

How could I stay

In Selwood's lonely shades, where every sound  
 Of tuneful bird, and stream, and hollow wind,  
 And every grove, and rock, and leafy bower  
 Reminded me of Godwin?  
 So desolate was I, so woe-begone,  
 That longer had I tarried in those woods,  
 I should indeed have broken-hearted died.

GODWIN.

Be of good cheer, since we again have met,  
 And thou hast found me all—ay, more than all  
 My wildest hopes imagined.

EDITH.

I have heard

Of thy great sudden fortune, and in that  
 Rejoice to learn thy merits will no more  
 Languish, like sunless flowers, amid the gloom

Of low obscurity. I too have heard—  
For ill news travels with the lightning's speed,—  
Ill news indeed for me ! that thou must wed  
A peerless maiden of exalted birth,  
Fit mate for thy new honours : and, alas !  
These heavy tidings have thy words confirmed.  
O, then what cheer in this sad world for me ?

GODWIN.

The brightest hopes, dear Edith, should be thine.

EDITH.

Cheat me no more with words of tender falsehood,  
But rather chide me roughly from thy sight :  
'Twill aid, perchance, this heart to bear the woes  
That press so heavy on me.

GODWIN.

Chide thee ? No,  
Not for my Earldom, loved one.

EDITH.

O, my lord,  
I must forego all claim to be beloved,  
Or ever more remembered, by Earl Godwin.

GODWIN.

Call me not Lord or Earl, my beautiful ;  
Call me thine own dear Godwin, dear as when  
We blithely wandered through the twilight glades  
Of Selwood's tuneful forest : when to all  
My dreams of future grandeur thou wouldst list,  
Leaning upon this arm, and then look up  
Smiling so sweetly—ay, but doubtingly—

EDITH.

Recall not to my mind those happy hours,  
Fled never to return ! Ah ! pray forgive  
My presence here. 'Tis but once more to gaze,

A few brief moments, on that faithless face :  
 'Tis but once more to hear that voice, which I  
 Shall never hear again : 'tis but to take  
 A last, a sad farewell,—and then return  
 To Selwood's lonely shades, there soon to find  
 An early grave beneath the forest flowers.

GODWIN.

Talk not of dying——

EDITH.

Wherefore should I live ?

Can earth afford one solitary joy  
 To me, a friendless orphan, scorned, forsaken  
 By him in whom my soul had treasured up  
 Her sum of worldly bliss ? O, Godwin, Godwin !  
 Could I have once believed, when we at morn  
 Or evening's golden hour the green woods sought,  
 And, harmonizing with thy voice of love,  
 Their blessed melodies came o'er my heart,  
 Till earth to me seemed an abode for gods,—  
 Could I have then believed that voice of thine  
 Was like the mermaid's, which the sea-boy hears  
 In music wandering o'er the moonlight deep,  
 Prophetic of the storm that soon shall sink  
 His fated barque amid the ocean surge ?

GODWIN—(*aside.*)

If thou, Ambition, listen to her voice,  
 Despite thy struggles shipwrecked wilt thou be,  
 With all thy hopes, on honour's perilous shore.

EDITH.

Yet did my heart forbode, when last we parted,  
 That regal halls and stirring scenes of pomp  
 Would cause thee to forget thy forest-maid.  
 But I forgive thee, though my sad lone heart



For this be sorely shent.  
And freely, Godwin, I confess thou hast  
Beyond thy strength been tempted. Fare thee well!  
A long, a last farewell! When death's cold dews  
Hang on these brows, my quivering lips shall breathe  
A blessing on thee, and a prayer that thou  
Mayst long be happy with thy lady bride,  
And glory with thee dwell.—Forgive these tears:  
Soon shall I cease to weep.

GODWIN.

Come, dry thine eyes,  
Those eyes that through their dewy lashes shine  
Like stars amid the humid mists of eve.  
Ever-beloved, we will not, cannot part.

EDITH.

Wouldst thou deceive me still, when well I know  
The nuptial garlands are prepared, and waits  
Thy bride in costly robes of glittering pomp?  
On to the altar, and for ever leave  
The broken-hearted Edith to her tears.

GODWIN.

No, child of beauty, I will never leave thee.  
This hasty marriage is a state intrigue,  
Not of my seeking, but the King's command:  
And though another bride I'm doomed to wed,  
Thou hast my heart; here shalt thou ever reign,  
While all the wealth and state my fortunes yield,  
In secret on thy beauty shall be lavished.

EDITH.

Heaven's goodness keep me! can I hear aright?  
What do thy words import?

GODWIN.

That thou shalt be

My soul's true bride, and this Ulfmando's sister  
Inherit but the title.

EDITH.

I am indeed

A debtor to thy lordly courtesy,  
Beyond all hope such kindness to repay.  
Why thou dost to o'erflowing fill the measure  
Of thy dark falsehood! Hath the wanton court  
Tainted so soon thy manners? made thee base,  
Yea, doubly base? O, Godwin, Godwin!  
Thou wert to me the bright May-morning sun,  
That made life's rosy flowers of hope and love  
Spring in their freshness forth; but evil clouds  
Have all thy lustre dimmed, and thou art fallen  
From virtue and from truth,—dishonoured, lost  
To all that makes man noble.

GODWIN.

Nay, but Edith——

EDITH.

Thou to thy cruelty hast added insult,  
Deep, bitter insult! Didst thou deem that I,  
Although a cottage-maid of low desert,  
Should be the willing slave of thy desires,  
Thankful for such base service? No, let me  
Become the meanest drudge, an honest beggar  
In tattered garments clad, rather than wear  
The gem-besplangled livery of disgrace!

GODWIN.

Wilt thou not to me list?

EDITH.

No: I have stayed  
Too long to hear thee. Yet be thou assured,

That I will meet thee once again, where thou  
Shalt least expect to find me. Then, despite  
His marriage joys, his titles, and his rank,  
Earl Godwin shall in bitterness repent  
That he insulted, scorned, and set at nought  
The love of Edith, Selwood's forest maid.

[*Exit.*

GODWIN.

And must I lose her thus? I must, or lose  
Wealth, honour, power, and fame.—  
Ambition, thou thy golden cup hast drugged  
With venom'd gall; yet in the draught is found  
Blissful intoxication, and I'll quaff  
Thy potion to the lees, though madness follow.  
This night will I the enchanted forest seek  
Of Rimmon, and consult—I know their haunt—  
The witches of Dunraven's magic glen.  
If they but show what shall be, and let that  
Which must be lead to glory, I will on,  
Nor flinch, though to attain it—

Soft awhile!

If, reckless, I, like an unhelmed barque,  
Before the tempest of ambition drive,  
Still tossed from surge to surge, I shall be dashed  
On passion's shore, heaped with a thousand wrecks,  
And perish timelessly. To know the worst  
That may be, will a warning beacon prove  
To guide me through the storm, and teach me how  
To shun approaching ruin. Ah, poor Edith!  
That light which should have been my constant star,  
Is in the tempest lost,—lost,—lost,—for ever!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the House of Elgitha.**Enter Elgitha and Waldimar.*

ELGITHA.

O, if thou hast the least regard or love  
 For thy Elgitha, tell me—tell me what  
 Mysterious doom awaits thee.

WALDIMAR.

Better thou  
 Shouldst never, never hear of what befalls  
 The ill-starred Waldimar. This joyous night,  
 Gay Summer's festival, the woods will ring <sup>(22)</sup>  
 With harp and timbrel, and the merry shout  
 Of youth and maiden met in frolic dance ;  
 Love, breathing odours, through the leafy shades  
 By Beauty's side will wander. Laughing eyes,  
 The stars of earth outshining those in heaven,  
 Through the green bowers their sapphire beams shall  
 dart,  
 And Gladness spread o'er all her rosy bloom.  
 But we, Elgitha——  
 We may not in those scenes of joyance meet.—  
 No, we shall meet no more !

ELGITHA.

Thou canst not mean it.

WALDIMAR.

The groves their leaves will bathe in ruddy light,  
 And hold discourse with music. But grim Darkness  
 Will sit on Vodah's rock, where at her call  
 Shall gather hideous forms of other worlds  
 Winged with blue lightning, grisly hags that weave  
 Blood-spells to plague mankind, and shadowy Death

On his pale war-horse, followed by all hell !<sup>(23)</sup>  
Silent, and cold, and deep beneath that rock  
The waters flow, in which shall soon be done  
A deed no tongue must name.

ELGITHA.

O, thy wild words like maniac ravings sound,  
And, if I listen, I as wild shall be.  
Thy heart nor friendship, love, nor pity feels.

WALDIMAR.

Friendship nor love ? O, my life-love for thee  
Is deeper than the fulness of the ocean,  
And measureless as the wide heavens in which  
The East and West both find their distant homes !  
Nay, but for thee I should from hence depart  
Without a sigh. O, in this world there dwelt  
No charm or joy, till thy rich beauty came  
On my lone darkness, like some fairy isle  
Cheating at eve the wandering mast-boy's sight ;  
And, like that isle, ere I can call thee mine,  
Thou fadest from me for ever !

ELGITHA.

Tell me, I do adjure thee by thy love,  
This horrid mystery.—Nay, then thus I'll grasp  
Thy garments, thus for ever to thee cling  
While I have life, till thou thy fate reveal.

WALDIMAR.

It is—to die !

ELGITHA.

To die ! O how ? and when ?  
Heart-smiting words ! Save me from madness, Heaven !  
Die ! for what guilty deed ?—  
Or whose decree thine innocence hath doomed  
To find an early grave ?

WALDIMAR.

Nay, be at peace, and calm thy throbbing heart.  
 Since my inevitable fate draws near,  
 Summon thy strength and fortitude to bid  
 The soul-despairing Waldimar farewell.

ELGITHA.

O stay ! one moment stay ! Yes, I have strength,  
 Have fortitude to share with thee thy doom,  
 Whate'er it be ; for life, without thy sight,  
 To me were death. Come, lead me, lead me forth  
 To torments, infamy, to racks and fires ;  
 I'll bear all pangs, all shame with thee to die,  
 And thus we'll perish in each other's arms ! [*Embracing.*]

WALDIMAR.

I must reveal, though the red gulph should yawn  
 And close its jaws upon me !  
 I was, Elgitha, ere I saw the light,  
 Doomed by a mother's awful vow to be  
 A victim, self-destroyed, to our dread god,  
 The eternal Siva. My dark hour is nigh.  
 At midnight the devoted Waldimar  
 Will his loved mother's solemn vow perform.

[*Elgitha faints in the arms of Waldimar.*]

*Enter Ermingild.*

ERMINGILD.

Thou disobedient one, and is it well  
 To find thee loitering in Elgitha's bower ?  
 Is, then, thy mother's presence irksome grown,  
 That thou companionship must ever seek  
 With this strange Christian maid ? My love for thee,  
 And all my anxious care and toil, might claim  
 The few brief hours thou yet hast in thy keeping.

ELGITHA—(*reviving.*)

Christ of his mercy save thee from this deed !  
 Thy mother here ? O cruel, cruel mother !  
 Recall thy horrid oath, preserve thy son,  
 Or thou wilt in the fire that ever burneth  
 Lie howling endless ages !

ERMINGILD—(*shrieking.*)

Ha ! false, ungrateful son, thou hast betrayed us !  
 Ruin and madness ! whither shall I flee ?

ELGITHA.

Flee to the Cross with penitence and tears :  
 Revoke the fatal vow thy lips pronounced,  
 Nor slay thine only son. Penance and fasts,  
 And painful pilgrimage in sackcloth clad,  
 With ashes on thine head, may pardon win——

ERMINGILD.

Away ! I will not hear thee——

ELGITHA.

Thou a mother ?

Thou, savage woman of a savage race ? <sup>(24)</sup>  
 The ruthless eagle, on her rock of storms,  
 From danger guards her young with watchful eye,  
 And bears them on her pinions through the clouds ;  
 The tigress on the hunter, yelling, springs,  
 And strives with Death her offspring to defend ;  
 But thou, more cruel than the fellest monster,  
 Hast doomed thy son, thine only son, to die—  
 Die self-destroyed ! O, couldst thou e'er have known  
 A mother's tender love ? Could thy stern breast  
 Have ever fed him with life's lacteal streams ?  
 Or been a pillow for his infant slumbers  
 That breast, which doomed him ere his birth to fiends ?

ERMINGILD.

Blasphemer, silence ! I a mother am,  
 And glory in my vow. He hath the streams  
 Of being from this bosom drank, and in  
 These arms reposed, while o'er his slumbers I  
 Have watched the midnight hours with all the love  
 That fondest mothers feel. I proudly nursed  
 The rose-lipped boy to manhood, till he grew  
 An offering worthy of the gods ; and now,  
 Without a sigh, I yield the loved one up.

ELGITHA.

Pagan, the ban of angry Heaven will crush thee !  
 Come, Waldimar, leave thou this impious woman,  
 Whose vow, like a dark incubus, hath hung  
 On thy young days, and made thy life a curse.  
 Awake ! and fling the hideous demon off ;  
 The night is past, and a new morning dawns.

ERMINGILD.

Come with thy mother,—come, and be a god !

ELGITHA.

O stay, my Waldimar, go not from hence !  
 Save me, O save me from the last despair,  
 From maniac frenzy !—save thyself, or smite,  
 Smite thy Elgitha dead ! Here let me fall,  
 Fall at thy feet, bathed in my gushing blood,  
 That I may not behold thy fearful doom.

ERMINGILD.

Now, Waldimar, list to my awful charge :  
 A mother, by her blessing and her curse ;  
 By that dread Being whose thou art, and who  
 Waits for thee on dim Vodah's stormy rock ;  
 By the deep thunder of that voice which calls



Thee hence to meet the dwellers of the cloud ;  
And by the winds which from thy native land  
Shall yearly come, and on that rock of death  
In plaintive melodies thy wild dirge sing,—  
I solemnly command thee come with me !

WALDIMAR.

Mother, I come ! I yield to thy behest.  
Sunbeam of earth, my own beloved Elgitha,  
My heart is broken !——

[*Falls—Elgitha shrieks and sinks beside him.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The great Hall of the Palace.*

*Enter Godwin and Evora, meeting.*

GODWIN.

EVORA here? Sure half the forest casts  
Its scum upon the palace. If report  
Of my success be bruited far abroad,  
The court will be with serfs and bond-maids thronged.  
[*Aside.*  
What can have brought thee hither?

EVORA.

Son of Wulfnoth,  
Should I that question echo back to thee,  
Thy answer would be mine, if we spoke truth,—  
The wish to better my hard luck at home.

GODWIN.

What merits canst thou have to bring thee thrift,  
Save a new face? which, though it might at home  
For something comely pass, at court will be  
But homely thought, I ween.

EVORA.

Why, not the court,  
No, nor thy gaudy garments, let them mend  
Thy fortunes as they may, have aught improved  
Thy hog-sty manners.—Merit! what, forsooth,  
Think'st thou all merit centred in thyself?

'Tis not for thee to measure my deserts :  
Would thou hadst all thine own !

GODWIN.

They will be mine.

EVORA.

And speedy may they come ! And when they do,  
Thou'lt be a scurvy Lord ; glad once again  
To tend thy father's hogs—ay, and to feed  
Upon their husks and acorns.

GODWIN.

Thou must learn,

My lady malapert, to treat Earl Godwin  
With more respect and worship, and forget  
That thou hast ever known him in the forest.

EVORA.

Earl Godwin should have learnt to treat himself  
With more respect. Is it the mode, I pray,  
For Lords and Earls to break their vows of faith,  
And hold their plighted honour as a thing  
Of no account ? If so, what right have they  
To claim from others homage or respect ?

GODWIN.

What, saucy maiden, do thy words imply ?

EVORA.

That thou, thy false heart yielding elsewhere worship,  
Hast basely wronged a lovely, virtuous maid ;  
One thy superior, far as Eve's bright star  
Is to the ditch-born tadpole. Hither I  
With her did come——

GODWIN.

To seek a wealthy husband.

Some old, time-crazed, and war-worn soldier, who  
Shall tell thee endless tales of past exploits

o

In battle-fields and amorous ladies' bowers :  
 One who, o'erseamed with scars and maimed with wounds,  
 Wants a kind nurse to tend his second childhood,  
 And lullaby him into early slumbers ;  
 Or some court-servitor, whose weak head dreams  
 That he a maiden of the woods shall find  
 Chaste and retiring as the violet flower,  
 And who defied temptation till it came  
 In his bewitching person——

EVORA.

Patience, Heaven !  
 The fool will chafe me into downright rage.

GODWIN.

Two errant damsels, sallying from the woods  
 To lurk about the court, and seek adventures  
 Strange and romantic. Well ; good speed be yours,  
 And fortune mate you goldenly,—for that  
 I doubt not is your aim.

EVORA.

Swine-keeping groom !  
 Think'st thou I'd mate, like thee, with palsied age,  
 Deformity, and ugliness and sin,  
 So they brought riches in their frightful train ?  
 Go wed, where neither love nor beauty lives  
 To bless thine after life ; and perjury make  
 Thy marriage-bed a sleepless nest of adders !  
 Soon shalt thou find, deep craftsman as thou art,  
 How gloriously thy cunning hath befooled thee.  
 Then how thy greatness I shall laugh to scorn. [*Exit.*]

GODWIN.

Some hidden meaning, which I cannot guess,  
 Lies in the words of that tongue-doughty scold.

*Enter Edric.*

EDRIC.

This fellow here again ! Why, no man soon  
Will dare approach the King without his leave.  
Art thou chief warder of the royal chamber ?

GODWIN.

Art thou chief executioner, and com'st  
With bloody hand to tell the King thou hast done  
Thine office featly on some hapless wretch,  
'Neath court displeasure fallen ?

EDRIC.

Destruction crush

Thy very bones to dust ! And yet must I,  
To pluck the secret of his lineage forth,  
Soothe him with artful words of kind regard. [*Aside.*  
Brave son of Wulfnoth, how comes this, that thou  
Wilt ever cast on me such fierce contempt,  
Disdaining kin with Mercia's Duke to claim ?

GODWIN.

Who told thee, fool, that I was Wulfnoth's son ?  
Claim kin to thee ! No, sooner would I claim  
Relationship with hell's dark master-fiend.  
Ere I would own thee of my blood, I'd call  
A scurvy dog my brother.

EDRIC—(*aside.*)

I'll make thee howl for this.

*Enter Canute, Turkeetul, Rolf Iric, Guards and Attendants.*

CANUTE.

Emma of Normandy shall be our Queen,  
And quickly change her weeds of widowhood  
To bridal robes of state.—

EDRIC.

My lord, I come——

CANUTE.

Out-crafting all my foes, her Norman brother  
 Fast to my will I'll bind, when for the shores  
 Of Norway we our hostile war-ships steer ;  
 While he no more shall threat this isle t' invade,  
 And set the banished line of Ethelred  
 On our imperial seat.—

EDRIC.

Now, good my liege——

CANUTE.

And joy will be in English hearts to see  
 The mother of their native princes sit,  
 As our loved consort, on the Saxon throne.—

EDRIC.

So please my lord, I come to claim the lands  
 And Thanedom of that Athelburg, who slew  
 Edwin the king of peasants ; for which deed  
 His head bowed to the block.—Was it not well  
 By me contrived? *[Aside to the King.]*

CANUTE.

Turkeetul, send

Forthwith ambassadors, a splendid train,  
 To Normandy ; and bid them for us win  
 The hand of Lady Emma.

EDRIC.

Good my lord,

Will not your Highness with those promised gifts  
 Endow me ?

CANUTE.

Why comest thou at such an hour?—

Some other time.

EDRIC.

Some other time, my lord?

Thou didst not bid me come some other time  
When I in battle-day, deserting Edmund,  
Thy banner joined with Mercia's gallant host,  
And won for thee half England's mighty throne :  
Thou didst not bid me come some other time  
When I the death of Edmund planned ; nor when  
I told thee I had slain him, and by that  
Bold deed the cloven diadem of England  
United on thy brows. And have I done,  
For thee done all these offices, and dipt  
My hands in kingly blood, now to be scorned ?  
Bid, like a base and needy groom, to wait  
And come some other time for those rewards  
So justly mine ?—which, when bestowed, will leave  
Thee a deep debtor to my faithful service.

CANUTE.

Slave ! if thy words be true, thy fit reward  
Is instant death.—Silence confirms thy guilt.  
Thou self-condemned, thou murderer of him  
Who both by treaty and by friendship was  
Our royal brother, on thy head shall rest  
His life-blood and thine own, for thy base hand,  
The Lord's anointed hath destroyed. Guards ! seize  
The audacious, guilty Edric.

EDRIC.

I too late

Have found, that no true brotherhood unites  
The sons of crime. My services, false king,  
Thou dost no longer need ; and now am I  
Cast off, like th' useless fragment of a wreck,

On which the sea-boy through the tempest surge  
Hath safely reached the shore.

CANUTE.

No; like a cloud  
That long hath hung betwixt me and my people,  
Hiding the sunlight from them of my love,  
And with its shadow darkening all the land.

EDRIC.

Hell-plagues fall on thee! I was but thy tool,  
The bloody instrument which thou didst use  
To hew down all that——

CANUTE.

Drag the traitor hence!  
See instant execution on him done,  
And cast his headless carcass in the river. <sup>(25)</sup>  
[*The Guards seize Edric, and Canute retires.*

GODWIN.

Thy race of treason, rapine, fraud, and blood  
At length is ended: and cut off art thou  
From honours, wealth, and life, to be no more  
Bowed to and worshipped. O, there never came  
Requital more deservedly, than now  
On thee hath fallen.

EDRIC.

Well, be it so; at least  
I've had my day, and those I leave behind  
Can have but theirs; which when, like mine, it ends,  
Like mine it will be—nothing.  
Though brief my day and stormy, it hath been,  
Like the loud thunder, full of power and glory.  
My path with victims hath been thickly strown,  
And 'tis my sole regret that thou, proud kinsman,  
Surviv'st my hate.—On thee light my last curse!



GODWIN.

Fool ! on thy own base soul that curse shall fall.  
Thine shall not be the gallant soldier's death,  
His burial, nor his grave. No weeping friends  
With martial pomp, nor war-horse, helm, nor plume,  
Nor spear, nor banner trailing in the dust,  
Shall follow thee to a last peaceful home :  
Nor holy priest nor solemn dirge wail forth  
The warrior's funeral hymn. Thy death shall, like  
Thy life, be foul and bloody ; and thy tomb  
The unblest wave, that on its shores shall fling  
Thy mangled carcass to the scoffing world,  
And scorn to give so base a thing a last  
Dark hiding-place to rot in.

[*Exit Edric, guarded and followed by Godwin.*]

CANUTE—(*coming forward.*)

Now shall my reign,  
The struggling tempests of its winter past,  
Be like the spring-sun in its golden light,  
Making the green earth rich in fruits and flowers ;  
While peaceful music, breathing through the land,  
Shall fill all hearts with gladness.

*Enter Elgitha.*

ELGITHA.

Deign, mighty prince, to hear a wretch's prayer.

CANUTE.

Rise, and speak freely.

ELGITHA.

O, there is a tale  
So fearful, wild, and ruthless, that it hangs  
In terror on my pale and quivering lips——

CANUTE.

What story harrows thus thy frightened mind ?

ELGITHA.

Thou know'st, great King, the captain of thy guards  
Hath a young son,—a moody, wayward youth,  
But of most gentle manners, with a heart  
Wherein all good things dwell. His form is such  
As few, in my weak judgment, equal, save  
Your noble glory ; <sup>(26)</sup> and his face, though oft  
Shaded with sadness, like the untiring sun  
Through April clouds, beams sweetly, making all  
Who look upon him happy.

CANUTE.

Ay, could they

Behold him with thine eyes.—Spare those deep blushes ;  
They are redolent of beauty and of love.  
Proceed, Elgitha, with thy mystic tale.

ELGITHA.

The mother of the ill-fated Waldimar,  
A wild and cruel pagan, ere his birth  
Devoted him to her infernal gods ;  
And, doomed to sacrifice himself, he dies,  
Ay, soul and body dies, this very night,  
Unless thy power prevent the horrid deed.

CANUTE.

And can it be there lives within our realms  
A mother, who would doom her only son  
A sacrifice to fiends ? By blessed Cuthbert——

*Enter Officer.*

OFFICER.

My sovereign liege, ambassadors are come  
From Norway——

CANUTE.

Sent by whom ?

OFFICER.

The insurgent chiefs

And nobles of the land, inviting thee  
To claim that Northern crown. Olave they hate,  
And are resolved, if thou their cause wilt aid,  
To drive him from the kingdom.

CANUTE.

They shall have

The strength of Denmark, and the bravest men  
That England holds. Prepare, my worthy Earls.  
Here's news to set a warrior's heart on fire !  
To Norway's coast three hundred ships shall waft us.

ELGITHA.

O lend to me, my lord, a gracious ear.  
Have pity on the son of Zandagast.  
Save one so worthy of thy princely care  
From that dread condemnation which awaits him.

CANUTE.

He shall be saved. But certes he will not  
Madly perform his mother's hell-bound oath ?

ELGITHA.

Alas ! my lord, by her hath he been taught  
From reason's dawn that death-vow to revere,  
Which on his morn of life in darkness hung,  
Like storms that rest upon the mountain's brow.  
O, he hath been as one who in a land  
Of night and shadows wandereth, and his mind  
Hath not been of this world ; yet through the gloom  
His virtues shine, as on the evening clouds  
The rainbow sheds its beauty. But, dread sire,  
Such reverence doth he to his mother pay,

That nothing can forefend him, save thy power,  
From the dire purpose of her fatal oath.

OFFICER.

The ambassadors——

CANUTE.

Receive them courteously.

Give ample largess. Norway ! she is mine  
By right of birth. My father conquered all  
Her ocean kings, and o'er the turbulent north  
His sceptre-sword outstretched.—

ELGITHA.

O yet, my liege,

Amid the anxious cares of regal state,  
Remember mercy to poor Waldimar.  
No tongue hath he in his own cause to plead ;  
No voice, save mine, intreats that he may live ;  
And bashfulness had made me with him die  
In everlasting silence, had not love  
Broke through all forms, enforcing me to sue,  
In the deep agony of wild despair,  
For mercy at thy footstool.—  
Those who should be the first for him to plead,  
Have with the flowers of death enwreathed his brows ;  
Those who should be the first to save and bless him,  
His murderers are, and glory in the guilt  
That dooms him dead. O, then, be thou his friend,  
And rescue him from the demon's frightful grasp,  
Who on the midnight steep of Odinswold  
Waits to receive his victim.

CANUTE.

Ay, the north—

All the wide north, to eastern deserts stretched,  
Shall now be mine. O, for a thousand ships

To cover the deep seas !—  
Denmark and England, Norway added too !  
Why Sweden soon must fall——

ELGITHA.

My lord, my lord !  
Speak, ere it be too late. Shall he be saved ?

CANUTE.

My word is past. Take thou this royal signet,  
And with a band of guards go to the abode  
Of Zandagast ; bid him, with all his house,  
Attend us here. I know 'twill please thee well  
To be thyself the saviour of that youth.

ELGITHA.

Glory and fame rest on thy gallant arms,  
And angels be thy guard in battle hour !  
I fly on wings of joy to do thy bidding.

[*Exit.*

CANUTE.

Chieftains ! the fields of bright renown outspread  
Far to the north before us. If we put  
Our ready sickles in, we shall not fail  
To reap a golden harvest. O how brief  
A time have we in which to gather fame !  
Our infancy with sleep and ignorance lies  
Nursed in the lap of softness, and weak boyhood,  
Dreaming of joy, with idle folly plays ;  
While, if we count the years doled out to man,  
Comes on us hoary age, barren and cold  
As winter's frosty eve, and steals away  
Our energy and fire, till we become  
The feeble shadows of our former selves,  
Living despised and useless. Let us, then,  
Eternal fame achieve, while yet our bright  
But fleeting summer in its splendour shines.

O, who would live, that hath one spark of honour,  
 A few short years, and, like an ill-told tale,  
 Perish from all men's memories ! Or like some,  
 Who waste in foamy wrath their little hour  
 Without one noble act, and are at last  
 But as a wintry torrent, mountain-born,  
 Which swells in thunder o'er its barrier rocks,  
 And when the summer comes is heard no more,  
 Leaving its naked channel dry and dusty !  
 Such shall not be my course, for I will do  
 Imperial actions, which the tuneful Scalds  
 Who throng my court shall to the end of time  
 Transmit with glory. <sup>(27)</sup> [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the House of Zandagast.*

*Enter Zandagast, Ermingild, and Waldimar.*

ZANDAGAST.

The hour is come, my son, that we must part.—  
 These tears gush forth so fast, they misbeseem  
 A true Slavonian soldier. Thou hast been,  
 Through thy few years, all dutiful and good ;  
 Yet now, wert thou to die a warlike death,  
 Die by the sword of man upon thy foe,  
 I would not with a tear thy grave bedew.  
 But to behold thee, with that noble form,  
 Led forth to be a victim, self-destroyed,  
 Tempts me to curse thy mother's fatal vow.

ERMINGILD.

Speak not like an apostate from thy faith.  
 With all a mother's fond, unbounded love,  
 With all the reverence of deep worship paid

To powers that are above, I on thee look,  
 My noble son, without one tear of weakness.  
 O, thou art all—nay more, far more, than all  
 To which a parent's proudest wish aspires,—  
 And I have to this state of glory brought thee.

WALDIMAR—(*aside.*)

Perish the night, and may it be accurst,  
 Which said my mother hath brought forth a son !  
 Ah ! would her vow had been, on the red pile  
 To cast me in the hour that I was born ;  
 Then had she been most kind, and rescued me  
 From the brain-maddening horrors of this night.

ERMINGILD.

Now let me gaze, brave Waldimar, my last  
 On that loved brow.—Methinks it beams already  
 With a celestial beauty ! Let me take,  
 With awful homage take a last embrace,  
 For I embrace a god !—  
 Farewell, bright child of heaven ! compared with whom  
 The first-born of a monarch is a beggar.  
 Star of the morn, brief will our parting be.  
 Pass a few months, or years, and we again  
 Shall meet in full assembly of the gods.

ZANDAGAST.

When thine abode is on the stormy cloud,  
 Remember oft thy sire ; and to the battle  
 Come in the lightning and the thunder's power,  
 And shake thy gleamy terrors o'er his foes,  
 That he may win the victory.—  
 But what will victory henceforth be to me,  
 Who have no heir to inherit my renown,  
 Or unto other times transmit mine honours ?  
 But O, my son, that shouldst to me have been

The hope and staff of my declining years,  
 A loving father's prayers shall oft invoke  
 The shadow of thy presence. <sup>(28)</sup>

WALDIMAR.

Dearest parents !

Where'er my disembodied spirit roam,—  
 If to the regions of the golden sun,  
 Where night nor shadow yet hath found a home,  
 And in their undecaying beauty bloom  
 The flowers of paradise ; if doomed to ride  
 The struggling whirlwind with eternal darkness,—  
 Still shall I think of you with filial love,  
 With honour and due reverence. Heaven protect  
 And bless you, bless you both ! A thousand thoughts  
 Rush to my dying heart, but not a word  
 Gives to them utterance.—Then farewell for ever !

[*Exit.*

ERMINGILD.

He nobly will become that lofty station  
 The gods have destined for him. Rouse thyself.—  
 Come, be not so cast down. We shall, ere long,  
 Behold him in his glory.

ZANDAGAST.

Ah ! no more

Shall I behold my boy, my gallant boy !  
 My soul can not endure eternal parting  
 With one so dear in this unwarlike guise.  
 I'll call him back. Ho, Waldimar ! Return  
 To thy sad father's arms ! I'll hold thee fast,  
 Fast to my heart, nor earth nor heaven shall part us !

ERMINGILD.

Forbear, Lord Zandagast. If thou persist  
 In this unmanly weakness, all the gods  
 Will rain down curses on thee.



ZANDAGAST.

Let them : I

Am curst already to the lowest depths !  
My son, my son ! O, let me for thee die !  
My life, ye gods, my life for his accept :  
Spare his young years——Alas ! my prayers are vain :  
I know his resolution. Would thou hadst  
Been dumb for ever, ere thy lips pronounced  
That vow which robs me of an only son !

ERMINGILD.

Rob thee ? Why thou wouldst rob the eternal gods !  
Great as thy love, 'twill not endure with mine,  
Thou man of slender faith, to be compared.  
To save him from a meaner death, I'd joy  
To spill this heart's best blood,—die, and re-die,  
With countless agonies, to make him blest ! (29)  
Imagine, Zandagast, we only send him  
To a far brighter land of endless pleasure,—  
That we shall both soon follow, there to meet  
His spirit clad in ever-living pomp.  
'Then peace and joy will to thy heart return,  
And death be welcome though it come to-night.  
'Tis this which to my soul its courage gives,  
Which all the anguish for a mother's loss  
In the pure flames of faith and hope dissolves,  
Making these eyelids tearless.

*Enter Elgitha and Guards.*

ELGITHA.

We are come

To lead thee and thy household, by my lord  
The King's command, into his Highness' presence.  
Behold the royal signet.

ZANDAGAST.

We are here,  
And ready to obey.

ELGITHA.

Call Waldimar.

ERMINGILD.

He is beyond the call of earthly kings :  
He hath received a call to meet the gods !  
Exalted far above all mortal power,  
The mandate of the proudest shall he scorn.

ELGITHA.

Mercy of Heaven enshield me ! Hast thou sent,  
Already sent him forth to self-destruction ;  
To meet the powers of darkness, and become  
That which I quake to think on ?

ERMINGILD.

Woman, we  
Have sent him forth to join those mighty ones,  
Who on their golden thrones, i' th' midnight sky,  
Rule o'er all worlds by Siva's matchless power.

ELGITHA.

O, thou wild wolf of heatheness ! a mischief,  
Fraught with all plagues, light on thee !

Ruthless parents !

Ye, who had no compassion on his youth,  
Have done a deed to make—Ay, hear ye not  
A wailing in the heavens ? Do ye not feel  
The earth with horror to its centre tremble ?  
Hark to those thunders ! 'Tis the demon shout  
Of Hell exulting through her dark domains.  
May the red-burning ague wither all  
Your mortal strength ! May palsies blight your forms,  
And beggary cast you forth to pine and perish,  
Tended by famine, with no garb to clothe

Your frozen limbs, save winter's chilling snow !  
 May keen remorse, that worm which never dies,  
 Feed on your heart-strings ; and when ye find death,  
 Find no reprieve from torments ! O, despair,  
 Unutterable despair, doth madden me !

ZANDAGAST.

Her dreadful words do make my knees to smite  
 Against each other. Wild and frantic maid !  
 What interest hath she in this son of ours ?

ERMINGILD.

O, well know I the interest which she claims ;  
 And how her love-spells and her witching charms,  
 Like a malignant planet's influence, fell  
 On his young mind. But he hath 'scaped her snares,  
 And now is with——

ELGITHA.

The fiends ! the yelling fiends !  
 But I will fly and seek him ere too late.  
 I'll snatch him from their power, though the dark clouds  
 Cast forth their deepest thunders,—though the howl  
 Of countless demons rend the skies, and Hell  
 Enwrap me with its hottest, fiercest flames !  
 This amulet, this blessed Cross, wherein  
 Relics miraculous lie hidden, shall shield us ; <sup>(30)</sup>  
 Or if we perish, waft our joyous souls  
 On angel wings to heaven. [Exit.

ERMINGILD.

Maniac Christian,  
 It is my comfort thou wilt be too late.  
 The guards attend impatient.

ZANDAGAST.

Lead me on.  
 I reck not if this hour it be to death.

ERMINGILD.

Up, Zandagast, and mail thee, like a man,  
 In fortitude and zeal. Guards, do your office.  
 Let come what may, I in this holy deed  
 Will glory, till life's last, faint sigh hath fled :  
 And these oppressing Christians shall be taught  
 That I can die a martyr to my faith,  
 Right bravely as the bravest of their saints.

ZANDAGAST.

Thou dost inspire me, loved, heroic wife,  
 With thine exalted spirit. Yes, these Christians,  
 Who have, for their devotion to the gods,  
 So many of our warlike tribes destroyed,  
 Shall find that I will not disgrace the blood  
 Which fills these veins, the true Slavonian blood !

ERMINGILD.

There spoke the dauntless warrior of the Wends.  
 Honour be ever on thy head, and scorn  
 Attend our foes ! I see thou art resolved.—  
 Now thy brave virtues once more rise, my lord,  
 In all their former strength, as mighty streams,  
 That hide their waters in the darksome earth,  
 Burst forth far off, and onward flow again,  
 Glittering in all their fulness. Be but thus,  
 And we shall fail not o'er our foes to triumph.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A deep and rocky gorge in a wild Forest.*

*In the back ground, a rugged and lofty Rock, towering above the rest. A fire, blazing in the centre, partially illuminates the otherwise dark and savage appearance of the Scene.*

*Enter several Witches from different openings among the rocks.*

FIRST WITCH.

SISTER, say, whence comest thou ?

SECOND WITCH.

I came upon the rushing hurricane,  
Whose wings are plumed with lightning, from those isles  
That lie, unknown to other worlds, beyond  
The vast and desert ocean of the West,  
Which never venturous seaman's keel hath ploughed.  
There, with a red and savage race, amongst  
The palmy groves and myrtle shades I sat  
At bloody banquet on the flesh of men ;  
At which the midnight moon turned pale, as far  
The woods re-echoed to the wolfish howl  
Of those grim cannibals. Here is the skull  
Of kingly warrior, from whose brim they quaffed  
Brain-maddening draughts ; and this the scalp of one, <sup>(31)</sup>  
Who murdered his own mother in a fit  
Of drunken rage, as she sat feasting on  
The carcass of a priest. These now I cast

On this enchanted fire, and from afar  
 The spirits of witchcraft shall the vapour scent,  
 And to our meeting flock.

## THIRD WITCH.

I from the vast and burning desert come,  
 In which no mortal dwells. Across it passed  
 The caravan, in all its long array  
 Of many dyes and forms. The winds awoke,  
 When far and near those hot and lifeless plains  
 Their sandy billows rolled, as rolls the fierce  
 And tempest-troubled sea; and, darkening heaven,  
 In crimson pillars like to fire uprose.  
 Then came in wrath the spirit of those wilds,  
 Who ever dwells with noiseless solitude,  
 And breathed upon that thirsty-fainting train  
 Of many pilgrim tribes. Silence and Death  
 Were there alone! I from my cloudy car  
 Descended, and have here the heart of one  
 Whose bones lie whitening on that wilderness,  
 And in the flame, as incense to the powers  
 Whom we obey, I cast it.

## FOURTH WITCH.

I come from where  
 The plague-fiend o'er the city spread his wings,  
 And darkness was upon it. Then were heard  
 Loud wailing, and deep groans, and bitter cries  
 Of dying agony, mixt with the din  
 Of reckless drunkenness and maddened riot.  
 The dead were every where! and fainter came  
 Those sounds of mingled wassailry and woe,  
 Till all were silent.—Not a living form  
 Along the green streets wandered. Here are dews  
 I from the cold brows brushed of one, who fell

Beside his daughter's death-bed, whom all else  
Had left to perish.—Cast them on the fire.

## FIFTH WITCH.

I came from where that dull-eyed demon reigns,  
Grim Bigotry, o'er all a saintly land  
Of furious priests. There by the pile I stood  
Of one, who to a pillar hung in chains,  
Begirt with living fire: a Jew was he  
Who would not yield the faith his fathers taught,  
And a new creed embrace. In tortures long  
He writhing lingered, and as o'er the coals  
He grinned a blackened cinder, still there came  
A dismal hollow voice from that dark mass,  
Cursing the fell tormentors. From the ashes  
I raked the fragments of his flame-bleached bones,  
And, with a Christian infant's yet warm blood  
Baptizing them, I on our May-fire cast  
The magic relics.

## CHORUS OF WITCHES AROUND THE FIRE.

On it fling all charms of might,  
'Tis the witches' holy night.  
Haste, ye spirits, from the flood,  
From the war-field dyed in blood ;  
From the caves that lie below,  
Where the fires eternal glow ;  
From the place where Murder stands  
Smiling, with his gory hands,  
On his victim ; from the waves  
Where the eddying whirlpool raves,  
Closing o'er the sea-boy's head,  
As he sinks to th' ocean dead ;

From the earthquake's sulphury womb,  
 A proud city's sudden tomb,  
 Crumbled in its pomp and lust  
 By the clashing rocks to dust ;  
 From the river's hidden fountains,  
   Where no mortal step intrudes, <sup>(32)</sup>  
 Where with gold are filled the mountains  
   Of those wealthy solitudes ;  
 From that burning throne of light,  
 Whose dread glories o'er the night,  
 When the stars their pale watch keep,  
 In red surges flash and sweep,  
 Where the polar spirit reigns,  
 Binding fast in icy chains  
 Ocean, who, struck dumb, no more  
 Howls along his silent shore ;  
 From the lightning's secret home,  
 Come, ye potent spirits, come !  
 Empty be the shades of hell  
 Of her demons, dark and fell ;  
 Hither flock ye to our call,  
 Come, ye potent spirits all,  
 To the sacrifice of death——  
 Hark ! unbidden steps advance :  
 Soft !—break off the magic dance.

*Enter Godwin.*

FIRST WITCH.

Rash fool ! dost thou not fear t' approach this place,  
 Where we perform our mysteries ?

GODWIN.

No ! for I  
 Can nothing fear that wears a human shape ;



Though, sooth to say, ye bear but slight resemblance  
To any earthly thing.

SECOND WITCH.

Why com'st thou hither?

GODWIN.

To learn my future destiny,—to see  
The shadows of those substances which shall  
Oppose my coming course; and, seeing, shun  
The rocks and shoals of fortune.

FIRST WITCH.

Back! nor seek  
With daring hand to draw that veil which hides  
The dark unknown.

GODWIN.

If wealth be your desire,  
Ye fearful Evocators of the dead,  
Demand and have it——

FIRST WITCH.

Thou hast no wealth for us,  
Who know full surely all that earth contains  
Unransacked in its bosom. Know we, too,  
That greatness is thy aim. Thou shalt be great.

SECOND WITCH.

Ay, but not happy.

FIRST WITCH.

Now depart, or dread  
The awful sight of those, whose presence would  
Thy marrow freeze to ice, and mar thy brain  
With cureless frenzy.

GODWIN.

Seek ye to affright me?  
More will I know, though on me ye let loose  
The banded fiends below! Let the pale lightning

[*Thunder.*

Singe these full locks, and thunders shake yon cliffs  
 From their foundations ; let the yawning earth  
 Open beneath my feet, I'll bravely dare  
 Your utmost power, howe'er ye have obtained it,  
 And will search deeper yet ; for now I feel  
 My soul wrought up—ay, to the highest pitch  
 Of a resistless courage.

SECOND WITCH.

This is no common mortal.

FIRST WITCH.

Then shalt thou,  
 If that bold courage fail not, learn thy doom.  
 Sound yonder magic horn, which hangs beneath  
 Those beetling rocks.

GODWIN.

No horn do I behold.

FIRST WITCH.

Turn to the north while thus I wave my wand,  
 And breathe the Runic spell, <sup>(33)</sup> which must not fall  
 On mortal ear, or death would be his lot,  
 If unbaptized, with magic rites, in blood.

[*The Witch utters inaudibly the spell, and a gigantic hand, encircled with flames, is thrust forth from the rocks, holding a horn suspended by chains of fire. Godwin starts back appalled ; but recovering his fortitude, he seizes the horn, which he sounds, and its strange and dismal tones are reverberated from rock to rock. The hand of fire is slowly withdrawn, and the rocks yawn asunder with a terrific noise, discovering a wide cavern filled with purple flames, wherein appear many awful and hideous figures, which beckon Godwin to advance.*]

## FIRST WITCH.

Now, earth-born child of dust,  
 If thou wilt dare to rush amid yon flames  
 And with those deathless beings hold communion,  
 They shall, at our command, to thee reveal  
 All thy hereafter actions,—for to them  
 The past is as the present, and the future  
 But as the past.

## GODWIN.

Their aspect and their shape  
 Are terrible; and what their power may be,  
 By stretch of mortal thought can not be measured.  
 Yet pant I on futurity to gaze  
 With such intense desire, that I those flames  
 Will enter reckless, though mortality  
 Should perish in this daring!

*[Rushes wildly into the cavern, which closes  
 on him with a tremendous crash.]*

## CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Show him what his deeds shall be,—  
 Falsehood, blood, and tyranny!  
 Man of ever-boundless pride,  
 Joy with thee shall not abide.  
 Mightiest noble thou shalt stand  
 Of the mighty in the land;  
 Yet an outlaw shalt thou roam,  
 Cursed and scorned, without a home!  
 Thine shall be a stormy life,  
 All thy days shall pass in strife;  
 Then, when thy last toils are done,  
 And thy proudest honours won,  
 Thou shalt to the grave descend,  
 Fated to an evil end.

Torn from England's regal heir,  
 England's crown thy son shall wear ;  
 But its pomp shall seal his doom,  
 Leading to a blood-stained tomb.  
 Like the meteor, like the wind,  
 Leaving not a trace behind,  
 Shall thy line, thy glory fade  
 In oblivion's deepest shade ;  
 Nor from thee shall mortal claim  
 Title, lineage, rank, or name.

*[The rocks open again, and Godwin enters from the cavern.]*

FIRST WITCH.

And hast thou seen——

GODWIN.

Too much, too much, ye hags !  
 Am I a wolf, a fang-armed beast of prey,  
 To act such savage deeds? May this right hand  
 Be palsied, withered, and refuse to lift  
 A sword or spear ; may all the plagues——

A VOICE FROM THE CLOUDS.

Forbear !—

A VOICE FROM EITHER SIDE OF THE ROCKS.

Forbear !—

A VOICE BENEATH THE GROUND.

Forbear !—

FIRST WITCH.

Why, doubting fool ! since thou wert bent to know  
 What should betide thee in succeeding years,  
 If we have power, more shalt thou yet behold.  
 Ye visions of the future, show this man  
 The end of his ambition. *[Thunder.]*

[*The rocks burst open, and discover a royal banquet, crowded with shadowy guests. A figure, representing Godwin, but in years, stands before a king, appealing to Heaven. A Priest offers him the corsened bread (34) on a salver, which he swallows, and is instantly thrown into convulsions, and falls on the ground. Solemn music is heard, till the rocks close with deep thunder, pausing while the Witch speaks.*

## FIRST WITCH.

Behold thyself, in years which are to come,  
 And gaze upon the mighty Godwin's doom,—  
 The end of all his proud aspiring dreams,  
 The dismal close of many long years spent  
 In turbulence and struggles after greatness !  
 Behold the fate of perjury and murder :  
 For with the blood of England's royal line  
 Shall thy dark soul be stained, and thou shalt die,  
 Die with a falsehood on thy lips to Heaven,  
 And so be aye accursed !

## GODWIN.

Foul hags, avaunt !  
 The pride and hope of Hell ! May on your heads  
 Plagues measureless be hurl'd ! May those grim fiends  
 Who are your vassals, henceforth be and ever  
 Your fell tormentors !

[*Exit.*

## FIRST WITCH.

Light as the summer dew on mountain rock  
 His curses fall on us.—But hark ! they come :  
 Those deep and solemn tones proclaim th' approach  
 Of that half-maniac youth, who yields himself  
 A sacrifice to the wild spirits of wrath.  
 Away ! and mount yon summit's lofty top :

There perch, like cormorants watching for their prey,  
 To see the death-leap of this frantic fool ;  
 Then, as he falls, with flocking fiends and spectres  
 We'll shout and chaunt his dirge-song.

[Witches vanish, and the fire disappears. Music solemn and plaintive.—Enter a procession of pagan Priests—some bearing torches, others branches of trees, garlands, and musical instruments ; the High-Priest in the centre, leading Waldimar, clad in white garments, and crowned with flowers.]

CHORUS OF THE MICKLI, OR SCLAVONIAN PRIESTS.

Gods of earth, and sea, and air,  
 To our awful rites repair.  
 From Almainia's haunted woods,  
 From her hallowed founts and floods,  
 Hasten to these isles, and shed  
 Glory on the victim's head.  
 From those eastern climes where flowers,  
 Bright as gems, emboss the bowers ;  
 Where the virgin daffodil  
 O'er the gentle-speaking rill  
 Hangs its bells of golden dyes,  
 Weeping till the sun doth rise,  
 And its crimson wreath the rose  
 Flings o'er Indian maid's repose ;  
 Where the orange breathes perfume,  
 And the plantain yields its bloom,  
 With its fragrant fruit and wine  
 Richer than the grapy vine,  
 Mid whose leaves the impurpled dove  
 Tells her tale of endless love ;

Where the date-tree's colonnade  
O'er the water casts its shade,  
Which, in silence as it flows,  
Seems the spirit of repose,—  
And, as falls the chequered gleam  
On the blue and glassy stream,  
Sleeps the image of that grove,  
Like Beauty in the lap of Love ;  
Where the sun-palm towers on high,  
And rich gems, like night-stars, lie  
Mid the river's golden sands,  
Whence came all our warlike bands,  
And that bird of gorgeous wing,  
Sun-set splendours rivalling,  
Gilds the twilight of the grove,  
Laden with the spicy clove ;  
From the pathless forest's shade,  
And the fig-tree's dim arcade,  
Where the Indian hunter's yell  
Rouses up the leopard fell,  
And the giant serpent holds  
Th' fierce elk struggling in its folds,  
While the frightened tiger flies  
From the fire-glance of its eyes ;  
Where that fiend-like creature wild,  
Whose grim visage never smiled,  
Dwells amid the leafy waste,  
Savage thing, nor man nor beast ;  
Where doth roam the lion free  
In his power and majesty,  
Forests trembling at the roar  
Of that hunter, steeped in gore ;  
From the Ganges' sacred flood,

From thy caves and rocks of blood,  
Mighty SIVA ! hither come ;  
Take thy willing victim home  
To thy ruby halls of light,  
With immortal glory bright.

Hark ! the rustling forest rings  
With the sound of many wings.  
See the lightnings, how they dash  
O'er the skies with surge and flash ;  
While the wrestling thunders roll  
Onward, onward to the pole !  
Lo ! the steeds which from afar  
Draw the mighty SIVA's car ;  
With its bright wheels fiercely driven  
Down the crashing steep of heaven !

[*Dark clouds, emitting streams of fire, with deep thunder, descend, and cover the loftiest part of the rocks ; through the clouds are faintly seen strange and awful forms.*]

GRAND CHORUS.

He comes, he comes in clouds of flame !  
Hail to mighty SIVA's name !  
Ascend, thou child of dust, and be  
Heir of immortality !

WALDIMAR—(*aside.*)

O this is terrible, for mortal flesh  
To meet yon dreadful god ! I feel it now,—  
For, on the dark and shadowy verge of death,  
All the wild frenzy of my brain is fled,  
And, like to one who wakes from troubled dreams  
And finds himself and home involved in flames,



I feel reality more dreadful far  
Than all my former visions !

HIGH-PRIEST.

Linger not.

Music shall sound to cheer thy upward steps,  
Give thee full courage, and a hymn of triumph  
Peal forth, as on thy watery bier thou sink'st  
To rise again in glory.

WALDIMAR.

Strike ! strike all

Your instruments of melody, and let  
These woods resound with shoutings that may fling  
A burning frenzy on my soul, as thus  
I rush to meet my doom !

*[Shouts and loud music. Waldimar wildly ascends the rocks ; as he approaches the cloud,—Enter Elgitha ; the music suddenly ceases,—she shrieks, and rushes to the foot of the rocks.]*

ELGITHA.

Hold, Waldimar, hold, for the love of Christ !  
This Cross, the emblem of his death, shall chase  
The fiends of blood and darkness from these shades,  
And send them howling——

*[Terrific and appalling sounds are heard, and the whole Scene appears wrapped in ghastly flames. Waldimar waves a last adieu to Elgitha, and leaps from the rock. The music again strikes up softly mournful, with wild and distant voices in the clouds. Elgitha advances into the centre of the groupes which stand on either side, and attempts to speak ; but overpowered, she sinks convulsively on the ground, and expires.]*

SCENE II.—*The grand Hall in the Palace.**Enter Canute and Attendants.*

CANUTE.

Bring forth the prisoners.

*Enter Zandagast and Ermingild, guarded.*

Did we rightly hear  
That ye had doomed your son to self-destruction,  
A victim to your bloody gods?

ZANDAGAST.

Thou didst :  
And he, ere this, his mother's holy vow  
Hath, like a true-born son of our brave race,  
Nobly performed.

CANUTE.

So hasty in your guilt !  
The deeper be your punishment. We look  
With horror on you both. Ye've done a deed  
So fearfully inhuman, that to us  
Like ruthless fiends ye seem who have assumed  
A mortal shape, that ye might on our realms  
Bring down a heavy curse.

ERMINGILD.

A blessing rather.

CANUTE.

Thou monster in the form of woman, peace !

ERMINGILD.

Why should I hold my peace, when I have done  
Nought, save what well behaved me?—Paid the gods  
A debt of grateful honour, long their due,  
And conquering all a mother's fondness, given

An only son, in yonder skies to be  
Their bright companion.

CANUTE.

Thou that son hast given  
Dark fellowship to hold with damned fiends !  
And of the greatest crime art self-accused,  
That woman can commit.

ERMINGILD.

Crime ! lofty King ?  
If in thine eyes a crime it be, then learn  
I glory in the deed ! and were I now  
With mine own people, I should hear their shouts  
Proclaiming me the first of Wendish mothers,  
The harps of minstrels with my fame would ring,  
And a great nation's homage on me wait.  
And shall I hang my head in shame, because  
Thy ignorance brands me for an act which I  
Count as my highest glory ? No, bring forth  
Thy Christian tortures ; I will brave them all,  
And tell thee 'tis my last, my greatest pride,  
To die a martyr for Slavonia's faith.

ZANDAGAST.

Our lives, O King, are in thy power, but we  
Heed not the threatening of thy stormy wrath.  
The faith our fathers died in, and the gods  
They served, are ours ; and never shall this knee  
In homage bow to him, the crucified,  
Whom for your God ye worship.

CANUTE—(*stabbing* Zandagast.)

Die thou, then,  
Blaspheming homicide, fanatic rebel  
To God and to our laws!

Q

ZANDAGAST.

A joyful death.

My son ! my son ! wait on thy midnight cloud  
 For me, thy father. See ! his shadowy form  
 In brightness comes. Give me, give me thy hand—  
 Dear Ermingild, thou wilt not stay behind ?  
 I've lost thee now, sweet Waldimar, and all—  
 Is—utter darkness—

[Dies.]

ERMINGILD.

Tarry behind ? No, blessed martyr, thus  
 I bravely follow thee. [Attempts to stab herself.]

CANUTE.

Disarm her quick !

Too much of blood hath been already spilt,  
 And I repent my fury spared him not.

[The Guards wrest the dagger from Ermingild.]

ERMINGILD.

A fair reward, most Christian king, for all  
 His long-tried valour,—never wanting found  
 His faithful services in field and council !  
 Mark ye, who there behold yon soldier lie  
 Welt'ring in his warm life-blood, this—ay, this  
 Is Christian gratitude and Christian meekness,—  
 Ye who, with bloody zeal and murder, boast  
 A creed all love, all mercy, all forgiveness  
 To the most deadly foe ! Now, tyrant, call  
 Thy fell tormentors in : I long to die,  
 And since, beyond a certain point, frail nature  
 Must cease to endure, the more severe my pangs  
 The speedier my release.

CANUTE.

No : thou shalt find  
 That we, in cooler moments, can perform

A Christian's brightest duties. We to Heaven  
 Leave thy just punishment, but will ourselves  
 Before the judgment-seat of truth arraign  
 For this rash deed of blood, and pay a mulct  
 Meeted to our high titles and offence.

ERMINGILD.

I reckon not aught thou dost,—yet would I crave  
 A simple boon. It is, thy leave to raise  
 A funeral pile, bright as the immortal fame  
 Of Zandagast, that I to him may pay  
 All those last noble rites, with which my nation  
 Honour the brave who for their country die.

CANUTE.

All, save the inhuman sacrifice of slaves.  
 Soldiers, bear hence yon warrior on your shields,  
 And heedfully obey her will.

*[The Guards bear off the body of Zandagast.]*

ERMINGILD.

Enough.

One sacrifice to my departed lord,  
 At least, shall not be in thy power to let.  
 A lofty pyre I'll raise, and on it fling  
 Spices and fragrant oils, with shield and helm,  
 Banner and trophy, and those stores of wealth  
 We in this land have gathered; then amidst  
 The sheeted flames I'll cast myself, and clasp  
 Thy corse, my Zandagast, in these glad arms,  
 Die, as I've ever lived, thy faithful wife,  
 And meet thee, with my son, in fadeless glory.

*[Exit.]*

CANUTE.

Call hither all my officers and guards.

*Enter Rolf Iric, Turkeetul, Ulfmando, Earls,  
and the Thinga-manna.* (35)

Soldiers and Thanes, in me you now behold  
A criminal, who his own laws hath broken ;  
For, drunk with passion, I have rashly stabbed  
A brave man and a friend,—a warrior who  
Had gloried in my service to have died,  
Whose obstinate belief in the strange gods  
Of his forefathers was his only fault ;  
A venial error,—for be well informed  
(Too late in *my* remembrance) that, till taught,  
Divinely taught, man must believe those lessons  
Which he from education early learns,  
However false her creed.—  
Now ye, my lords, ascend yon judgment-seat.  
Of you, do we our punishment demand ;  
And 'tis our will that ye as freely speak,  
As if the lowest serf before you stood,  
While on the ground in penitence we kneel,  
Hoping for Heaven's forgiveness, but not yours.

ULFMANDO.

O rise, thou lord of many kingdoms, rise.

ROLF IRIC.

He was thy vassal, and the lives of all  
That owe thee homage——

CANUTE.

By the laws of God  
And of the sovereign must be sacred held.  
Who shall the laws respect, if we that are  
Their maker break them ?

ROLF IRIC.

But if one so great  
In passionate mood——

CANUTE.

No flattery now. That judge  
Who fawns upon a culprit, or in aught  
Seeks to extenuate his rank offence,  
Because he stands pre-eminent in power,  
Is most unworthy of the judgment-seat,  
And basely mars his office. I demand  
Your sentence on my crime.

*[The Chiefs ascend the tribunal, and confer  
with each other.]*

O, this foul deed  
Bedims my glory. All men's eyes will turn  
To gaze upon my darkness, as they look  
In fear and wonder on the noon-day sun,  
When o'er his splendour shadows deep and strange  
Fall, till his beams expire, till earth and heaven  
Seem with him sinking to eternal night.  
But from this gloom my onward course I'll win,  
And yet again break forth in cloudless lustre.

ULFMANDO.

My royal lord, it is our will that thou  
Pass sentence on thyself.

CANUTE.

Ye know the law :—  
He who hath slain another, is amerced  
In forty golden talents. In our judgment,  
The mightier he who dares the law offend,  
The deeper his offence ; and, since it is  
Your will that from our lips the sentence fall,  
We, as the crowned head of all the land,  
Who have transgressed, amerce ourselves in twice  
Two hundred talents of the purest gold.

## THE SOLDIERS.

Noble Canute ! Long live Canute the Great !

## ULFMANDO.

The spousal rites  
Of your new favourite, Godwin, with my sister,  
Wait for the honoured presence of your Highness.

## CANUTE.

We are unmindful in our many cares.  
A cause thou wot'st not of, requires that we  
Their bridal should attend.—Come, let us meet them.

[*Exeunt King, Earls, &c.*]

## TURKEETUL.

What self-deceivers are the wisest of us !  
The King condemns himself for having slain  
In moody passion one brave man, and wins  
By such remorse a host of good opinions ;  
Yet, in cold blood, prepares t' unsheathe his sword  
That he may slaughter thousands, and commit  
Unnumbered robberies ! Then, when he hath done  
These bloody feats, where will be his remorse ?  
O, he will glory in it, and expect  
The world's applause and worship. Would this King  
Laugh, as I do, at care the night away  
O'er jovial wine-cups, he would shortly be  
A better man, and spend an easy life,  
Gay as the summer lark's, nor ever feel  
Ambition's endless plagues. But out upon 't !  
Who is there will not follow the strong bent  
Of his own passions, though they lead to ruin ?  
Not I, for one.—A brimming cup's the thing  
That makes a beggar happier than a king.

[*Exit.*]



SCENE III.—*The Interior of Winchester Cathedral, splendidly illuminated. The Bishop is discovered, surrounded by his clerical officers, standing near the high-altar, which is richly ornamented with gold and silver plate, wax tapers, images, &c. Sprightly music,—Organ.*

*Enter, on one side, Godwin, leading Celtina, followed by Ulfmaudo and the bridal train in long procession. Enter, on the other side, Canute, leading Edith, dressed in royal robes and veiled, Pages supporting her train, followed by Evora, and Ladies of the court, Rolf Iric, Turkeetul, Attendants, and Guards, closing the processional crowd.*

BISHOP.

Bring forth the bridal crowns.

*[Crowns brought, entwined with flowers.]*

CANUTE.

Godwin, bethink thee, ere those vows are made  
Which may not be recalled, if on thee hang  
The shackles of no former plighted faith  
To some forsaken maid, whose once-loved beauty  
Woke passion in thy bosom.

GODWIN—*(confused.)*

I—my lord—

I know not one who hath a claim—a right  
To hinder—or forbid—

EDITH—*(flinging aside her veil.)*

What! not poor Edith?

GODWIN.

Ha! some unearthly being hath assumed  
That form to blast me!

EDITH.

And hast thou so soon,  
 Amid the noisy stir and pomp of courts,  
 Remembrance lost of that wild orphan maid,  
 Thy playmate of the desert? she who wandered  
 With thee, when grown to manhood, in the shades  
 Of Coitmaur's forest, <sup>(36)</sup> where thy young heart breathed  
 Such ardent vows of everlasting fondness,  
 Wishing all evil things on thee might fall  
 If thou didst her forsake? And am not I  
 That forest-maid, that Edith, whom thou once  
 Didst love, or feigned to love, so very dearly?

GODWIN.

But thus attended,—thus in regal state!  
 My senses are bewildered! This indeed  
 Must be some dream, more wild than any yet  
 My fancy hath imagined,—  
 For real it cannot be. Full surely thou  
 With fairy spirits dost communion hold,  
 And they have o'er thee cast this bright illusion.

EDITH.

'Tis real all,—and though my dreams were not,  
 Like thine, of courtly splendours, yet am I  
 No more a peasant-maid, but play the part  
 To which by princely birth I am entitled.  
 Said I not, Godwin, we once more should meet,  
 And deep regret be thine? Yes, we *have* met,  
 And here I come in bridal robes to claim  
 A spouse, whom I this happy night will wed  
 Before the assembled court.

GODWIN.

I own, indeed——

CANUTE.

What dost thou own, proud slave? That thou hast dared  
 To seek this lady's love, to plight thy troth,  
 And win her fond affection? Then, when raised  
 From abject drudgery by our smiles, to cast  
 In scorn her beauty from thee? We have flung  
 Nobility on a desertless clod,  
 Like sunbeams on a dunghill.

GODWIN.

Good my lord,  
 I scorned her not——

CANUTE.

Base, lying earthworm! thou  
 Hast on her virtue cast disgracious insult;  
 Refused that maid of beauty, whom even kings  
 Might fondly sigh for, and be proud to win:  
 Ay, peasant-groom, refused the hand of Edith,  
 Our well-beloved cousin.

GODWIN—(*aside.*)

Witchcraft and fiends,  
 It cannot be!—and yet the rosy light  
 Shines not more clearly from the morning's eyelids.  
 O, what an irrepleviabie dull ass,  
 A brainless, moonstruck idiot have I been!

ULFMANDO.

The saints forbid thou, faithless man, shouldst be  
 My sister's bridegroom. Let my lord the King  
 Forefend the marriage rites.

EVORA.

O, I shall die  
 If I speak not. Now, save thy worship's reverence,  
 My lord of Selwood hogs, said I aright,  
 When I foretold thee what a glorious fool

Thy scornful pride would make thee, in despite  
 Thy devilish craft? Ay, marry, did I,  
 As to thy cost thou find'st.

GODWIN—(*aside.*)

How I could curse thee!  
 Yet still more bitterly revile myself.

EVORA.

Th' illustrious swineherd might not stoop, forsooth,  
 To wed the humble Edith, who could boast  
 No higher lineage than the King's own blood;  
 Counting her worth and beauty, weighed i' th' scale  
 With his most noble person and deserts,  
 Light as a feather poised 'gainst Dunmore hill!  
 A peasant and a princess are no match  
 All must allow; so meet it were they part.  
 How we have crucified, vain-glorious dolt,  
 Thy base and beggarly pride! and now, in sooth,  
 My mirth is measureless as thy disgrace.

EDITH.

Shame! shame! Evora; take not on thee thus  
 To insult the greatly fallen. I do perceive  
 In thy sad face true sorrow and remorse,  
 For thy unfeeling cruelty to one  
 Who gave thee all her heart, who on thy smiles  
 Hung like the flower that gazes on the sun,  
 And weeps when he departeth,—one who felt  
 At thy unkindness all the soul below  
 Can feel of hopeless misery,—felt how changed  
 Her state, full sudden, from an Eden filled  
 With blooming roses of delight and love,  
 As by an earthquake, to a scene where all  
 Is death and desolation! But 'tis past:—  
 And now this world hath not for me a flower,

Or gleam of happy sunlight. I mark well  
Thy deep contrition, and forgive thee—ay,  
Forgive thee freely ; for 'tis meet, since I  
Shall never more on earth thy face behold,  
That we part not in anger.

GODWIN.

At thy feet

Thus low I fall, o'erwhelmed with shame and grief ;  
For I a vile apostate from the faith  
I owe to thee have been, while thy forgiveness,  
Which I could neither ask nor hope to win,  
Sinks me far deeper in my own contempt  
Than could thy proudest scorn. O, if thine eye  
Might on me with its former brightness shine—  
But I have sinned against all hope that thou  
Canst love me yet again.

EDITH.

Take, the last time,

This hand, as an assurance of my pardon.  
Light lie reproach hereafter on thee, Godwin,  
For thy disdain of me. Speak not of love :  
My love hath perished like an early flower  
Beneath the breath of winter ; from its grave  
It cannot spring again. And yet the hour  
Is come, in which I must be made a bride  
And wear a crown,—but not of earthly gems.

GODWIN.

Be who he may that shall this hand receive,  
Which, were I worthy, I would not again  
For kingdoms barter, may he ever love  
As I did love thee in my better days,  
Ere curst Ambition o'er my virtue cowered,  
Like a dark giant incubus of hell,

Blasting its energies! O, may all blessings,  
Bright as those eyes and heavenly as thy beauty,  
Be on thy head!

EDITH.

His love, whose bride this night  
I shall be made, will never change like thine;  
And if I faithful prove, I must be blest  
Beyond all mortal joy.

GODWIN.

I dare not stay  
To see thy beauty to another given:  
That beauty which was mine in those blest days,  
When we through Coitmaur's music-breathing groves  
Together roamed, where all was peace and love.  
O, could those happy hours once more return,  
And I again be Selwood's forest-boy!  
If here I longer tarry, I shall curse  
Thy splendid spousals, call the fiends to wrap  
In sheeted flames——But who is he shall dare  
To pluck thee from these arms? I'll rend the heart  
From out the proudest bosom that beats here,  
Ere I will yield thee up.

EDITH.

For mercy, cease,  
Or thou, alas! wilt on thy soul bring down  
The death of deaths! Nay, Godwin, be thou calm.

GODWIN.

That voice could once the wildest tempest calm  
Of my fierce spirit; but to know that I  
No more must listen to its gentle tones,  
That on some rival's ear its blessed music  
Shall unregarded fall, doth make me feel

The torments of the damned, when they behold  
The blissful bowers of heaven for ever lost !

EDITH.

Mistaken youth ! the bridegroom I have chosen  
Is not of earth,—for I this night shall be  
The veiled spouse of Christ. Take, ere I go,  
My last kind counsel. Cherish those fair virtues  
Which in thy heart a struggling lustre shed  
Amid the dark cold shade of stormy passions,  
Like wandering sunbeams in the forest lost.  
Hope flings her rainbow light of gladness through  
The long-drawn vista of succeeding years,  
Which false ambition fills with scenes of pomp.  
But mark me, and beware ! If once thou tread  
That star-bright track of glory, at its close  
Darkness and horrid shadows thou shalt meet !  
Remember my last words, and peace be with thee !  
Now, then, farewell to all ! Farewell, vain world,  
Heaven in its distant splendour on me dawns !

[*A solemn Offertorie on the organ. Enter a train of Nuns from the aisles of the cathedral, led by the Lady Abbess ; who takes the hand of Edith, and conducts her during the chorus to the altar. Godwin follows a few steps, and then falls, overpowered by his feelings, on the ground.*

GRAND CHORUS.

Lovely votress, child of Heaven,  
All thy sins are now forgiven.  
Safely hast thou reached the shore  
Of that happy land of rest,  
Where the storms of life no more  
Shall thy sacred peace molest.

Not the proudest regal maid,  
In transcendent pomp arrayed,  
By her kingly bridegroom led  
To his golden-curtained bed,  
May in glory rival thee,  
Made the bride of Deity !  
Earth no more shall thee betray,  
Its proud pageants fade away  
In Religion's purer light,  
As the stars that die with night.  
Youth in all its charms expires,  
Love dies in its own desires ;  
But the fervour of *our* hearts  
Burns more bright as life departs,  
And angel visions all divine,  
On our broken slumbers shine.  
Safely hast thou reached the shore  
Of that happy land of rest,  
Where the storms of life no more  
Shall thy sacred peace molest.

---



## NOTES.

---

(1) *I'll put two straws*  
*To-night across the threshold. . . . p. 119.*

“Straws dissolve enchantments.”—*The Havamaal, or the Sublime Discourse of Odin.*

(2) *A queen shall be thy daughter, England's queen. . . .*  
*More seek not thou to know. Mysterious words! p. 119.*

Wonderful instances are recorded of the truth of the predictions of the Haruspices among the Romans, who consulted the entrails of the victims offered in sacrifice.—Vide Livy, Sallust, Jus., Tacit., Luct., Galb., Suet., Cæs., Dio., and others.

Apollonius Thyaneus, a Pythagorean philosopher, well skilled in the secret arts of magic, as he was one day haranguing the populace of Ephesus, suddenly exclaimed, “Strike the tyrant! strike him! The blow is given, he is wounded, he is fallen!” At that very moment, the Emperor Domitian was stabbed at Rome.

Seneca prophesied of the discovery of America. There will come a time, says he, in future ages, when the immense ocean will relax his boundaries, and the mighty earth will lie open; when Typhis (Columbus?) shall discover a NEW WORLD, and Thule shall no longer be accounted the end of the earth.

“An astrologer at Paris, long before the Restoration, foretold King Charles that he should enter London on the 29th of May, 1660.”—*Burnet's Hist. of his own Times.*

Solomon Eagle predicted the plague in 1665, as a judgment, running about the streets of London stark naked day and night, and crying, “O the great and the dreadful God!”

“An unknown person,” says Bishop Burnet, “put a paper in the old Princess's hands, (the mother of King William III.) which she took from him, thinking it was a petition; when she looked into it, she found it was her son's nativity, together with the fortunes of his life, and a full deduction of many accidents, which followed *very punctually, as they were predicted.*”

“Prince Poniatowski, a few years previous to his death, when on a visit to a relation in Moravia, and while sauntering in the park of the Château with some ladies, was suddenly

accosted by a gipsy, who offered to predict the fate of every one present. Poniatowski held out his hand to the sybil, who took it, and, examining it with a scrutinizing glance, said in a hollow voice, "Prince, an Elster will be thy death!" Now Elster, in German, means a magpie. The prediction, therefore, elicited a burst of merriment from the whole party, who little dreamt, at the time, how truly this gipsy prophecy would be one day realized. The gallant Pole sunk with his steed, and hundreds of the flying French, in the waters of the Elster."—*Month. Mag.*

(3) . *Art thou the brother of a Duke? . . .* p. 129.

Godwin, the father of Harold, the last of the Anglo-Saxon kings, was brought up a herdsman. Mr. Sharon Turner, from the *Knytlinga*, gives the story nearly similar to what may be found in the text. The Danish chieftain whom he preserved, in gratitude gave him his sister in marriage. "Godwin," says the above author, "possessed a power little less than sovereign for three reigns. That he was the son of a herdsman, is a fact recorded in the MS. Chronicle of Radulphus Niger." That Wulfnoth, the father of Godwin, was at one period a chieftain, is stated by the above authority, for he is called Childe of Sussex. The infamous Edric seems to have been his uncle, but we have made him to be his brother.

(4) *The mystic name . . .*

*Is on my forehead, and it must not be*

*Effaced till Death's pale hand shall wash it thence.* p. 138.

"This word was O. M., or A. U. M. in its trilateral form, (vide *Asiat. Res.* v. i., p. 285.) It represented the creative, the preserving, and destroying power of the Omnipotent, personified in Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva."—*Wilkins' Bhagvat Geeta.*

"All the rites ordained in the Vedas, the sacrifices to the fire, and all other solemn purifications, shall pass away; but that which shall never pass away is the word O. M., for it is the symbol of the Lord of all things."—*Abbé Du Bois.*

"An intelligent Brahmin, who had come from Hydrabad, informed me that the temple of Visvacarma was dedicated to the Supreme Being; and, on pronouncing the mystical trilateral word of A. U. M. in silence, he made three low reverences, with a cloth over his mouth. I afterwards showed these mystical characters to him, and he admitted they were the sacred syllable he had used, but on no account would he repeat them aloud. Each letter mystically signifies the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer."—*Wonders of Elora.*

“The audible pronounciation of this awful word was believed to cause the earth to tremble, and all the inhabitants of heaven to quake with fear.”—*History of Initiation*.

“Nor print any mark upon you.” It was a custom amongst some idolatrous nations, when solemnly devoting themselves to the service of any deity, to be initiated into it by receiving some marks in their flesh which might never wear out.—*Burder's Orient. Cust.*

“Subscribe with the hand.” This is an allusion to the marks which were made by punctures, rendered indelible by fire, or by staining upon the hand or some other part of the body, signifying the state or character of the person, and to whom he belonged. The slave was marked with the name of his master; the soldier with that of his commander; the *idolater* with the name or sign of his god. And the Christians seem to have imitated this practice, by what Procopius says upon this passage of Isaiah: “Many marked their wrists or their arms with the sign of the Cross, or with the name of Christ.”—*Lowth*.

The sign of the Cross has ever been a sacred symbol among heathens as well as Christians.

There has lately been opened near Wareham, in Dorsetshire, a tumulus, or barrow, containing from twenty to thirty urns, all of which are rudely formed, and of high antiquity. On the bottom of one of these urns, in our possession, is the form of a *Cross*, partly grooved and partly raised. This is the first urn that has ever been found with this religious emblem marked upon it in England, or, we believe, in any other country.

This symbol, found in the gorgeous temples of India, and on a rude urn in the simple tomb of a British chief, must have been originally derived from that eastern fountain of knowledge, of which Plato, in his divine philosophy, drank so deeply; who says, in his *Timæus*, that the Son of God was displayed on the universe in the form of an X.—*Just. Mar. sec. lxxvii*.

In the splendid saloon at the British Museum, appropriated to the antiquities of Egypt, may be seen numerous figures holding in their hands *cruces ansatas*, or crosses with rings, the emblem of, and the passport to, eternal life.

We will instance No. 41, a statue of Diana Bubastes, on which are sculptured the lunar boat, the serpent, and the lotus, all of which are emblems of the *Yavana*, the *Yoni*, or *Pith*; which proves, beyond contradiction, that the ancient Indo-Egyptians were, in their worship, Pish-de-danaans; that Diana Bubastes is the Indian Padma-devi, or the goddess sitting on the lotus; and that the great pyramid of Egypt, as the Brahmins told Wilford, was a temple dedicated to the worship of Padma-devi.

The Padma-mandira, or town of Byblos, in Egypt, on the banks of the Calè, or Nile, (see *Asiatic Researches*,) was a pyramid of earth precisely resembling Selbury Mount, at Abury. The temple at Abury, we are now convinced, is of the very highest antiquity, and must have been erected previous to the bloody dissension which took place so many ages ago between the two sects, the Pish-de-danaans and the Tuath-de-danaans, respecting the male and female organs of primogenitiveness: the Tuath-de-danaans being the votaries of the former, and the Pish-de-danaans of the latter. We say previous to this dissension, because the form of Abury embraces both principles, and was dedicated to Budha, Toth, or Lingam, one and the same in emblem and identity, personified in its lofty obelisk erected in the centre of one of its inner circles,—the very Lingam of India in the Yoni, Pith, or Pish; and also to Devi, the Goddess of Desire, or, allegorically, the power of God exerted in creating, preserving, and renovating the universe, (see *Sir William Jones*,) personified in its serpentine form, the symbol of the Pith, and in Selbury Mount, or the Padma-mandira, with its neighbouring lake of water,—that element being always used in the mysteries of this worship. We have not room to enlarge on this subject further than to observe, that the religion of both these sects, once united, and as ancient as the creation of man, was far from tending to any thing lascivious, for it embraced the grand fundamental doctrines of Christianity: namely, that a divine Redeemer should be born of a Virgin, restore mankind to eternal life, and die the death of the Cross for the sins of the world. These were the leading truths exhibited by scenic representations in the ancient Mysteries, as we shall prove in a Note or Dissertation affixed to the last of these Tragedies in the present volume.

The Cross, then, being in all ages an emblem of eternal life, what sign or symbol could be more beautiful and appropriate with which to mark the urn that contained the ashes of the once-mighty warrior,—the crumbling and dusty relics of him who for battle-deeds was long remembered in the inspiring war-songs of the bards, in the hall of shields, at the banquet of the brave? clearly pointing out that his spirit should survive beyond the ruins of the tomb, and dwell, according to the Celtic belief, in “the islands of the brave and virtuous;” where Paradise was renewed in all its primitive beauty and splendour, and where its inhabitants, amid bowers of unfading verdure and bloom, were blest with eternal joy and never-dying youth.

The Cross on the urn fully proves that the Druids did, according to ancient authors, believe in a state of hereafter rewards and punishments, as well as in the future dissolution of this world by fire, and in the resurrection of the dead.

- (5) *By the Velibogc,*  
*Our gods of brightness. . . . . p. 143.*

Hôfprediger Masch asserts, that among the Slavi, Velibogc was the name applied to the beneficent, or *white* divinities whom they worshipped.

- (6) *Of whom a troop will fly before the lance*  
*Of one Sclavonian soldier. . . . . p. 143.*

Lupus, an Anglo-Saxon bishop cotemporary with Ethelred the Unready, says, in one of his Sermons, speaking of the Danes, "Two or three will always drive a troop of captive *Christians* through the country, from sea to sea. This also clearly intimates, that the Danes at this period still remained pagans, at least the greatest portion of them.

- (7) *When, in merry mood,*  
*Thou lift'st the wine-cup in the hall of shields,*  
*Drink deep to Christ and all the blessed saints. . p. 143.*

Malmesbury says, that the Anglo-Saxons and Danes were addicted to excessive drinking, spending whole days and nights in riot and debauchery; and that they used to swallow large draughts to Christ, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and the Saints.

That the custom of drinking healths is of high antiquity among the northern and eastern nations, may be easily proved. When the ambassadors of Theodosius visited the camp of Attila, "Maximin and his colleagues were stopped on the threshold, till they had made a devout libation to the health and prosperity of the King of the Huns. . . . The barbarian monarch received from his cup-bearer a goblet filled with wine, and courteously drank to the health of the most distinguished guest, who rose from his seat, and expressed, in the same manner, his loyal and respectful vows. This ceremony was performed for all, or at least for the illustrious persons of the assembly."

How nearly are allied the manners of our *public* meetings in the present day, to those of the wild Huns of Tartary in the fifth century!

- (8) *He delegates the rule of all below*  
*To his celestial offspring. . . . . p. 144.*

The German historians assert, and Procopius confirms it, that the Sclavonic tribes, although they worshipped inferior gods, believed in the existence of one supreme Deity. Holmoldus, in his *Chronica Sclavorum*, published at Lubeck in 1702, says, "Among the various deities whom they believed to

preside over fields and woods, over pleasure and pain, they acknowledged one Almighty God, who dwelt in heaven and ruled over all, employing himself only in heavenly things. The other gods they believed had separate offices; they were the offspring of the Almighty, and the nearer they approached to the God of gods, the more were they to be revered."

(9) *We to these gods, high councillors of splendour.* . p. 144.

One of the names of the Slavonic god Radegast, was Slavaradge, which is said, in the Windish language, to signify a councillor of glory.

(10) *For I would have my Danish subjects Christians.* . p. 144.

"Though the generality of the Danes, at this period, were either pagans, or only a kind of half Christians, their king, Canute, who became also King of England in 1017, was a zealous Christian, according to the mode of the age in which he lived."—*Dr. Henry's Hist. of Great Brit.*

In Canute's ecclesiastical laws is the following ordinance:—"We strictly prohibit all heathenism: the worship of idols, the sun, the moon, fire, rivers, fountains, rocks, trees of any kind, and the practice of witchcraft, or committing murder by magic, or firebrands, or any other infernal devices."—*Spel. Concil.* To what did the murder by firebrands allude? Had it not a similarity to an Indian superstition? When a Hindoo is determined to seek a deadly but private revenge on an enemy, he seizes the half-burnt stake to which a widow has been fastened on the funeral pile of her husband: conveying it home, he sets it up and strikes it with some weapon, pronouncing the name of his foe, who from that moment is supposed gradually to perish.

(11) *Not all the Christian priests that own thy power,  
Shall win me to forsake my father's gods.* . p. 144.

According to Jornandes, the Venedi, the Slavi, and the Antes, were tribes of the same people, who joined the Goths at their first irruption from the Ukraine into Dacia and Mæsia. So great, at one period, were the conquests of the Slavonians, that their language has been even extended from the Adriatic to the confines of Japan. Such was the obstinacy with which these Slavonic tribes adhered to their superstitions, that the arms of the Teutonic knights were for a long time employed in the attempt to exterminate idolatry. The ancient customs of the Slavi, together with their national independence, were pre-

served to a later period in Mecklenburg than in any other part of Germany; and it is said that country derives its present name from the Mickli, an order of priests among the idolatrous Wends. In some districts of Lunenburg, remains of the Obotrites, another tribe of the Slavoni, were preserved till a late period.

“Even so late as the year 1306, in the woods of Lunenburg, some wild people of the Vined race (the Winedæ of the Slavonians, no doubt) were allowed to bury alive their infirm and useless parents.”—*Gibbon*. The Aborigines of America dispatch, as they imagine in mercy, the old and infirm among their tribes.—See *Dr. Robertson's Hist. Amer.*

- (12) *But much I marvel pious bishops should  
Make nobles drunk, to cheat them of their wealth,  
Whereby t'enrich themselves. . . p. 145.*

“In the reign of Canute, Ætheric, a bishop of Dorchester, made a Danish nobleman drunk, and then won him over to sell a fine estate, which the bishop purchased with a very trifling sum of money. For this dexterous trick he is lauded to the skies by monkish writers, having made a present of the estate to the Abbey of Ramsey.”—*Hist. Eliens.* p. 458.

- (13) *He is, my lord, as thou wouldst have him be,  
A lifeless piece of clay. . . p. 146.*

“Dr. Henry says that Edmund was murdered a few days after the division of the kingdom between him and Canute. The *Knytlinga Saga* and *Saxo* carry up the crime as high as Canute. They expressly state that Edric was corrupted by Canute to assassinate Edmund.”—*Anglo-Saxons*, vol. ii. p. 492.

- (14) *By my war-bracelet! I protest my heart  
Goes not with these dark doings. . . p. 148.*

An oath of purgation among the Danes.

- (15) *To Czerneboch, the Black and Evil One,  
King of the land of Darkness. . . p. 158.*

“Well known as this god is in the history of the Wends,” says Masch in his description of the discovery of the Slavonian gods near the town of Prilwitz, in Mecklenburg, on the north side of a mountain on the shores of the lake of Tollentz, by a village pastor, near the close of the seventeenth century, when digging away a part of a bank in his garden for the purpose of

planting trees, "yet no description of his figure was found before the discovery of these antiquities." His name is differently written Czernebouck, Czerubog, Czerneboch, Tschenebogc, all of them signifying the black or evil principle. The figure represents a furious lion, with his name on his back, "who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Zernebog, or Zernebogus, was the black or evil spirit among the Saxon tribes.

(16) *Thou, to the death-song of our priests, shouldst cast  
Thyself from Siva's rock amid the waves  
Of the deep-rolling Ister. . . p. 159.*

It may be startling to many readers to meet, on English ground, the horrible Indian superstition of devoting children from their birth to Siva or Māhā Deo. We have, in the notes to the *Dragon-King*, (first series of these Tragedies,) shown that our forefathers, the Saxons, had among them the Indian custom of the widows of chiefs burning themselves on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands, who considered a plurality of wives as a mark of distinction.\* It cannot, therefore, be greatly wondered at, if we find other eastern rites among the Slavonians, the third barbarian inundation which poured into Europe having penetrated so far into Germany, even in the sixth century, as to enter into a war with Clothaire, king of the Franks, according to the Chronicle of Fredegarius Scholasticus, who flourished in 640.

It is allowed, that the Slavonian language bears a striking resemblance to the Sanscrit: this is one proof of their eastern origin, and of the truth of the theory of Higgins in his *Celtic Druids*. It is proved by Gatterer, that these Slavonians obtained possession of Bohemia, Moravia, Saxony, and Thuringia, in 534; and of Stiria and Pomerania between 569 and 588. Being such near neighbours to the Danes, it certainly is not overstepping the bounds of probability in supposing that a renowned warrior of the Slavonian tribes might enter the service of Swēin, or Canute, and thus pass with either of them into England; particularly as some of the Danish kings, even after their conversion to Christianity, are known to have sent presents to the heathen temples of the Wendic tribes.

We have spoken in the previous Note of the singular discovery of the Slavonian gods, an account of which has been published by several German authors. According to their relation, these gods are cast rudely in brass, with their names engraven on

\* As a proof of this, Charlemagne had three or four wives, and many concubines.



them in Runic characters. The chief figure seems to be Rade-gast, of which there are in the collection five. He is represented with a human body and the head of a lion, and has the head of a bull or ox on his breast. He has also the figure of what is supposed to be a goose on his head. We rather believe this goose to be the swan of Brahma, with which he is attended in the sculptures of Elephanta, and certainly the head of the bull speaks its Indian origin. Among several others which we shall pass over, is the figure of Sieba, which Helmoldus, and other Germans, call SIVA. On the head of this figure is an ape or monkey: this seems, beyond contradiction, to prove its connexion with the Brahminical mythology. This deity had its principal temple among the Wends of Mecklenburg and Holstein. As another proof of these Sclavonian gods being of Indian origin, it is now generally believed that the real Odin of the Scandinavians is the Buddha of the East; and among the figures discovered at Prilwitz, is the god Vodha, a name much nearer in sound to the Indian, than that of the Saxon and Danish god.

It appears that Siva, or Jiva, in the Sclavonic language, as it does in the Sanscrit, means *life*, one of the attributes of the Destroyer. Patterson (*Asiat. Res.* v. 8. p. 48.) says, that the creative power was given by the different sects of religion to Brahma, Vishnou, and to Siva. The grand Triad of the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer, pervades the whole system of every heathen mythology, from China to Peru.

Procopius says, that the Sclavonians worship One God, the maker of lightning, the sole ruler of the universe. When they are under the fear of immediate death, either by disease or from wounds received in battle, they utter vows of sacrifice to the deity for the preservation of their lives. If they survive, these vows are faithfully performed, believing their restoration has been the consequence of their votive offerings.—Vide *Procop. Cæsar de Bello Goth.* l. 3. c. 4.

“Māhā Deo, or Siva, like Saturn, delights in human sacrifices.”—*Wonders of Elora.*

“Their Prono (speaking of the Sclavonians) in the middle of a thousand idols, with two or three faces, and their goddess *Seva*, both adorned with human sacrifices, seem of Hindu origin. All these idols look very much like the progeny of some of the old Asiatic superstitions.”—*Turner's Mid. Ages.*

The Tauric Diana, to whom human sacrifices were offered, was called Sæva Diana.

(17) *Art thou prepared thy mother's solemn oath  
Manfully to fulfil? . . . p. 160.*

In Malwa, once a powerful kingdom of India, a mother, to

the present day, often devotes her unborn child to the hideous imagination of Ong Kar Mundattah ; and when the appointed hour arrives, the devoted one precipitates himself from the sacrificial rock Bheereallah, in the sacred island of Mundattah.

“ It was also a principle of the Druids, according to Cæsar, that, for the redemption of the life of man, nothing but the life of man could be accepted by the gods. The consequence of this was, that those who implored safety from the dangers of war, or the most desperate distempers, either immediately sacrificed some human creature, or made a vow to do so soon after.”—*Borlase*.

“ They held, that the souls of those who suffered as victims to their gods in this life were deified, or at least translated into heaven, there to be happy ; and the remains of those who died in sacrifice were accounted most holy, and honoured before any other dead bodies.”—*Rel. de Gaulis*, v. ii. p. 226.

Acosta says, that the Peruvians, notwithstanding their mildness, did sacrifice virgins ; and sometimes a son would be sacrificed for the life of a father.”—*Hist. Ind.* p. 380.

“ The ancient inhabitants of the north believed that the term of a man’s life might be prolonged, if any one would put himself in his place, and die in his stead. This was often practised, when a prince or illustrious warrior was ready to perish by some accident.”—*North. Antiq.*

“ At this time there lived in the island of Lefooga a female, who for many years had been afflicted with insanity. She had become insane in consequence of excessive grief, partly occasioned by the death of a near relation, but principally by her child having been taken from her to be strangled, as an offering to the gods for the recovery of his sick father.”—*Tonga Islands*.

That many of the ancient priests who offered human sacrifices were cannibals, there can be little or no doubt ; for in the Psalms it is said, “ And they ate of the sacrifices of the dead.” That this is the true meaning of the passage is clearly evident, from the following verses in the Wisdom of Solomon :—

“ Whom thou hatest for doing most odious works of witchcraft and wicked sacrifices.

“ And also those merciless murderers of children, and devourers of men’s flesh, and the feasts of blood, with them out of the midst of their idolatrous crew, and the parents that killed with their own hands souls destitute of help.”

“ So late as the funeral of Rollo, founder of the Norman dukedom in France, the gifts to monasteries for the repose of his soul were accompanied by the sacrifice of one hundred captives.”—*Gibbon*.

(18) *And round the May-pole, with its flower-sheaves crowned, Maidens and youths will dance in frolic glee. . . p. 161.*

This festival (*Asiatic Researches*, v. 11.) is celebrated in India on the first of May, in honour of Bhavani. A May-pole is erected hung with garlands, around which the young people dance precisely the same as in England.

“On May-day Eve, the Druids made prodigious fires on these cairns, which, being every one in sight of each other, could not but afford a glorious show over the whole nation.”—*Toland's Hist. Dru.*

“Round these fires choral dances were performed. . . . The festival was *phallic*, in honour of the Sun, the great source of generation, and consisted in the elevation of phalli, or *long poles*, decorated with crowns of gold and flowers, under which both sexes performed certain mysterious revolutions.”—*History of Initiation.*

(19) *High festival to hold on Vadha's rock, In Rimmon's gloomy woods. . . . . p. 161.*

We have said before, that Vodah, Buddha, Boodh, and the god (not the warrior) Odin, were one and the same; and Davies, in his *Mythology of the Druids*, says the great God was considered by the Welch as the dispenser of good, and is also called Buddwas. “The probability is, that the world has been peopled or conquered by nations of the North of Asia, who have extended themselves into all parts, east, west, and south. (*Baillie's Let. to Voltaire.*) This is perfectly just, and is the only mode by which the wonderful similarity between the Druids and the oriental nations can be satisfactorily accounted for.”—*Celtic Druids.*

In the Isle of Purbeck, still rich in druidical remains, are two places called Remp-stone or Rem-stone. That this is also an abbreviation of Rimmon's-stone, we have no hesitation in asserting. At the Remp-stone, on the western side of the Isle of Purbeck, was a druidical circle, three or four of the rock pillars of which remaining on the spot till within a few years past. One still remains as the post of a gate, deeply impressed with the marks of its high antiquity; the others have been barbarously broken up, for the purpose of making a small bridge. That this *was* a temple, is evident from the barrows which still surround the once-venerated spot,—it being the custom of the Britons to bury, at least their great men, within sight of their sacred enclosures; from which has been derived our interments in church-yards, *both* connected with the divine belief of the immortality of the soul. St. Stephen, in his argument with

the Jews, speaks of the god Rimmon : " Yea, ye took up the tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of your god Remphan ; figures which ye made to worship them ;" alluding to the tabernacle of the sun and the planets. Moloch, in Irish, is fire, a type of the sun, as the sun was a visible type of the invisible God, and Remphan, or Rimmon, signified the inferior planets. Again, this Remphan is called Chiun by Amos, (c. v. v. 26,) " Ye have borne the tabernacle of your Moloch and Chiun your images, the star of your god, which ye made to yourselves." Rimmon was the Syrian name, and Chiun the name given by the Moabites to the same deities. I have therefore no doubt, that the circle of Rempstone, in Purbeck, was dedicated to the stars, or Rimmon. In the same island, is Aggle-stone, an immense rock, erected on a mount or high-place : this was the stone of the sun,—a lithos, sometimes called a cromleach, which Toland explains from the Irish *crom*, to adore, and *leac*, stone—stone of adoration. Borlase says, that in the Western Isles some remains of adoration are still paid to such stones : " As it seems to me, they call them *bowing-stones*, from the reverence shown them : for the *Even Maschith*, which the Jews were forbidden to worship, signifies really a bowing-stone, and was doubtless so called because worshipped by the Canaanites." Round these stones many of the Gaelic islanders still perform the Deisol, as they also do round holy wells and fountains.

(20) *Immortal fame on earth? The earth forbids it,  
For daily she to dissolution tends. . . .* p. 172.

This knowledge of the expected dissolution of the earth, might have come to the Saxons from the legends of their pagan forefathers, for it is to be found in the *Edda*, the greater portion of which bears internal evidence of its eastern origin, and perfectly accords with the philosophy of India and Egypt ; the reflection of which may be found in Lucretius, Lucan, and Ovid. In Scipio's dream, the old man, showing his nephew the globe from the clouds, tells him, that however great or fortunate our actions may be, there can be no lasting glory in this world ; seeing that, after a certain period, it must be destroyed, either by water or fire, which would sweep away all human records.

Indeed, the expectation of the dissolution of the earth was so great about the middle of the tenth century, and which still continued to the commencement of the Crusades, that the churches and other edifices were suffered to fall into utter decay. Jerusalem, it was supposed, would be the spot of our Saviour's re-appearance on earth ; and multitudes of all ranks,

and both sexes, as the period predicted more nearly approached, resorted thither in order to await the final consummation. Vaisette, in *L'Histoire de Languedoc*, has preserved a French charter, which begins with—"Appropinquante mundi termino," &c. Houses and lands were given up, as of little or no value, and the whole of Christendom appeared running mad. The Princess Anna Comnena might well say, "All Europe, torn up from its foundations, seemed ready to precipitate itself on Asia in one united mass."

In the *History of the Middle Ages* may be found v. v. p. 125, an analysis of *La Nobla Leyczon*, a poem of the Vaudois, written in 1100; and it begins with stating, that the end of the world was then approaching.

(21) *I'll have thy tongue cut out. Such is the law  
For false and slanderous railers. . . . p. 175.*

Leges Sax. This old law was confirmed by Canute.

(22) *This joyous night,  
Gay Summer's festival, the woods will ring  
With harp and timbrel. . . . p. 186.*

Of the long continuance of these Baal-fires, and May-day sports, we shall give a few extracts. Stow says,—“In the month of May, the citizens of London of all estates, generally in every parish, and in some instances two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch their May-poles with divers warlike shows; with good archers, morrice-dances, and other devices for pastime, all day long; and towards evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets. These great Mayings and May-games were made by the governors and masters of the city, together with the triumphant setting up of the great shaft, or principal May-pole, in Cornhill, before the *parish church* of Saint Andrew, which was thence called Saint Andrew Undershaft.”—*Survey of London*.

The May-pole being set up near the church, sufficiently speaks its original connexion with religion. We remember to have been told, that in our native village the May-pole used to stand opposite the church-gate.

Strutt says, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, “No doubt the May-games are of long standing, though the time of their institution cannot be traced.” Strutt never dreamt of going to India for their origin.

The May-pole, like the Round Tower of Ireland, was the Phallus of Greece, borne in her mystic processions, and the Lingham of India, the emblem of the procreative power,—the

Creator, in the universal Triad. The single upright unhewn pillar was another of these emblems, one of which is still to be found in the Island of Purbeck, among many others in this country.

Stubbs tells us, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, that "against May-day, every parish, town, or village, assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children; and either altogether, or dividing themselves into companies, they go some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes; and in the morning they return bringing with them birch boughs and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal. But their chiefest jewel they bring from thence is the May-pole, which they bring home with great veneration."

(23)

*and shadowy Death**On his pale war-horse, followed by all hell. . . p. 187.*

"The tenth Avatār of the Hindoos, yet to come, is expected to appear mounted, like the crowned conqueror in the Apocalypse, on a white horse, with a scimitar blazing like a comet, to mow down all incorrigible and impenitent offenders who shall then be on earth."—*Sir William Jones's Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.*

See Note to the *Dragon-King*, first Series, on the White Horse. "To the White Horse of SUANTOVITE, which no one was permitted to groom but his priests, the Saxons sought for presages, and the future events of battle."—*Alyett Sammes.*

(24)

*Thou a mother?**Thou, savage woman of a savage race. . . . p. 189.*

We have introduced a Sclavonian family into England, but we do not conceive that in this there is any approach to the improbable or the marvellous; for in the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman armies, either compelled, or as voluntary adventurers, many of every warlike tribe in Europe have visited the shores of Britain. What would have been said to us, had we, like Lewis in the *Castle Spectre*, introduced an African negro; and yet there are proofs that *black slaves* were known in Europe, ay, and in England, in the eleventh century. Had Lewis been aware of this, he might have triumphed over those who laughed at his supposed anachronism.

"In the year 1094, Ordericus introduces a dream of a priest, which displays some fancy, but which is more remarkable for showing that *blacks* were then known in Europe: he mentions a trunk carried by two Æthiops; and afterwards, mentioning

an army quite black, calls it an Agmen Æthiopum, p. 694. But we learn the same curious fact from Domesday Book, where one is mentioned with the Servi in England. In the enumeration of Gloucestercire, we have eight Servi et anus *Afrus*, p. 165. There is also a person called Matthus *Mauritania*, p. 170."—*Hist. Mid. Ag.*

(25) *See instant execution on him done,  
And cast his headless carcass in the river. . . p. 198.*

"The circumstances of Edric's death are told differently, as usual. Florence admits that he was killed in the king's palace; but one says that he was hanged, another that he was strangled, another that he was beheaded. Human testimony is characterized by these petty variations."—*Hist. Ang.-Sax. v. ii. p. 580.* The glorious uncertainty of history as well as law!

(26) *His form is such  
As few, in my weak judgment, equal, save  
Your noble glory. . . . . p. 200.*

"Glory," a Saxon title of royalty. "The Northerns have transmitted to us the portrait of Canute: he was large in stature, and very powerful; he was fair, and distinguished for his beauty; his nose was thin, eminent, and aquiline; his hair was profuse; his eyes bright and fierce."—*Ibid.*

(27) *the tuneful Scalds  
Who throng my court shall to the end of time  
Transmit with glory. . . . . p. 204.*

"Of the Scalds who attended him, the names and verses of many have survived to us. Sighvatr, Ottar the Swarthy, Thordr Kolbeinson, and Thorarin Loftunga, are among those whose historical poems or panegyrics have been much cited by Snorre in his Northern History."—*Ibid.*

"Every bold adventurer, when he set out on any piratical or military expedition, if he was not a great poet himself, which was frequently the case, never neglected to carry with him the best poets he could procure, to behold and celebrate his martial deeds.—(Olai Wormii *Literatura Danica.*) We may be certain, therefore, that all the leaders of the several armies of Saxons, Angles, Jutes, and Danes, who formed settlements and erected kingdoms in this island, brought their poets with them, to sing their exploits and victories."—*Hist. Great Brit.*

- (28) *A loving father's prayers shall oft invoke  
The shadow of thy presence. . . . .* p. 206.

Among the ancient Britons, the departed spirit had the power of animating any substance or body. In the poem of Cynddelw, addressed to Owen, Prince of Powis, we read—"In the form of a vibrating shield before the rising tumult, borne aloft on the shoulder of the leader; in the form of a lion before the chief with the mighty wings; in the form of a terrible spear with a glittering blade; in the form of a bright sword, spreading flame in the conflict, and overwhelming the levelled ranks; in the form of a dragon (banner) before the sovereign of Britain; and in the form of a daring wolf, has Owen appeared."—*Davies's Druids.*

- (29) *To save him from a meaner death, I'd joy  
To spill this heart's best blood,—die, and re-die,  
With countless agonies, to make him blest. . . .* p. 207.

This is no exaggeration of maternal affection. Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, said to him of her son, "If Robert were in his grave, and could be revived by my blood, I would pour it all out to restore him."

- (30) *This amulet, this blessed Cross, wherein  
Relics miraculous lie hidden, shall shield us. . . .* p. 209.

"Gregory the Great, in the sixth century, carried on a manufactory of gold crosses and keys, in which holy filings of the chains of St. Peter and St. Paul, and other relics, were incorporated. These were sold and distributed over Britain, Gaul, Spain, Germany, Africa, Constantinople, and many parts of the East."

- (31) *Here is the skull  
Of kingly warrior, from whose brim they quaffed  
Brain-maddening draughts; and this the scalp of one.* p. 211.

The similarity of the Scythians to the Western Indians in certain ferocious customs, is remarkable. As the Scythians and Goths scalped those whom they slew, and displayed those scalps as trophies, like the Americans; so the latter, like the Scandinavians, drank out of the skulls of their enemies.

"I shall go to war to revenge the death of my brothers! I shall kill, I shall exterminate, I shall burn my enemies! I shall bring away slaves; I shall devour their heart, dry their flesh, drink their blood! I shall tear off their scalps, and make



*cups of their skulls.*"—*Indian War Song. Bossu's Travels through Louisiana.*

As the most glorious of all ornaments, the Huns fastened the scalps of their enemies, who had fallen by their hands, to the trappings of their horses.—*Vide Amme. Marcell.* They are also said to have drank of the blood of the slain.

The body of Oswald, King of Northumberland, who was slain fighting at Oswestree against Penda of Mercia, being found among the dead, the inhuman conqueror cut it into several pieces, and fixing them on stakes, erected them on the field of battle as trophies of his victory. Wonders were performed by his right hand, which Bede says was preserved in his time uncorrupted in the church of Peterborough.

"Once in twelve years, it is said, the Zajah offers a solemn sacrifice of various living animals in pairs, and two men, the skulls of the latter being used as drinking-cups at the shrine."—*Asiatic Journal, 1826, p. 509.*

In the reign of Ethelred, Uhtred, Earl of Northumberland, defeated Malcolm, King of Scotland, at the siege of Durham. "After the victory he selected the most handsome of the slain, whose heads by his orders were cut off, washed in the river, and, with their long braided hair, fixed on stakes round the walls of the city. To reward this service, Ethelred appointed him Earl, and gave him his daughter Elfgiva in marriage."—*Lin-gard's Hist. of Eng.*

So late as the reign of Henry VIII., during the administration of the Duke of Albany in Scotland, Sir David Hume of Wedderburn, struck off the head of the *Sieur de la Beauté*, Warden of the Borders, and wore his hair, which was remarkably long and beautiful, as a trophy at his saddle-bow. What a modern Hun!

(32) *Where no mortal step intrudes. . . p. 214.*

The sacred woods which overshadow the sources of the Gambia and the Rio Grande, are supposed by the African tribes to be inhabited by spirits: no axe is ever heard amid their solitudes, and death would be the consequence should any one dare to penetrate them.

(33) *Turn to the north while thus I wave my wand,  
And breathe the Runic spell. . . p. 216.*

During many ceremonies of Northern witchcraft, it was deemed necessary to look toward the north.

Hjalmar and Ulpho, in the year 1000, contended for the daughter of the King of Norway; who, unwilling to lose either of those brave warriors, decided their rivalry by giving his

daughter portionless to Hialmar, and to Ulpho a horn of inestimable value, on which the figures of Odin, Thor, and Friga were engraven. This horn, when consulted with proper ceremonies, yielded its magic tones without mortal breath, from which the knowledge of future great events might be divined.

(34) *A priest offers him the corsened bread. . . p. 219.*

Corsened bread, *Panis conjuratus* ; a superstitious trial among the Saxons to purge themselves of any accusation, by taking a piece of barley-bread with solemn oaths and imprecations.

The Saxon ordeal of hot water is practised by the Mandingo tribe in Africa.

(35) *and the Thinga-manna. . . p. 228.*

The Thinga-manna, or Thingmanna, was a chosen body of Danish soldiers, which formed the royal guards of Canute, amounting to three thousand men. They were also called Thinglitha, Thanemen, Sea-Thanes, and Huscarls. This body of troops was stationary in England during Swëin's prosperity, and the reigns of his Danish successors, says Sharon Turner. Their commander, Heming, kept the conquered country in subjection to Canute. Two of their orders were, not to disperse rumours, and not to go beyond their city at night.

(36) *in the shades  
Of Coit-maur's forest. . . p. 232.*

The ancient British name of Selwood was Coit-mawr, the great wood.

END OF THE DEVOTED ONE.

# THE VARANGIAN;

OR,

MASONIC HONOUR.

A TRAGEDY.

---

“ From east to west, from north to south,  
Far as the foaming billows roll,  
Faith, Hope, and silver-braided Truth,  
Shall stamp with worth the Mason's soul.”



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

### NORMANS.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

ODO, Bishop of Bayeux, his uterine Brother.

LANFRANC, Archbishop of Canterbury.

OSMOND, Earl of Dorset.

FITZ-ROLLO, his Friend.

RALPH, Earl of Norfolk.

ROGER, Earl of Hereford.

IVO DE TAILLEBOIS.

ALMÁRIC, Merchant of Waltheof's Household.

PALAMON, Page to Osmond.

JUDITH, Countess of Northumberland.

MATILDA, her chief Attendant.

### SAXONS.

EDGAR THE ETHELING, Heir to the English Throne.

HEREWARD DE WAKE, Lord of Brunne, a Varangian.

WALTHEOF, Earl of Northumberland.

FRITHERIG, Abbot of St. Albans.

HAROLD.

ELLA, a female Slave.

BEN ZADOC, a Jewish Slave-merchant.

TOBIAS, his Steward.

HEXULPH, Chief of Ben Zadoc's Rovers.

LAN IVAN, a Descendant of the Bards.

ZALMIRA, a Greek Slave.

TABITHA, Wife to Ben Zadoc.

Guards, Slaves, Servants, Robbers, Officers, &c.

ERA—THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.



# THE VARANGIAN.

---

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace at Winchester.*

*Enter Osmond and Fitz-Rollo.*

FITZ-ROLLO.

WHAT! sigh for Normandy, when such a field  
Of plunder, honour, and dominion lies  
Yet half unwon before us! Castles, lands,  
Titles, and baronies are, by the will  
Of our great master, showered on all deservers:  
And for these English dogs,—their proudest chiefs  
Are abject slaves, who humbly kiss our feet  
In vassalage, right thankful if no stripes  
With our commands are given, to quicken them  
In doing us low service.

OSMOND.

I am weary,  
Fitz-Rollo, of this dull and savage isle,  
A land of vile barbarians. <sup>(1)</sup> Heavily pass  
The lagging hours. Even in the Conqueror's court,  
'Tis still the question how my time t' employ,  
And where to find amusement which shall smooth  
The rugged plumes of Time to downy gold,

And make him merrily his sands out-shake,  
Like music tuned to love.

FITZ-ROLLO.

Go, bid thy slaves  
Some Saxon fair one to thy chamber bring, <sup>(2)</sup>  
Famed for her beauty : be she maid or wife,  
It recks not aught,—she will some hours amuse,  
And charm away thy languor.

OSMOND.

No, I hate  
Compulsive pleasures. Then their barbarous tongue  
Is harsh and grating,—'tis not framed for love ;  
And when these Saxon females are enraged,  
O, I would rather hear a chattering flock  
Of angry jays, the howl of forest wolves,  
Or shriek of midnight hags met on the heath  
To summon from the tomb its sheeted dead,  
And blast the land with witcheries ! O, it shocks me !

FITZ-ROLLO.

I little heed what sounds are in their tongue,  
If but their faces please. When they grow loud,  
I always show my instrument of power,—  
A good sharp sword, which makes them quickly mute,  
And melts their coyness into willing duty.

OSMOND.

Give me the sweet Provençal tongue for love : <sup>(3)</sup>  
Our Norman ladies have sweet voices, tuned  
Like lays of Troubadours.—Fitz-Rollo, come,  
We'll hawk to-day.

FITZ-ROLLO.

Ay, with a willing heart ;  
Or hunt down Saxon slaves,—right noble sport !  
And though, when caught, we cannot on them feed,



They'll in the slave-mart yield a better price  
Than the most dainty bird.

OSMOND.

What, ho! my page.

*Enter Palamon.*

Thou, Palamon, shalt one day be a squire,  
My body-squire, my banner-man, and give  
The watch-word in my battles. Thou dost learn  
Thine exercises aptly, child of honour.  
Thou mayst, in time, attain the envied rank  
Of sacred knighthood, win thy golden spurs,  
Thy belt and crimson mantle, and become  
Chief of a thousand lancemen.

PALAMON.

Why I can vault  
Already o'er your war-horse; run a mile,  
Nor stop to gather breath,—ay, and ascend  
A ladder set against the battlements,  
Nor touch it with my feet. Then I can climb  
The steepest rocks, and dash into the flood,  
Nor heed, however strong, the eddy current;  
And for a trench, by the bright peacock bird  
And our blest Lady! I can clear the moat,  
Which circles yon great keep-tower, at a bound! (4)

OSMOND.

Thou dost improve betimes, my goodly child,  
In stature, strength, and grace.

PALAMON.

O how, my lord,  
I long to be a man! that for the love  
Of ladies I may tilt it in the ring.  
Ah, well know I there is a lady, who

Hath bright eyes like the sunbeams, and a voice  
 Sweet as the sky-bird's when those sunbeams kiss  
 The silent rain-drops of the summer cloud :  
 And know I too, as truly, that to win  
 Her silken favours for your warlike crest,  
 You would in listed field rejoice to meet  
 The stoutest knight in Europe. Send you not  
 Some letter, or sweet message, by your page  
 To her ere night ? I love such errands well ;  
 For she, one day, did give me——

FITZ-ROLLO.

What, good boy ?

PALAMON.

O ladies' favours must be ever secrets.

FITZ-ROLLO.

Tell me, young sprig of gallantry, her name.

PALAMON.

That would be breach of honour in a page.  
 I never whisper love-tales,—or could I  
 Speak of a certain damsel who was found,  
 One moonlight evening, with a nameless knight  
 Beside yon river in the alder grove ;  
 And how that knight the lady fondly kissed  
 Beneath a——Was it not a beechen tree,  
 My Lord Fitz-Rollo ?

FITZ-ROLLO.

Peace ! you little knave.

PALAMON.

Little ! sir knight ? Why am I not grown tall,  
 Ay, very tall, for one who is no more  
 In debt to years than I am ?

OSMOND.

Forward child,

Thy thoughts do far outrun thy tender age.  
 Go, bid the grooms prepare my hunting-steeds,  
 And let those saddles with rich paintings decked  
 Be for our use to-day ; (5) well burnished, too,  
 The golden bridles : bid my falconers,  
 In blue and scarlet, hood my noble birds,  
 And fasten well their broidered bewits on,  
 With all their silver bells. What shall I wear ?  
 O, I've bethought me.—Palamon !

PALAMON.

My lord,

Your gracious pleasure.

OSMOND.

Gentle page, command  
 My chamber squires who on my wardrobe wait,  
 That they lay out my new surcoat of bright  
 Flesh-coloured silk, with emerald wreaths embossed  
 And fringed with silver : it befits me well.  
 And let me have my sapphire belt with clasps  
 Of figured gold, and the blue mantle lined  
 With snow-white ermine ; nor forget my cap  
 Of crimson damask, with its blood-red plumes  
 Brought from the coast of Afric.

PALAMON.

I shall well

Remember, sir.

[*Exit* Palamon.]

OSMOND.

And yet, methinks, 'tis not  
 A day for field-sports.—No, Fitz-Rollo, no !  
 I will not hunt to-day.

FITZ-ROLLO.

Shall we then call  
 The mimic players that follow still the court ? (6)

Their dances, minstrelsy, and merry tales  
May well amuse us, till the banquet hour  
To more substantial jollity invites  
Our willing presence; when the flowing cups,  
Filled with the vintages of sunny France,  
Will circle briskly, and clear off the fogs  
Of this dull isle that mantle on our wit,  
Which then shall flash in joyous brightness forth.

OSMOND.

O lovely France! thy name stirs in my soul  
A thousand joys,—ten thousand fond regrets.  
O for thy splendid tournaments again!  
In which so oft on thy proud fields have I  
Dashed onward to the trump's enlivening notes,  
The gayest of her knights.

FITZ-ROLLO.

Rather would I  
Rush to the plunder of some wealthy town  
Or castle of these hated Saxon lords,  
Than win a bootless prize in boy-like strife.

OSMOND.

So would not I. Give me thy listed fields,  
Bright France, again! My spirit burns to view,  
Though but in fancy, those gay scenes of fame.  
Gold-bannered tents and curtained galleries spread  
Their rainbow dyes on every side, with kings  
And princes thronged in gorgeous majesty;  
Where twice a thousand radiant beauties shone  
With bright gems splendid, and still brighter eyes,  
That formed a galaxy of mingled beams  
Circling the noisy barriers. Then what crowds  
Of war-like knights and steeds of noble breed,  
In polished arms and jewelled trappings clad,

That dashed the sunlight off in vivid streams,  
 Till far the shining plain seemed all on fire.  
 In such an hour, how swelled my joyous heart  
 As the loud trump rang forth its martial peal,  
 And called me to the strife. From helm to spur  
 Gleaming in gold and gems, I onward urged  
 My war-horse like the fire-levin bolt of Jove ;  
 While round the picture of my lady-love  
 On my broad shield displayed, (7) that orb's bright marge  
 Shot forth encircling splendours !

FITZ-ROLLO.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

OSMOND.

Why dost thou laugh, and interrupt my dream  
 Of knightly glory ?

FITZ-ROLLO.

O, I laugh to think  
 How oft the artist was employed to paint  
 Fresh damsels on that shield,—save it could change  
 To Flattery's mirror by some wizard spell,  
 Wherein whatever maid, to whom at each  
 New tilt thou for the envied prize didst kneel,  
 Might proudly glass her beauty.

OSMOND.

Thou dost grow,  
 My knightly brother, somewhat too severe.

FITZ-ROLLO.

O, by St. Rimini ! I'd rather see  
 The flames ascending from some city sacked,  
 Than all the proud chevaunche of merry knights.  
 Then, for a gallant prize, give me a herd  
 Of lusty slaves fit for the public mart.  
 They're worth a million of your love-devices,

And all the scraps of female gear that flutter,  
Like scare-crows, on the mail of lass-lorn knight.

OSMOND.

Our tastes run counter, though our hearts are one.—  
Hast heard the latest news?

FITZ-ROLLO.

Some fresh revolt?

Or a new inroad on the Cambrian borders?  
I care not which; they'll yield us equal sport,  
And rescue me from sloth. My Norman sword  
Will win me conquest, conquest give me slaves  
And a more wide dominion. Thou art fallen  
Into a goodly heritage; the Earldom  
Of Dorset, given thee by his Highness, is  
A portion for a prince, and Sherborne towers  
A princely dwelling.<sup>(8)</sup> But the news, the news!  
I grow impatient for some stirring times.

OSMOND.

I nothing know of any fresh revolt:  
But, as I hear, Lord Hereward de Wake  
Is from the East return'd to Ely's isle;  
Whence, like a bloated spider in his web,  
He still darts forth to plunder with his hordes,  
Bidding the King defiance. Fame is loud  
In her report of his right valiant deeds:  
He is the theme of every minstrel's song,<sup>(9)</sup>  
The pride of every Saxon; they aver  
He never lost a battle. Then, for arts  
And stratagems in warfare, all allow  
He is without compeer.

FITZ-ROLLO.

By the holy rood,  
The better still for me, so could I find

This famed Sir Beelzebub. Come, let us hence :  
 I'm eager more to learn. I'll seek him out,  
 And, having made this demon knight my captive,  
 Send him to France, a foot-slave for some lady. <sup>(10)</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Hall of Audience. — Flourish of trumpets.—King William discovered on the Throne, the Earl of Hereford, Earl of Norfolk, Lanfranc, Guards and Attendants.*

KING.

It shall not be,—this marriage I forbid.  
 Thou, Earl of Hereford, and my Lord of Norfolk,  
 On your allegiance think of it no more :  
 Thou shalt not, Ralph, with Hereford's sister wed.

NORFOLK.

Your Highness must excuse me, when I dare  
 To plead the strong affections of my heart,  
 Bound to that lovely lady.

KING.

Must ! sir knight ?

Dare not to breathe a word like that to us.  
*Must*, doth but ill become a vassal's lips.  
 We are thy sovereign, and will be obeyed.

NORFOLK.

Far as in duty to your Highness bound,  
 In all things will I yield : but where my heart  
 And honour bind me to my lady-love,  
 I say again, I must and will be free.

KING.

That means, thy service and obedience go  
 So far as our commands may please thy fancy.  
 Audacious Baron ! I shall curb thy pride ;

And if ye do not both my will obey,  
 Ye from these English shores shall soon be driven,  
 And banished Normandy. Thy bridal day,  
 If, Norfolk, thou persist to wed, shall be  
 An evil day to all : a long divorce  
 Shall mar thy hoped-for joys ; and thy sad bride,  
 Robed like a widow in the weeds of woe,  
 Mid her lone bower thine absence long bewail.

## NORFOLK.

Good Heaven amend thee, King ! What ! have I served  
 Thy bold designs and purposes for this ?  
 With sixty barques, manned by a well-armed train,  
 Did I not furnish thee, when to this isle  
 Thou cam'st to seek a kingdom ? 'Thou forget'st  
 How I at Hastings fought, and hewed my way  
 Through Harold's stalwart ranks ; how—but it irks  
 My very soul to speak of what I've done  
 To make thy ducal seat a kingly throne.

## KING.

Matchless effrontery ! Vain, proud-hearted Norfolk,  
 And wouldst thou have me think I owe to thee  
 The wreath bound on these brows ? Slave, 'twas this arm,  
 With iron sinews nerved,—this heart of steel,  
 With the brave blood of northern Rollo filled,  
 That won this island throne ; and thou shalt find,  
 If to my power rebellious, this same arm  
 Shall crush thee into dust !

NORFOLK—(*not heeding him.*)

By all the saints,  
 My services a brave reward awaits,  
 To have my brightest blossoms rudely shook  
 From Hope's fair tree by the tempestuous blast



Of power unbridled ! What ! to be denied  
The meanest freeman's privilege,—to choose  
Where his fond heart directs ? Let cowardice  
And shame tread on my heels, if I do not  
Fulfil my vows of love !

HEREFORD.

Why this would teach  
Meekness to be a railer ! I am not  
Gifted with patience, therefore would I speak,  
Though the grim headsman with his gleaming axe  
Stood waiting for my blood. Know, thou proud King,  
A Norman Baron will be free to act,  
Within his own dominions, as the prince  
That sways a regal sceptre.

KING.

Ay, but he,  
I swear, shall to this throne that homage pay,  
His vassals pay to him.

HEREFORD.

Go trample thou  
On thy base Saxon slaves—the coward English,  
Whose name it is a foul disgrace to bear ; <sup>(11)</sup>  
And bow *their* necks beneath thine iron yoke.  
But I and valiant Norfolk will assert  
The rights of free-born Normans.

LANFRANC.

Calm, my lords,  
Your wrath-enkindled spirits. Know ye not  
It is a liegeman's duty to bow down  
Submissively to his high will who reigns  
Your feudal sovereign, whose prerogatives  
Ye seek to abrogate ?

HEREFORD.

Italian priest,  
 Ne'er meddle thou with what concerns thee not:  
 'Tis dangerous, be assured. Let him first learn  
 To bound the licence of his lawless power,  
 That, like a whirlpool, seeks to engulf our freedom  
 In its wide-circling eddies.

KING.

Hence, rash fools!  
 Your passion misbecomes you. Hereford,  
 The love which I did bear thy gallant sire,  
 Is a strong shield between my wrath and thee.  
 Quit now my sight, ere it too fiercely burns  
 To be endured; for, by the Resurrection!  
 My vengeance shall fall heavy on your heads,  
 If ye persist to cross me.

HEREFORD—(*as he turns from the King.*)

Norfolk, heed  
 Thou not his threatenings. Be, like me, but firm,  
 And from this marriage I'll occasion pluck  
 For glorious deeds hereafter. [*Exeunt.*

KING.

Lanfranc, thou  
 My bosom counsellor art. Is it not hard  
 That I must ever wrestle with the storm?  
 Let but one sunny gleam of peace shine out,  
 And doubly dark the howling tempest comes.  
 But never quails my spirit, for my path  
 From earliest years hath in the whirlwind been;  
 And Victory, like a handmaid, ever waits  
 To strew the golden track my foot hath trod  
 Along the course of Time, with laurels dipt  
 Deep in the life-blood of my sternest foes.

LANFRANC.

Were it not better, good my royal liege,  
To grant the boon these Earls so much desire ?

KING.

That, Lanfranc, were weak policy indeed.  
Their powerful houses, knit by marriage bonds,  
Would stir up endless strife,—nay, I've decreed  
The Lady Isabelle of Hereford  
To Jaques of Normandy.

*Enter Odo.*

Bishop of Bayeux,

I hear, of late, that in thy soaring hopes  
Thou, like the cedar, dost thy branches spread  
High in the heavens, deep-shadowing us and all  
Of humbler growth, whom thy transcendent pride  
Accounts as weeds and brambles of the forest ;  
That thy ambition swells like some full stream,  
Whose wintry billows sweep o'er rock and shore :  
But have a care, or I'll that flood embank,  
And make its turbulence to foam and fret  
In narrower bounds, o'er which it ne'er shall leap.

ODO.

I lack the skill such figures to divine,  
Or read their meaning.

KING.

Meaning ? Why, my lord,

That bishoprics are but the humble steps  
By which thou aim'st t' ascend that lofty throne  
Whose footstool is above the seat of kings,  
And reign, by virtue of elective right,  
Sovereign o'er Christendom.

T

ODO.

Suppose, sir King,  
That in the high consistory at Rome  
I should be at the next election chosen :  
If such proud destiny the stars ordain,  
Am I to blame ? Thou rather shouldst rejoice  
To find th' unworthiness of thy poor brother  
Deemed meet to fill the throne of Christ on earth.  
If Heaven decree that on my head should fall  
Honour, dominion, wealth, and power divine,  
Must I in stubbornness such gifts refuse,  
And hide me in a hermit's desert cell,  
To feed on roots and wear a sackcloth vest ?

KING.

Small fear is there that thou thy head wilt hide,  
When pomp and titles fall from heaven in showers :  
As little fear thou wilt that head expose  
Uncovered to the sun-blaze and the storm ;  
Or in the weeds of sackcloth wrap thy limbs  
When a tiara, decked with star-bright gems  
And gorgeous vestments, thine acceptance wait.  
Thy stormy spirit knowing well, I deem  
Thee most unfit to reign enthroned on earth  
Above all thrones.

ODO.

Thou hast no right to sit  
In judgment on my meetness ; nor canst thou  
Change that which is foredoomed.

KING.

Thou art befooled  
By a star-gazing prophet's idle dreams :  
As if the orbs, in their wide rolling spheres,  
Busied themselves with what we do on earth,

Appointing who shall fill our vacant place  
 When we pass off the stage! I hear thou hast  
 A splendid palace purchased at proud Rome,  
 Where thy chief agents bribe the cardinals ;<sup>(12)</sup>  
 Nor lack I knowledge of thy deep design  
 To quit the kingdom secretly, and waste  
 Thine ill-got riches in Italian climes,  
 Tempting our Barons from the British shores,  
 To seek, by war, dominion o'er the South.  
 But England—no, nor Normandy, my lord,  
 Shall thus be robbed, or my poor people fleeced  
 To fill the coffers of intriguing priests,  
 And batten all the saucy scum of Rome.

ODO.

Be better, King, informed. But grant it true,  
 What right hast thou to meddle in this business ?

KING.

What right, saidst thou, to meddle in this business?  
 That right which every king by right enjoys.  
 Placed like the sun amid the heavens, he sits  
 The radiance and the tempered heat to shower  
 Of honour and of justice on the worthy :—  
 That right by which he from the spoiler guards  
 His people, as the shepherd keeps his flock  
 From the devouring wolf, making the laws  
 A terror unto those that evil do,  
 And to the good a blessing. Thou shalt find  
 That I have both the right and power to act  
 As doth become a king.

ODO.

Thy duty goes  
 No further, or thy power, than temporal rule :  
 The rest to Heaven's vicegerency belong.

T 2

KING.

Much I revere the Apostolic See  
 Of ancient Rome ; but never, as a king,  
 An independent sovereign, will I bow  
 In worldly homage to the proudest head  
 That wears her diadem, <sup>(13)</sup> an earthly sign  
 Of a dominion not of earth, but Heaven ;  
 And were the mitre of all Christendom placed  
 To-morrow in full conclave on thy brows,  
 With trumpet-sounding peal, and loud acclaim  
 Of gather'd princes and Rome's noisy rabble,  
 Thou, by the Resurrection ! o'er my realms,  
 People, nor bishops, shouldst have any rule.

ODO.

That may be tried : and let my foot be placed  
 Once on the steps which lead to Peter's throne,  
 That foot shall fearless trample in the dust  
 The boldest head, though circled with a crown,  
 Which dares dispute my Heaven-descended rights !  
 Thou mayst, too soon perchance, be taught to learn  
 How weak are carnal weapons, when opposed  
 To an uplifted arm, empowered to wield  
 Heaven's own terrific thunder !

KING.

For Europe's peace,  
 For England's weal, and for thy private good,  
 I thee arrest.—What, ho ! my guards, advance !  
 Convey the Bishop of Bayeux to prison.

[*The Soldiers hesitate.*]

ODO.

Thou impious King, I am God's minister.  
 No man on earth dares to arraign or judge  
 His holy herald, his anointed bishop,

Save he the chief of bishops. At your peril  
Here and hereafter be it, if ye touch,  
Irreverently, but even my garment's hem.

KING.

Must I perform the office of my slaves?  
Soldiers, on your allegiance do my bidding.  
Odo, 'tis not the bishop I arrest,  
But he whom I created Earl of Kent,  
The temporal chief, the governor of England,  
When we in Normandy our gay court held:  
Shall we not of his stewardship require  
A strict account? Hence with the Earl to prison.

[*The Guards advance.*

ODO.

Rome, subtle tyrant, shall avenge my wrongs.  
And must th' oppressor's axe lop off the branches  
Of my fair tree of promise, filled with flowers  
Fresh opening to the sunny beams of greatness,  
Wherein the fowls of heaven their nests did make,  
While the wild herds beneath its shade reposed?  
Must I be left a thunder-blasted trunk,  
Withered and bare upon the desert heath,  
Nor put forth one fair leap?—the golden streams  
That fed my greenness all dried up and gone?  
Death or distraction save me from such thoughts!

[*Exit, guarded.*

LANFRANC.

My royal master, let——

KING.

Intreat me not.

My kingdom, palace—nay, my very household  
Are filled with pactions that confound my peace.  
Treason is every where. These English slaves——

LANFRANC.

Ah, kingly chief ! wouldst thou by gentle means  
 And gracious kindness strive their hearts to win,  
 Ruling the Saxon and the Norman race  
 With equal laws, I feel full bold to say  
 They would be faithful subjects to thy throne.

KING.

And did I not, when first this land I won,  
 Good Lanfranc, seek by every gentle art  
 To make its people happy ? Did I not  
 Convene the states, that of their own free choice  
 They on these brows the diadem might place,  
 When it was mine by good King Edward's will,  
 And doubly mine by conquest ? Have I not  
 Still held in reverence due their ancient laws,  
 And rendered mild the bondage of the slave ?

LANFRANC.

Yet think, your Highness, how these Norman lords,  
 Like ruthless Huns, rule o'er their wretched serfs ;  
 How many a gallant English chief, who dwelt  
 In the bright circle of his tapestried halls,  
 Now, driven for ever thence, doth naked roam  
 The dreary woods, and in their winter caves  
 Companion with the wolf. (14)

KING.

Have they, my lord,  
 Not merited this rigour ? Think how oft  
 My quiet they disturbed with endless plots ;  
 How they in all the provinces stirred up  
 The flames of civil strife,—from the green banks  
 And classic bowers of Isis to the Tweed ;  
 From Kent's pale sea-cliffs to Dunheved's towers,  
 The mountain-palace of Cornubian kings ;



Till insurrection, like a mighty flood,  
Rolled onward to the footstool of our throne,  
Threatening to sweep us from these hostile shores.

LANFRANC.

The day of awful retribution's past.  
Awake no more the spirit of revenge,  
Nor harrow up the bosom of the land  
With ruin's gory ploughshare. Now is come  
The time to win thy people's hearts by love:  
All ranks, all factions, men of every tribe  
To thee, great King, for equal justice look,  
And, hushed to peace, in calm expectance wait.

KING.

Ay, like the ocean sleeping in the sun,  
Till maddened whirlwinds o'er his slumbers rush,  
And shake him into fury. Trust? I've none  
In Saxon faith, or Saxon friendship, Lanfranc.

LANFRANC.

Banish suspicion from thy troubled mind,  
Which but too oft begets the thing it fears.  
Canute remember, thy great predecessor,  
How equal were his laws, how just his sway  
O'er Dane and Saxon, when the deadly strife  
Of those contending nations sank to peace.  
Then came the mildness of his after reign,  
Like evening sunshine in the broad, clear sky,  
Untroubled by the tempest,—sea and shore  
Blessing the holy calm. Be thou to all  
A loving father; and as the fierce blood  
Of Norman and of Saxon shall unite,—  
Like two proud streams, sprung from one northern fount  
Though sundered long,—into one mighty flood,  
Sweeping corruption's filth and scum away:

Commerce shall on it spread her wealthy sail,  
 And make fair England with her treasures blest :  
 Arts, learning, and the sciences shall wake  
 As from the tomb, and o'er thy kingdom shed  
 Glory that fadeth not.—

The thunder of thy steps, when first thou trod'st  
 This isle's pale shores, made her tall mountains tremble,  
 And all her slumbering institutions shook  
 At once to fragments, as the earthquake, when  
 The dread volcano sets the heavens on fire,  
 Shakes cloud-encompassed cities, and their towers  
 Dismantles in the dust ! But henceforth rule  
 With gentleness and mercy, and ere long  
 This land shall be a paradise of beauty,  
 As groves luxuriant to the summer winds  
 Unfold their blossoms, and rich vine-bowers spread  
 Their golden wealth, where erst the mountain-flame  
 Outpoured its red destruction.

KING.

Lanfranc, yes :  
 Let these stern islanders their King obey,  
 And then in his protection they shall find  
 A father's loving-kindness. But, my lord,  
 I shrewdly do suspect them.

*Enter Ivo.*

IVO.

Mighty prince—

KING.

What tidings bring'st thou, Ivo, from that nest  
 Of robbers and of rebels, who maintain  
 In Ely's fen-girt isle their daring treason ?

IVO.

O, good my sovereign lord, I am a man  
Scant in my words——

KING.

That may be, Ivo, when  
Thou soundly sleep'st.

IVO.

Now know I not, my lord,  
Where words to find sufficient for my tale  
Of stratagems and robberies, plots and battles,  
Of my escapes and dangers. Yet it skills  
Not me to speak of half which I have done :  
But, not to boast, which I could ne'er endure,  
I've been a whirlwind in my wrath against  
That bog-encircled isle—a very whirlwind,  
Which sweeps down groves of oaks, and on its back  
Bears off whole villages; then, fiercer still,  
Crumbles to fragments palaces and towers,  
And in their dust its nakedness arrays,  
Assuming visible shape !—such and so wild  
Has been my fury.

KING.

And yet still doubt we  
If Ely stands not where it did of yore,  
With all its reeds and willows firmly fixt,—  
Ay, and its castle, by that rebel built  
Stout Hereward de Brunne, even in despite  
The whirlwind of thine anger.

IVO.

Good my liege,  
That pirate,—may the foul fiend of the moor  
Blast him with leprosy ! is to this isle  
Returned, with many followers, from the East ;  
And now the Saxon outlaws of the woods,

Slaves, cut-throats, vagabonds, and arrant thieves,  
In numbers to him flock.

KING.

Thou, Lanfranc, hear'st  
How these thy faithful Saxons merit grace.

LANFRANC.

O, heed thou not,—it only claims thy scorn ;  
For on the red plain lies Rebellion low,  
And these are but the last faint, feeble throbs  
Of its death-wounded heart,—the murmuring swell  
And heavings of the surge when dark the storm  
Hath passed away, and all is hushed above.  
Restore the exile to his soul-loved home,  
And those fierce spirits of despair no more  
Shall wander forth for vengeance ; but repose  
In grateful peace, and all their future deeds  
The blessed fruits of sweet obedience yield ;  
As the deep-roaring cataract's many streams,  
When past their barrier rocks, forget to chafe,  
And onward in united calmness flow,  
Sweetly and silently reflecting heaven,  
Like the pure heart of virtue.

IVO.

I have yet  
Great news, which must be to your Highness told.

KING.

Brief be thou, then.

IVO.

Ay, good my royal sire.  
I hate the ways of many, who will load  
A tale, that should be uttered in a breath,  
With countless words, with pauses and loud hems,  
And repetitions endless. Tales should be——

KING.

What thine, thou tonguesome babbler, never are,—

IVO.

Pithy and brief. Why, I am deemed, my lord,  
As dexterous at a tale as at a sword,  
And am persuaded oft——

KING.

Then be so now,  
To tell at once the tidings thou hast brought.

IVO.

As a fierce troop of hunger-bitten wolves  
Rush on the centre of th' unguarded flock,  
So, without circumambieney, I dash  
Headlong into my story.

KING.

Saints, for patience!

IVO.

I'm never tedious.—Hereward de Brunne,  
As goes the frightful legend far and near  
In secret whispers, is the wizard chief  
Of a strange brotherhood, whose dark intrigues  
And mysteries none can fathom,—save themselves.  
Report, in fear, speaks of their unknown rites  
At dead of night performed. Some say they offer  
Children in sacrifice to spirits and fiends  
That haunt the lonely moor and forest wilds,  
And pledge each other to eternal friendship  
In skulls of human blood.

KING.

Glory of heaven!

Doth such a curst society exist  
Within my kingdom? By what name are they  
Distinguished, Ivo?

IVO.

They themselves do call  
 "Free and accepted Masons,"—a poor craft  
 Deem I for chiefs to follow. But, no doubt,  
 That is some mystic cloak, beneath whose skirts  
 They hide their fiendish doings. It is said  
 That Satan on their forehead sets his mark,  
 By which, though strangers, they each other know,  
 Unknown to all besides; that every brother  
 A demon hath to wait upon his beck,  
 And do him vassalage; that they prepare  
 Draughts yielding life immortal, and by spells  
 Base metals turn to gold; that they deny  
 Allegiance to all earthly kings, and swear  
 Homage to hell's grim master.

KING.

And their numbers?—

IVO.

O, none can count or, by my soulscot, tell,  
 So deep their secrets, where they may be found.  
 The dreadful confraternity, 'tis feared,  
 Like blood-veins in the human body, spread  
 Through all society.

KING.

The sword shall spill  
 This tainted blood, nor leave a drop behind  
 Within my kingdom's body.

IVO.

Then, I doubt,  
 It will a stinking carcass soon become,  
 And wolves be its sole masters.

LANFRANC.

Good my lord,

I credit not Suspicion's evil tongue.  
"Report, in fear, speaks of their unknown rites :"  
How can she speak of that she nothing knows ?  
He who their rites ne'er witnessed, cannot bring  
True witness of them; nor from those who have,  
Can tortures wring the secret. I have heard  
From men of good report, and where, my lord,  
They dare not lie—in strict confessional,  
That innocent and holy are the rites  
Of this Masonic craft.

KING.

Talk not to me  
Of innocence. Own they not for their liege  
The Devil himself ? Art thou, too, of this Order ?  
I wrong thee.—Thou art constant to our throne,  
As to yon heavens the sun. Have I no friend  
To rid me of that bold brigand, that chief  
Of wizard-craft and blood ?

IVO.

I have done all,  
My gracious lord, that mortal man can do  
Against this corsair and his cursed isle,  
Which is so girt with fen, morass, and moat,  
Lake, bog, and stream——

KING.

Thou hast done nothing yet.  
Nothing is done till Hereward be dragged  
In chains a captive hither.

IVO.

Ah, sir King,  
A terrible Varangian is that chief !

KING.

I'll have the rebel's head ! Varangian ! what

New mystic title's that? <sup>(15)</sup>

IVO.

It is a name

His wild crew give him, and it strikes mankind  
 With dread and horror. When from England fled  
 This doughty chief, he joined those savage bands  
 That guard the eastern Emperor, and are called  
 Varangian axe-men. 'Tis declared that they  
 Devour the flesh of men! But well bethought.—  
 He, in despite of all the Norman knights  
 Kept to defend the Abbot of Peterborough,  
 Hath stormed the golden city. Long withstood  
 The strong walls of the abbey, till he set  
 Their gates on fire, and rushing through the flames,  
 The sacrilegious thief with impious hands  
 Bore off the holy vessels, crowns of gold,  
 With silver shrines, copes, cups, and gem-wrought robes,  
 And money-treasures which no man may count! <sup>(16)</sup>

KING.

Hell-demon! Thou hast set my soul on fire!

IVO.

I've fuel yet wherewith to feed the flame.  
 Earl Guy, lord warden of the Lincoln marshes,  
 By him is slain, with all his valiant bands.  
 The fishermen who served his table, brought  
 This Hereward and his gang concealed in boats  
 With piles of straw, who, while amid their tents  
 Our Normans feasted, rushed upon th' unarmed,  
 And brained them with their axes to a man!  
 I deem my tales have been all deftly told,  
 In words most aptly chosen; and albeit  
 They wear an ugly visage, yet their dress  
 Hides their deformity, as goodly garments



Mend a bad face. And then for speed,—how brief  
Hath been my phrase on such most weighty subjects!  
O, by my soulscot, I do love to tell  
My stories with the haste I often count,  
At drowsy night, my paternoster belt.

KING.

Thrice-croaking raven, peace! Long hath this isle  
Held out against my power. A Norman fleet  
Shall on the sea-side hem these rebels round.  
I'll have this wild Varangian, though I pawn  
My diadem to raise eternal fleets  
And armies for the war!

IVO.

It is in vain :

No mortal power can that freebooter quell,  
Or I had brought him down. But he doth wear  
Enchanted armour, and a hell-charmed life ;  
For he in infant blood hath been baptized  
By witches in their dark and unknown caves,  
The Devil standing sponsor.—Why, my lord,  
His very name will make a legion flee !  
I was the only man that firmly stood  
Among five hundred, when he last approached  
Our forest citadel ; and but for me——  
No matter : I detest a boasting soldier.

KING.

Thou art a prodigy,—so much thou lack'st  
Self-love, which others cherish.

IVO.

Nay, let not

My lord the King o'ermete my poor deserts.  
'Tis true, they say I wonders have performed ;—  
Greater I yet may do. But let me counsel

What shall be done to win this last strong-hold  
Of rebels in the kingdom.

KING.

Well, proceed.

Yet, if thy words be true, what hope hast thou  
Where thy great valour failed?

IVO.

O my good lord,  
'Tis not in human strength. But, sire, there is  
A strange unearthly woman, who hath long  
Dwelt lonely on the bleak and desert moor, <sup>(17)</sup>  
Two leagues from our war-station. None will dare—  
Myself excepted—when pale day expires,  
Her hut t' approach beneath its blasted oaks,  
On which two devils, shaped like ravens, sit  
Hoarse croaking to the moon, while faint and far  
The shriek of spectres o'er the lone waste comes ;  
For she holds converse with invisible things,  
Making the dead to speak,—fierce fiends obey  
Her warlock spells, and she can taint the flocks  
And herds with murrain, blast with racking pains  
And cloud-begotten fires all those on whom  
Her withering curses light. Let me but place  
The wonder-working hag amid our ranks,  
I'll pledge my life to vanquish, by her aid,  
That fell Varangian robber.

KING.

Ivo, thou

Dost counsel well. Since honourable arms  
Of knighthood fail against that blood-baptized,  
That demon-child of evil, we will meet  
And make him quail beneath our arrows, winged  
With mightier spells than his. Speed, Ivo, hence,

And gather valiant men ; then let this witch  
 Be led into the camp, that she may stand  
 Amid our warlike van, and dash the fires  
 Of hell on all our foes.

LANFRANC.

Good angels be  
 Thy guard, my royal master ! I condemn  
 The aid of evil spirits.

*Enter Messenger.*

KING.

Now, the news !

MESSENGER.

Fierce Denmark's sovereign, with ambition fired,  
 Aided by Norway and the Earl of Flanders,  
 Prepares a thousand vessels ; while the North  
 Outpours her swarming bands for Britain's isle,  
 Where they the inheritance of former years,  
 And long-departed glory, pant to win.  
 At Haitheby their fleet collected waits  
 The mighty embarkation. <sup>(18)</sup>

KING.

Ho ! within !

*Enter Officer.*

Send messengers, and from beyond the seas  
 Call to my standard every hardy knight  
 That seeks for fame in arms, till I have filled  
 The land with harnessed steeds and mail-clad men,—  
 Till her bright shores with bristled lances gleam,  
 Like distant billows when the weary sun  
 Hasteneth to meet the ocean.—

Gathering fast,

U

The dark clouds come, whereon the thunder lies  
Pointing his burning arrows. Boldly we  
Will through the tempest, like the eagle, dash,  
And in the day-beams of dominion hold  
Our course above the misty rack and storm :  
Established then shall be our throne, unmoved  
By stern opposers, and hereafter fame  
Crown us with glory : as the lofty cliff,  
Which hath for ages braved the ruffian winds  
And dashing of the sea-wave's noisy strife,  
Is left at last in peace, the sullen deep  
Far off retiring to return no more,  
While on its golden brows the evening sheds  
Her sun-departing splendours.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace of the Earl of Northumberland, at Winchester.*

*Enter Zalmira and Ella.*

ZALMIRA.

MISERY is every where! No change of place  
To me brings joy, tranquillity, or hope.

ELLA.

May I inquire the story of thy woes?  
I am but a poor slave,—slave from my birth;  
But thou, I ween, a better state hast known.  
Forgive my humble pity.

ZALMIRA.

Thou art kind,  
And we are equals, gentle Ella, here.  
The daughter of a noble house was I  
In the bright golden city of the East.  
What am I now? A wretched outcast, slave  
'To fierce barbarians in a land unknown.  
Love, thou—woe worth thee for it! on my fate  
Hast flung this last disgrace.

ELLA.

Ah! I have heard  
But never known,—for I, alack! have but  
A sorry face,—that love brings many cares.  
Yet there are pleasures even for us poor slaves  
When comes a holiday, and we can run  
About the flowery fields——

ZALMIRA.

There is no tree,  
 No flower grows here, in this cold, dreary isle,  
 That can remind me, lovely Greece, of thee.—  
 Land of my birth, the Muses' blessed home,  
 Thy deep-blue sunny skies, thy moonlight seas,  
 Soothed with the voice of lover's lute and lay;  
 Thy palm-groves bending o'er the ruined fane,  
 With colonnade and portal grey in years;  
 Thy vine-empurpled hills, and myrtle bowers  
 Blent with the rich geranium's rainbow dyes;  
 Thy mountains, too, whose echoes seem the voice  
 Of ages past, when heroes and bright forms,  
 Clad in immortal beauty, haunted all  
 Thy shades and streams,—O, ye are ever nigh  
 To my sad heart and memory! Nor less dear  
 My friends, my home, where all that splendour yields  
 A Moslem paradise around me shed.  
 Yet what the loss of these, to losing him  
 Who was the pleasure of all pleasant things!

ELLA.

Sweet soul! Heaven mind her wits, for they are crazed.  
 O goodness save me! Yonder comes our master,  
 The merchant of the household. <sup>(19)</sup> If found here,  
 I shall be huffed and buffeted amain. [Exit.

[Zalmira retires.

*Enter Almaric, followed by Slaves of both sexes.*

ALMARIC.

Come, be alert, ye lazy, hungry hounds,  
 Ye idle neifs and wenches, who for nought  
 Will briskly stir, save in your own sweet pastimes.  
 Go to, ye losel knaves, log-bearing louts;

Ye snatch-crust trencher knights be quick, and bring  
 Fresh rushes, with sweet flowers and scented herbs,  
 Chamber and hall to strew. Go to the mill  
 For meal of oats; and you, sir Wizleface, see  
 Three bullocks slain to-day, and five fat sheep,  
 With two stalled calves; and when they smite, take heed  
 Thy own calf's head be safe.

FIRST SLAVE.

I would it were  
 From your hard blows.

ALMARIC.

No murmurings or complaints  
 When I am present; those must be reserved  
 T' amuse your idle hours.

SECOND SLAVE.

Then certain 'tis  
 We never shall be grumblers in this house,  
 While you are merchant here.

ALMARIC.

Take thou good heed  
 To thy free tongue; 'tis an unruly member.

SECOND SLAVE.

How should his tongue be free, who may not call  
 One limb his own? Or how should he have rule  
 O'er that which is another's?

ALMARIC.

Aptly questioned.  
 And as 'tis I who have the sovereign power,  
 I'll curb that saucy member, or make all  
 Its fellow-members suffer for its folly.  
 Soft-swearing rudesby, 'tis thy place to light  
 The fire in the great oven.—Look to it well,  
 My man of small-beer wit; for I protest

If thou the wheaten cakes and manchets burn,  
 Or if the simnel wafers be not sweet  
 And rich in taste, thou to the whipping-post  
 Shalt be tied up, and twice ten stripes receive.—  
 No muttering, sulky varlet. Where I reign  
 The merchant of the household, all shall do  
 Unmurmuringly their duty, or be sold  
 Beyond the seas. As for your own coarse bread  
 Of buckwheat, horsebeans, barley-bran, and rye, <sup>(20)</sup>  
 It claims not my regard. Now mark me: if  
 Ye loiter in your tasks, I'll cut you short  
 In my purveyance of your daily fare,  
 And nail you by the ear t' th' buttery-hatch,  
 Till hunger mend your sloth.—Away! ye moths,  
 Sluts, lobcocks, sluggards! [Exeunt Slaves.]

Ha! Zalmira here?

Come hither.—Why so sad? Thou art of all  
 Our captive maids the fairest in the household.  
 Good things have I in store for thee, if thou  
 Meet my fond wishes.

ZALMIRA.

There is nothing good  
 This world can yield me now, for I am past  
 All hope, all consolation. Earth no more  
 Can stir the passions in this frozen heart.  
 I am like one—if ever such there were—  
 Who breathless, motionless, and voiceless lies  
 With marbled limbs entranced, and yet awake  
 To all the scenes of sadness or of joy  
 Around him passing.

ALMARIC.

By the Host, thou talk'st  
 In lofty riddles; but thy gentle voice



Is like the music of a minstrel's song  
Heard in a foreign land, whose tones are sweet  
Although unknown his language. Comely slave,  
My love for thee is mighty. Marvel'st not  
That I, a man of worship, condescend  
Thus low and long to woo, who can command  
So many fair and yielding maids that doat  
On my desired person?

ZALMIRA.

O, in compassion  
To such desiring fools, on them bestow  
The gift of thy perfections, nor to me,  
So thankless for a favour I would shun,  
Proffer what others covet,—thy sweet person ;  
Which seems, in my poor judgment, formed of all  
That in thy sex is hateful.

ALMARIC.

Poor ingrate !  
But I must teach thee better. Thou remember'st  
When the slave-merchant, that old, bearded Jew,  
Who with his human cattle up and down  
The country travels, brought thee to this city?—  
I saw thee in the slave-mart and, well pleased  
With thy soft beauty, purchased thee, albeit  
There was no lack of maidens in this house ;  
No, nor of comely ones, well skilled in all  
Th' accomplishments and graces of thy sex.  
In pity to that delicate form, did I  
Not take thee from the bondage of a wretch  
Who knew no mercy? Yet, ungrateful, thou  
Art coy and cold, and ever weeping tears  
Like a November cloud.

ZALMIRA.

Ay, for thine own

Vile purposes thou took'st me, not in pity  
 To my affliction. But I was not born  
 To be the abject slave of thy desires.  
 Fallen as I am, my spirit soars beyond  
 The darkness of my doom, as upward mounts  
 The tuneful sky-bird to the gates of morn,  
 Ere earth and night have parted.

ALMARIC.

Am I not

Merchant and ruler of a princely household,  
 In which the female slaves all envy thee  
 My kind regard, my condescending love?

ZALMIRA.

As the ghost-haunted yew-tree darkly towers,  
 Rooting itself in dead men's graves, so thou  
 Dost, mid corruption's foul and putrid soil,  
 Clad in thy scant and borrowed power, put forth  
 Thy branches proudly, poisonous dew distilling  
 On all beneath, where lurk the envenomed toad,  
 And speckled adders coil their slimy folds.

ALMARIC.

Is this meet language to a man like me?—  
 And yet I love thee still.

ZALMIRA.

Thy love is like

The fondness of those creeping plants that kill  
 The noble tree to which they closely cling.  
 Vain dotard! all antipathies shall meet  
 In cordial union, thunder and lone silence,  
 Sunshine and deepest night together dwell,

And summer on pale winter's snowy brow  
Her roseate garlands bind, ere love shall join  
Our hearts in unison.

ALMARIC.

Nay, pretty fool,  
How canst thou to thyself so cruel prove?  
If with my tender wishes thou comply,  
Light shall thy service be, nor wilt thou feel  
The common lot of slaves. Thou shalt be clothed  
In costly robes of freedom,—ay, and wear  
Chains too of gold; nor shall some sparkling gems  
Be wanting to adorn those raven locks,  
Which, in despite of slavery's law, have I  
Saved yet from being shorn.

ZALMIRA.

Must I endure  
This insolence to honour and to virtue?  
Thou base and scurvy groom, avaunt! nor dare,  
Slave though I am, t' insult me with thy presence.

ALMARIC.

What silly airs are these? I marvel much.  
This proud reserve will nought avail with me.  
There stands no lord 'twixt thy unwillingness  
And my full power—— [Seizing her hand.

ZALMIRA.

Vile slave, thou liest! A lord  
There is who stands betwixt thy brutal power  
And my unsullied virtue, even He  
The Lord of lords, whose might the creeping worm,  
And all those worlds that flash through midnight skies,  
Guards with an equal care. On Him I call:  
Help! help me, Heaven! I have no friend but Thee.

*Enter Hereward, in the habit of a slave.*

ALMARIC.

Why, who art thou ?

HEREWARD.

A man ! bound by the laws  
Of manhood to protect a woman, when  
Base-hearted power insults her.

ZALMIRA—(*shrieking.*)

Ha ! it is

His voice ! his face ! It is my long-lost——

[*Faints in the arms of Hereward.*]

HEREWARD.

Mother of God ! what blessed vision cheers  
My wondering sight ? Can this I see and feel  
Be real life ? Is it not shadow all ?  
No, it hath substance.—Yes, kind Heaven, it is  
My own beloved Zalmira !

ALMARIC.

Hence, base dog !

Who sold'st thyself to be my household slave,  
My drudge, but yesterday ; or I shall so  
Chastise thy insolence, that thou wilt find  
'Twere better to have thrust thy naked hand  
Into the lion's mouth, than thwart my will.

HEREWARD.

Go and chastise thy base unruly passions,  
And to my keeping this fair maid resign ;  
Or on thy carcass shall this hand alight  
So heavily, that thou wilt, in thy fear,  
Think it the lion's paw.

ALMARIC.

Thou dunghill grub !  
This damsel is my money-boughten slave,

As thou art, foul-mouth, with thy wolfish leer.  
Then dare not, at the peril of thy life,  
To interpose between us. Yield her up.

[*Seizing Zalmira.*

HEREWARD.

Proud villainy, avaunt! Then take thou that!

[*Striking Almaric.*

ALMARIC.

Renowned St. Dransius save me! <sup>(21)</sup> What, a blow!  
Scarce have I breath to speak. A lion's paw  
This fellow hath indeed! A bond-slave strike  
A freeman! one who in a prince's house  
High office holds! This shall to thee be death.  
Had I my sword, I would not wait for law.

HEREWARD.

Nor, had I mine, should justice wait for thee.

ALMARIC.

The debt I owe thee soon shall be discharged,  
And no complaint will ever pass thy lips  
That thou hast not received its full amount. [*Exit.*

ZALMIRA.

Alas! my lord——

HEREWARD.

Fear not, for I am safe  
From the poor impotence of his revenge.  
But tell me, dear one, how comes it that I  
Behold thee in this far-off isle o' th' west  
A wretched slave, to insult and to toil  
Unfriendly exposed?—I, who believed  
Thou still wert in thy father's gorgeous halls,  
The worship of all eyes which on thee gazed,  
Awaiting that glad hour of promised bliss

When I should to the Emperor's court return,  
And claim thee for my bride.

ZALMIRA.

When thou, a chief  
In the Varangian guards, the Emperor's leave  
Didst gain to visit these thy native shores,  
A princely lover sought my hand, and won  
My sire's consent. No hope was left for me  
But in a speedy flight; and I, disguised,  
Embarked on board a vessel bound for France.  
On the wild seas a pirate took our ship,  
And happily to this famed island bore us,  
Where I was to a Hebrew merchant sold  
Who deals in slaves; and being hither brought,  
Became the bondmaid of that wretch, from whom  
Thy timely presence saved me.

HEREWARD.

Blest be Heaven!  
For in Despair's dark, shadow-haunted vale  
We gather the bright flowers of hope and joy.  
My dearest one, my own Ionian maid,  
All now shall soon be well.

ZALMIRA.

O, I am like  
The dungeon captive, who at early dawn  
Comes forth to liberty, and once more looks  
On the rich splendours of the morning skies,  
Which, filled with music, shed a dazzling flood  
Of glory on his long-beclouded sight,  
While Eden round him blooms. But now I gaze  
On thee again, how is it I behold  
My brave Varangian in these peasant weeds  
Of slavery clad? Alas! how canst thou save

Zalmira from pollution, or the tomb,  
Who art thyself a bondman?

HEREWARD.

Be at peace.

I hither came in this attire to seek  
My dear-loved brother, Morcar, Earl of Mercia,  
Whom the stern Norman bastard, with false wiles,  
Allured into his power. I sold myself  
A slave, that under such disguise I might  
Discover in the tyrant's court where now,  
A chain-bound captive, in some dungeon lies  
That foe to Norman rule. But fear thou not,  
For there are those in Waltheof's household who  
Are friends to our good cause; and a stout band  
Awaits my signal-horn in yonder woods.  
But, till we quit this city, let my name  
Escape not thy sweet lips.

*Enter Almaric, with armed Slaves.*

ALMARIC.

There stands the dog,  
The saucy bond-slave, who dared lift his hand  
Against his master. Drag him to a dungeon.  
At eventide he hangs.

*[The slaves seize Hereward.]*

HEREWARD.

City and court  
Shall perish first in flames!

ALMARIC.

That's treason. Mark,  
He uttereth treason!

ZALMIRA.

I will with thee go

To prison and to death. Would I had died,  
Ere thou beheld'st these crime-polluted halls.

HEREWARD.

Be calmly firm, my loved Ionian maid.  
No supplication here. Full well know I  
Thy Grecian spirit bravely will protect  
Thy person from that foul insulter's touch.  
Receive this dagger, which I did forget,  
Or in my passion I had with it stabbed  
Yon villain coward. An Ionian girl  
Knows how to use it in bright honour's cause.  
Farewell but some brief hours, and then we meet  
To part no more. Lead on, base, menial herd,  
Driven by a baser Norman, menial cur.  
If thou a finger lift to wrong that maid,  
Thy blood shall pay the forfeit of thy daring.

[Exit, guarded.]

ALMARIC.

Pshaw! Surly shag-eared bear, within twelve hours  
The hungry ravens shall o'er thy carcass croak.  
You now, my weeping lady-bird, may mark  
The punishment of those who dare insult  
Me,—the intendant of this princely household.  
Hadst thou not better, ere it be too late,  
Consent more pleasingly? 'Tis true, I feel  
(Seeing the love by thee to others shown)  
A kind of non-regardance in my heart;  
Yet I, perchance, may—for a time—

ZALMIRA.

Grim fiend,  
Avoid my sight! I fear no more thy power.  
Barbarian, think'st thou I, in whose veins flow  
The blood of princes, e'er could stoop to thee?



A Grecian maid ! whose native land resounds  
 Throughout the world for science, arts, and arms,  
 Conquest and freedom,—on whose laurelled brows  
 The glory of a thousand ages shine,  
 Won by the deeds of her immortal sons !  
 And shall the daughter of a land so famed  
 Be made a foul reproach by losel grooms ?  
 Insult my spotless honour once again,  
 And thou shalt find that in this bosom burns  
 The heroic fire of that illustrious race,  
 The pride of ancient Greece, from which I sprang ;  
 And ere in me thou shalt disgrace my country,  
 This poniard will I bury in thy heart ! [Exit.

## ALMARIC.

The Saints defend us ! what a walking engine,  
 Charged with *Greek fire*, goes there !  
 A precious pair of slaves are these which I  
 Did purchase in the mart ! A bitter loss !  
 Let me bethink. The villain cost—ay, what ?  
 The value of three falcons,—for he rated  
 His bones and muscles at a swinging price.  
 Pshaw for the price ! revenge is dearer far.  
 Yes, one I'll to that lofty station raise  
 His merits claim ; the other sink so low  
 By toil and sufferance, that her fire shall fail  
 To yield the glimmering of a glow-worm's tail. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Chamber of the Countess of North-  
 umberland. A Sideboard of four degrees, ascending  
 one above the other, and crowned with a tester of  
 cloth and gold ; each degree being filled with valu-  
 able ornaments and dishes, cups and vases of silver  
 and gold.*

*Judith discovered, and Matilda, at a distance,  
examining a wardrobe.*

JUDITH—(*rising.*)

I cannot long endure this mental strife;  
It maddens me! O, I must quench this fire,  
Which Love hath from the eyes of Dorset's Earl,  
The gallant Osmond, lighted in my heart;  
Or honour and fair fame, like martyr-saints,  
Will perish in the flames. An evil hour  
Was that in which the Norman conqueror gave  
My hand reluctant to Northumberland;  
The homely, witless, dull, plain-spoken man,  
I hate him!—Many causes for this hate  
Torment my bosom. First, he is a Saxon:  
Then he is rude, devoid the courtly grace  
Of our gay youth of Gaul, gigantic shaped,  
And scurvily ill-favoured,—heinous faults  
In a fair lady's eye; and, worse than all,  
He is my husband! Can there be no way  
Found out to rid me of this living plague?  
Honour hath chained me to a rugged rock,  
While passion, like a vulture, drinks my blood,  
And battens on my vitals! What art thou  
So busied with, good wench?

MATILDA.

Lady, I seek  
That splendid coronet and robe in which  
You won so many proud admirers, when  
The King gave to the embassy of France  
His most magnificent banquet.

JUDITH.

Why should I  
To-day be thus arrayed?

MATILDA.

Expect not you  
The noble Osmond, Dorset's graceful Earl,  
Your husband being absent ?

JUDITH.

Ah, Matilda,  
Thou know'st my weakness : feed not thou the flame  
Which burns to madness here.

MATILDA.

'Tis Dorset's love  
Must do that happy office. I, your handmaid,  
Can only trim the alabaster lamp  
Which holds the flame, and keep its brilliant light  
Hid from the vulgar gaze.

JUDITH.

It cannot long,  
I fear, be hidden from my rude husband's eye :  
Then comes the storm all light and hope to quench.  
Northumberland, good easy, shallow man,  
Pillowed on love's connubial couch, dreams on  
Of happiness, with all the sober pleasures  
That home and a tame, fond, obedient wife  
Can yield his simple heart. But let the snakes  
Of jealousy once plant their venom'd sting  
In his dull brain, he, like the lion roused  
From hungry sleep, would roar his vengeance forth,  
And mangle without mercy. All the court  
Would ring with my disgrace, and on this head  
The stern wrath of my kingly uncle fall !  
Yet passion drags me on, though thy dark gulph,  
Perdition, yawns before me !—  
I'll go no further. Lay that robe aside :  
I'll Osmond see no more.

MATILDA.

How long will you  
Continue in that humour? Had you heard,  
Like me, the night gone by, those praises which  
He lavished on your charms, comparing all  
That's beautiful in Nature with your beauty;  
And then protesting that you beggared quite  
His poor imagination, surely you  
Would see him once again, if but to hear  
The music of his love-inspired tongue;  
For when he of my mistress speaks, his voice  
Sounds like a rich-toned harp.

JUDITH.

And did he speak  
So fondly of me?

MATILDA.

Did he, lady? Ay.  
I cannot talk in his bewitching phrase,  
Or you would bid me stand from morn to night  
His fondness to repeat. I never heard  
Your gruff-voiced, huge, unmannered husband yet  
Pay your rare beauty one brief compliment.  
He stands before you ever, in my thoughts,  
Like one, born blind, placed on a mountain top,  
Unconscious of the lovely scene outspread  
In vain around him, with its pomp of woods,  
Valleys, and lakes, and streams, and glittering towers.  
Is he then fit to husband such a lady,—  
The rose of Normandy, the Conqueror's niece?  
What is he but a bearded Saxon born? <sup>(22)</sup>  
An Englishman?—a name that honour scorns  
And brands with infamy.

JUDITH.

Too sadly true !

But how may I fling off this load of shame ?

MATILDA.

O, there are many ways.

JUDITH.

Name them.

MATILDA.

The best

And speediest I have knowledge of, is—death.

JUDITH.

What ! must I die ?

MATILDA.

No, lady, Heaven forefend.

JUDITH.

What then import thy words ? Thou canst not mean  
My husband's murder ?

MATILDA.

Who of Norman race

Accounts it murder to dispatch a Saxon ?

These English slaves, though deemed of gentle line,

Driven for rebellion from their flame-scathed halls,

Make the green woods their home ; and, lady, now

Among our lords 'tis fashionable sport

To hunt them down with blood-hounds.

JUDITH.

Yet his death,

If wrought by me, I fear would on myself

Destruction bring ; for though a Saxon born,

He in the royal favour of the King

The foremost Baron stands.

MATILDA.

Are there not means

x 2

And instruments by which this deed of justice,—  
Justice to your deserts and injured beauty,  
Might be accomplished, and th' unconscious world  
Account you innocent ?

JUDITH.

Art thou not bribed,  
Bribed by this Osmond ?

MATILDA.

By the heart of truth  
I answer, no ! My love for one so wronged  
Is my sole motive ; and my aim is only  
To see you happy, which can never be  
While Waltheof lives.

JUDITH.

In that, at least, thou speak'st  
A fatal truth.

MATILDA.

An instrument there is,  
Or greatly do I err, who would with joy  
Complete your wishes. I have marked him well.

JUDITH.

Whom dost thou mean ?

MATILDA.

Cardoc, a British slave  
Bought by Almaric, merchant of your household.  
A well-proportioned, sturdy loon is he,  
And on his gloomy brow lurks dark revenge,  
Some bloody deed to act. Full well know you  
That all of his wild race the Saxons hate,  
And thirst to take their lives.

JUDITH.

Why surely thou  
Wast born above the rank of those who serve.

MATILDA.

Yes; but would serve my royal mistress ever.  
It was my fate to be a captive slave  
To Tosti, brother of the late King Harold,  
In his wild, pirate wanderings on the coast  
Of Normandy. My brother and my sire,  
Who bravely fought, the caitiff rover slew  
When made his prisoners. Have I not full cause  
To hate the name of Saxon?—But your thoughts  
Are absent from my tale.

JUDITH.

They are indeed.

MATILDA.

Say, shall I to your presence bring this slave?  
For hither I can lead him unobserved,  
If so it be your will. Northumberland  
Is with his hounds to the New Forest gone:  
How easy, on a swift steed, for this slave  
To follow him; and, in some bower concealed,  
A steel-bow straining to the arrow's head  
The fleet shaft on its bloody errand send,  
As Waltheof, chasing the wild stag, shall pass  
Unheedful by. Who then shall dare suspect  
You ever did him wrong?

JUDITH.

Why what a head  
For precious mischief hast thou, to devise  
With ease and quickness such a fearful deed!  
In thy captivity,—for I did mark  
Somewhat the tenour of thy hapless tale,  
Thou must have learnt the soldier's blood-stained craft.

MATILDA.

O, most assuredly; I've witnessed scenes,

Many and oft, would turn e'en courage pale.  
 Women have been, in days gone by, renowned  
 For warlike deeds, and in their country's cause  
 Have struck a tyrant dead. In honest truth,  
 Ourselves are dearer to us than our country;  
 And he who tramples with the foot of power  
 On our desires and hopes, barring the way  
 To love and happiness, deserves to die  
 A traitor's death. Reck not how it be done,  
 So done it be.

JUDITH.

My spirit kindles with  
 Thy daring words.

MATILDA.

It shall be all on fire,  
 Ere I have ended. Lady, you've been made  
 A most unwilling tool of kingly craft,  
 A bond of state, given to the man your heart  
 Scorns and abhors, to bind him sure and fast  
 To the great Conqueror's interest.—Out upon him!  
 This Waltheof is the Saxons' worshipped god,  
 And at his altar you, the victim crowned  
 With flowers and pomp, hath the o'erweening King  
 Heartlessly sacrificed.—I see she yields.  
 Now is the time to bring this British slave.  
 Revenge and interest prompt me to the deed,  
 For Dorset's Earl hath promised gifts might tempt  
 A queen, if by my aid he win the Countess.

[*Aside, and Exit.*]

JUDITH.

Stay, stay Matilda. Ah! how shall I act  
 In this dark business? She hath spoken truth:  
 I *am* the victim to this horrid idol



Of Saxon worship. O, that wounds my heart  
 Like a fell serpent's fang! Then let him die!—  
 The far-adventuring merchant trusts his all  
 To seas, and winds, and storms: should tempests rise  
 And loud the billows roar, his trembling heart  
 A thousand fears assail; but when he views  
 His wealthy ship, through ocean's trackless depths  
 With her brave freight safe to the haven returned,  
 His terrors are forgotten. So will I  
 On murder's red and dangerous sea launch forth,  
 Fame, life, and honour venturing for my love:  
 If I outride the tempest and the surge,  
 Rich shall I be in all that time can yield  
 Worth our acceptance: should my frail barque founder—  
 Well, be it so; I too shall with it sink,  
 And then comes dark oblivion!—better far  
 To perish from remembrance, than to live  
 Disclaimed by hope and honour.

*Enter Matilda and Hereward.*

MATILDA—(*aside to the Countess.*)

The slave hath dared  
 To strike your merchant, for some fancied wrong  
 Done to a bondmaid, whom, it seems, he loves.  
 I've led him from his dungeon, where he lay  
 Waiting the hangman's halter. Promise freedom  
 And her he doats on, there's no peril which,  
 In his sad need, he will not risk to win  
 Such gracious favours, madam.

JUDITH.

This is no common slave. I see the pride  
 Of nobleness imprinted on his brow,  
 That suits not his low state; and in that eye

The fire of great desert shines, tempered with  
The beams of modesty.—I blush to speak.

MATILDA.

Bow to the princess ; and if thou obey  
Her bidding promptly, bright rewards will fall  
Upon thee measureless.

JUDITH.

Thou art a slave.

HEREWARD.

Lady, I am.

JUDITH.

That is a wretched state  
To those who better days have known, and lived  
Esteemedly with merit ; and, if I  
Err not, there was a time when fair renown  
Flung on thee her rich beams, and thou didst walk  
In honour's sunshine, with thy head erect—  
A man among thy fellows.

HEREWARD.

Ay, and will

Do ever so.

JUDITH.

I must believe thee. But  
To hold acquaintance with contempt and scorn ;  
To rank below the beggar, wait on meanness,  
Do worthless, servile offices for those  
Who others serve for bread ; to be cast out  
From the communion of all freeborn men  
Though lowest in degree, thy master's dog  
Caressed when thou art spurned ; to be worse fed,  
Less cared for than the basest hound that howls  
The winter night without the bolted gate  
Of that stern master, yet not dare to lift  
Thy voice against oppression ; subject still

To the vile lash of every fool above thee,  
Unmulct though he in spleenful mood should plunge  
His dagger in thy heart,—canst thou endure  
A life like this ?

HEREWARD.

No, gentle lady ; I  
Would rather give this flesh to be the food  
Of hungry wolves.

JUDITH.

That breathes a manly spirit.  
I'll not suspect thee, nor believe that thou  
Dost vaunt misseemingly. There is, perhaps,  
Some maiden of thy choice ; one whom thy love  
Would shield from every danger, and her path  
Through life's dark pilgrimage bestrew with flowers ;  
One whom thy burning passion holds more dear  
Than the red tide which circles through thy veins :  
Have I not guessed aright ?

HEREWARD.

Indeed thou hast.

JUDITH.

And she must brook the insults of thy state,  
A sorrow-stricken bond-slave. What wouldst thou  
Enact to win her freedom ?

HEREWARD.

Barter gladly  
My life-blood for her ransom.

JUDITH.

Bravely spoken.  
What wouldst thou do, were I that life to save  
Thy rashness hath endangered, and to both  
Give freedom,—give thee honour, wealth, and place,  
Where thy deservings, like a goodly tree

Beside the gentle waters, might bring forth  
Fruits goldenly ?

HEREWARD.

Princess, I would do all  
Which in thy goodness thou couldst of me claim.

MATILDA—(*aside to the Countess.*)

The very fellow, madam, to our wish.  
I judged him rightly. Fear you not to give  
Full meaning to the brave design in hand.

JUDITH.

I have a foe—a deadly foe, that lies  
Coiled like a serpent here ; he poisons all  
My peace of mind, and on this heart's warm blood  
Doth hourly feed. Thy skilful hand must draw  
The monster forth : his death will be my life.

HEREWARD.

The cause of one so beautiful and good,  
Must be the cause of justice and of truth.  
Make me thy knight, and I will find a sword  
Shall dauntlessly in combat smite this foe,  
Though on his helm as haught a crest he wears,  
And on his shield a heraldry as proud  
As the most lofty Baron in the court.

MATILDA—(*aside to the Countess.*)

I knew he was a hero for our purpose.  
I had a right discernment when I chose  
This ready instrument.

JUDITH.

Be well advised.  
Thou canst not meet him in the listed field,  
Amid the concourse of mail-gleaming knights  
And living splendour of fair ladies' eyes,  
The champion of a lady. No ; his power

And lofty rank a nameless slave would scorn,  
 Even as the kingly mountain-bird disdains  
 To combat with the simple-singing wren.

HEREWARD.

The days have been, that in the embattled field  
 Victory her banner o'er my knightly crest  
 To shout of armies waved; and though my fame  
 Behind the heavy clouds of bondage lie,  
 I'll dash those clouds aside, and make the world  
 Start at its sudden glory!—  
 Who is this chieftain of baronial pride?  
 And what the name he bears?

JUDITH.

Must I pronounce it?

MATILDA—(*aside to the Countess.*)

That he will falter be not you afraid.  
 O, I can to his heart-core pierce, and read  
 Undaunted resolution written there  
 In characters of blood, plain as I see  
 The fires of his dark eye. Mark, how they flash,  
 Like summer lightning from the clouds of eve  
 Along the dim horizon. We shall hear  
 The thunder rolling shortly.

JUDITH.

Yes, I must  
 His hated name pronounce, or, Cardoc, thou  
 Wouldst in thy guessings, like a blind man, err,  
 Nor ever find the pathway to revenge;  
 For, as thou art a Briton, he must be  
 Thy foe as well as mine. It is—my husband—

HEREWARD—(*aside.*)

Thy husband? Heaven confound thy dark intents,  
 Thou base, and bloody-minded Norman wife!

JUDITH.

Northumberland the Saxon!—he who holds  
Thee in vile bondage, he for whom thou toil'st  
Slave of his meanest slaves. Thy arm must strike  
In secrecy; in ambush thou must wing  
Thine arrows to his heart.

HEREWARD.

A thousand curses on thee fall for this!  
Ten thousand fall on me, if I uplift  
A hand to do him harm!

JUDITH.

Ha! what said'st thou?

MATILDA.

Dogs gnaw his heart-strings! Have I been deceived?  
Outwitted by a slave?

HEREWARD.

Misdeem'st thou me  
So base, because a bondman's badge I wear,  
That I must be a miscreant cut-throat ruffian?  
Dost thou not know that many a gallant heart,  
All worthiness and honour, beats beneath  
The weeds of bondage? while the jewelled vest,  
The golden spur, and coronal of pomp  
Are oft like flowers, that hide beneath their bloom  
The spotted toad and adder?

MATILDA.

Here's a knave!

A dunghill reeking with the fumes of honour!  
A swine pranked with a jewel in his snout!  
A kennel-raker in a bishop's cope,  
Reading a homily! Out and away  
With the foul ditch-dog! Let a gallows cord  
The snatch-crust strangle!

HEREWARD.

O, it cannot be  
That thou shouldst seek thy noble husband's death,  
Whom all men love. Thou dost but try my truth.

JUDITH.

Base lack-brain fool ! I cannot deign to pour  
In thy dull ear the hopes, the rage, the pangs  
That rack this heart. I wish him dead ! and thou  
A fitting tool wert deemed, or we had not  
Stooped thus to honour thee.

HEREWARD.

I scorn the office.  
Let such abhorred distinctions be conferred  
On those thou better than thy husband lov'st.  
They merit such high service.

JUDITH.

Saucy groom !  
How far have we o'ermeasured thy deserts.

MATILDA.

Measure them, madam, by the hangman's rope,  
That lifts him to the highest forest tree ;  
Where, swinging to and fro i' th' tainted winds,  
The hungry ravens will croak his merits forth  
As they pick clean his bones. Mad could I run  
So to be cozened by a swinish slave !

HEREWARD.

These are your Norman women ! Ye are both  
A glorious sample of your hell-black tribe,  
Your nation's infamy and England's curse !

JUDITH.

Disserviceable, courageless, mean cur,  
That lick'st the foot which spurns thee, and the rod  
Which thy lack-linen back makes red with stripes !

No fire hast thou in thy tame, lukewarm blood,  
 Nor art thou with ambition's metal steeled ;  
 But like a sleepy, ice-bound river, which  
 Suffers all burdens unresistingly  
 Its still, cold waves to cross,—not like the sea  
 When stirred to wrath by the rebellious winds,  
 Dashing the navy on its shores a wreck  
 That dared to ride its billows. Well becomes  
 That badge of slavery thy submissive neck.  
 Boaster, thou hast no spirit !

HEREWARD.

Yes, false dame,  
 I feel a thousand spirits burning here,  
 Burning t' avenge, but not destroy thy lord.  
 What ! be a blood-dog, and at thy fell cry  
 Hunt down the noblest Saxon whom these Normans  
 Have spared to bless my country ? Let me pine  
 A dungeon slave where morning never came,  
 Water my drink and herbs my only food,—  
 Where I may never view that brighter day,  
 The sunlight of her eyes who is on earth  
 The fairest type of angel blessedness,  
 Rather than sink to that vile, loathsome thing  
 Which thou wouldst make me ! Freedom ? No :  
 Emancipation on *thy* terms, would be  
 The bondage of the damned ; and I should feel,  
 Though free to wander as the mountain winds,  
 Fettered with chains of fire.

MATILDA—(*aside.*)

I cannot stay  
 To hear the saintly whining of this dog :  
 It is a satire on my skill to read  
 Th' insidious heart of man. My mistress now



Must with him brave it out the best she may ;  
 And if she do not find some means to bend,  
 Or silence him for ever, she's no woman. [Exit.

JUDITH.

O, I am deep in malice with myself,  
 That I should listen to that wench's tale,  
 And make this stubborn fool my confidant,  
 Gulled by her silly judgment. [Aside.

Slave ! how darest  
 Thou on me with such bold amazement look ?

HEREWARD.

Can I but wonder to behold that form  
 Which breathes divinity, those eyes that dart  
 The lightning of the soul, that lovely face,  
 Rosy and bright as if the god of day  
 Had on young morn begot thee, and yet know  
 That in such beauty fiends can find a home  
 And turn it to a hell ? Murder thy lord !  
 Art thou not bound by every holy tie  
 To honour and obey him ? O, thy sex  
 Is ever in extremes. Women, when good,  
 Are mild and beautiful as angel forms,  
 And o'er man's darkened path shine like the moon  
 On winter's chilling storms—yet guiltless still  
 Of her inconstancy,—guiding his steps  
 To the sweet home of all that makes life blest ;  
 But when the shades of hell eclipse their light,  
 They taint us like a plague-spot !

JUDITH.

Poison of asps  
 Blister thy tongue ! Patience herself would turn  
 A maniac fury, to be taunted thus  
 By such a losel slave, whose every breath

Hangs on my will. <sup>(23)</sup> Hence! to a dungeon sink!  
 Companion there the vapour-bloated toad,—  
 Starve, and rot inch by inch! [*Flourish within.*  
 By heaven, 'tis Waltheof's horn!  
 Vengeance befriend me! (*shrieks.*) Ha! off, villain, off!  
 Defile me not with thy polluted touch!  
 Unhand me! Ho! within there to my rescue!

[*She flings her scarf across Hereward, who stands  
 in mute astonishment, disorders her hair, and  
 runs to meet the Earl.*

Am I become the sport of menial slaves?

*Enter Northumberland and Huntsmen, whom he  
 motions to retire.*

O, good my lord, defend me!

WALTHEOF.

I did hear

Cries of distress. What means this strange disorder?

JUDITH.

Heaven sent thee hither to preserve my honour,  
 Insulted by yon base-begotten slave;  
 Who with unmatched effrontery dared intrude  
 His hated presence here, and blast my ears  
 With a forbidden passion.

WALTHEOF.

What! a slave

Attempt the honour of my virtuous wife?  
 A noble lady, born of royal line?

JUDITH.

Ay, see you not my scarf—still hanging on him—  
 Torn from me, and these locks disordered thus  
 With my wild struggles in his horrid grasp?

HEREWARD—(*aside.*)

Deep shame be on thee, crafty Norman witch !  
I'm caught at last within the Norman toils,  
And by a woman,—if that name she merits.

JUDITH.

Call in thy train, and bid them lead him forth  
To instant death. I faint, I die to look  
On his detested visage.

WALTHEOF.

Nay, for that,  
His visage may be looked on, and endured :  
There's many a damsel on his eye would gaze  
With pleasure, to behold her beauty there  
Reflected in love's mirror. Can it be  
That such audacious infamy should lurk  
Beneath that countenance ? Such baseness must  
In one, whose form so nobly doth surpass  
His low estate, be rare and far to seek.

JUDITH.

Am I then doubted ? O, thou lukewarm chief,  
How calm thou art, when thou shouldst be all fire !  
Storming for instant vengeance on the wretch  
Who in my person hath dishonoured thee,  
Even where true honour feels the slightest scathe  
Wound like the mad dog's fang ! Have I this hand,  
Which princes sought in vain, on thee bestowed  
To be insulted by thy lowest slaves  
And not revenged ? Nay, doubted, as it seems !

WALTHEOF.

Doubt thee ? I doubt thee not ; yet do I stand  
Lost in amazement at the daring crime  
In one who looks all nobleness and truth.  
A Saxon, too ! Were he a Norman born,

Y

And thou of Saxon line, it had not thus  
O'erwhelmed me with surprise.

JUDITH.

Trust not to looks.

The base deceiver pardon feigned to crave,  
For stirring up contention in the household:  
I little weened, when he approached me here,  
To find him what he is.

HEREWARD—(*aside.*)

Little, indeed.

Thy lying lips at last have uttered truth,  
Though artfully disguised.

WALTHEOF.

I've ever been,

In love and hate, plain spoken, and my aim  
Is to be just to all. I have not deemed  
Even the most censured guilty, till their crimes  
Clear as the sun were proved; therefore to me  
It seems impossible he could insult  
Thy lofty virtue, which above him shines  
High as the stars in heaven, did I not know  
'Twere more impossible that thou shouldst lie,  
And falsely him accuse.

HEREWARD.

My gracious lord,

Thou art by every Englishman adored  
That loves his country, and thy spotless name  
Not even thy deepest, deadliest foe can taint.  
Alas, that such should in thy house be found!  
Noble Northumberland, it is in vain  
To tell thee wherefore I was hither brought.  
I could accuse, but thou couldst not believe.  
Armed in my innocence, I am content

T' abide thine utmost wrath ; and when thou bidd'st  
 The death's-man on me do his fatal office,  
 I shall forgive thee with my latest breath,  
 And pray for blessings on thine honoured head.  
 My doom is fixed : but heed thou my last words,—  
 Beware thy Norman wife ! She knows no mercy,  
 For harder is she than the nether rock,  
 And her base heart swells like th' envenomed toad  
 Found hidden in its centre.

JUDITH.

Mark you this ?

Unmannered ruffian ! may all evil things,  
 All curses human nature e'er endured,  
 Light on thee, and thy death the prelude be  
 To fiercer plagues hereafter !

WALTHEOF.

Peace, dear wife :  
 Descend not to such wrath. Who waits within ?

*Enter Attendants.*

Hence to a dungeon lead this guilty man.  
 A crime hath he committed, which demands  
 His death at early dawn. [*Exit Hereward, guarded.*]

JUDITH.

Why not to-day ?—why not this very hour ?

WALTHEOF.

Be thou less eager, lady, for his blood.—  
 To him who sought my life, I'd not deny  
 A fitting time to make his peace with Heaven.

JUDITH.

Life ! what is life  
 Compared, my lord, with honour, whose deep wounds .

Can never heal? He who purloins my fame  
 Takes more than life, he takes my life's whole wealth,  
 And leaves me a poor bankrupt beggar, starving  
 On cold Suspicion's alms. But how camest thou  
 So timely from the forest sports? 'Tis not  
 Thy wonted hour.

WALTHEOF.

Base chastisement and shame  
 Be on those Norman Barons! who this day,  
 Amid yon forest, hunted down like beasts  
 My guiltless countrymen, and to the flames  
 Gave their loved homes, embosomed with the dove's,  
 Where the tall shades o'er Stour's bright waters bend.  
 And now they hither to the slave-mart drive  
 Their hapless captives, who, borne o'er the seas,  
 Shall ne'er again their native land behold.  
 With rage and sorrow stung I fled the chase,  
 Fled hawk and hound, and in his freedom left  
 The lusty stag to roam.

JUDITH.

Thou thankless man,—  
 Ungrateful to thy friends. Art thou not made  
 Earl of Northumberland, and, by thy marriage,  
 The kinsman of the King? But Saxons claim  
 Thy sole regard: the insults cast on me,  
 By a foul-spoken slave, thou count'st as nought  
 To the brief wailings of a herd of serfs,  
 When they exchange their masters.

WALTHEOF.

Wrong me not:  
 I mourn the insult deeply,—marvelling much  
 How such strange things should be. [Retires.]

*Enter Matilda.*

MATILDA.

Ha, Waltheof here?

Earl Osmond, madam, comes——

JUDITH.

Out on thee for a fool! a very fool!  
A fitting instrument thy wisdom found.

MATILDA.

I was indeed——

JUDITH.

Peace, shallow-minded wench!

Had I lacked skill like thee, we had ere this  
Been all undone. The Earl of Dorset here?  
I cannot see him. Plead thou my excuse,—  
I am disordered, ruffled——Ha! he comes.

*Enter Osmond.*

OSMOND.

A happy morning to Northumberland  
And his fair Countess. Most unlucky day  
To me, I wot, in finding this dull fool  
Fast by the side of his all-beauteous wife,  
When I did hope——How comes it thus, to find  
'Thy Saxon husband here? [*Aside to Judith.*

JUDITH.

O, ask me not.

The time, the scene ill fits me to explain.  
My lord of Dorset, I must pardon crave;  
Nor think me rude, since my perturbed mind  
Some rest requires, that I awhile withdraw.

[*Exeunt Countess and Matilda.*

OSMOND.

Expected heaven to purgatory turned!

What sins have I committed, thus to be  
Severely punished? Brave Northumberland,  
You look disturbed and tristful. I intrude.

WALTHEOF.

Not so, my lord of Dorset. I did feel  
Somewhat concerned to see how little truth,  
Honour, or honesty, is to be found  
In this dark, iron age. I deem the world  
Grows every day more base.

OSMOND.

So thought our sires:  
But from the few traditions I have gleaned  
Of other times, the world progresses still  
In all that renders it a goodly place  
For man's abode,—at least, I count it so.  
Nor has it reached that period when 'tis doomed,  
If such a doom there be, to sink in years,  
And totter with the feebleness of age.

WALTHEOF.

I speak of men——

OSMOND.

If all were good, one half mankind must starve,  
Lacking employment. The whole priesthood live  
By Sin and Death, and soon their craft would cease  
But for old Beelzebub; yet do they still  
Ungratefully revile him, heaping all  
Man's villainy on his o'erladen back,  
And our first parents' disobedience mourn,  
Although that evil was the cause which gave  
Their wealthy office being.  
The judge on the tribunal, let him smite  
The criminal, or won by bribery, set  
The guilty free,—still doth he thrive by crime.



The physic-monger and the leech subsist  
 By sickness, wounds, and all the agonies  
 To which poor man is heir ;  
 While those cause-pleading clerks who throng the  
     courts, <sup>(24)</sup>

From malice, envy, and injustice reap  
 A golden harvest: even the King would be  
 Amerced of half his revenue, were there not  
 Offences in his subjects. <sup>(25)</sup> Thus, 'tis plain,  
 That evil is a necessary good,  
 That virtue ever must companion vice  
 As yonder sun its shadow, or for aye  
 Lose its bright name and being.

WALTHEOF.

But, of late,  
 The stormy clouds of vice so dark and fast  
 Each other follow, that pure virtue's sun  
 Feebly, and far between, her faint light sheds.

OSMOND.

Men will be men, long as within their breasts  
 Those passions they were born with hold a seat :  
 Were it not so, this world would be indeed  
 A strange dull world to look on,—quite unfit  
 For me to struggle in.

WALTHEOF.

But when on man  
 The passions were bestowed, it was designed  
 He should, by that pure light which shines within,  
 Keep hourly watch and ward, with purpose firm  
 Their violence to restrain.

OSMOND.

I scorn to boast  
 Of victory o'er the passions : those who do,

I count as fools or knaves. How many vaunt  
 Of merits which they never yet possessed :  
 All inclination lacking to indulge  
 In certain habits, blindly they mistake  
 Mere non-desire for stern resisting virtue,  
 Then loudly boast how they in goodness shine.  
 On life's wild sea, through sunlight and through storm,  
 I to the ruling passion of the hour  
 Yield up the helm to steer where'er it lists—  
 Reckless of rock and shoal—my gallant bark.

WALTHEOF.

A slave, then, art thou to the worst of masters.  
 If such are all your Norman knights, no marvel  
 Those blood-storms so unsparingly are poured  
 On my poor countrymen.

OSMOND.

Thy countrymen  
 Merit but little grace, I ween, from those  
 Who are their masters.

WALTHEOF.

Ha ! what right have ye  
 To treat the Saxons as your abject slaves,  
 Who high in wealth and honour, power and fame,  
 Your equals stood ?—to thrust them from their homes  
 Till they with misery perish ?

OSMOND.

Right, my lord,—  
 That right which conquest o'er the conquered gives.

WALTHEOF.

Never was merry England conquered yet !

OSMOND.

How marvellous is it, then, our chiefs should dare  
 Do that which moves so sadly thy complaints.

## WALTHEOF.

They dare do all that is most vile and base :  
Oppression, rapine, lust, and flames, and blood,  
Are ever their attendants. I proclaim  
Proudly, that England ne'er was conquered yet  
By all your Norman hordes, who hither flocked  
Like eagles to the banquet of the slain.  
William, our sovereign, he to whom I owe  
A faithful liegeman's homage, whose just rights  
God and my sword defend, by the free choice  
And will of England was enthroned her King,  
When on his head the sacred balm she poured,  
By her great chiefs, with pealing trump and shout.  
Yet then did ye your murderous work begin,  
And Norman swords were dyed in Saxon blood.  
That day is long since past : yet some there are  
Who never will that fatal day forget.  
But Normans now—one King o'er all—should meet  
The English as kind brothers.

## OSMOND.

True : as thou  
Didst like a loving brother meet the Normans  
With all thine armed Saxon hordes at York.  
Talk'st thou of brotherhood ? Where was it when  
Ye made the streets of that proud city flow  
With streams of Norman blood ? not sparing one  
Of all there found,—thy sovereign's bravest friends.  
Talk'st thou of loyalty ? Where was thy faith  
When thou didst join the invading host of Denmark,  
And all the north to insurrection stirred,  
Proclaiming for thy king the Etheling Edgar ?  
Till on the banks of Tees the Conqueror met  
Thy rebel bands ; who fled, and left thee crouching  
For mercy at the generous victor's feet ?

WALTHEOF.

Taunt me not with the patriot deeds I've done :  
 It chafes my blood. For my loved country's peace  
 I to King William bowed, and sheathed my sword.  
 Free did he grant me——

OSMOND.

Pardon. Yes, I know  
 'Twas granted thee, and honours too, as proud  
 As any faithful Norman Earl hath won.  
 Northumberland beware ! Thou art the last  
 Great chief of Saxon line, and soon thy light,  
 Son of the morn, exalted high to lead  
 A starry host, may be in blood put out.  
 Clouds of mistrust will ever darkly hang  
 On a king-pardoned rebel's brightest deeds. [Exit.

WALTHEOF.

I *am* the last, the more sad for my country.  
 Suspected, haughty Norman ? called a rebel ?  
 Thou liest ! I was no rebel, for I had not sworn  
 Allegiance to King William,—am no rebel,  
 In act, or word, or thought,—  
 And yet mistrusted ! Well, if doomed to perish  
 Like all my gallant friends, O grant, kind Heaven !  
 My country by my death may rise to glory.  
 Sweet England ! if my blood could yield thee peace,  
 This heart would gladly all its veins outpour,  
 And the last sigh these lips breathed forth should be,—  
 God bless thee, noble England !

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Forest by moonlight.—A small Encampment at a distance.*

*Enter Ben-Zadoc and Tobias, meeting.*

BEN-ZADOC.

TOBIAS, faithful steward of my household,  
Have not those barbasons, old Satan's imps,  
Brought in yet any slaves?

TOBIAS.

All in good time,  
My lord and master. Those blood-tigers, whom  
Thou hast allured from the adventuring bands  
That seek this sea-girt isle for battle spoil, <sup>(26)</sup>  
To drive, in night excursions, biped flocks  
Into our slave-fold, are a desperate crew.  
They glean and gather, as we wander on  
From place to place, full many a lusty hind,  
And useful artisan, and damsel fair.  
Thou wilt replenish half the mariners' ships  
Of Bristow's crowded mart, and her rich merchants,  
Who traffic in the sale of human flesh,  
Will count their gold bezants to fill thy purse. <sup>(27)</sup>

BEN-ZADOC.

By Shiloh! who shall yet on David's throne  
Reign o'er the Gentile, I have struggled long,  
Like Jacob with the angel, for a blessing,  
And it is come at last. Driven out from Spain

By Christian dogs, we to these isles o' th' sea  
 For refuge fled, where now th' all-wasting sword  
 Reapeth its harvest; for these Gentile tribes  
 Make war upon each other, and they lie  
 In wait amid the woods, and caves, and rocks,  
 With slaughter-weapons in their hands to smite,  
 And fill the land with blood.

TOBIAS.

And thou, too, reap'st  
 A plenteous harvest.

BEN-ZADOC.

Ay, Tobias, ay.

Many a brave reprisal do I win,  
 For all the sad despoiling I've endured.  
 As pleasant to my heart is it to hear  
 The groans and wailings of those Christian slaves  
 By us to bondage led, as 'tis to list  
 The clink of gold dropped in my money-bags.  
 I loathe the Gentiles, who with bitter scoffs,  
 Fines and imprisonment, and foul robbery vex  
 The holy seed of Abraham. These wild bands,  
 Who for men-stealers I have hired, know not  
 Remorse or pity. And in this I act  
 As Moses bids, who all the heathen gave,  
 Wherever found, in city or in field,  
 To be by us and by our children held  
 From age to age in thralldom. <sup>(28)</sup> By the horn  
 Of royal David——

TOBIAS.

Nay, my lord and master,  
 Swear not by that, for David's horns, thou know'st,  
 Were scurvy gifts which Michal his first wife,  
 And Absalom his son, on him bestowed.  
 The first stout pair the King wore willingly;

The second, far more odious, he flung off,  
Making his ten poor concubines all widows.

BEN-ZADOC.

I mean his horn of power—— (29)

TOBIAS.

What, that with which  
He gored to death the Hittite, brave Uriah,  
Having first made him horned like himself?

BEN-ZADOC.

Speak thou not thus irreverently, Tobias.—  
But I would say, how it doth make me glad  
That those who fall at night-time in the nets  
Of our far-roaming prowlers——

TOBIAS.

O, my lord,  
Believe me, we have tarried here too long.  
The village which last night they burnt to ashes,  
The flames whereof glared redly o'er these woods,  
May lead to a discovery.

BEN-ZADOC.

Heed thou not :

To-morrow will we journey to the west.  
Trouble encompasseth this land, where Death  
Steeps his white ribs in blood. Then let who may  
Become our spoil, suspicion ever falls  
On Norman or on Saxon, each believing  
His hidden foe hath unawares surprised  
And cut the captive off; whilst we pass on  
Unnoticed and unscathed.

TOBIAS.

Abraham protect  
His injured race! Let any who are caught  
But once escape, or from their stubborn necks

Those iron collars slip, our necks will soon  
 With such strong gyves be galled, as shall uplift  
 Us to a pitch far higher than my aims.  
 My poor ambition seeketh not acquaintance  
 With soaring crows and ravens.

BEN-ZADOC.

Should those base slaves—  
 Our valiant men of war gone forth to prowl  
 Through the dark wilderness—themselves arouse  
 To battle for their freedom, we must draw  
 The sword of slaughter, as great Joshua did,  
 Nor one o' th' unclean and Christian Gentiles spare.  
 Men, maidens, wives, and children, all shall yield  
 Their throats to our keen knives. Hark ! hear'st thou not  
 The distant tramp of numbers ?

TOBIAS.

Jacob's angel  
 Be near to save us !—'tis, no doubt, our foes.  
 These Christians—may the curse of Mezroe blight them !  
 Have our retreat discovered.

BEN-ZADOC.

Nay, thy fears  
 Deceive thee. Be of courage, man, nor quake ;  
 But gird thy loins up, like a valiant son  
 Of Israel's chosen race, and laugh to see  
 Thy brand made red,—red to the very hilt  
 In Christian blood. The Lord of Hosts for us  
 Will fight, if peradventure there be need,  
 As in the days of old.

TOBIAS.

I am a man  
 Of feeble loins, and little strength for war ;  
 Yet if I had a host of fighting knaves,



With buckler and with spear, about me placed,  
I should, by Judah's lion! feel as bold  
As David, when he slew the great Philistine.

BEN-ZADOC.

Those sounds, I deem, are but the homeward steps  
Of some wild band of ours.—

I trust they have brought back a goodly store  
Of living moneys <sup>(30)</sup> and of Gentile coin,  
With gold and silver vessels to increase  
My hoards of merchandise.—O, how I joy  
To make a spoil of these Egyptian dogs,  
Who still oppress and scoff us. [Exit.

TOBIAS.

Master of mine,

I live in perilous dread that these bold deeds  
Of nightly plunder will, ere long, on all  
Our pates fall heavily. O, would I had  
That pilgrim-angel journeying by my side,  
Who guarded my old namesake when he went  
To wed a demon's bride in heathen lands,  
And magic heart of that strange monster-fish  
He in the Tigris caught; that when approach  
The fierce Philistines of this island, I  
Might cast it on the fire, and with the smoke  
Those devils frighten from me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest; the moon  
not visible.*

*Enter Hereward and Zalmira, in rich habits.*

HEREWARD.

Did I not bid thee be of courage, when  
I was to prison dragged? and now, behold,

We are in safety, far beyond the walls  
Of that strong Norman city. Yet I grieve  
To be compelled to fly, ere I could find  
Or learn in what dark dungeon lies my brother,  
The much-wronged Earl of Mercia.

ZALMIRA.

I would fain  
Rest here awhile, o'erwearied with our flight.  
And tell me, as I on this bank recline,  
How from thy dungeon-chains thou didst escape,  
And who conducted us at evening hour  
Beyond the city gates.

HEREWARD.

Harold it was,  
A freeman of Northumberland's good Earl,  
A brother of our high Masonic Order,  
Who Normans doth abhor. It is to him  
For safety and these shining habits we  
Are, my Zalmira, debtors. Soon my band,  
That lurks amid this forest, he will join ;  
Nor have we far our tristing-place to reach,  
Where fiery-mettled steeds impatient wait  
To bear us onward for St. Albans' shrine.

ZALMIRA.

Never did I, O Liberty ! till now  
Thy blessings truly feel.

HEREWARD.

'Tis ever thus :  
Pleasures are doubly pleasing bought with pain.  
The sun more glorious shines when from the storm  
His beams break forth in splendour, and the flowers  
A richer fragrance yield when morning winds  
Shake the cold dews of midnight from their leaves ;

While to the pilgrim who hath wandered long  
Amid the lonely desert's burning sands,  
When he, with weary step, the prospect wins  
Of some delightful land of groves and streams,  
Earth wears the face of heaven.

ZALMIRA.

'Tis joy to hear  
The early hymn of forest birds when morn  
Comes in her freshness forth, and all the flowers  
Look up to her with gladness; or the song  
Of summer's pilgrim-minstrel who the moon  
Doth nightly woo, though in the southern skies  
She coldly keeps, far off, her lonely way;  
Or merry echoes of th' autumnal horn,  
Pealing through golden woods. But O, how far  
More spirit-stirring sounds thy mountain voice,  
Sun-glorious Liberty!

HEREWARD.

Ay, and her voice, my own Ionian maid,  
Shall, like th' Archangel's last dread trumpet, ring  
Throughout the land, awakening from the grave  
Of foul oppression England's slumbering sons;  
Who at the sound shall fling the death-like bonds  
Of slavery off, and from the east and west,  
The north and south be gathered, as one man,  
To the great battle of my country's freedom.

ZALMIRA.

O happy tidings, prove they but right true.

HEREWARD.

As shall the sun to-morrow's dawn arise  
To glad the nations, so the brighter day  
Of Liberty shall break, and o'er the storms  
And darkness of grim tyranny outpour

Z

Its full-tide glory. In the abbey halls  
 Of famed St. Alban, noble spirits meet  
 The gallant-bearing enterprise to plan ;  
 Which shall from hence the Norman Bastard drive,  
 And “ England’s Darling ” seat on England’s throne.  
 Eager am I to meet them.

ZALMIRA.

Let us on :

Rest hath revived me. I, a Grecian maid,  
 Feel at the name of freedom every vein  
 Throb with heroic joy. My soul, like thine,  
 Longs for the glorious strife, longs to behold  
 Thy country from barbarian bondage freed ;  
 Nor will I shrink, in such a cause, with thee  
 Bravely to fight, to conquer, or to die. <sup>(31)</sup>

HEREWARD.

Joy of my soul ! then onward will we go.

ZALMIRA.

See ! from her cloudy tabernacle comes  
 The moon, as if in haste, like some kind friend  
 To guide us weary-wandering pilgrims hence,  
 The shadowy forest lighting up with pomp  
 No kingly hall may rival. Dearly loved  
 Art thou by him, sweet moon, who his guitar  
 Beneath the woodbine-wreathed lattice strikes  
 To her that breathless in her joy doth list  
 His passionate melody,—by those who dance  
 To castanet and lute in myrtle groves  
 The summer eve away ; but dearer still  
 Art thou, fair Dian, to the sea-boy who  
 Keeps lonely watch, upgazing on thy face  
 With thoughts of home and days of early love,  
 When thou didst smile on his wild frolic glee

Amid his native bowers; and yet more dear  
 Art thou to him who in the desert waste  
 An exile wanders with fierce stranger bands,  
 As o'er the voiceless hill and rocky peak  
 Thou in thy fulness risest, Solitude,  
 Paying thee silent worship, like an Æthiop  
 Bowing before young beauty's radiant eye,  
 Enrapt in adoration. Hark!—I heard  
 A rustling in the forest.

HEREWARD.

Fear thou not :  
 Nor wolf nor bear shall harm thee.

*Enter Hexulph, with a band of Ben-Zadoc's Rovers.*

HEXULPH.

A prize!

ZALMIRA.

Christ, for thy mercy! what wild men are these?  
 Fierce savages that dwell in woods and caves?  
 O, yet for pity——

HEXULPH.

With them hence! Away!  
 No waste of time in wailing and entreaty.  
 These somewhat may repair our loss to-night  
 Of booty, taken from us by that gang  
 Of rascal, plundering Saxons whom we met  
 Crossing Stagwealtham moor.

HEREWARD.

Dogs! robbers! off!

HEXULPH.

Away! away! [*Hereward and Zalmira dragged off.*  
 These, if I guess aright,  
 Will to Ben-Zadoc wealthy ransom yield. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Interior of Ben-Zadoc's Tent. Piles of rich Merchandise, &c.*

*Enter Ben-Zadoc and Tabitha.*

TABITHA.

Talk not to me ! Pack up thine ill-got wealth,  
Thy merchandise, thy hoards of gold and gems,  
Or they will soon be scattered by the spoiler.  
Harness thy slaves for travel, strike thy tents ;  
Call in those sons of Belial, those wild fiends,  
Sent forth to kidnap, plunder, and destroy.  
The country will, ere long, be up in arms,  
And we shall be cut off : but pass not thou  
Through any city till we reach the gates  
Of ancient Bristow,—mark me, 'twill be dangerous.  
Why how thou loiter'st ! Come, bestir thyself,  
For I do live in hourly terror here.

BEN-ZADOC.

Nay, good Tabitha, be advised : I swear  
By Jacob's pillar, there is nought to fear.

TABITHA.

Nought, didst thou say, to fear ? when shrieks, and cries,  
And wailings nightly through the forest ring  
Of wretches hither dragged ?—when every part  
Of the round heavens I from my tent have seen  
Red as if morn were breaking,—red with fires  
That told too plainly where thy bands had gathered  
To spoil the suffering Gentile ?

BEN-ZADOC.

Surely thou  
Canst feel no pity for these outcast Gentiles,  
Who heap revilings, scorn, and bitter wrongs  
On all of Abraham's race ?

TABITHA.

No; but I feel  
Some pity for myself, and would not fall  
A prey to their unmerciful revenge.  
I tell thee if, Ben-Zadoc, thou shouldst be  
Discovered by the dwellers of this land,  
We thall be hewn in pieces, and our limbs,  
Blood-dropping, hung o'er tower and city-gate,  
The jest and scoff of gazing Gentile crowds.  
Would we had never fled Iberia's clime !  
But in some Moorish kingdom dwelt secure <sup>(32)</sup>  
Among the friendly Arabs, who, like us,  
Sprang from our holy father Abraham's loins.

BEN-ZADOC.

Then should I not have gathered such a store  
Of silver and of gold, nor driven these flocks  
Of human cattle to the mart, nor kept  
Such valiant bands to go forth armed for plunder.

TABITHA.

Thou simple one of Israel, say for whom  
Hast thou these riches gathered ? for the first  
Fierce horde that comes upon us, and the hour  
Which brings them here, Ben-Zadoc, I forecast,  
Is not far off ; but thou, perverse and headstrong,  
Wilt not receive good counsel. Tarry, then,  
To thy undoing, but *I* hence will go :  
No power shall stay me.

BEN-ZADOC.

Nay, for one night more :  
For one last booty which I yet expect—

TABITHA.

Not for the wealth, thou lucre-greedy man,  
Of Solomon's golden temple ! Ay, the last—

'Twill be indeed the last ! Must I apprise thee  
 That evil is approaching, and thou take  
 No heed to mend thy ways? Then be it known,  
 That gem oracular which hath been kept  
 As a blest relic of the Aaronic breastplate,  
 Kept by my priestly sires from age to age,  
 And to my care intrusted when the last  
 Of all my father's sons a martyr perished  
 In flames 'mid proud Seville, that omened stone  
 Prophetic warning gives me to be gone. <sup>(33)</sup>  
 Behold and tremble !

[*Taking a small Casket from her bosom, and opening it.*

See, how dim and clouded  
 Is all its lustre. Mark me, and be wise :  
 I can discern a host of Christian forms,  
 With gleaming swords and spears——See ! see ! they glide  
 Between those clouds that shade the radiance which  
 Burns with eye-blinding glory here, when Heaven  
 Smiles prosperously upon our ancient house.  
 Ha ! now a battle comes ; and o'er the mirror  
 A blood-red lustre rushes.

BEN-ZADOC.

Gaze no more.

My veins grow icy as I hear thee speak.

I will remove this night. [*Shouts without.*

Hark ! our wild bands !

'There is the sound, Tabitha, of much spoil

In those brave shouts. My blood flows warm again.

*Enter Hexulph.*

HEXULPH.

We have to-night, old Jew, been roughly handled  
 By some infernal Saxons, who, base dogs,  
 With well-armed numbers, far out-numbering us,



Have villainously taken all the spoil  
Which, in our farewell forage, we had gleaned  
With honest industry.

TABITHA.

Mark that, Ben-Zadoc :

Thy first mishap. An evil omen this  
Of what's foredoomed to follow.

BEN-ZADOC.

O, I swear

By Esau's birthright, 'tis a grievous loss !  
Sorely it chafeth me. But what are these ?

HEXULPH.

A little fruit we gathered in the woods,  
Whose shining husk, as thou mayst see, doth promise  
A wealthy core for ransom, if well peeled.

BEN-ZADOC.

We'll strip them of their gear—ay, of their skin,  
And lay their quivering heart-core bare, if they  
Yield not a speedy and an ample ransom.  
Aha, fair damsel ! art thou mine again ?  
And without purchase, too ? Come, come ; there's yet  
Some luck in store—ay, Jacob's ten-fold luck ;  
For I once more shall make a goodly price  
Of those bright eyes and dainty blushes, which  
So well become that cheek. I'll double now  
Thy value in the mart, unless this chief  
Pay ransom like a king. What wealth hast thou  
Of field and flock, of gold and precious gems,  
Wherewith to purchase freedom for thyself,  
And this thy gay companion ?

HEREWARD.

I have one,  
One only boon,—a well-accustomed sword.

BEN-ZADOC.

That will avail thee nothing here, sir knight.  
 Hexulph! off with his weapon, and those bonds  
 That bind him fast unloose; then watch without,  
 And still be near at hand.

[Hexulph *takes* Hereward's sword, *unbinds his arms, and exit with his followers.* Ben-Zadoc *goes towards the back part of the tent.*

Prepare within,  
 My cherubs of the rack and fire, your sports  
 To amuse a stubborn captive. 'Tis in vain  
 To plead pretended poverty to me:  
 Thy lofty bearing speaks thy lofty rank.  
 If not about thy person, still must thou,  
 Christian, have stores of wealth.

HEREWARD.

Ay, but not one  
 Brass stica, Jew, to bless thy itching palm.

BEN-ZADOC.

The leprosy of Miriam blanch thy limbs!  
 A miser, and so young? Dost thou not know  
 That love of gold is love of bitter care?  
 That riches pass away, as o'er the deep  
 The swift barque glides, leaving no track behind  
 To tell where it hath been?

HEREWARD.

What! doth the Devil  
 His darling vice condemn?

BEN-ZADOC.

Then be informed,  
 Thou Christian dog, none unredeemed go hence,  
 Save to a living death,—eternal thralldom.  
 Proud-hearted captive! we have many ways

To wring his treasures from the miser's grasp.  
Stripes, fire, and water ; irons heated red  
To blind the eye-sight ; flaying off the skin,  
And a salt bath that tickles the raw flesh  
Like a green couch of nettles. Ordeals strong,  
I own, the truth of those to prove who plead  
Guiltless of wealth.

HEREWARD.

Patience be kind, or I  
Shall choke with rage. Why, thou abhorred man-stealer !  
Thou caitiff hell-dog Jew ! who, if thou hadst  
Thy just deservings, wouldst not 'scape unbrained  
Another hour to fright and blast mankind,  
Thy portion be with Judas in the land  
Of darkness and of wailing, and thy bones  
Moulder on some heath-gibbet ! I have heard  
Of thy foul fame, and wolf-like dost thou skulk  
Here in the forest ; but stern vengeance soon  
Shall track thy blood-marked footsteps.

BEN-ZADOC.

Gentle Christian,  
I thank thee for thy blessings : they proceed  
From the kind feelings of a Christian heart.  
Elisha's curse, which on those children fell  
Who mocked his age, betide thee ! Come : thy gold,  
Thy gems ; disclose thy hoards——

HEREWARD.

What right hast thou,  
Who liv'st on sufferance in a Christian land,  
To claim redemption for a freeborn Saxon ?

BEN-ZADOC.

The right of retribution, hated fool !  
All of thy faith, rejected by our God,

Heap on our heads indignity and shame.  
 There is no wrong, despite, or agony  
 That man can feel, but 'tis your sport to make  
 The children of the promised seed endure.  
 Driven by the heathen, from our holy land  
 We wander yet awhile, till Shiloh comes  
 With his red garments dyed in Gentile blood ;  
 Who all the nations shall beneath his feet  
 Tread down like mire, and from our temple spread  
 His sun-transcending splendours o'er the world,  
 Making its proud kings tremble !—But I stray,  
 Warmed with great Israel's glory. Still, where'er  
 We tabernacle, ye with vile extortion,  
 Robbery, and murder, from us wrest our thrift,  
 Our little hard-earned all, for which we toil,  
 Like wretched slaves, in obloquy and fear.  
 And shall we not revenge on you these wrongs,  
 When in our power ye fall ? Revenge is mine !  
 And I will quaff her blood-filled cup of joy,  
 Ay, to the very lees. Thy gold, thy gold  
 Deliver quickly, or on yonder fire  
 Shalt thou be bound, till from those blackened limbs  
 Thy boiling vein-drops ooze. Within, there ! Fling  
 Those curtains back, and show this Gentile dog  
 His doom, if he refuse.

*[The back part of the tent is drawn up, and discovers an inner tent, with an iron chair and chains elevated over a fierce fire in the centre ; executioners, with various other instruments of torture, standing on either side.]*

ZALMIRA—*(kneeling.)*

O, hear me speak—  
 Have pity on us ! We no treasures bear

About our persons, for we are, like thee,  
 Wayfaring strangers, far—yea, far from home,  
 And flying for our lives. Yet let us now  
 Depart uninjured, and hereafter wealth  
 Beyond thine avarice shall our ransom pay.  
 Then mercy, mercy show !

BEN-ZADOC.

When did a Christian  
 Show any mercy to a helpless Jew ?  
 I have no confidence in words of fear.  
 There is no truth, integrity, or justice  
 In any of your dealings with the seed  
 Of holy Abraham. No : when far from hence  
 I shall be scoffed, and mocked, and set at nought.  
 Then where may ye be found ? Ay, where, indeed ?  
 And e'en if found I dared my rights to claim,  
 I should be spit on, buffeted, and led  
 To torments and to death. Ye have concealed  
 Your riches in the forest : tell me where,  
 Or to yon fire ! Come forth, my men of war.

HEREWARD.

One thing have I, thou blood-fell Jew, which yet  
 May work our ransom.

*[Rushes to the side-opening of the tent, and loudly  
 sounds a horn, which he takes from his belt.]*

TABITHA—*(who has been gazing on her casket.)*

O forbear ! forbear !

Ben-Zadoc, let these stiff-necked Christians go.  
 Wealthy or indigent, hence let them speed,  
 For the prophetic gem gives fatal sign.  
 Thrice hath a lurid stream of blood bedimmed  
 Its sunbright surface, and thrice from it glared

The crimson flash of wrath. O, let them fly!  
A curse is falling on us.

HEREWARD.

Yet they come not.—

O my Zalmira! 'tis for thee I feel  
The bitterness of death. To leave thee here,  
A slave again, in this vile robber's power——

ZALMIRA.

Thy dagger shall release me from his bonds.

BEN-ZADOC.

Let omens threaten, treasures will I have.  
Ransom or death!

*Enter Hexulph and Rovers.*

Lead onward to the fire!

*[As Hexulph and his followers seize Hereward, they tear open his vest, and Ben-Zadoc observes on his bosom the symbols of his Masonic Order: he starts with astonishment, gives, unobserved by others, the sign, which Hereward returns.]*

BEN-ZADOC.

God of my father Abraham! can it be?  
As my soul liveth, 'tis a friend—a brother!

*[Ben-Zadoc rushes to embrace Hereward, who puts out his hand and prevents him.]*

Safe art thou hence to go, and good speed wait thee!  
Thou and the damsel both depart in peace,  
Uninjured and unransomed.

*[All the other Characters appear lost in astonishment.]*

HEXULPH.

Death and hell!

Why what new freak is this?

BEN-ZADOC.

It matters not  
To thee. Keep guard beyond the outer tents.

HEXULPH.

A brother ? Much more like a son, if age  
Might be a voucher for their kinship.  
Nought then of profit will by him be won :  
Fool for my toil was I to bring him here !

[*Exeunt Hexulph and Rovers.*]

HEREWARD.

Thy deeds are dark, and red thy hands with blood.  
Thou hast disgraced thine Order ! Still I see,  
Such is the power of our mysterious craft,  
It even thy tiger-heart can tame to mercy,  
And its mild influence on thy rugged nature  
Shows like the summer-flower that sweetly blooms  
In loneliness upon the desert rock ;  
While o'er that stormy brow its radiance darts  
Like a rich sunbeam flung in all its strength  
Athwart th' outdashing cataract's foamy wrath,  
Lighting Hope's rainbow, which faint promise gives  
Of better deeds to come. Who then shall dare,  
Save superstitious Ignorance, to gainsay  
Our blessed Order ! Brightest gift of Heaven !  
Whose glory hath, even from the earliest years,  
Along the dark and blood-stained course of time  
Shone like those beauteous streams of golden light  
Which, o'er the sun-forsaken wilds that stretch  
Far round the Pole, in gorgeous lustre flash,—  
Gazed at with awe and wonder, but whose source  
Lies hidden where no mortal may approach. (34)  
Our Institution is the Dove of Peace,  
That in its sacred Ark, well-guarded, nestles,

When Persecution's flood and storm without  
Threat ragingly ; and safe, despite of surge  
And howling whirlwind, hath that mystic Ark  
Rode bravely out the tempest, and shall still  
Bear all its inmates on, 'till Time's deep tide,  
Dried up and passed away, hath left it fixt  
On bright Eternity's Elysian shores.

BEN-ZADOC.

Dark have my deeds been ; but these evil times——

HEREWARD.

Thou takest a base advantage of the times :  
There is *no* time in which a brother-craft  
Will, if he be a worthy member, do  
An evil act. But thou hast done such deeds  
Of violence, that thy name is aye accursed.  
Thy dark renown, like an eclipse, o'erspreads  
The frightened land, and swiftly comes the hour  
Of dreadful retribution. Here, behold !  
I on this bosom the bright symbols wear  
Of my great office in our sacred Order,  
To which thou dost unworthily belong.  
Repent,—there may be yet forgiveness : but  
To win it, thou must contrite deeds perform,  
Or be an outcast from our guarded pale.

[*Shouts and clashing of swords without.*]

TABITHA.

They come ! they come ! Woe, woe upon thy head ;  
The evil omens are fulfilling now !

Tobias, *with Slaves of both sexes, rush in.*

TOBIAS.

My lord and master, we are all undone !  
I warned you of the danger ; still you turned



An adder's ear to good advice. The tents  
 Are hemmed by furious bands in war-array.  
 There's no escape. Your mighty men are fallen,  
 And their bold captain, Hexulph, too is slain.  
 O, we are all dead men !

*Enter Harold and several of Hereward's Soldiers,  
 with their swords bloody.*

HEREWARD.

Harold ! my brother, my deliverer ! thou  
 Art timely come.

HAROLD.

It joys me, good my lord,  
 To rescue thee a second time from death.  
 Thy band was met by those who sought to find,  
 Stung by their wrongs to madness, this fell nest  
 Of savage hornets in these woods concealed,  
 What time the echoes of thy horn were heard.

VOICES WITHOUT.

Where is this Jew ? Bring the slave-merchant forth !  
 Burn him alive !

HEREWARD.

Go, Harold, and appease  
 Their noisy wrath ; and keep them back till I  
 Come forth to satisfy their just demands.

*[Exeunt Harold and Soldiers.]*

BEN-ZADOC—*(falling on his knees.)*

O ! by that Power whom all my fathers worshipped,  
 That Power whom as a Christian thou adorest,  
 And by those sacred symbols on thy breast,  
 Thus bowing low, my lord, do I implore  
 Thy mercy to a brother. Let my life,  
 And all the lives of these who with me kneel,  
 Be precious in thy sight.

HEREWARD.

A brother? I

Disown thy fellowship, and marvel how  
Thou ever shouldst have been a brother made.  
It is as if the bloody wolf had sought  
To sleep in friendship with the folded flock.

BEN-ZADOC.

I have not always been what thou hast found me.  
There was a time when no blood-guiltiness  
My soul had stained, when I was kind and gentle ;  
But the foul wrongs, the insults, and the tortures  
Which from the Iberian Christians I endured—  
I and my nation, made this heart to burn,  
Like Tophet's nether fires, for wild revenge—  
Revenge on every false, unfeeling Christian.

HEREWARD.

Well, thou, Ben-Zadoc, now shalt mercy find,  
And from a Christian. I thy life will spare,  
And all the lives of those who kneel before me :  
But for the hapless captives in thy tents,  
Thou shalt no further drag them,—they are free.  
And now thy wealth, thy merchandise, thy stores  
Of ill-got plunder, all shall be resigned,  
Given back to those whom thy land-pirate hordes  
Have cruelly despoiled.

BEN-ZADOC.

What, all my wealth ?  
O God of Isaac and of Jacob, all ?

HEREWARD.

All, save three hundred marks, with which  
By lawful merchandise thou mayst obtain  
The honest means of life.

BEN-ZADOC.

Woe worth this night !

Sorely am I bereaved.

HEREWARD.

Ha ! lurks there still

That devilish avarice in thine iron heart ?

The time is past which would the truth have proved

Of thy repentance. Thou art powerless now,

And virtueless 'tis feared ; and therefore we,

By right of that time-honoured office which

To us belongs, thus from thy bosom tear

The badge of our bright Order, which so long

Thou hast disgraced, and cast thee out for aye

And ever from our brotherly communion.

Retire for safety to yon inner tents.

*[Exeunt Ben-Zadoc and household.]*

Some would our Order brand, for thy dark deeds,

With infamy : as well might they charge guilt

On a pure river, fringed with groves and flowers,

Wherein some woe-encumbered wretch hath flung

Himself, and madly perished.—

Now then, Zalmira, for St. Alban's towers.

Our dangers and our joys have been like shadows

Coursing the sunbeams o'er the mountain's side.

ZALMIRA.

O, let us hence : I long to end these cares.

Anguish is turned to joy, despair to hope ;

Yet in some darker storm again may fade

Her radiant bow of promise :—

So in the deserts of the East, where all

Is desolation, o'er the pilgrim comes

The vision of bright lakes, with sunny isle,

City, and tower, and palm-tree groves, and fields,

Empurpled with Elysian fruits and flowers ;  
 But when his feet those magic shores have reached,  
 The strange enchantment of the desert-fiend <sup>(35)</sup>  
 Fades from his tearful sight, while round him spread  
 A land of drought, and skies of burning brass. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Abbey of  
 St. Alban's.*

*Enter the Earls of Norfolk and Hereford.*

NORFOLK.

Sweet Isabelle of Hereford is mine,  
 Spite of this ducal tyrant, who opposed  
 The smooth course of my wishes, like a rock,  
 Rugged and vast, which now the gathered flood  
 Shall undermine, till down it headlong sinks  
 Amid the dark abyss of our revenge.

HEREFORD.

But, Norfolk, we must mingle with these Saxons  
 To aid our purpose. As a friend I speak ;—  
 Let not thy greatness, pride of blood, or courage  
 Break forth in stern disdain or haughty words ;  
 But calmly let our great design flow on  
 And with their gallant expectations blend,  
 As two proud rivers join, when rocks nor winds  
 Oppose their friendly union.

NORFOLK.

Be it so.

I frankly own that I am given to wrath,  
 And few words stir my choler when withstood.  
 Patience and mild forbearance may be deemed  
 In a poor beadsman an especial grace,  
 But I no kindred to such virtues own.

Yet, though these Saxons are our scorn and hate,  
I with far deadlier enmity do loathe  
This haughty Conqueror; and to win revenge,  
With empire crowned, my spirit shall be curbed  
To such meek tameness, that—my honour safe—  
I to their gusty passions low will bend,  
As the green sapling to the passing storm.

## HEREFORD.

Thou know'st, t' allure the Saxon chiefs around  
Our rebel banners, we the crown must place  
On their young darling Edgar's head; but when  
This soft unwarlike boy, who is unfit,  
In these fierce, busy times of strife and blood,  
To wrestle with the unceasing storms of state,  
As the frail skiff to ride the tempest surge,—  
When this poor mammet prince, this king of straw,  
Hath served our purpose, we will him uncrown,  
Ascend his throne, and then the south shall be  
Thy kingdom, and the northern counties mine.

## NORFOLK.

O, 'tis a gallant plot. Ten thousand swords,  
Norman and Saxon, wait our trumpet's call.  
Is Fritherig, the good Abbot here, apprized  
In full the tenour of our noble plan?

## HEREFORD.

Ay, far as doth concern Prince Edgar's cause.  
With speed hath he to Scotland's distant court  
Sent for the Etheling, that his presence may  
Rouse every Saxon in the land to arms;  
But little weens he that our swords shall cleave  
The imperial crown in twain. As little dreams  
Northumberland, drawn here by th' Abbot's craft,  
Of his designs or ours.

*Enter two Servants.*

FIRST SERVANT.

Right noble Earls,  
We wait to bring you to the banquet-hall.

NORFOLK.

On, then ; I long to meet our gallant friends.

*[Exeunt Norfolk, Hereford, and Servant.]*

SECOND SERVANT.

These are no pilgrims come to worship here  
At altar and at shrine, who wait for dole  
From buttery-hatch. O, there is mighty stir  
Towards some great doings. Would I knew their  
meaning !

Our Abbot is a man for stratagems,  
And plots, and deep designs. I have a head  
Myself for these brave things, were I but trusted.

*Enter Third Servant, as from a long journey.*

What tidings from the north ? Whom dost thou seek ?

THIRD SERVANT.

Tell my Lord Abbot, I would——

SECOND SERVANT.

All in vain ;

He may not now be seen by any one  
Of low degree. Come, in my private ear  
Whisper thy secrets. I am trusted, man,  
With all affairs important ; doubt me not.

THIRD SERVANT.

O, I am wearied, jaded with our speed.  
Two horses have I left behind to gorge  
The hungry crows ; and, faith ! the third will not  
Outlive to-night.

SECOND SERVANT.

Pshaw ! heed not that.

What did betide——

THIRD SERVANT.

O such foul, rugged ways,  
Such floods, such bogs, such woods had we to pass !  
And then so many leagues of desert land,  
Where not a blade of corn or village home  
Our weary eye-sight blest,—a wilderness,  
So made by Norman swords and Norman fires.  
Then, when the Tweed we crossed, such hostelries !  
Nothing but oaten cakes, with Saxon slaves  
In every hovel ! <sup>(36)</sup> O, I wept to see them !  
I wept too for myself, for I was famished.  
How did I joy, on my return, to view  
The chantry-tapers gleaming through the windows  
Of our brave abbey.

SECOND SERVANT.

Joy me with some news,—

Not of thy worthless self, but of the state.  
Whom have you hither brought ?

THIRD SERVANT.

O, some great man.

SECOND SERVANT.

But who, good Herbert ? tell me, tell me who ?  
What name, what noble title doth he bear ?

THIRD SERVANT.

Faith ! know I not. Our abbey knights were all  
So silent, and so chary of his name,  
That one might think he came here to be christened ;  
Yet such observance paid.

SECOND SERVANT.

That smacks, I vow,

Strongly of mystery. O, could I but pry  
 Into these deep state secrets! I would give  
 My very head to——

THIRD SERVANT.

Thou mayst, for aught 'tis worth,  
 Nor greatly by the gift thy wisdom lessen.  
 Would I could pry into a venison pasty,  
 Or forthwith strict examination make  
 Of a well-roasted bustard or fat crane,  
 For I am lean and faint. But I will see  
 What cheer the buttery yields.

SECOND SERVANT.

Then art thou come  
 In right good time: there's glorious feasting here.  
 But thou, dull fellow, hast no great regard  
 For plots and state affairs.

THIRD SERVANT.

No; but I have  
 For the sad state of my deserted bowels,  
 From which good cheer hath absent been so long,  
 That they are troublesome and noisy grown  
 As a parched tribe of melancholy frogs,  
 Croaking for summer rain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The great Hall of the Abbey. A magnificent Banquet. The tables, as they recede, are elevated one above the other. The Earls of Norfolk, Hereford, and Northumberland, with a crowd of Norman and Saxon conspirators, discovered. The Abbot is seated at the head of the upper table: behind him large folding doors, which are closed.*

ABBOT.

My Lord of Norfolk, there is fatal truth



In all which thou hast uttered of this King.  
 King, did I call him? Ay, the King of Terrors!  
 Your children's children, who in after years  
 The chronicles of these sad times shall read,  
 If penned by faithful scribes, their leaves of woe  
 Will wet with tears, and, shuddering, close the book,  
 In doubt if man against his fellow men  
 Such horrid deeds could act.

HEREFORD.

Deeply do I  
 And my good Lord of Norfolk now repent,  
 That we in aught were made the means by which  
 This Norman Duke, son of a harlot, stole  
 The crown of England from its regal heir.  
 Heaven witness for us, and these Norman chiefs,  
 How we have o'er the miseries and the wrongs  
 Which every gallant Saxon here hath borne,  
 Tears of compassion shed.

WALTHEOF—(*aside.*)

O yes, such tears  
 As the grim crocodile of Egypt weeps,  
 When in his jaws a human victim bleeds.

ABBOT.

Fill deep, courageous lords and barons bold;  
 Let your rich wine-cups mantle to the brim,  
 Red with the empurpled vintages of France:  
 To merry England drink—Prosperity,  
 And death to all her foes! And though a tear,  
 A manly tear, may mingle with the draught  
 For her hell-gendered wrongs, it will inspire  
 With nobler ardour every gallant heart  
 To aid her righteous cause. Prosperity  
 Again to England! death to all her foes!

[*Shouts, flourish, &c.*]

*Enter Hereward in splendid armour. Shouts and cries of Hereward! Hereward!*

HEREWARD.

Fill me a goblet,—higher fill it yet!  
 My soul outflows with joy to meet you here,  
 All friends and brothers, though of different blood.  
 England to thee prosperity! but death,  
 Death to thy proudest foes! [Drinks.]

WALTHEOF—(aside.)

Why what are these

Who here have met together? I begin  
 To doubt some hidden treason. No; the wine,  
 The wine hath heated these proud Norman lords,  
 And now they utter what in cooler hours  
 They deep would blush to own. Or is it all  
 A plot, the unwary Saxons to destroy?

ABBOT.

Welcome, brave Hereward, to our banquet-halls.  
 Star of our Saxon chivalry, that comest  
 In all thy brightness from the eastern climes,  
 To shed the glory of thy wide renown  
 O'er these dark isles o' th' West, thy native land,  
 Thrice and again we hail thee! lifting high  
 Our ruddy wine-cup to thine honoured fame.  
 Ne'er yet hath he, the self-styled Conqueror, made  
 Thee bow in homage to his sceptre-sword;  
 And therefore thy untarnished lustre shines  
 Amid our darkness, like a track of glory  
 Lingering among pale twilight's sullen clouds.

HEREWARD.

Good my Lord Abbot, give me leave to hope  
 A splendid dawn of glory draweth nigh,

When the faint star of my poor fame, that long  
Hath wandered through a night of clouds and storms,  
Shall fade away in the broad sunny blaze  
Of universal freedom.

NORFOLK.

England, my lords,  
With all her countless riches, <sup>(37)</sup> hath been made  
A prey to lawless power. I shame to own  
My brand and Hereford's have been unsheathed  
To aid the spoiler's work ; but from this night  
I, by St. Dransius, swear they shall be drawn  
For England's general weal,—England whom we  
Adopt as our loved country ! But why stands,  
Thoughtful and silent, brave Northumberland,  
On whom the love of every Saxon waits,  
Whom all true Normans honour ? And has he  
No balm to pour upon his country's wounds,  
No spirit for great enterprise, who once  
With trump-like voice roused all the north to arms,  
And made the lion of the south to tremble ? <sup>(38)</sup>

WALTHEOF.

My lords and barons, I have listened long  
With wonder and with sorrow to your words ;  
Yet I their import clearly gather not.  
Am I in error, when I say they sound  
Like the forewarning voice that tells the world  
Of the deep thunder's coming ? Wrong I any  
In deeming you as heralds that proclaim  
Complotted treason ?

HEREWARD.

Treason ! whom against ?  
And is it treason when I say my sword  
Shall be unsheathed my country to defend ?

Is it rank treason to declare her crown  
 Hath from the anointed brows of her loved prince,  
 Her Darling, by vile hands been rudely plucked  
 To grace a bastard robber? Is it treason  
 To say the lawless sword hath long been drunk  
 With England's noblest blood? that her sad widows  
 And orphans 'mid the ashes of their homes  
 Lamenting sit, and to the angry heavens  
 Cry out for vengeance? O, if thus to speak  
 Treason be deemed, then boldly I proclaim  
 Such treasons to the world! Even on the necks,  
 The necks of Normans, hath the tyrant laid  
 His iron yoke; but these our brave compeers  
 Have dashed it off, and will obedience yield  
 To some more rightful prince, whose gentle sway  
 Shall heal our country's bleeding wounds, and bid  
 Saxons and Normans henceforth live in peace.

ABBOT.

Behold him, then! Sound, sound the warlike trump!  
 Hail to the King! and long live "England's Darling!"

*[A grand flourish.—The folding doors behind the Abbot are suddenly flung open, and discover Edgar seated on a throne, with the crown of England on a cushion by his side, and surrounded by attendants and the ensigns of royalty.—The conspirators all shout, while Waltheof appears confounded with astonishment.—The Abbot leads Edgar forward, the crown borne before him.]*

WALTHEOF.

I am o'erwhelmed! Wine, wonder, hope, and fear  
 Of darker evils, make my dizzy brain  
 Whirl round and round. Is it indeed loved Edgar?

My heart leaps to behold him. I must kneel  
And bless him, though I die.

HEREWARD—(*stepping behind him unobserved.*)

Beware thy Norman wife !

[*Waltheof starts, and Hereward retires unseen  
among the crowd.*]

WALTHEOF.

Those words again !

In that slave's voice, and here ! Who art thou ?—Gone ?  
Mystery and fiends ! Yet will I homage pay  
Whate'er betide hereafter,—life or death.

Welcome once more to England, dear-loved Prince !  
Tears from these eyes gush forth to see thee, Edgar,  
Last of thy blessed line, again our King,  
And joy all utterance chokes.

EDGAR.

Those tears, my lord,  
More precious I esteem, than all the gems  
That glitter in yon crown. My gallant chiefs,  
If 'tis your will, and Heaven's, that I should sit  
On England's throne, mine by the right of birth,  
I, by your wisdom guided, so will rule  
These realms, that none shall have just cause to wish  
Change and renewed disorder.

NORFOLK—(*aside.*)

Doubt I that,  
Weak puppet King ! Soon must a gloomy change  
Come o'er the brightness of thy royal dreams.

HEREWARD.

My gracious sovereign, on my knees I yield  
The homage of my soul. This sword, the gift  
Of great Alexius, Emperor of the East,  
Which in barbarian blood hath oft been dyed

When I his brave Varangians led to victory,  
Shall ne'er again be sheathed, till I have seen  
Lord Edgar seated on his father's throne,  
Or with the dead sleep in a laurelled grave.  
Set England's royal crown upon his head ;  
And, till our men are ready for the field,  
In Ely's isle shall he safe refuge find.

NORFOLK.

I hence with Hereford will to the north :  
There muster arms and warriors for the fray.

ABBOT—(*crowning Edgar.*)

Once more on thine anointed brows we place  
King Edward's diadem. Thou art our lord.  
All faith, obedience, fealty, and love  
To William we abjure, and pay to thee.  
Reign, Edgar, King of England ! Cheerily sound  
The pealing trump, uplift the voice of joy,  
And every Saxon shall from shore to shore,  
Grasping his spear, repeat the loud acclaim !

[*Flourish, shouts, &c.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in the Palace of Northumberland.*

*Judith and Osmond discovered. Lan-Ivan at a distance with his harp.*

LAN-IVAN.

## SONG.

HARP of the South! that long hast hung  
On Corph's lone willow banks, unstrung  
By seer and prophet-bard that sung  
    The wild chief's martial story,  
Who sleeps beside yon altar-stone,  
Which on the desert stands alone,  
Where the midnight wind and the sea-wave moan  
    For his departed glory.

Gentle harp! thy melody  
Sounds like Hope's soft voice to me,  
When the clouds of darkness roll  
O'er my woe-benighted soul.

When I touch thy golden string,  
Thou of other years dost sing,  
And radiant visions round me throng  
That listened to thine ancient song,

When our fathers on the heath  
Drew the battle-sword of death ;  
When, returned from blood-drenched fields,  
In the hall they hung their shields,  
And at banquet, victory crowned,  
Song and mead-cup circled round.

Years of glory, days of old,  
Deeds forgotten, tales untold,  
Ye are past,—as soon shall be  
Lan-Ivan's feeble minstrelsy.

Ah ! gentle harp of Locmar's sacred spring,  
Soon must I cease to strike thy magic string !  
How many silent years have flown away,  
Since thou in Celtic hall hast woke the lay !  
And when I with my Bardic fathers sleep,  
Thou shalt be hurled amid the ocean deep,  
That rolls its stormy tide on Purbeck's shore,  
And none shall ever wake thy music more !

Who then for the Celtic warrior shall mourn,  
As he slumbering lies in his dusty urn ?  
His death-song the winds of the forest shall be,  
And his requiem the midnight hymn of the sea.

Who then for the harp and its minstrel shall weep,  
When with strangers he far from his fathers shall sleep ?  
The Morning will come in her beautiful light,  
And, veiled in her darkness, the widow-like Night :  
To his tomb, with her roses and tears, will come Morn,  
And Night shall be there, with her cloud and her storm,  
To mourn o'er the last Druid-bard of the isle,  
On whom his proud age deigned never to smile !



OSMOND.

And has my lovely Countess, by the songs  
Of this wild harper, been amused and pleased ?

JUDITH.

Little, forsooth, the strains of northmen charm  
Those who have heard the melodies and lays  
Of tuneful Troubadour. <sup>(39)</sup> Say, to what land,  
Minstrel, owest thou thy birth ?

LAN-IVAN.

I, lady, from  
The ancient line of British bards am sprung,  
Who in the Earldom of Lord Dorset once,  
Amid the woods of Purbeck's Druid isle,  
Flourished beloved and honoured. I alone  
Of all my race remain, the last to strike  
The magic harp of yore ; and now mine age  
Hath fallen on sad and evil times, for none  
In all the Earldom heed the son of Song,  
Or pay him grateful kindness.

OSMOND.

Then adopt  
Some other calling. Riches, once obtained,  
No matter how, will win respect and worship.  
Fling on the fire thy barren harp, and quit  
The minstrel craft ; then wealth and booty seek,  
By the brave soldier's far more gainful trade.

LAN-IVAN.

Sorry advice to one of my years given,  
And by an Earl, who should stand forth the first  
To cherish and protect the child of Song.  
Titles, and rank, and wealth the sword may win ;  
But they are bloody spoils, which in their glory,  
Like the red comet's prophet-warning beams,

Shed woe and famine, pestilence and death.  
 But the dominion of the harp, entwined  
 With rosy-breathing flowers of Paradise  
 By Genius gathered, willing empire wins  
 O'er every heart where gentle feelings dwell,  
 And, like the spirit of beneficence,  
 Is ever blest in blessing. Sad may be  
 The story of his woes, in these dark times,  
 Whose noble birthright is the gift of song ;  
 Yet shall hereafter glory mark his tomb,  
 And Pity sit a weeping mourner there,  
 Scattering immortal wreaths.

OSMOND.

Such empty fame,  
 Gained by a life of misery, is, I deem,  
 Most dearly bought ; and when obtained, not worth  
 So high a purchase. Will hereafter fame,  
 When hunger-bitten, feed thee, and outpour  
 Thy wine in cups of molten gold ? or raise  
 A palace for thy glory, filled with slaves  
 To wait their master's bidding ? Scant must be  
 Thy consolation, o'er a mess of herbs  
 To muse on death-doled honours.

LAN-IVAN.

Barbarous chief !

Is it scant consolation that my harp  
 Soothes the desponding, stirs the brave to deeds  
 Of worthy enterprise, and o'er the dull  
 Cold dream of life the full refulgence flings  
 Of heaven-born inspiration ? What, though scant  
 The bard's light stores, still is he rich in all  
 That lifts the soul of man above his fellows ;  
 And in his bosom burns a god-lit fire,

Which o'er his brows the radiant image sheds  
Of ever-living glory.

OSMOND.

Wealthy bard!

Warm keep thyself with that, and let conceit  
Feed well the flame: then in the winter's depth  
Thou mayst defy the frost.

LAN-IVAN.

Sarcastic lord!

Hadst thou no garments brighter than thy wit  
Wherein to deck thy pride, full sure wouldst thou  
Be beggarly arrayed.

JUDITH.

We will not brook

Such language in our halls. Now did thy merits  
Transcend thy boundless arrogance, small here  
Would be thine honours.

LAN-IVAN.

None do I expect:

It is not in your ignorance to bestow them! <sup>(40)</sup>  
If true it be what sages have declared,  
That he whom Genius crowns is made a noble  
By God himself, then his nobility  
Must theirs surpass whom only kings make great,  
Far as the morn outshines the glow-worm's light.  
And, lady, know, that in the Poet's gift  
Are honours, prouder even than from the proudest  
He can himself receive. In better days  
So England's princes thought,—thus thought, and gave  
The bard deservedly in hall and bower  
Rank, and a lordly seat, and laurel wreath,  
For well knew they his harp alone bestowed  
Fame which can never die. <sup>(41)</sup>

OSMOND.

Since those good kings  
 Are all departed, better 'twere, I trow,  
 That thou shouldst quickly follow, and become  
 Their boon companion: though, perchance, among  
 So many heavenly harpers, thou wilt find  
 Thy craft engrossed, and little need of thee.

LAN-IVAN.

Thine is the pride, the adventitious pride,  
 Of lofty birth, and mine of loftier genius.  
 Thou art a soldier: but, my lord, thy fame,  
 If fame thou hast, shall perish, like the cloud  
 That passeth in its evening pomp away,  
 If no illustrious bard arise to sing  
 Thy battle-deeds. Yes; thy proud name shall be  
 Forgotten, with thy horses, dogs, and slaves  
 That on thy bounty feed. But when thy halls  
 Of banquet-revelry all silent lie  
 In lone, weed-hidden ruins, when thy form,  
 That now so proudly glows with joyous life,  
 Shall be dissolved, and its component parts  
 Hurl'd to the elements that clip us round  
 As though it ne'er had been,  
 The poet's wreath shall be as fresh and green  
 As when in music o'er his harp-strings rolled  
 The living tide of song. And so farewell,  
 Lord Dorset!

[Exit.]

OSMOND.

For this I'll have, ere long, his eyes torn out! <sup>(42)</sup>  
 By all——

JUDITH.

Nay, gentle Osmond, take no heed  
 Of what this man hath uttered. Bards, thou know'st,

Are privileged of speech, and oft do they  
 Abuse their freedom.—But when goest thou hence  
 To join the army gathered by the King  
 To conquer Ely's isle ?

Wild rumours are afloat of some new plot,  
 Some threatened insurrection. These rude wars  
 Must part us now. O, safe be thy return !  
 For thee alone I live.

OSMOND.

Still loath to part,  
 I linger gazing on thy matchless charms  
 Like summer twilight o'er the weeping flowers,  
 Till sullen night commands it to retire.

*Enter Matilda.*

MATILDA.

This pleasing interview I grieve to mar ;  
 But from St. Alban's shrine Northumberland  
 Is speeding hither.

JUDITH.

Night and darkness come  
 Too hastily to hide thee from my sight.  
 I would not have Northumberland should learn  
 I saw thee in his absence.

OSMOND.

But this cloud  
 Long shall not intervene, from me to hide  
 The heaven-bright glances of those sunny eyes.  
 These stolen visitations heighten all  
 Our mutual joys, as moonbeams sweetly break  
 On the night-wearied pilgrim from the storm. [*Exit.*]

JUDITH.

Have any tidings reached the palace yet

Of that proud slave, who by the faithless Harold  
Escaped my vengeance ?

MATILDA.

None. It is believed  
He was a Saxon of some note, disguised  
For purposes of treason. Be who he may,  
I owe him my best wishes ; and as he  
To us is lost, so may destruction find him.

JUDITH.

I in his freedom am myself made free,—  
Free of his blood. I would not have my love  
Darkened with needless crime, for he can now  
Work me no further mischief.

MATILDA.

As for that,  
To slay a forest bull or stag is deemed  
A weightier crime in law, than spilling blood  
Of a base Saxon slave.

JUDITH.

But not in justice.—  
Matilda, will the Earl approach me here ?

MATILDA.

I ween so, madam. He more sullen seems  
Than is his wonted humour, and he walks  
Conversing with the air, or some foul fiend  
Who dogs him at the heels.

*Enter Waltheof.*

WALTHEOF—(*aside.*)

Would I St. Alban's halls had never seen !  
That Abbot hath beguiled me to my ruin :  
Poison was in his wine-cups. O, they are  
Rank traitors all ! And shall I link myself

To such a hopeless cause, when I have sworn  
 Allegiance to the King? 'Tis a base plot!  
 It must be base, or that ungrateful herd  
 Of Normans had not joined it.

JUDITH.

Good my lord,  
 Why muse you thus with sorrow-troubled brow?  
 Reflect not on the past.

WALTHEOF.

He who from manhood's prime begins to wane,  
 Loves oft, with thoughts of mingled grief and joy,  
 To turn the leaves of memory, there to read  
 The tale of years departed, when o'er youth  
 Wild dreams of future fame and glory flung  
 Their morning splendours,—brightened to full day,  
 Or faded, like the eve-sky's thronging pomps,  
 In darkness and despair,—  
 To mark how many, once well known and loved,  
 Shall ne'er be known again, with all those scenes  
 Of sunshine and of storm through which we have passed  
 The actors on life's stage. Judith, dismiss  
 Thy handmaid from thy presence.

MATILDA—(*aside.*)

Folly bless thee,  
 And nurse thy seedling wit! To what tends all  
 This sober homily? Would such a fool  
 But take the cowl, it were a joyous riddance.

[*Exit.*

JUDITH.

Thy words, my lord, veer widely from thy thoughts;  
 These are of present things—things of high moment:  
 I've not beheld thee so o'erwhelmed before.  
 Give me to know the cause.

WALTHEOF—(*sinking on her bosom.*)

O Judith, Judith!

I am become a wretch, lost and undone!

JUDITH.

Lauded for this be every Saint in heaven!

I now may from a blood-stained crime be saved. [*Aside.*

What ails thee, Waltheof? Hast thou rashly fallen  
Beneath the King's displeasure?

WALTHEOF.

I am fallen

Beneath my own contempt so low, that I  
Can never lift my head again erect  
With conscious, noble pride mid noble hearts,  
Defying man to say that I have done  
One base, dishonest act.

JUDITH.

Nay, with thyself

Be not so discontented. Tell me all:  
Whate'er it be, here wilt thou pardon find,  
For am I not thy bosom-friend, thy wife,  
Bound still to honour thee?

WALTHEOF.

I do believe

Thou art right faithful, and my love for thee  
Was not the wild romantic love of boys,  
Bright as the passing meteor and as brief;  
But that mild passion, whose still-constant flame,  
Surviving age and death, is in our hearts,  
Lit from that urn which sheds its holy light  
Unfadingly o'er all the blest in heaven.  
How shall I tell thee? Shame confounds my tongue.  
No, rather let my guilt with me descend,  
Unpublished, to the grave. But vain the wish!



Sedition's trump will sound my name abroad  
To fill her rebel ranks, and I shall be  
For a foul traitor branded.

JUDITH.

Shield us, Heaven!

A branded traitor ?

WALTHEOF.

I was lured to meet  
At festive board, in Alban's abbey halls,  
A crowd of Norman and of Saxon knights.  
The wine-cup circled joyously, and stole—  
Would I had dashed it from these fevered lips!—  
My reason from me. Suddenly, to clang  
Of trumpet and mad shout, the valves flew wide,  
And showed us Edgar seated on a throne!  
Confused, astonished, wine-inflamed, I felt  
My smothered love for pious Edward's line  
Flash like the quivering lightning through my veins;  
And, as the Abbot crowned the Etheling, I  
Knelt with the chieftains and allegiance swore,  
Abjuring faith to William. Thou know'st all:  
And now my life is, Judith, in thy power.

JUDITH.

And safe it shall be ever, if my silence  
Can so preserve it——till I reach the King. [*Aside.*]

WALTHEOF.

With deep unfeigned sorrow I repent.  
But what avails it now? My country's wounds,  
As yet unhealed, will soon bleed forth afresh,  
And by new tyrants and new factions stabbed,  
Sink deluged in her blood! I'll to the King,  
Confess my treason, and the plot reveal:  
Perchance he may have mercy.

JUDITH.

Waltheof, no,  
 Not for a monarch's weremeld,—not for all  
 Thy life is worth to me ! I'll seek the King :  
 He loves me passing well. I will disclose  
 The fatal plot, how thou hast been beguiled,  
 Thy deep repentance, and thy merits plead,  
 Nor cease till I have brought thy pardon sealed.

WALTHEOF.

Didst thou not hear a voice ?

JUDITH.

What voice, my lord ?

WALTHEOF.

No matter,—'twas but fancy. Still those strange  
 Mysterious words are ringing in mine ears,—  
 " Beware thy Norman wife ! " Was that vile slave  
 Who from his dungeon 'scaped, some fiend disguised  
 In human shape, that ever thus he haunts me,—  
 Viewless as air, yet with a mortal voice ?  
 I hear him now. It is some evil omen !  
 Go, Judith, to the King : I will not be  
 Misdeemful of thy truth. Ha ! now I hear  
 Those horrid words again, more deep and loud :  
 That hollow voice is from the depths of hell.  
 Dark fiend, avaunt ! thine accents madden me. [*Exit.*]

JUDITH.

So high stood he in honour, this false step  
 In his self-condemnation darkens all  
 His former brightness, and such thoughts do mar  
 His brain-sick reason.

*Enter Matilda.*

Glorious news have I  
 To tell thee.—But we must not waste the time

In idle speech. Northumberland hath done  
 A daring act of treason, and as I  
 Shall shape in words before the angry King  
 The doing of that deed, it shall bring down  
 The gleaming axe upon his prostrate neck.

MATILDA.

Far better, lady, than to put our trust  
 In ruffian hirelings.

JUDITH.

Ay, and better still,  
 I shall be clear of blood. He hath himself  
 Brought on his head destruction. Who waits there?

*Enter Attendant.*

Go, bid my grooms they harness with despatch  
 My fleetest steeds, and make my chariot ready.

*[Exit Attendant.]*

Come thou, and for my journey to the camp  
 Prepare me speedily.

And as the captive eagle, to some rock  
 Long fettered, breaks her chain and towers aloft  
 To meet the noontide sun, so I, set free  
 From the dull chains which bind me to this Saxon,  
 Shall bask in Love's bright heaven without a cloud.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The Royal Pavilion in the camp on the  
 borders of Ely.*

*The King, Lanfranc, Osmond, Fitz-Rollo, Barons,  
 and Guards.*

KING.

Yon wave-locked island is the last strong-hold

Of robbery and rebellion in the realm.  
 When, lords, will come the day that we shall see  
 Our standard floating from the fen-girt towers  
 Of this enchanter? O, impatience frets  
 My warlike spirit sorely!

FITZ-ROLLO.

When will come  
 The hour that I shall this Varangian meet,  
 Falchion to falchion, steed to steed, and mid  
 The battle-carnage trample on his wreaths?

OSMOND.

Doubt not, sir King, but we shall soon hear news  
 From Ely's shifting Abbot. All his lands  
 Beyond the precincts of this island seized  
 Wisely by thy command, he will betray  
 Ere long the fords.

*Enter Ivo.*

KING.

Ivo, the news! the news! How speeds the witch  
 With her enchantments? Come, for once be brief.

IVO.

My constant speech is brevity itself,  
 With all observance due to proper words.  
 I would not to the King a story tell  
 In talk unseemly, use uncourt-like style,  
 Not for a King's full ransom. My discourse  
 Is ever fitted to the hearer's skill;  
 And though my sayings brief and scant may be,  
 Yet I, dread sire, meet choice of language make.

FITZ-ROLLO.

Dull-prosing fool, whose words belie themselves——

KING.

Scant be they now, or I shall cut them short  
With heavy curses.

IVO.

All the Saints forbid  
That I should on my head such evil bring  
By strange loquacity.

KING.

The witch! the witch!

FITZ-ROLLO.

And Hereward! What of the wild Varangian?

IVO.

Why I have not two tongues.

KING.

No; if thou hadst,  
I'd have thee placed upon some steeple-top  
Where bells were wanting, <sup>(43)</sup> and thy gingling tones  
Would make the Devil with impatience flee  
Far from thy noisy station.

IVO.

Then, my lord,  
Not to be wearisome, first of the bridge,  
That bridge built for the troops to cross the fen—  
It was a noble bridge! and secondly,  
The tower upon it—O it was, my lords,  
A gallant tower! built of enduring wood.  
Both bridge and tower were by my skill contrived.  
I planned with judgment, and the craftsmen wrought  
Under my teaching, till the turret rose  
O'erpeering all the moor,—the moor? You might  
Have from its summit seen the utmost bounds  
Of the wide German ocean, and the shores  
That border it beyond!

KING.

What of the hag,  
Thou lying boaster? Say, where is the witch?

IVO.

In the dark pit of hell with all her imps!  
My royal lord, I placed her on that tower;  
And as the soldiers o'er the bridge advanced,  
She plyed her dread enchantments, from the depths  
Of deathless Night her demons calling up  
To blast with plagues the rebels. I, methought,  
Perceived the air now black with sooty wings,  
And now with clouds of burning sulphur filled;  
While such strange sounds were heard, as made my hair  
Bristle like serried spears! When suddenly  
That Hereward, the high-priest of the Devil,  
To whose dread masterdom grim hags, and fiends,  
And mighty spirits bow, with lightning fired  
The reedy marsh, and from his nostrils blew  
A hurricane that fanned the struggling flames,  
Which onward, onward like a torrent, rushed,  
Till blazing bridge and crackling, crashing tower,  
And soldier-band and hag, with yell and scream  
Were in one hell-like bonfire burnt to ashes!  
There's a brave tale! and worded well, I trow,  
And every sentence truth.

KING.

Some unknown powers  
Protect this isle; yet be they ministers  
Of heaven, or agents of the unfathomed pit,  
We will not stir till conquest crown our arms,  
Till some bold knight this Hereward shall drag  
A captive to our tent.

FITZ-ROLLO.

I'll office that  
Glad duty of true knighthood, and here vow,  
By the proud peacock and my golden spurs,  
This battle-harness ne'er to doff, till I  
Have dragged the wizard to my sovereign's feet.

IVO.

Mercy on thy poor bones, then! They will ache  
With sharp, untold-of pains, bruises, and cramps,  
Ere thou wilt master that terrific fiend.  
A fen-eel would not through thy fingers slip  
With half the ease he will escape thy blows.

*Enter Officer.*

OFFICER.

My liege, the Countess of Northumberland  
Desires to be admitted.

KING.

What strange business  
Hath brought her to our camp? Good Earl of Dorset,  
Conduct her hither.

OSMOND.

Sovereign, you confer  
A pleasing duty on me. [*Exit Osmond.*]

FITZ-ROLLO.

O, no doubt;  
For thou art in a tender lady's eyes  
The very flower of gentle chivalry,—  
Made up of love, and secrecy, and fond  
Devotedness, with melting sighs and glances,  
And, like a well-trained hound, a maiden's glove<sup>(44)</sup>  
Or scarf canst fetch and carry; on red lips  
Press kiss soft as moonbeams give young flowers,

And as inconstant, too.—But see, he comes,  
 Leading the Countess daintily, as if  
 He sorrowed that her feet should touch the ground.  
 I marvel much he spreads not his bright robe  
 For her to walk on.

*Enter Judith, led by Osmond.*

KING.

How comes it, lady niece,  
 That you unwonted visitation pay  
 To camps and scenes of war?

JUDITH.

My royal uncle, I am hither come  
 Warning to give thee of a fearful plot——

KING.

What plot? what new commotion is stirred up?  
 And who are its abettors?

JUDITH.

Good my lord,  
 Edgar is from the Scottish court returned;  
 And in St. Alban's halls hath he the chiefs  
 Of this conspiracy in council met,  
 Where on his head the rebel Abbot placed  
 The imperial diadem.

KING.

I'll hang that Abbot  
 In chains before his abbey gates, and bury  
 Beneath the burning ruins all its inmates!

LANFRANC.

Alas! and never shall this realm find peace?  
 I fondly hoped that——

KING.

Lanfranc, there can be



No peace for England while one Saxon Thane  
Hath leave to wear a head ! But I will make  
Her provinces the dwelling-place of death,  
Till none remain to hide the unburied dead,  
Rather than yield my sword-guarded throne,  
Or thus be bearded by eternal treason.

JUDITH.

More yet remains,—woe worth the tongue that tells !  
Norfolk hath wedded Lady Isabelle,  
And now with Hereford proclaims rebellion,  
An army gathering hitherward to march  
And join Prince Edgar's banners.

KING.

Those Normans, too ! Heaven's crimson vengeance quail  
them !  
But how, good, gentle niece, didst thou obtain  
The knowledge of this plot ?

JUDITH.

Ah me ! my lord,  
I shame to speak it,—from that thankless man,  
That Saxon Thane, to whom thou badest me give  
My hand in marriage, on his worthlessness  
Conferring titles, rank, and high command.  
He the conspirators, at banquet hour,  
Met in St. Alban's halls, and bowed the knee  
In homage to this Edgar, on the winds  
Casting his perjured loyalty and faith  
Sworn to his rightful prince.

KING.

He shall for this  
Bow to the headsman's block, though by his death  
I every Saxon heart in England lose !

JUDITH.

Joy to my soul ! my coming shall speed well. [*Aside.*  
 Ah, good my lord ! though he to thee hath been  
 A vile ingrate, though he to me this plot  
 Boldly imparted, counting I, like him,  
 Should an apostate prove, and traitor turn  
 To my own royal blood ; yet think, O King,  
 He is my husband, and forgive when I  
 Entreat thee spare his life.

KING.

I would not hear,  
 In such a cause, an angel for him plead.  
 Thy husband ? still the worse, for it doth make  
 Tenfold more dark his guilt. The day in which  
 He falls into our power shall see him die !  
 For we are fixt as fate.

JUDITH.

I own, dread sire,  
 The justness of thine anger. And though he  
 My life did threaten with his naked sword,—  
 Perceiving my indignant heart repelled  
 All fellowship with rebels,—if in word  
 Or act I this conspiracy betrayed,  
 Yet how can I forget that late I gave  
 To this ill-fated man my bridal hand ?  
 How, if he die, can I myself forgive,  
 Being the instrument and means by which  
 He finds a bloody end ?

KING.

Wrong not thy truth——

JUDITH.

O, will it not be said I have transgressed  
 The duty of a wife, and to the block

Betrayed a loving husband? But to see  
 My sovereign standing on destruction's verge,  
 And he, this Saxon, a fell regicide,  
 Stealing behind with lifted knife to strike  
 My King, my dear-loved uncle,—mad with fear,  
 And reckless what mankind or after times  
 Might deem me for this act, I hither flew  
 To save my royal kinsman—save my nation  
 From universal slaughter; <sup>(45)</sup> for the English  
 Have sworn to slay the Normans in one night  
 Throughout the kingdom!—Yet, by Heaven! I half  
 Repent my rash resolves, lest on this head  
 A husband's blood should fall.

KING.

Countess, let not  
 Thy tender weakness lead thee into fear.  
 Thou hast thy duty done to Heaven and me,  
 And Justice, when he falls, his blood shall wipe  
 From off her sword on his own guilty head.

JUDITH.

Mother of God! I see him hastening hither!  
 Who knows how, by repentance, he the King  
 May soften yet to mercy.

[*Aside.*

I confess,  
 With deep reluctant grief confess, shouldst thou  
 Be won to spare the Earl,—and Heaven incline  
 Thy heart to pity!—thou must never hope  
 That he can pardon *thee*, while on that head  
 Rests England's crown; for in his guilty dreams  
 Oft have I heard him vow to do such deeds,—  
 That he would with thy bastard blood wash out  
 The wrongs thou didst to England——Goodness keep me,  
 The man is here!

2 c

*Enter Waltheof.*

KING.

Welcome, right worthy Earl.

Thy coming is well timed, for thou dost wear  
A soldier's weapon, and in giant strength  
Mightst rival famed Sir Bevis. Nor would thy  
Unflinching virtue and unshaken truth  
Do offices of good to those who put  
Our high authority to shame, as here  
Too long these rebel slaves have done, or stain  
With one disloyal act thy well-tried courage.

WALTHEOF.

My gracious sovereign, at thy feet I bow,  
And offer here my sword. If in thy wrath  
Thou to the hilt shouldst plunge it in my blood,  
With my last breath I shall applaud the deed,  
And own it is the doom I justly merit.

KING.

Northumberland, in thee our confidence  
And faith have long been placed ; and thou hast shone  
Amid our stormy councils like a star  
To guide us to the shrine of infant Peace,  
New born to bless thy country ; while in love  
And service fast to bind thee to our heart,  
With king-becoming gifts thy worth we crowned,  
And our imperial blood allied to thine :  
It therefore cannot be, that thou shouldst do  
A deed beyond our pardon.

WALTHEOF.

Ah, my liege !

I now am fallen from honour's glorious height,  
Where, like a goodly cedar, long I towered

In the full sunshine of thy princely love.  
 Dark, in an evil hour, the tempest came,  
 And laid me prostrate ! I confess my crime,  
 And bootless were it to entreat thy pardon,  
 For I have been a traitor ! and concealed  
 The daring plots of traitors !—  
 But though in saintly hall I bowed the knee  
 Before the Etheling's rebel-guarded throne,  
 Yet, when with noisy night the mantling fumes  
 Of wine had passed away and reason dawned,  
 I saw my guilt, dark as the tempest-cloud  
 That fronts the rising sun, and, conscience-smote,  
 Came here, my sovereign, to confess—and die.

LANFRANC.

O, let his former worthiness atone  
 For this one error, deeply so repented :  
 For he hath been like a poor wanderer lost,  
 At eventide, amid the misty shades  
 Of pathless mountain wilds——

KING.

Northumberland,  
 Farewell ! *[Exeunt King, Lords, and train.]*

WALTHEOF—(after a pause.)

For ever ! ay, for ever !

Such long adieu thy stern “farewell” implied.

JUDITH.

Grant, Heaven, it did ! But Lanfranc, meddling fool,  
 May yet incline the King.—(aside.)—My lord, I grieve  
 That I have failed in thy behalf to move  
 His Highness to forgive, albeit I strove  
 Long and unweariedly, with prayers and tears,  
 To pluck sweet mercy from him. Yet, hadst thou  
 My counsel followed, I should have prevailed.

2 c 2

But thou art headstrong, and thy coming here  
Marred all my better hopes.

WALTHEOF.

How could I live  
One hour in peace with such a burthened heart ?  
Confession hath struck off those chains by which  
Guilt bound me down to suffering.  
Now, if this day should be my last on earth,  
Peace will be mine, and pardon at His throne  
Where kings must kneel for mercy.

*Enter Officer and Guards.*

OFFICER.

My lord, I bring  
Unwelcome summons. 'Tis his Highness' will  
That I conduct you to the block, which stands  
Prepared amid the camp.

JUDITH—(*aside.*)

Transporting news !  
I know not how to hide this mighty joy.

WALTHEOF.

So sudden ? Let the will of Heaven be done !  
Better to die, and in the grave find peace,  
Than live as I do, weeping bitter tears,  
My country, o'er thy miseries. Once I stood  
Like a tall tree amid the crowded forest,  
But long I've stood alone ; for one by one  
My flourishing companions all have sunk  
Beneath the ruthless axe, and now is come  
My turn to fall. Farewell, bright-rolling sun !  
Thou shalt behold to-morrow at thy rising,  
Prostrate and withered on a naked desert,  
The last tree of that forest ! Grant my death

May the fierce anger of the King appease,  
And be my blood the balm to heal thy wounds,  
My woe-devoted country !

JUDITH.

Alas! my lord——

WALTHEOF.

Were there no stronger ties, mere life might be  
Cast off without a sigh, like a poor garment  
Which time hath worn so frail, it will not keep  
The flaws of winter out ;  
For O, how few and brief the sunny gleams,  
'Twixt infancy and miserable age,  
Which, through life's ever-rising tempests, shed  
Joy on the soul ! Farewell, my dearest wife !  
To part with thee is now the deepest pang  
This heart on earth can feel.

JUDITH.

Adieu, my lord !

Thy duty 'tis with fortitude to meet  
The stroke of death, and mine to humbly bow  
With silent resignation.

WALTHEOF.

Ay, thou art

Resigned indeed ! That calmness on thy brow  
Falls like the chilling snow of winter clouds  
On life's last sunset hour. Mournful it is  
To say farewell for ever, even to scenes  
And things that we have looked on carelessly,  
In days when thoughts of parting came not o'er us ;  
But O, how bitter for those hearts whom Love  
Hath bound in rosy bands to bid adieu,  
When, by a sudden and a bloody death,  
They are asunder torn ! And yet, whilst fast

These tears gush forth to think that we no more  
Beneath the heavens shall meet, I do behold  
A joy-gleam in thine eyes.

JUDITH.

It was my purpose  
That thou shouldst die in ignorance of my hate ;  
But thou wilt force the secret from my heart.  
Away, then, all disguise. Know that I scorn,  
Loathe, and abhor thee, darkly-bearded Saxon !  
And let the knowledge make thy last few moments  
The bitterest of thy life ! for I was led  
A wretched victim to thy bridal couch,  
An offering to propitiate thee, thou idol  
Of hated Saxon worship. From thy tomb  
I rise again to life. Weep for thee ? No,  
My curses shall pursue thee to the block ;  
And when my chariot rolls beneath the gates  
Of Winchester, I shall look up and smile  
To see thy head on their tall battlements  
Hang blackening in the sun !

*[Waltheof strives to speak, but overwhelmed with  
astonishment and horror, he sinks into the arms  
of the Guards ; then by a violent exertion he  
recovers himself.]*

WALTHEOF.

Off, weakness ! or I shall be deemed by foes  
A coward, and upon my country fling  
In my last hour disgrace.—Speed ! speed thee, Death !  
And from this world, with its incarnate fiends,  
Give my impatient spirit quick release.

*[Exit Waltheof, guarded.]*

JUDITH.

My heart, unburthened of its heavy load,



So long in silence borne, feels light and joyous.

Waltheof, thou

Wast never formed to captivate and please

The high unbounded passion of my soul,

That burns with all the wild romance of love,

Caught from th' enchanting lays of Troubadours.

Hark ! the deep wailing of the death-trump floats

On the low-murmuring winds. The gathered host

March to behold a brother-soldier die

A soldier's death.

Now mid those ranks doth flash

The headman's axe ! That dull and heavy blow—

Again it flashes and again it falls—

What ! lifted still, thou blood-drenched instrument ?

By Heaven, the fool

Knows not his office, and doth basely mangle—

That shout along the lines proclaims it done !

It hails thy spirit, Waltheof, freed from sufferance,

And mine from marriage thrall.

Thus undermined

By captive fires, some lofty mountain falls, <sup>(46)</sup>

Which in its sunless valleys, deep and dark,

The murmuring groves and streams with shadows hid ;

But when no more concealed, those woods resound

With merry lay of birds, and on the winds

Their leaves, all golden with the morn, they fling,

While bright those waters flash as diamond showers,

Singing along their banks, that blush with new-born  
flowers.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An open Country in the Isle of Ely.*

*Enter the King, Osmond, Fitz-Rollo, Barons, and army, with banners and martial music.*

OSMOND.

I doubted not the Abbot would betray  
Island and friends, his dearer lands to save ;  
And by his means we have the entrance won  
Into the fastness of these rebel hordes.

KING.

Behold ! they onward come in battle-wise,  
Resolved to hazard all,—by Edgar led,  
Their meek, deluded Darling. Ere we draw  
The sword of vengeance, lords, I will submit  
To parley with these rebels ; doubting not  
To win, without a blow, the voice of those  
Who follow this unwarlike, gentle Prince.

FITZ-ROLLO—(*aside.*)

I hate a brawl of words : such female feuds  
Let cowards fight. The clang of sword and axe  
On ringing bucklers, and the deep-toned shout  
Of a death-struggle are the sounds for me.

*Enter Edgar, Chiefs, and Saxons.*

KING.

How now, my lord ! And is it thus thou com'st  
To meet thy sovereign, once thy friend, who held  
Thee dearest in his heart of all his subjects ?

EDGAR.

We come, stern Duke of Normandy, to claim  
Our regal birthright, which full well know'st thou  
Descends to us from an illustrious line  
Of England's warlike kings. Too long have we  
Of our imperial honours been deprived  
By thy o'ermastering power. There is our gage  
To prove thy proud gainstanding we defy,  
And God defend our right !

KING.

Warriors of England !  
Sons of the shield and spear ! backed with a host  
That doubles your amount, encompassed round  
With gallant Barons—each himself a host,  
Ye cannot count that I do fear to make  
The sword the arbiter of Edgar's claims.  
We therefore, ere that bright decider flash  
In lightning from its scabbard, proffer peace  
To all who will yon rebel standard quit.

*[Shouts of defiance from the Saxon Soldiers.]*

A moment's pause.—Ours are no idle words.  
Soldiers, behold your leader ! Gentle boy,  
Whose form, and bearing, and mild manners well  
Become the love-bower of some amorous maid,  
But ill befit the battle's bloody strife,  
Whose brows with more beseeching grace would wear  
The cowl of monk than England's helmet crown.  
Is he, unworshipped boy, a chief to lead  
Brave Saxons to the field, who ever from  
The red right hand of War receive the wreath  
Of victory, or an honourable death ?  
Is he a King to sit on England's throne,  
And guard her from the legions of the North,

On Denmark's coast now gathered? where proud fleets  
 The ocean darken with their shadowy sails,  
 Waiting the breeze that wafts them to these shores?  
 But I am he with sinews strung for war,  
 With arm that never failed to quell a foe,  
 Who will, if 'neath my banners ye enlist,  
 Lead you to victory o'er the savage Dane,  
 And make the haughty lords of France to bow  
 In vassalage to England. Here I swear  
 By the bright Resurrection! if ye yield  
 Obedience to my power, throughout the land  
 Shall pious Edward's laws be well observed,  
 And ne'er again shall Insurrection lift  
 Her voice to taint the honour of our reign  
 With falsehood or injustice.

*[Some of the Saxon Soldiers shout,—“A  
 William! A William!”*

Choose ye, then,  
 A weak, unwarlike, and unfriended boy  
 To be your chief, and with him that sure doom  
 Which on rebellion waits; or me, your King,  
 To be your martial leader, who will fight  
 To life's last gasp, the foremost in your ranks,  
 For your loved homes and all your dearest rights,  
 Though the wide North from every region pour  
 Her battles on these shores, and guide you on  
 To liberty and ever-living fame.

*[The Saxon Soldiers shout,—“Away with Edgar!  
 Death to the Etheling!” &c. They cross over  
 and join the royal troops, till only a few Chiefs  
 remain with Edgar, who stands awhile astonish-  
 ed and irresolute, then falls on his knees to the  
 King.*

EDGAR.

My gracious sovereign, I confess my crime,  
 And to thine abler hands resign for aye  
 The diadem of England. In return,  
 Grant me thy pardon: then a long farewell  
 To these loved shores I'll bid, and on the plains  
 Of Palestine fight bravely till I die<sup>(47)</sup>  
 For the blest Sepulchre, against the fierce  
 Blood-drinking Saracen.

KING—(*raising him.*)

Once more we take  
 Thee to our heart, and be oblivion flung  
 O'er all thine errors past.

FITZ-ROLLO—(*aside to the King.*)

Better it were  
 That he should die a traitor's death, than hazard  
 What may betide hereafter.

KING—(*to Fitz-Rollo.*)

Fitz-Rollo, no;  
 We scorn to take the life of one so meek,—  
 A dying faction's tool; while to the world  
 Such clemency shall o'er our sternness past  
 Shine like the rainbow wings of Peace, when from  
 The parting storm she strews the earth with flowers.  
 Rebellion now shall perish, like a stream  
 Whose fountain is dried up, nor ever more  
 Its turbulent and crimson billows roll  
 Through this war-harassed land.

*Enter Hereward and Saxon Soldiers.*

HEREWARD.

Ho, ye base, hireling slaves! ye coward fools!  
 That yield your throats to yon fell slayer's knife,

Turn, ere it be too late,—turn yet and stand  
 With me your leader, for your country stand,  
 And make one last great effort in the cause  
 Of liberty and England! Know ye not  
 That on you now your country's eyes are fixt,  
 This day her masterdom o'er Norman power  
 Expecting from your courage? that Renown  
 On yonder mountain waits with her loud trump  
 Your honour to proclaim where'er the name  
 Of Saxon has been heard, and on the car  
 Of ever-rolling Time your patriot deeds  
 In sunbeams to inscribe? But ye are fallen,  
 How basely fallen! from your allegiance sworn  
 To him your true-born and anointed King.  
 All evil things incurable alight  
 On every recreant, and the eternal curse  
 Of infamy rest on his unwept grave!

KING.

Thou art the leader of those pirate hordes,  
 Chief of a dark and hidden conspiracy,  
 Extended through the land. Yield, and for thee  
 Mercy may be in store.

HEREWARD.

Mercy? where was thy mercy, tyrant, when  
 Thy Norman robbers drove my widowed mother  
 From her domains and home, usurping all  
 Her fair inheritance? Where was thy mercy  
 When, overwhelmed by numbers I embarked  
 To seek in distant lands a soldier's fame,  
 Thy plundering Barons fired the noble towers  
 Of my ancestral dwelling? Still I see,  
 Crimsonsing the lurid heavens, those flames ascend  
 As on my vessel's deck I stood, and vowed

Eternal war with Normans ; and that vow  
Have I in eastern climes performed beneath  
Durazzo's lofty bulwarks, till I drove  
The Apulian Normans, by fierce Guiscard led,  
Back to the Italian shores. <sup>(48)</sup> Thy Barons, too,  
Can testify how well I have fulfilled  
That vow on English ground ; nor will I break it,  
Duke William, while this better arm can wield  
A battle-axe for freedom.

KING.

Saucy groom !

'Thou scorn'st my proffered mercy.

HEREWARD.

'Talk'st thou still

Of mercy, when thine iron heart ne'er felt  
Its blessed influence ? Where, then question I,  
Was that sweet mercy, when thou to a land  
Of fire and blood, of death and desolation,  
Didst turn the wailing north ? not sparing one,  
Even one poor hind to till the barren soil ?  
England hath groaned, thou ruthless fiend, to see  
Thy tender mercy to her wretched sons, <sup>(49)</sup>  
Limb-lopped and eyeless, on the dark world cast,  
To tell thy loving-kindness. She hath groaned  
The robberies, flames, and murders to behold,  
Which thou through her once-happy realms hast spread,  
Out-measuring deepest horror ! Where thy mercy  
To him, the bravest, noblest of his race,  
Honoured Northumberland ? The axe hath fallen,  
Dark homicide, on that last Saxon chief  
Of his high rank, a martyr in the cause  
Of glorious freedom ! Long shall he be wept  
By all true-hearted Saxons, and his fame

Live with eternal years. Ha, Edgar ! Edgar !  
 Hast *thou* cast off thy fame, thy friends, thy country ?  
 Nay, then the lamb hath sought the prowling wolf,  
 The dove flown to the falcon for protection ;  
 And thou wilt be the next to learn how kind  
 The gentle mercies are of yonder Duke.

KING.

Peace, foul-tongued slanderer ! peace, audacious slave !  
 Our rigour was the offspring of your treason.—  
 But 'tis not king-beseeming parley thus  
 To hold with rebels. Down, ye traitorous herd !  
 Down with your weapons, and conditionless  
 Submit to us your sovereign.

HEREWARD.

Never yet  
 Have I to thee, Duke William, sworn allegiance,  
 Or owned thee, thou blood-sceptred chief, my King ;  
 Nor will I homage pay thee, but with those,  
 Whose noble hearts love their poor country still,  
 Fight, bravely fight it out ! Ho ! ye that yet  
 Will draw a sword for England, follow me !

[*Exeunt Hereward and Soldiers.*

[*The Saxons who had joined the King rush off, shouting,—“ A Hereward ! England and Hereward ! ”*

FITZ-ROLLO.

Now comes the fight, for which so long I've sighed  
 Like a fond lover for the bridal hour.  
 'Tis not becoming thee, sir King, to draw  
 Thy sword against these vile brigands and slaves ;  
 Let me, I pray, meet the Varangian dog,  
 And I his heart will bring thee to thy tent.



KING.

Go, brave Fitz-Rollo, but I charge thee bring  
The slave alive. Do him no harm, for we  
Important secrets from his lips must draw,  
Ere justice can perform her bloody work.

FITZ-ROLLO.

Onward, my merry Normans, to the strife!

*[Shouts, flourish, exeunt Fitz-Rollo and Soldiers.]*

KING.

Dorset, and Edgar, come ye to our tent.—  
I have bethought me, Etheling, and commend  
Thy gallant purpose on thy shield to bear  
The Red-cross of the holy Sepulchre.  
A mighty spirit, like the tempest winds  
That left the ocean, now is stirring up  
All Christendom's bright chivalry, to pour  
A glittering deluge of combined arms  
On Palestine, and drive the infidel  
From Salem's blessed city. Thou shalt be  
Right well appointed with a noble train  
Of stalwart knights, meet for thy princely rank.

*Enter Lanfranc.*

LANFRANC.

I bring thee welcome news my royal lord.  
The Norman Earls in battle are subdued,  
Lord Hereford is a prisoner, Norwich castle  
By the high-constable of England taken,  
And Norfolk fled beyond the narrow seas.

KING.

Fair tidings, by the rood! We'll follow him  
When peace is here established, and the storm  
Gathered on Denmark's shore hath passed away,

As pass it will, nor ever reach this isle,  
 Since from the gold I've sown on Scandia's soil  
 Hath sprung up deadly strife: Soon gallant wars  
 Shall draw the discontented hence to France,  
 Bretagne to conquer: then the Armoric crown  
 With England's diadem shall be enwreathed,  
 And Philip tremble on his Gallic throne. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Pavilion in the royal Camp.*

*Enter Judith.*

JUDITH.

The sound of yonder battle on the breeze  
 Comes like the far-off fall of many waters,  
 Now quick and hoarsely loud, now soft and low  
 As if in silence dying; till anon  
 Rises the piercing yell, the deep-toned shout  
 Of wild despair and victory. Where stays Dorset?  
 Is he amid that host struggling with Death?  
 Joy to my soul, he comes!

*Enter Osmond.*

OSMOND—(*aside.*)

The Countess? I

Would fain avoid her presence. She is free,  
 And freedom, to my gay romantic fancy,  
 Of all her charms hath robbed her. Questionless  
 She dreams of bridal vows and wedlock's chains:  
 O, they would drive me mad!

JUDITH.

Gentle my lord,

Thou comest——

OSMOND.

Ay, lady, to condole with thee

The bitter loss thou in Northumberland,  
That kind and worthy husband, hast sustained.  
Would he were living—for thy sake I wish it—  
To dry those tears which unavailingly  
Thou o'er his grave wilt weep!

JUDITH.

I o'er his grave  
Can never weep. Too well thou know'st my love  
Is lavished all on thee; and could these eyes  
Shed tears, they would be tears of joy that I  
On thee can gaze with transport, free from guilt.

OSMOND.

Guilt! lady? Why what guilt can we have known?  
My friendship for thy beauty still hath been  
Like the pure love of youthful Troubadour,  
Across the sunlight of whose angel-dreams  
Comes no unholy shadow. <sup>(50)</sup>

JUDITH.

Death and hell!  
Is this not mockery? Ay, thou scoffing lord,  
I see it in the glances of thine eye,  
And on that misproud lip. But have a care  
How thou dost wake the whirlwind of my rage.  
I cannot brook, as softer ladies can,  
The insults of thy sex,—no, nor endure,  
Where I have loved to such a mad excess,  
To find my fondness cast, all cast away,  
Like seed upon a barren wind-swept rock,  
And reap no kind return. And canst thou think  
To break thine oaths, thy vows of constancy,  
That drew me on to hope for happier days  
Of freedom from my bondage? And when now  
Those days are come, wilt thou not ask the King,

2 D

Who can deny thee nothing, his consent  
To claim my bridal hand ?

OSMOND.

I sorely grieve  
It may not be ; for 'tis decreed that I  
The Lady Eva, his fair ward, shall wed,  
The richest Saxon heiress in my Earldom.

JUDITH.

False, lying villain !  
False, if the tale were true, as Hell can make thee !  
Thou hast destroyed me ! stabbed my peace, my honour,  
And sunk me in perdition ! All my dreams  
Of promised bliss are fled. I, who so late  
Floated on Hope's bright sea, am shipwrecked, lost ;  
And thou, dissembling, smiling, cheating fiend,  
This storm hast raised to dash me on the rocks,  
Where I am left to perish !

OSMOND.

By fair knighthood !  
I may with better justice cast on thee  
The odium of deception. I had made  
A glorious choice in such a soft, mild wife,  
Whose tongue the noisy ocean would out-voice.

JUDITH.

Would, for thy perjury, I might see thee dashed  
Headlong from some vast precipice amid  
The depths of ocean ! hear thy last faint cries,  
As round and round thy form whirled down the air,  
Like th' eagle by the hunter's death-shaft pierced !

OSMOND.

Deeply beholden am I for thy good wishes ;  
And let me tell thee, lady, in return,  
The man that mates himself, ere he hath proved

The temper of a woman, is like one  
 Who puts to sea and every hazard runs  
 Of storm and shipwreck in an untried barque.  
 At best she's but a frail and leaky vessel,  
 Though rigged in flaunting sails and banners proud,  
 Fit only for a summer voyage of pleasure :  
 At least, such I esteem her.

JUDITH.

Thou disgrace  
 To chivalry and knighthood ! thou vain fool !  
 Henceforth I'll higher hold in my esteem  
 Than such a wretch the vilest reptile crawling.

OSMOND.

A marvellous change  
 In thine affections ! But thou mayst behold  
 How patiently I can endure their loss.

JUDITH.

Insulting slave ! O, that revenge were mine,  
 Great as my wrongs and boundless as my rage !

OSMOND.

Why all this wrath to lose a thing thou deem'st  
 Viler than vilest reptile ? It belies  
 Thy gentle tongue, and fondly flatters me.

JUDITH.

O, that my tongue could fill the air thou breathest  
 With brain-distracting poison, yet not kill thee !  
 My thoughts are steeped in the despair of hell !  
 I shall go mad if thou, Revenge, come not  
 To ease my burning heart !

OSMOND.

Think not thy love  
 For me hath on a barren rock been sown.  
 A goodly harvest, lady, hast thou reaped

2 D 2

Of disappointed hopes, of malice, rage,  
 And deep remorse, which, drop by drop, its dews  
 Of poison sheds cold on the withered heart,—  
 Remorse for thy dark treachery to thy lord,  
 Whose faithful love deserved a nobler fate.  
 He is a fool, in my best judgment, madam,  
 Who knows a woman plays her husband false,  
 Yet takes her for a wife.

JUDITH.

Devil incarnate !

Blackest of all the throng that darken hell !  
 True to thy fiend-craft, thou didst tempt me first,  
 Betray, and then accuse. Hence from my sight !  
 Go wed ; and be thy bridal hour accursed !  
 May thy frail wife betray thee to a slave,  
 Her children be deformed and hideous fools,  
 And thou, base wittol, think them all thine own,  
 Till grinning Infamy unveil thine eyes,  
 And hoot thee into madness ! On thy days  
 Sorrow of sorrows fall ! and when thou seek'st  
 The balmy hour of rest, the night-hag brood  
 In horrors on thy bosom ; all thy hopes  
 Perish for aye, and in thy dismal age  
 Palsy and plague, despair, and want, and hunger,  
 Fasten like furies on thee ; friendless die,  
 Like a base dog unwept ! and may thy soul  
 Meet the reward of perjury, where the damned  
 Dwell in unquenched fire !

[*Exit.*

OSMOND.

The saints assoil me from thy maledictions.  
 So much for love ! How passions shift and change  
 Like clouds that wait upon the evening sun !  
 Now brightening earth and heaven, and now a mass

Of lurid shadows; and how like those clouds  
 Our passions deeply colour all o'er which  
 Their influence comes! How could I ever deem  
 This Countess beautiful? who uglier seems  
 Than the grim hag that rides the murky air,  
 Scenting the blood of infants! I'll to the King.  
 Who knows what in her fury she may act?  
 A woman, filled with malice, is the devil! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Royal Pavilion in the centre of  
 the Camp.*

*Enter the King, Lanfranc, Officers, and Guards.*

KING—(*speaking to an Officer as he enters.*)

Didst thou not say Fitz-Rollo had secured  
 That Hereward de Brunne?

OFFICER.

I did, my liege. [*Shouts.*

Those shouts proclaim the victory o'er the rebels,  
 Who fly on every side. And see, Fitz-Rollo  
 In chains their doughty captain hither leads.

KING.

Then art thou, England, wholly mine at last!

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter Fitz-Rollo, Ivo, and Norman Soldiers, with Here-  
 ward, Zalmira, and Saxon Chiefs as prisoners.*

FITZ-ROLLO.

My gracious sovereign, I've my vow performed,  
 And may put off this battle-gear to sleep  
 At ease in down.

IVO.

Yes, we at length have caught

The great fen-eel, the serpent of the marsh,  
 The priest of Beelzebub, the wizard king  
 Of mystic brothers ; who, when honest men  
 Are peacefully asleep, their meetings hold  
 To sup with demons on the flesh of babes.  
 Now certain 'tis, but wherefore know I not,  
 Satan has failed him at his utmost need.

KING.

Silence be on thy tongue.

IVO.

Needless behest

To one of such few words.

KING.

Thou, Hereward,  
 My stubborn foeman, art at length subdued.

HEREWARD.

By numbers, not by dint of manly valour.

KING.

That's nought of moment——

FITZ-ROLLO.

Then set out the lists,  
 And let me singly meet him. If this sword  
 Make him to quail not——

KING.

Peace, Fitz-Rollo, peace.  
 It doth suffice that thou hast brought him here,  
 For which a noble Earldom shalt be thine.

The tempest of rebellion, which so long

[Addressing Hereward.]

Hath hung o'er England in its darkest wrath,  
 By thee, the master-spirit of the storm,  
 Hath been directed ; for, when absent, still  
 'Thine agents have been stirring. But the hour



In which thy life must expiation make  
For such foul treason, be assured, is nigh.

HEREWARD.

Erst have I said I owe thee no allegiance.  
Another King, though he wears not the crown,  
My sovereign is ; my sovereign shall he reign  
Long as I breathe, or he on earth exists :  
And therefore stand I clear of any charge  
Of treason, Duke, to thee.

KING.

This subterfuge  
Will nought avail,—nay, magnifies thy guilt.

*Enter Officer, hastily.*

OFFICER.

My liege, I grieve to say your royal niece,  
The Countess of Northumberland, is dead.

KING.

Dead ! and how died she ? What ! so sudden ?

OFFICER.

By her own wilful hand, my lord, she fell,  
And with her parting breath declared the cause  
Was Dorset's falsehood.

KING.

This is heavy news.

I loved her as my child.—

Dorset ! and falsehood ? Let the Earl be seized,  
If he have done her wrong, his head shall grace  
His shoulders not an hour. [Exit Officer.

Now, Hereward—

ZALMIRA.

Thus low on bended knee, great King, do I  
Implore for mercy to this English knight.

Have pity on us both, whose bridal vows  
 At early morn were registered in heaven.  
 O, make me not a wretched, hopeless widow,  
 Amid a land of strangers and of foes !  
 I am the daughter of a princely house,  
 From home and friends a hapless exile driven ;  
 Where can I look for pity but to him  
 Who reigns as God's vicegerent, and should be  
 The fountain of all mercy as of honour ?  
 O, deign to hear a weeping suppliant's prayer :  
 Forgive, and spare my husband !

KING.

Yes, on one,  
 And only one condition will I spare  
 The daring rebel. Hereward, 'tis said  
 'Thou art the chief of a mysterious Order,  
 Whose midnight deeds of guilt appal mankind ;  
 Whose influence, like strong poison in the veins,  
 Spreads through our kingdom. Now to us reveal  
 The names of those who are its potent chiefs,  
 Unveil its mysteries and its rites disclose,  
 And we here swear to pardon thy misdeeds,  
 Restore the lordships of thine ancient house,  
 And rank thee with our Earls.

HEREWARD.

Reveal, betray  
 My trust ? No ; honour and my God forbid !  
 Though here the assembled world were round me  
 gathered,  
 And its terrific yells of scorn and rage  
 Rang deafening in my ears, still would I stand  
 Unmoved and faithful to that glorious trust  
 Of honour by my brotherhood placed here,

As if the gentle winds of evening sung  
 The drowsy flowers to sleep. Wouldst thou to me  
 Yield all thy ducal rights of Normandy,  
 I would accept far sooner death, than take  
 On such base terms thy gifts.

KING.

Why, haughty knave——

HEREWARD.

Why, haughty Duke, think'st thou  
 The secrets of our Order, which I swore  
 Before the sacred oracles of God  
 Never to utter, I'll reveal to thee?  
 No; from this bosom let my heart be torn,  
 Ere to th' untaught its mysteries I betray!  
 But they are not, as thou and fools believe,  
 Secrets of blood and guilt. No: those bright deeds  
 We are enjoined to act, are deeds of love  
 And mercy to mankind. Our arts are not  
 Forbidden things of darkness, but those arts  
 And sciences which have on man bestowed,  
 Throughout all time, his best of earthly blessings;  
 And Fame, as in her downward course she sweeps  
 On sun-surpassing pinion, flings abroad  
 Her scroll, emblazoned with th' eternal names  
 Of those we claim as brothers, whose renown  
 Transcends the warrior's glory.

KING.

Idle boast.

HEREWARD.

The warrior's pride, thou unbelieving Duke,  
 The spirit is of tyranny and blood;  
 While our high Order stands the only bar  
 To lawless violence and ruthless power,

And through the darkest times in silence sheds  
 On iron hearts its influence, like the dew  
 That nightly cheers with noiseless benison  
 The sun-smote fields of summer.—

'Tis our pride

To feed the hungry and the naked clothe,  
 To shield th' oppressed from the oppressor's scourge,  
 And imitate our heavenly Founder's deeds.  
 The proudest chivalry and knighthood bow  
 To our far nobler, far more ancient Order,  
 In whose refulgence all their lesser pomp  
 Doth like the dawn-star fade, when from the kiss  
 Of the bold sun the speedy morning flies,  
 Earth brightening with her blushes. Ours is not  
 A titled rank ordained by mortal kings,  
 For it was founded by the KING of kings,  
 Who the wide ocean measured in his hand,  
 Lit with his fiery glance the flaming sun,  
 And on the formless void earth's deep foundations  
 Laid in eternal darkness—even HE  
 The ARCHITECT of all things !

KING.

Death or the secrets !

HEREWARD.

Death then be it ! Death  
 With glory, and not life with damning shame.

KING.

Death on the rack ! That from thee shall extort——

HEREWARD.

No, not a sentence. No, not one brief word  
 Which shall disgrace the name of a true brother.

KING.

Then let my guards advance——

ZALMIRA.

Hold ! mighty King.

O, be not like the lion in thy wrath,  
Or eagle darting on her hapless prey !  
Mercy, O mercy show, nor take his life !  
Let us from hence depart ; grant me but this,  
'Tis all I ask, and never more will we  
Approach thy fatal shores.

KING.

Woman, thou hast  
Permission hence to go.

ZALMIRA.

Go hence, sir King,  
And leave my husband here to suffer death,  
Death with protracted tortures ? No : I swear  
If nothing can thy ruthless heart incline  
To pity and forgiveness, I will stay  
To soothe his agonies, to share his pangs,  
And die upon the rack that mangles him !  
Yet, for the love of Heaven at thy last hour,  
Show some compassion to a wretch, whose woes  
Have well-nigh driven her mad !—Alas ! I see  
No gleam of mercy in that leopard glance,  
No kind forgiveness on that brow of wrath.  
Where shall I turn for hope ? To thee, to thee,  
My love, my life, my husband !

HEREWARD.

O forbear,  
Or thou wilt rive my heart-strings——

ZALMIRA.

And art thou  
Regardless too of all my prayers and tears ?  
Stern and unbending as this cruel King ?

And wilt thou, canst thou, who hast been so kind,  
 Leave me all wild to wander in despair,  
 A friendless maniac in this land of blood,  
 Exposed to scoffs and insult, shame and want ?

HEREWARD.

Support me, Heaven !

ZALMIRA.

Is there no hope on earth ?

No mercy to be found ? Madness I feel  
 Already like a whirlwind on me rushing !  
 Dark in a cloud of thunder am I wrapt,  
 And the red lightnings burn upon my brow !  
 Still art thou near me, and to thee alone,  
 In all the frantic horror of despair,  
 I, dying, cling for hope ! Then save, yet save  
 Thy wretched, lost Zalmira ! For my sake  
 Show mercy to thyself ! Yield up, reveal  
 The secrets of thine Order. Ah ! look not  
 Thus sternly on thy poor, distracted wife.  
 More kind would be to me thy dagger's point.  
 Here strike it home ! home to my heart, that I  
 May in thine arms expire, and be at peace !

HEREWARD.

O, my Zalmira, neither gory rack  
 Nor glowing coals heaped round my blackening form  
 Could make me feel what now I feel for thee !  
 But ah ! to break my vows,—those sacred vows !  
 O, couldst thou love me stripped of fame and honour,  
 Cast out a thing of scorn for all good men  
 To heap derision on ?

ZALMIRA.

O, love thee ? Yes,  
 More than I ever loved. Let all the world

Forsake, despise, and on thy head fling curses,  
 I'll to thee ever kneel with love and worship,  
 And from mankind hid in some forest cave,  
 We in each other's arms shall still be blest !

HEREWARD.

But I should hate, despise, and curse myself,  
 And in despair of Heaven's forgiveness, live  
 Like the condemned in hell ! Think who thou art ;  
 Think of thy Grecian blood, thy princely birth,  
 And the proud deeds of thy renowned forefathers.  
 Thou canst not dwell with guilt ? Then be of comfort,  
 And joy to see me die a martyr's death.

KING.

Soldiers ! obey your King, and drag him hence.

LANFRANC.

I can no longer hold. My sovereign lord,  
 In this poor, broken-hearted lady's prayers  
 I, kneeling, join. As Christ, when on the cross  
 Forgave his murderers, so do thou forgive  
 This noble captive.

KING.

I will have his heart  
 Torn from the traitor's bosom, or the secrets  
 Which in that heart are lodged.

ZALMIRA.

Tyrant ! no more  
 My tears shall seek thy ruthless soul to move,  
 Unyielding as the rock.—

O thou, who art  
 My only joy on earth, my hope in heaven,  
 Thy words have fired my Grecian heart with courage.  
 Thy gallant firmness I applaud, and fling

All female weakness from me.—  
 I would not, Hereward, for all the bliss  
 Thy tenderness can yield, could it with youth  
 Be lengthened out to ages, have one spot,  
 One shade of baseness on thy sun-bright honour.  
 Die nobly ! die, as thou hast ever lived,  
 The flower of chivalry, the pride of song,  
 The glory of thine Order and thy country !  
 This guard of innocence, thy gift, shall open  
 The gate of peace where tyrants never come !  
 No other way was there for swift escape

[*Stabs herself.*

From sufferings mortal strength could not sustain,  
 And reason keep her seat. Farewell but some  
 Brief moments, and our souls shall be united  
 Never to part again—my lord—my husband ! [Dies.

HEREWARD.

My brave Ionian love !—Now, tyrant, bid  
 Thy slaves conduct me to the rack or flames,—  
 To any death ; no human pangs can add  
 To those I now endure. These tears, the last  
 Mine eyes shall ever shed, beloved Zalmira,  
 Fall to embalm thy corse, as thus I kneel  
 And my last kiss on thy pale lips impress.

LANFRANC.

Yet in thy wrath, my gracious lord, relent.

HEREWARD.

Relent ? No ; let him on, till to the knee  
 He wade in innocent blood ; till on his head  
 He pluck down Heaven's red vengeance, and the curse  
 Of all succeeding ages on his memory.  
 His tiger heart no mercy feels.—But mark,



Thou Norman tyrant ! Never more that heart  
Or joy or peace shall know ; for those who from  
Thy loins have sprung, shall wring its blood-drops forth  
With never ceasing anguish !—

Wherefore thus,  
Zalmira, lingers my impatient spirit  
So long behind thee ? Shall I wait to glut  
The savage fierceness of these Norman dogs  
With the wild throes of tortured agony ?  
No ; thou dost point the way to shun their malice,  
And thus I join thee ! thus triumphant come  
To thee, my brave one ! thee, my bride, my wife !

*[Stabs himself and dies.]*

## EDGAR THE ETHELING'S

## Adieu to England.\*

FAREWELL, farewell! a long farewell to thee my island  
home!

I'm on the sea, the mighty sea, amid its sheeted foam.  
Deeply I sigh, as on thy cliffs the last faint sunlight falls,  
To think on all the joys I've known within thy kingly halls;  
To think on all the bitter tears I've o'er thy miseries shed,  
To see thee in a tyrant's chain, a bleeding captive led.

These brows have worn St. Edward's wreath, which thou  
didst give to me,  
As round the bannered throne of state thy nobles bowed  
the knee.

The Norman now that crown doth wear, thy princes all  
are slaves,  
And Freedom's gallant warriors sleep cold in their blood-  
stained graves.

There's glory on thy brow, as yields the setting sun to night,  
So Freedom yet on thee shall shed her own refulgent light,  
Nor shall that light, like yonder sun, in darkness e'er decline,  
But, gathering strength from age to age, still with new  
splendour shine.

\* See Note 47, Page 435.

But I, a weary pilgrim-knight, must wander from thee far,  
To fields where Arab host and steed rush on to deadly war :  
Yes, I must leave thee for the shores of holy Palestine,  
Where the palm-tree groves their branches wave o'er the red  
and purple vine ;

Where the cedar rears its giant head, and the rose its crim-  
son flowers

Blends with the golden fruits that gem the dark-green citron  
bowers :

Where burning suns the desert smite, and lurks the serpent  
brood,

And the roaring lion seeks his prey in gloomy solitude.

The Red-cross gleams on my strong shield, and onward will  
I go,

A warrior of the Sepulchre, to meet the Pagan foe :

But, England, thy blue mountains dim sink from my tearful  
sight,

Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my home ! England, a long  
good night !

Thy crown may rest on worthier brows, and glory on him  
smile,

But never heart like mine shall love my own dear native isle !

And wheresoe'er I roam, my soul will fondly turn to thee,

In palm-tree bower, or myrtle grove, or on the lonely sea :

Should I a pilgrim on the sands of burning deserts sink,

Or be in Paynim dungeons chained, O still on thee I'll think !

And should I gain the threshold-stone of Salem's blessed  
tomb,

I'll pray for thee and those I left with breaking hearts at home.

So may my prayers be heard, though I return to thee no more,

And Saxons with glad triumph shout, Freedom ! from shore  
to shore.

Darkness hath veiled thee from my sight,—thou'rt lost amid  
the sea ;

Ah, yonder gleams a ruddy flame,—thy last farewell to me !  
O, there are hearts that yet burn bright for Edward's exiled  
line,

Whose deeds through slavery's darkest gloom like yonder  
beacon shine.

O, I could leap into the surge, to meet those gathered now,  
My sail with signal-fires to greet, on that lone mountain's  
brow.

It may not be! The wild sea parts our kindred souls for  
ever ;

In England's cause, on England's fields, shall we again meet  
never !

The winds are up! Like the eagle bird my proud barque  
onward dashes,

And now o'er ocean's utmost verge yon earth-star faintly  
flashes.

'Tis gone!—England, thy light is set beneath the dark sea's  
brim,

Like he o'er whose red grave hath pealed the warrior's funeral  
hymn :

Rush down, ye tempests, on the deep ! Earth has no home  
for me,

And let my last dim resting-place be the caverns of the sea !

## NOTES.

---

- (1) *this dull and savage isle,*  
*A land of vile barbarians . . . . p. 261.*

Henry of Huntington says, that the English were all reduced to servitude and sorrow, and that to be called an Englishman was a reproach.

“William of Poictou, in describing the battle of Hastings, at which he was present, frequently denominates the English, the barbarians.”—*Dr. Henry*. Guitmund, when offered a bishopric in England by William, said in reply, “I know not how I can preside over those, whose foreign names and *barbarous language* I do not understand.”

- (2) *Go, bid thy slaves*  
*Some Saxon fair one to thy chamber bring. . . p. 262.*

“After that fatal battle, (Hastings,) the native English sunk into great contempt and wretchedness. Their estates were confiscated, their persons insulted, their wives and daughters dishonoured before their eyes. The Normans, says an ancient historian, were astonished at their own power, became as it were mad with pride, and imagined that they might do whatever they pleased to the English.”—*Ibid.*

Matilda, daughter of Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland, and the Queen of Henry I., was compelled, during her education in England at this period, to wear the veil of a nun to secure her person from insult and violence.

- (3) *Give me the sweet Provençal tongue for love. . . p. 262.*

At the period of the Norman conquest, France was moulding into two great divisions of language: that which, from our own connexion with it, and from its chief cultivators, we call Norman French; and that which is popularly called the Provençal, a peculiar and not ungraceful language.”—*Middle Ages.*

“Frankis spech is cald Romance,  
So sais clerkes and men of France.”

*Wartoni Hist. Poet.*

It is plain that the Romances written by the French and Normans in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, received their name from the *Lingua Romana*, in which they were written."—See *Du Cange Gloss.*

- (4) *I can clear the moat,  
Which circles yon great keep-tower, at a bound.* p. 263.

See De St. Palaye's *Mem. Chiv.*

- (5) *And let those saddles with rich paintings decked  
Be for our use to-day.* . . . . p. 265.

Peter de Blois, Archdeacon of Bath and Chaplain to Henry II. acquaints us, in one of his letters, "that the great barons and military men of his time, had their shields and saddles painted with the representations of battles."—*Hist. of Gr. Brit.*

"Even history-paintings, (among the Saxons,) representing the principal actions of the lives of great princes and generals, do not seem to have been very uncommon in England in this period. Edelfleda, widow of the famous Brithnod, Duke of Northumberland, in the tenth century, presented to the church of Ely a curtain, which had the history of the great actions of her deceased lord painted on it, to preserve the memory of his great valour, and other virtues."—*Ibid.*

- (6) *The mimic players that follow still the court.* . p. 265.

Religious plays, or mysteries, are of a very early date, as may be seen in Matthew Paris; for he says that Geoffrey, the Abbot of St. Alban's, when a young man at the school of Dunstable, (about 1110,) wrote a miracle-play of St. Catharine, and borrowed of the sacrist the holy vestments of the abbey, in which to dress the actors who performed his play.

The secular players, whom the monks envied for their popularity, and endeavoured to outshine in their sacred dramas, were the constant attendants of the court, and the welcome visitors of baronial castles, which were all courts on a smaller scale, the household of the earl being exactly similar to those of the king.

What these players were, and how refined and pure their exhibitions and compositions, may be gathered from the following quotation. It is not to be wondered that priests were at length forbidden to witness such grossness.

"Hinc mimi, falii vel saliares, balatrones, æmiliani, gladiatores, palæstritæ, gigandii, præstigiatores, malefici quoque multi, et tota jocularum scæna procidit. Quorum adeo error invaluit, ut a præclaris domibus non arceantur etiam illi qui

obsænis partibus corporis, oculis omnium eam ingerunt turpitudinem quam erubescat videre vel cynicus. Quodque magis mirere nec tunc ejiciuntur, quando tumultuantes inferius crebo sonitu ærem fædant et turpiter inclusum, turpius produunt.”—*J. Sarisburiens.*

- (7) *While round the picture of my lady-love  
On my broad shield displayed. . . . . p. 267.*

The shields of the Norman knights were richly ornamented with gold and splendid colours. The Count of Poictou, according to Malmesbury, had the portrait of his lady-love painted on his shield.

“Painting, in this period, was not confined to the use of the church, or to the portraits of great men; but was employed to various other purposes, particularly to ornamenting the apartments, furniture, *shields*, &c. of persons of rank and fortune.”—*Dr. Henry.*

- (8) *and Sherborne towers  
A princely dwelling. . . . . p. 268.*

The following singular narrative relating to Sherborne Castle, was found among the manuscript papers of Canon Bampton, A. D. 1675 :—“William the Conqueror created Osmond, one of his Norman commanders, the first Earl of Dorset, and bestowed on him Sherborne Castle, with the great estate appendant. He in his latter years becoming devout, was consecrated Bishop of Sarum, and gave to the See the said castle and estate; whose next successor, Roger, [Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chancellor, and Lord Treasurer,] falling into displeasure of King William Rufus, Sherborne Castle was confiscated, and continued in the crown thenceforward, till King Henry III., all those kings, (with their heirs and families,) being signally unfortunate and calamitous in their respective reigns or deaths, or both. Henry III. passed away the said manor to the noble family of the Montacutes, after, in the time of Edward III., created Earls of Salisbury; but in the interim, three of that family, possessors thereof, came either to untimely ends, or were otherwise very unfortunate: after which, Robert Wyville, in the reign of Edward III., then Bishop of Sarum, challenged from the said Earl of Salisbury, Montacute, Sherborne, and other lands, alienated from his See. The matter was ready to be decided by single combat, and when the Earl’s and Bishop’s champions, ready armed, were entering the lists, on the King’s interposition and mediation the Earl re-settled on that See the

said manor, &c., in consideration of a good sum paid him by the said Bishop, who with his successors quietly and happily enjoyed the same till the reign of King Edward VI., when John Salcot, alias Capon, then bishop, passed away either the inheritance or a well-nigh equivalent lease to the Protector, the Duke of Somerset, and he, soon after, to Sir John Horsey. The duke soon after losing his head, the said Sir John, then one of the greatest men of estate and reputation in the West of England, was so blasted, that either in that, or the following short reign of Queen Mary, he was so impoverished as to be outlawed, and not able to get bail for ten pounds: against whom the said Bishop Capon, that had conveyed to the Protector, preferred a bill in Chancery before Nicholas Heath, Archbishop of York, Lord Chancellor, on whose allegation, well proved, that he had been overawed by being put in fear of his life, to pass that estate to the Protector, it was, by his decree, re-settled on the church. Sherborne being so returned unto, continued in the church of Sarum the remainder of Bishop Capon's time, and, I presume, Bishop Jewel's, his next successor; till after the statute in Queen Elizabeth's time, restraining churches and colleges from making any lease longer than twenty-one years, or three lives, except to the Queen, or her successors, (which clause is supposed to have been inserted by Sir Walter Raleigh's means, then a prime favourite, with a selfish eye to Sherborne, and which was afterwards most worthily expunged out of the act of King James); after which statutes, Sir Walter Raleigh procured the then bishop (Gheast, I imagine,) to grant a long lease to the Queen, which she forthwith reconveyed to him, of Sherborne; on whose attainder it returned to the crown, and was by King James bestowed on Prince Henry, who in a short time died in the flower of his years, immaturely, and not without some (I suppose groundless) suspicion of violence. On his death, King James bestowed the same on his favourite, Carr, Earl of Somerset, on whose attainder, his then majesty granted the same to John Lord Digby, the first Earl of Bristol, who died an exile for his loyalty; his son George, the next Earl, having not been any over prosperous possessor of it, and his son, the present Earl twice married, yet childless."

A character like that which we have drawn for Osmond, was one the most likely in after years to seek refuge from his conscience in holy orders.

(9) *Lord Hereward de Wake . . .*

*He is the theme of every minstrel's song. . . . p. 268.*

"The actions of this romantic adventurer were the favourite



subject of the popular songs of the Anglo-Saxons, and even of the Normans. They have now perished, but the Conqueror's Secretary gives him the character of an heroic patriot. When he had been made a commander in war, and a master of knights, he achieved so many brilliant and warlike adventures, he conquered his enemies so often, and he so frequently eluded them, that he merits PERPETUAL FAME. He supported the ruins of his falling country as long as it was possible, and he did not suffer it to fall unrevenged."—*Hist. Mid. Ag.*

- (10) *And, having made this demon knight my captive,  
Send him to France, a foot-slave for some lady.* p. 269.

"Among the ancient knights, it was customary to send a conquered captive as a present to some prince or favourite lady."—*Vide Mons. de St. Palaye.*

- (11) *On thy base Saxon slaves—the coward English,  
Whose name it is a foul disgrace to bear.* . . . p. 271.

We have spoken before of the disgrace in which the haughty Normans held the English.

- (12) *A splendid palace purchased at proud Rome,  
Where thy chief agents bribe the cardinals.* . . . p. 275.

"Odo was a man of boundless ambition, too worldly and daring for a bishop; but he was nobly munificent and possessed shining talents. His patriotism hoped that all Italy would be subject to the Normans, if a Norman obtained the chair of St. Peter."—See *Lingard.*

"He had earnestly sought the Popedom, and filled the wallets of the pilgrims with letters and money to purchase the dignity at Rome."—*Malm.*

- (13) *but never will I bow  
In worldly homage to the proudest head  
That wears her diadem.* . . . p. 276.

"When the Legate required him (William the Conqueror) to do homage to the Roman See, his answer to the Pope himself, the formidable Gregory VII., was, 'I have been unwilling to do fealty to you hitherto, and will not do it now; because I have never promised it, nor do I find that any of my predecessors performed it to yours.' He would not allow any ecclesiastical council in the kingdom to enjoin or forbid any thing but what he had first ordained."—*Hist. Mid. Ag.*

“By the resurrection and glory of the Deity,” was William’s constant oath.

(14) *Now, driven for ever thence, doth naked roam  
The dreary woods, and in their winter caves  
Companion with the wolf. . . . p. 278.*

Sharon Turner says the facts which Ordericus relates of the miseries of the English, remind us of the sufferings occasioned by the French Revolution. “The most ancient and opulent families (English) were reduced to indigence; they pined for want on the very estates which had descended to them through a long line of illustrious ancestors.”—*Russell’s Hist. Eng.*

Ingulphus refuses to give a description of the horrible barbarities practised by his countrymen on the Saxons, because, he says, it could not be credited by succeeding times.

“In a word, a feudal baron was a king in miniature, and a barony was a little kingdom.”—*Dr. Henry.*

“When the Anglo-Saxon nobles fled with their families to the woods, and sought subsistence by rapine, the districts which they could pervade became so unsafe, that every man was obliged to fortify his house like a besieged castle every night; and prayers were said by the elder of the family on the shutting of the doors and windows, as in a tempest at sea.”—*Mid. Ages.*

The deeds of the Norman barons, from whom some English families are weak enough to pride themselves for being descended, may be found recorded in Huntington, William of Newbery, William of Tyre, and many other of the old chroniclers. Ignorant, bloody, and despotic as a negro king in the wilds of Africa, their castles were literally dens of robbers, from which they continually darted forth to plunder and destroy. One of these wretches was in the habit of carrying a concealed sword, with which he used, when in the humour, to stab, with loud shouts of laughter, any defenceless person he met; yet such was the extent of his power and the daring ferocity of his character, that he was applauded and admired. We read of another who would thrust out the eyes of children with his thumb, and impale alive both men and women against whom he entertained any dislike. Speed tells of one of the Earls of Warren, who scooped out with his thumb the eyes of his own son, a child, in the castle of Wareham.

Another of these earl-fiends, a Breton lord, named Giles de Laval, Marechal de Ritz, (the origin, one might imagine, of the tale of Blue Beard,) at so late a period as 1449, was accused of sorcery, and of having sold himself to the devil to obtain that

wealth, of which his prodigality had deprived him. He was condemned for the murder of many wives, whom he had married successively, and of more than an hundred children, and was burned alive in the presence of François I. Duke of Brittany, near Nantes. A thousand instances of the horrid atrocities of these titled thieves and murderers might be collected. Their manners and character were the same for ages throughout Christendom, wherever the feudal system was established. Henry I., the Lion of Justice, struck down many of these petty despots, and protected the ministers of the law: but they soon recovered their detestable power and privileges; and it is to the splendid institution of *modern* chivalry and knight-errantry, united with the writers of Romance, that the amelioration of the savage manners of Europe in the middle ages is chiefly to be attributed.

(15) *Varangian! what  
New mystic title's that? . . . . p. 285.*

During the troubles in England after the Norman invasion, numbers both of Saxon and Danish race fled the kingdom, and sought refuge in other countries. Many wandered as far as Constantinople, where they were honourably received by the Emperor, and enlisted into his guards. Ordericus says, "that the Anglo-Saxons sought Ionia, where they and their heirs served faithfully the sacred empire: and they remain till now among the Thracians with great honour, dear to the people, the senate, and the sovereign."

The Varangian guards of the Greek emperors were originally Scandinavian rovers, who conquered the ancient Russians. The first Waldimir advised them to embark for Greece, where they might find a nobler reward for their services than he could bestow. They were received at Constantinople, and employed in the duty of guards; "and their strength" (we quote Gibbon) "was recruited by a numerous band of their countrymen from the island of Thule. On this occasion, the vague appellation of Thule is applied to England; and the new Varangians were a colony of English and Danes, who fled from the yoke of the Norman conqueror. The habits of pilgrimage and piracy had approximated the countries of the earth; these exiles were entertained in the Byzantine court; and they preserved, till the last age of the empire, the inheritance of spotless loyalty, and the use of the Danish or English tongue. With their broad and double-edged battle-axes on their shoulders, they attended the Greek emperor to the temple, the senate, and the hippodrome; he slept and feasted under their trusty guard;

and the keys of the palace, the treasury, and the capital, were held by the firm and faithful hands of the Varangians."

- (16) *Bore off the holy vessels, crowns of gold,  
With silver shrines, copes, cups, and gem-wrought robes,  
And money-treasures which no man may count. . . p. 286.*

"Peterborough was called the golden city, and Hereward obtained such a splendid booty by the plunder of the abbey, as no adventurer in England had ever before acquired."—See *Saxon Chronicle*.

Ivo de Tailbois, or the Wood-cutter, was the Norman commander of that district.

- (17) *A strange unearthly woman, who hath long  
Dwelt lonely on the bleak and desert moor. . . p. 288.*

The story of this witch, which will be told hereafter in the text, was an historical fact, and is related by Petrus Blessensis. —*Contin. Ing.* p. 125.

- (18) *At Haitheby their fleet collected waits. . . p. 289.*

Now Sleswic.

- (19) *Yonder comes our master,  
The merchant of the household. . . . p. 292.*

"Some of the great barons of England, among the officers of their household, had one who was called the merchant, who transacted all the mercantile business of the baron to whom he belonged; disposing of his corn, cattle, and every thing he had to sell, and purchasing cloths, wines, spices, and every thing else he wanted to buy. It appears upon records, that these baronial merchants even engaged in foreign trade, and imported wines and other goods for which they were liable to pay customs."—*Dr. Henry*.

- (20) *As for your own coarse bread  
Of buckwheat, horsebeans, barley-bran, and rye. p. 294.*

"The Anglo-Saxon monks of the abbey of St. Edmund, in the eighth century, ate barley-bread because the establishment could not afford of their feeding twice or thrice a-day on wheaten bread."—*Pierce Plowman*.

This author, who lived in the reign of Edward III., says, after a good harvest,

- "Woulde no beggar eat bread that in it beans were,  
But of coket and clemantyne, or else clene wheate."

(21) *Renowned St. Dransius save me ! . . . . .* p. 299.

St. Dransius was the patron of combatants, and his shrine was at Soissons.

(22) *What is he but a bearded Saxon born? . . . . .* p. 306.

“The Normans,” says Dr. Henry, “had a great aversion to beards, as they had a fondness for long hair. Among them to allow the beard to grow, was an indication of the deepest distress and misery. They not only shaved their beards themselves, but when they had authority, they obliged others to imitate their example. It is mentioned by some of our historians, as one of the most wanton acts of tyranny in William the Conqueror, that he compelled the English (who had been accustomed to allow the hair of their upper lips to grow) to shave their whole beards. This was so disagreeable to some of that people, that they chose rather to abandon their country than resign their whiskers.”

(23) *By such a losel slave, whose every breath  
Hangs on my will. . . . .* p. 319.

“The lives of slaves were at the entire disposal of their masters, who had the privilege of what was called pit and gallows, which was the power, at will, of inflicting every kind of punishment, death not excepted.”—Vide *Spelman and Du Cange Gloss. Voc. Baroniae, &c.*

(24) *Those cause-pleading clerks who throng the courts.* p. 327.

Malmesbury says that it was a proverb,—There is no priest who is not a cause-pleader. From this the clergy obtained the name of clerks.

“Rufus said to a baron who was going to the Crusades, and who hoped the king would leave his territory (Mans) in peace, ‘Go where you please, but I will have your city.’ The baron answered, that he possessed it by hereditary right, and if the king disputed that, he was ready to plead before the proper court. ‘I will plead with you,’ replied the king, ‘but my *lawyers* will be swords, and spears, and arrows.’”

(25) *even the king would be  
Amerced of half his revenue, were there not  
Offences in his subjects. . . . .* p. 327.

See Madox, *Hist. Exchequer*, c. 13 :—“These offences were sometimes even for short memories, and for being ignorant

of that which could not be known. The Norman sovereigns were greatly enriched by these detestable ameracements, or fines. All lands were legally vested in the Norman crown, which always retained the *dominium directum*. The revenues of the crown arose from immense royal demesnes, reserved rents, wardships, marriages, reliefs, scutages, aids, escheats, vacancies, taillages, taxes, tolls, customs, oblations, amerciaments, moneyage, farms of counties, cities, towns, and corporations, queen-gold, impositions on the Jews, &c."

Madox says, "that the enormous sum of ten thousand marks, equal to one hundred thousand pounds in the present day, was paid to these Norman kings for the wardship and marriage of a single heiress!"

(26) *the adventuring bands*  
*That seek this sea-girt isle for battle-spoil.* . p. 331.

During William the Norman's reign, adventurers from every neighbouring country flocked to this kingdom, to enrich themselves with the spoils of the conquered; and our elder historians lament the cruelties and oppression which they inflicted on the unhappy English.

"The English who survived, laid secret ambushes for the hated and suspected Normans, and killed them at every opportunity in woods and private places. The king and his Normans, in revenge, persecuted the English with cruel torments."—*Dial. Madox Excheq.*

(27) *Of Bristow's crowded mart, and her rich merchants,*  
*Who traffic in the sale of human flesh,*  
*Will count their gold bezants to fill thy purse.* p. 331.

The gold bezants and Byzantine solidi, were in general circulation both in the Saxon and Norman periods.

In *Camden's Remains* it is said, "that St. Dunstan bought an estate at Hendon in Middlesex of King Edgar, for which he paid two hundred byzantines. Greek and Byzantine coins have lately been dug up at Exeter.

Bristol was for ages the grand slave-mart of this kingdom. In the life of Wulfstan, who was Bishop of Worcester at the time of the Norman conquest, it is said, "You might have seen with sorrow long ranks of persons of both sexes, and of the greatest beauty, tied together with ropes, and daily exposed in the market of Bristol to sale. The young women they commonly got with child, and carried them to market in their pregnancy, that they might bring a better price. Nor were these men ashamed, O horrid wickedness! to give up their nearest relations,—nay, their own children to slavery."

It is curious and interesting to know, that the slave-trade in England has never by law been abolished; and that the wretch who leads his wife into the market with a rope about her neck, and sells her, has still the law on his side.

As late as the reign of Henry VIII., a bill was brought into the House of Lords, A.D. 1526, for the general manumission of the bondmen in England, read three times in one day, and REJECTED. It is therefore a fact, that the laws respecting slaves in this country continue in their ancient state; for although during the riots headed by Wat Tyler, in the reign of Richard the Second, they were revoked, yet no sooner were the rebels dispersed, than the pretended charters of manumission were all annulled by proclamation, and the next Parliament declared them void, reducing thousands of their fellow-subjects to their former state of hereditary bondage.

“Many of the slave-merchants were Jews, who found a good market for their Christian slaves among the Saracens in Spain and Africa. This occasioned several laws and canons to be made in England and other countries, against selling Christian slaves to Jews and Pagans.”—*Commerce of the Saxons*.

The Jews are to this hour the chief slave-merchants in Asiatic Turkey, “culling,” as Dr. Smith, a modern author, says in his account of that country, “the fairest flowers they can find, at almost any price that is demanded for them.”

(28) *who all the heathen gave . . . .*  
*To be by us and by our children held*  
*From age to age in thralldom. . . . p. 332.*

“Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; and of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids.”—*Levit. c. 25. v. 44.*

“Moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession.”—*v. 45.*

“And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; **THEY SHALL BE YOUR BONDMEN FOR EVER.**”—*v. 46.*

(29) *I mean his horn of power. . . . p. 333.*

“In the East, the horn, which denoted triumph in war and dominion in peace, was worn on the forehead, fastened to a fil-

let, turban, or tiara, and in form resembled a modern candle-extinguisher."—Vide *Calmet*.

(30) *I trust they have brought back a goodly store  
Of living moneys. . . p. 335.*

“Living moneys” was the cant term in those days for slaves.

(31) *Nor will I shrink, in such a cause, with thee  
Bravely to fight, to conquer, or to die. . . . p. 338.*

When the Moslems invaded Africa, under Abdallah, and besieged Tripoli, the daughter of Gregory the Greek Præfect, “a maid of incomparable beauty and spirit, is said to have fought by his side: from her earliest youth she was trained to mount on horseback, to draw the bow, and to wield the scimitar; and the richness of her arms and apparel was conspicuous in the foremost ranks of the battle. Her hand, with an hundred thousand pieces of gold, was offered for the head of the Arabian general, and the youths of Africa were excited by the prospect of the glorious prize.”

(32) *Would we had never fled Iberia's clime!  
But in some Moorish kingdom dwelt secure. . . p. 341.*

“But if the justice of Tarik (first Mahometan conqueror of Spain) protected the Christians, his gratitude and policy rewarded the Jews, to whose secret or open aid he was indebted for his most important acquisitions. Persecuted by the kings and synods of Spain, who had often pressed the alternative of banishment or baptism, that outcast nation embraced the moment of revenge: the comparison of their past and present state was the pledge of their fidelity; and the alliance between the disciples of Moses and Mahomet was maintained till the final era of their common expulsion.”—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

The Jews boast, that the family of David is still preserved in Spain.

(33) *that omened stone  
Prophetic warning gives me to begone. . . p. 342.*

“Richard I. purchased in the Island of Cyprus a coffer of martyrs' bones, and certain gems *excellent for fore-knowledge*.”

Gems were considered by the antients to possess magical virtues. Zoroaster is said to have celebrated the wonderful efficacy of the *Astroite* in all the arts of magic. Democritus



thought the *Erotolos* to possess great power in divination ; and Zachalias, the Babylonian, in his books dedicated to Mithridates, king of Pontus, believes that the destiny of man may be foreknown, accelerated, or reversed by gems.

Aubrey assures us, and with truth, that gems were used in magic or divination by the Druids.

- (34) *Our blessed Order . . . . . whose source  
Lies hidden where no mortal may approach. . . p. 349.*

See the Dissertation on the Antiquity of Free-masonry at the end of these notes.

- (35) *The strange enchantment of the desert-fiend. . . p. 354.*

Marco Polo, in his account of the great desert of Kobi, speaking after the superstitious belief of his own age, and that of the Tartars, tells of its wonders and horrors, its strange appearances and *evil spirits*, that enticed travellers from their path with the sound of musical instruments and the clashing of arms, and then left them to perish with hunger in those dreadful solitudes.

- (36) *with Saxon slaves  
In every hovel. . . p. 357.*

“When Malcolm, king of Scotland, returned from ravaging Northumberland, there was hardly a village, or even a house, in Scotland, wherein you might not meet with an English slave or slaves.”—*Hoveden*, p. 259.

- (37) *England, my lords,  
With all her countless riches. . . p. 361.*

When William, after his victories in England, returned to Normandy, “he was visited by the Regent of France, whose courtiers were astonished at the beauty of the long-haired English, and at the rich gold-embroidered dresses, and gold and silver vessels obtained from England.”

- (38) *And made the lion of the south to tremble. . . p. 361.*

On the banner of William the Conqueror was represented two leopards, or lions passant-gardant. The French call a lion passant-regardant, a *lion léopardé* ; and a lion rampant, a *léopard lionné*.

- (39) *Those who have heard the melodies and lays  
Of tuneful Troubadour. . . p. 367.*

Bouche, in his *History of Provence*, says that the Troubadours were esteemed in the twelfth century throughout Europe, and that the credit of their poetry rose to its highest point about the middle of the fourteenth century. Those who wish to know more of the Troubadours, may consult St. Palaye's *Hist. Troub.*, and Roscoe's Sismonde de Sismondi's *History of the Literature of the South of Europe*.

- (40) *It is not in your ignorance to bestow them. . . p. 369.*

William the Conqueror and his Norman barons, notwithstanding their affected contempt of the English, compared with Alfred and the Saxons of the eighth and ninth centuries, were as ignorant as the horses they rode on. Malmesbury asserts that William II. was completely illiterate, never having heard any history. "Non erat ei tantum studii vel otii, ut literas unquam audiret."

- (41) *For well knew they his harp alone bestowed  
Fame which can never die. . . p. 369.*

"Kings may dignify, dishonour, or reward merit; heroes and statesmen may live awhile in the mouths of men; while the vulgar, like the foliage of the grove, drop unnoticed. Literary genius alone can confer the unfading wreath of fame on itself and others; can bestow it alike on the prince or peasant; crown with deathless glory, or brand with eternal infamy. . . . Whim, caprice, or fashion generally governs the world's opinion concerning living authors. The favourites of the day have seldom stood the test of time. The immortal *Paradise Lost*, was contemptuously said, by an author of considerable eminence, to have been written by *one Milton, a blind man.*"—*Exeter Essays*.

"A poet should be regarded as an intellectual king, and in like manner with our temporal monarch, should be supported at the public charge, if he do not chance to be provided with a sufficient fortune of his own. It should be remembered, that in devoting himself to poetry, he enters, *in these times*, upon the most barren of all possible employments. In any other avocation, the industrious and successful struggler may attain rank (that is, such as kings can give) and fortune,—ay! even in the lowest ranks of literature, whereof a couple of bad magazine writers, B— and M—, are signal examples. In poetry only is it that the man of highest genius can obtain

no more than trifling emolument and empty fame : I say trifling emolument, because notwithstanding the array of figures which might be marshalled against the declaration, I maintain that there is no labourer whatsoever so inadequately rewarded as the poet. He is not allowed for his productions the benefit of the ordinary standard of value. The price of all other commodities is enhanced by rarity ; the diamond always fetches a price proportionate to the scarcity of the gem ; the singer, with the rare voice of a Sontag or a Tamburini, is always enormously rewarded. But the poet, although to be produced only by three throes of time,—although his inestimable works must necessarily be few,—the poet is not permitted to enjoy the advantage of a remuneration in the direct ratio of the scarcity of the article in which he deals ; and this, notwithstanding he give you, not an idle bauble which may be lost or stolen, or a fleeting effort of the voice, which shall put forth sounds of sweet music to perish in the silence of death ; but a woven spell of words, which shall be ever potent, and which shall remain a possession of delight to your children's children unto the end of time."—*Anonymous*.

As a proof of the similarity of one age with another, in the twelfth century we find Ignauré and Geraud de Borneill disputing respecting their poetry. "I would not have general and indistinct approbation," said Ignauré ; "I wish that fools may slight my compositions, and I prefer reputation from a few dozen minds, to general and extensive fame."—*Hist. Troub.*

(42) *For this I'll have, ere long, his eyes torn out. . . p. 370.*

Henry I., A.D. 1124, condemned the minstrel or Troubadour, Luke de Barra, to have his eyes pulled out, for having written defamatory ballads against him. The cruel sentence was accordingly executed on the unfortunate satirist, who died of the wounds he received in struggling with the executioner."—*Hist. Brit.*

(43) *I'd have thee placed upon some steeple-top  
Where bells were wanting. . . p. 379.*

"The tolling of a bell was supposed to have had miraculous effects,—to keep the spirits of darkness from assaulting believers ; to dispel thunder ; and prevent the Devil from molesting either the church or congregation : and hence they were always rung in time of storm, or other attack, to paralyse the fiend, whether the elements or mortal man, by the hallowed intonation."—*The Round Towers*.

- (44) *a maiden's glove*  
*Or scarf canst fetch and carry. . . p. 381.*

In Danish history (*Bartholin*, l. 3. c. 4.) is an account of a witch who was celebrated for her skill in divination, called Thorbiorga. In the enumeration of her articles of dress, it is said she had a pair of gloves of a white cat's skin, with the fur on the inside.

In Montfauçon's *Monumens de la Monarchie Française*, are four full-length portraits of William the Conqueror, his Queen, and his two sons, Robert and William. They are copied from the walls of a chapel in the abbey of St. Stephen at Caen. These frescoes are believed to have been taken from life. Ducarel, describing them in his *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, says that Duke Robert was painted standing on a hound, clad in a tunic, his head covered with a bonnet, and on his right hand, which was *covered with a glove*, stood a hawk. William, his brother, had also a glove on his left hand.

- (45) *To save my royal kinsman—save my nation*  
*From universal slaughter! . . . p. 385.*

According to some of the old chroniclers, during William's first visit to Normandy the English, goaded to desperation by the injustice and cruelty of the Norman chiefs, held secret consultation, and formed a plot to repeat the massacre of the Eve of St. Brice. The Normans throughout the kingdom were to be destroyed in one day. This was frustrated by the sudden return of the Conqueror. Such bloody scenes were ages afterwards enacted in Sicily, well known by the name of the Sicilian Vespers; and had, ages before the Eve of St. Brice, been perpetrated by the celebrated Mithridates, who caused all the Romans in his dominions to be murdered in one night, when, as Plutarch asserts, 150,000 perished; but Appian says 80,000. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun!

- (46) *Thus undermined*  
*By captive fires, some lofty mountain falls. . . p. 391.*

"We are indebted to M. de Humboldt for the knowledge of many facts of this nature. We have seen the Carguairazo, in 1698, crumble away, and overwhelm the neighbouring district; and ancient tradition relates that the volcano Altar de los Colanes, in Peru, the height of which is said to have surpassed that of Chimborazo, sunk down after eight years continual eruption."—*D'Aubuisson*, t. i. p. 213.

“ In the county of Monmouth, Marclay-hill, anno 1571, roused itself up, and, for the space of three days together moving and showing itself with roaring noise in a fearful sort, and overturning all things that stood in its way, advanced itself forward, to the wondrous astonishment of the beholders.”—*Camb. Brit.* p. 630.

(47) *and on the plains*  
*Of Palestine fight bravely till I die. . . p. 395.*

“ Edgar applied to William the Conqueror for leave to go to the Holy Land, in company with Robert, the son of Godwin, to fight the Infidels. He immediately consented; he loaded him with presents, and Edgar set out with a splendid equipage, accompanied by two hundred English gentlemen, who, having been deprived of their estates in their own country, resolved to try their fortunes in other climes.”—*Russ. Hist. Eng.* vol. ii.

(48) *I drove*  
*The Apulian Normans, by fierce Guiscard led,*  
*Back to the Italian shores. . . p. 397.*

“ Some of the more adventurous even entered into the service of the Grecian Emperor, delighted to meet, in practical warfare, the Normans who were assailing his territories. The Emperor needing military assistance against his invaders, employed them in his armies. They served their new sovereign with fidelity, and obtained a permanent settlement in his dominions.”

“ It was Robert Guiscard, who had established the Norman dukedom in Apulia, that was attacking Greece. The Emperor began to build for his English allies a town beyond Constantinople; but he called them back into his city when the Normans endangered it, and delivered to them a palace with royal treasures.”—*Hist. Mid. Ag.*

(49) *England hath groaned, thou ruthless fiend, to see*  
*Thy tender mercy to her wretched sons. . . p. 397.*

See Note 14.

(50) *Like the pure love of youthful Troubadour,*  
*Across the sunlight of whose angel-dreams*  
*Comes no unholy shadow. . . p. 401.*

“ Rambaud de Vasqueiras, a Troubadour, was in love with the Lady Beatrix, sister of Boniface, Marquis of Monferrat, and

the wife of the Lord of Del Carat. When at length he ventured to declare his passion, the lady replied, 'Welcome, my new-found lover; try more and more by your conversation and actions to render yourself valuable: I retain you for my knight.' This accords perfectly with the ideas of chivalry, in its original and most palmy state. When these lovers quarrelled, her brother the Marquis reconciled them. We see by this, the gallantry of the poet was not of a suspicious nature." —*Hist. de Troub.*

Some of these poets carried their Platonic and romantic attachments to a most extravagant height. Vidal, of whom there is extant one of the most beautiful pieces to be found in the remains of these Troubadours, assumed the name of Loupe, or wolf, in honour of Louve de Penautier, a lady of Carcussonne, and for her sake ridiculously submitted to be hunted in the skin of a wolf by the mountain-shepherds and their dogs; and though at last cruelly mangled, would not suffer the dogs to be taken off him till he was almost killed. He was then carried home to his mistress dead, as it was supposed. The lady and her husband, however, took such care of him, though they laughed heartily at his folly, that he perfectly recovered.

END OF THE VARANGIAN.

DISSERTATION  
ON THE  
ORIGIN, ANTIQUITY, AND DESCENT  
OF  
**Free-Masonry.**

---

THE learned Brother Oliver, in his *History of Initiation*, says,—  
“Nought earthly could have saved Masonry from utter extinction if, at the critical moment ‘when its departing light made a last expiring effort for renewed existence, it had not been invigorated by the ESSENES, a well-intentioned sect of people among the Jews, who took charge of the forsaken institution, and cherished it in their bosom until its rays of light once more began to illuminate the surrounding darkness.” What proofs and what authorities are there for this? And why, we would ask, was Masonry preserved among this sect more than among the other Jewish sects,—the Pharisees, the Karæites, the Sadducees, or the Therapulæ? the latter of which came by far the nearest of any of the Hebrew schools, in the simple manner of their religious ceremonies, to the primitive Christians. Indeed their sermons or discourses, and the hymns which they sang in their chapels, or meetings for public worship, have led many to maintain that they were a sect of Alexandrine Jews converted to Christianity, who devoted themselves to a monastic life. But this is clearly confuted; for Philo, previous to the appearance of Christianity in Egypt, speaks of this sect as having been long established. We would now inquire, who and what these Essenes were, said by Brother Oliver to have been the sole preservers of Free-Masonry.

These Essenes\* were strictly an ascetic or monastic fraternity. They had a perfect community of goods, and every one admitted into their society lodged his whole property in a common treasury. In their refectory they partook of the food dealt out by their Servitor in perfect silence ; and so rigorous were they in their observance of the Sabbath, that they would neither kindle a fire, remove a vessel though it stood in their way, or even ease themselves, till *Shobbos*, according to the Hebrew phrase, was put out, or the Sabbath ended. To be touched by any one not belonging to their sect, or for an old man of their Order to be touched by a young person, they held to be an impurity which required ablution. All domination they held to be unjust, and inconsistent with the laws of nature, who had produced all her sons in a state of equality. So averse were they to war, that they would not suffer any of their body to be employed in manufacturing military weapons, or instruments of any kind. No one was admitted as a member of this fraternity, without passing through a course of preparatory discipline out of the society for one year, and afterwards approving his constancy by two years' regular attendance within the college. After this, if he was judged worthy, he was received a *sa* brother, with a solemn oath to conform to the discipline and observe the rules of the society, to guard its sacred books and the names of the angels, and never divulge its mysteries.

What was meant, in the oath administered to the noviciate, by guarding the angels, may be conjectured from the notion which prevailed in the East, and in Egypt, concerning the power of demons or angels over the affairs of the world. The Essenes having adopted the visionary fancies of their Pagan neighbours concerning these superior natures, imagined themselves able, by the magical use of the names of angels, to perform supernatural wonders, and that the due observance of these mystical rites was the charge which they bound themselves by oath to take of the sacred names of angels. Added to this, they lived, or at least a certain number of them, in a

\* We speak of the Jewish Order in Egypt. Other fraternities, under various names, existed in almost every part of the ancient civilized world, in many points similar in their institutions.



state of *celibacy*, and adopted the children of other men, to educate them in their own principles and customs. (Vide *Brucker*.)

These Essenes seem to have been refugees, who fled into Egypt from the oppression of Gedaliah, the governor of Judea under the king of Assyria; where they, in length of time, incorporated the doctrines and institutions of Moses, with the dogmas and philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Egyptians.

Now granting these monks, for such they were, to have been the sole preservers of Masonry, of which there is as little appearance among them as among the monks of La Trappe, whom they far more closely resembled than Masons, did they send missionaries to Britain and Ireland to establish and preserve the Order in these islands? That they did so few, we imagine, will be inclined to maintain; and if maintained, where are the authorities and proofs? If they did not, then is it incontestibly certain that Free-Masonry must have descended to us from another source.

We unhesitatingly declare it to be our firm belief, that Masonry descended to us, through the Druids, from the sublime Mysteries of the antients;\* we mean the Eastern sages of the remotest antiquity. There is, in fact, no other way rationally and consistently to account for its nature and origin. With regard to these ancient Mysteries, we do not believe one word respecting the degrading and disgusting impurities said to have been allowed and practised in those awfully solemn and secret assemblies. Those deeds of darkness only existed in the minds of the *uninitiated* and vulgar, who scandalized every thing which they could not comprehend, and to the knowledge of which they were not permitted to attain; while, unfortunately, the old Christian Fathers, not content with condemning the absurdities and impiety of the vulgar belief, too often rashly denounced what was good with that which was evil,

\* The Druids retained among them many usages similar to those of Masons. "In conformity to the ancient practices of the fraternity, we learn that they held their assemblies in woods and groves, and observed the most impenetrable secrecy in their principles and opinions. We shall therefore leave the experienced Mason to make his own reflections on the affinity of their practices to the rites established among the fraternity."—*Preston*.

and consequently, through zeal and want of true information, were unsparing in their invectives against the ancient Mysteries.

As one proof, among many, of their want of requisite knowledge on these subjects, finding that baptism was a religious rite practised by certain heathen nations, they maintained that the Spirit of Evil had taught them this ceremony in imitation of the Christian form. And finding, also, that the Cross had been a sacred sign or symbol ages before Christianity, they did not fail to impute this token to a similar origin.

It is well known that the Christians were, like the initiated in the ancient Mysteries, long accused of committing the most horrid crimes at their nocturnal meetings, under the veil of awful secrecy. (See *Mosheim's Ecclesiastical Hist.*, and *Lardner's Works*, in 10 vols.) With regard to certain historical authorities which may be brought against us, knowing, as all acquainted with history must know, that half that portion which is supposed to be authentic is mingled with invention, as Quintillian, Herodotus, and Strabo have manifested long ago, those authorities have as little weight with us, as the ridiculous aspersions and base calumnies cast in every possible way, by the *exoteric* and the apostate, on the sublime and sacred mysteries of modern Free-Masonry; or the accusations of infanticide and brutal pollution propagated against the early Christians. But granting History all the authority which she has a right to claim, we shall find that she has lifted up her voice loudly in defence of the ancient Mysteries, and declared them to have been sublime, religious, and undefiled.

What were some of the tenets of Pythagoras, who was initiated into the ancient Mysteries?—To obtain a knowledge of divine things, by reflecting on death, by purifying the soul of its imperfections, and the practice of virtue; to endeavour after the discovery of truth, and to imitate, as far as human nature will allow, the perfections of God. He impressed on his disciples the omnipresence of the Deity, the immortality of the soul, and the necessity of *personal holiness* to prepare them for a future state of happiness in heaven.

From whom did he learn these doctrines, which every good Mason must revere? Not from the prophet Ezekiel, as Cle-

mens, and others of the old Fathers have averred, such assertions being nothing but pious frauds. "We must dismiss," says Brucker, "as wholly incredible, the stories of his visiting the temple on Mount Carmel, and remaining there several days without food, passing among the inhabitants for a good demon, and obtaining from them religious honours; and also of his proceeding into the country of Judea, and there going through several ceremonies of the Mosaic law." Pythagoras obtained these doctrines from the same Eastern fountain of divine learning whence Plato drew all his religious instruction, and the ground-work of his sublime philosophy.

The ancient Mysteries shadowed forth the doctrine of regeneration and the new-birth, of a Redeemer or Saviour, of the resurrection, and of immortality in a future state of rewards and punishments, as shall, ere long, be more fully shown. "The aspirant to these Mysteries was required to possess a character of irreproachable morality." (*Cic. de Leg. et Pers. Sal.*) "For as they were declared to be without the least stain of impurity, a dissolute candidate was uniformly rejected with contempt, as calculated to bring disgrace on the institution, and involve it in all the opprobrium of public scorn. The probationary tests were strict and solemn. The most minute colloquial examinations were instituted to corroborate the testimony of others; so that it would require all the arts of successful imposture to elude the rigid investigations of the Mystagogue into the aspirant's former life, character, and conduct." (*Plut. in Apoph. et Lacon.*) The ceremonies were opened by the officiating priest, who inquired publicly, "Who is fit to be present at this ceremony?" to which it was answered, "Honest, good, and harmless men." He then rejoined, "Holy things are for holy people: let us pray."

The aspirant then underwent a lustration; and having been purified, he was introduced into the Sacellum, brilliantly illuminated and shining with a divine splendour, as a striking symbol of the mind of the initiated, now emerged from pristine darkness into a full scientific and moral illumination; for he was greeted by the envied appellation of Eoptes, being fully instructed in the nature and attributes of the Divinity, and the

doctrine of a future state. The unity of the Godhead was inculcated, and during the process of celebration the following truth was repeatedly proclaimed, "There is ONE GOD, ONE POWER, ONE RULER over all."

"In the Indian Mysteries, the aspirant was to *keep his body pure*, have a tongue of *good report*, to observe a passive obedience in receiving the doctrines and traditions of the Order, and the firmest secrecy in maintaining inviolable its hidden and abstruse mysteries. Among the Persians, the probationer entered the cavern of initiation *at the point of a sword presented to his naked breast.*"

"Their benefactors, or national gods, were represented in the Mysteries as existing in Elysium, enjoying eternal youth and never-ceasing pleasure; whilst wicked men, termed the offspring of Typhon, or the Devil, were exhibited in the darkest shades of Tartarus, tormented with the punishment of fire and brimstone. Here the Mystagogue expatiated on the benefits of virtue, and dreadful nature of vice."—*Antiquities of Freemasonry*. What can be a nearer approach to the purity and truths of Christianity?

Thus far we have brought forward an unwilling witness to the innocence of these ancient Mysteries, even Brother Oliver himself; and numerous others are to be found of equal authority. And can it be possible, after this, for a moment to believe the absurd tales and glaring falsehoods which have been echoed from age to age by ignorance and prejudice respecting these Mysteries? We say it is utterly impossible that such unquestionable testimonies as Brother Oliver has here admitted, can for a moment be, in any way, reconciled with the gross impurities which he has in the same work collected together, from those authors who were avowedly hostile to these solemn and sublime institutions. No: thickest darkness and the blaze of a meridian sun might as easily be united.

As one proof of these contradictions, the above author says, (*Hist. of Free-Mas.*) "The pupils, or aspirants, were thus confirmed in the superstitious worship of false gods;" and in another page, "The Mystæ then taught, that the objects they worshipped had been mortals like themselves, and had not the

most distant claim to the rites of divine worship. The UNITY OF THE GODHEAD was then inculcated, together with the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments."

"Virtue, however," as quaintly, though truly, says the learned author of the *Round Towers of Ireland*, "is its own reward;" and as the authority of Cicero, having himself been a priest, ought to have some weight in this discussion, it is no small impetus to the cause of truth to hear this pre-eminent man assign to the efficacy of the precepts inculcated in these Mysteries "the knowledge of the God of nature, the First, the Supreme, the Intellectual, by which men had been reclaimed from rudeness and barbarism to elegance and refinement, and been taught not only to live with comfort, but to die with better hopes." From what pulpit in Christendom will you hear better or more orthodox truths? Where will you find the Gospel more energetically enunciated?

"I have already redeemed the character of those ceremonies," says the same author in another place, "from the sinister imputations which attached to their *secrecy*. An apprehension that their publication would subvert the popular belief, or a supposed indelicacy in their tenour, were the *mildest* constructions which the uninitiated would afford them. Though secure in the sufficiency of my former proofs, I cannot resist taking support from an article in a very talented publication of our day, in which the writer confirms the fact of their worth and their purity: 'From the whole concurrent testimony of ancient history,' says he, 'we must believe that the Eleusinian Mysteries were used for *good* purposes, for there is not an instance on record that the honour of an initiation was ever obtained by a very bad man. The Hierophants, the higher priests of the Order, were always exemplary in their morals, and became sanctified in the eyes of the people.'"

Now we ask, would the virtuous, pious Marcus Antoninus have regarded these Mysteries, when he desired to clear himself to the world of the murder of Avidius Cassius, had they merited the odium cast upon them? No: this one instance, dissolves all the calumnies of their enemies into empty air. Our Reverend Brother Oliver is compelled to acknowledge,

that in the Eleusinian Mysteries "they perpetually inculcated that it was the chief business of the Mysteries to restore the soul to its original purity, and made every thing tend to show the necessity of virtue;" yet he maintains that these very Mysteries were the sink of all iniquity. But the clue which leads to the cause of the opprobrium cast upon them, is easily to be found. Their secrets were never revealed till the later ages, when after their suppression, like that of the Order of the Knights Templars, they were falsely accused, from interested and mistaken motives, of deeds which had never been committed beneath the dark veil of their midnight secrecy.

Were these the days of ancient Greece, Brother Oliver would not so easily escape for his vituperative desecration of the Mysteries as Æschylus did, when he was threatened in the theatre by the people to be torn in pieces, for daring even to offer a slight disrespect to those institutions; nor could he plead the excuse which saved the poet, namely,—ignorance, and *uninitiation*.

Nor must be here forgotten the great Reformer and Archimagus of the Persian Mysteries,—Zoroaster, whose sacred cavern is said to have been richly adorned with mysterious emblems and astronomical figures of dazzling splendour. It is not to be denied that this sublime philosopher was, like Pythagoras, a perfect Mason. The three columns Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, brought to perfection by the Greek sage, were to be found in the Elysian sanctuary of the Persian, which was supported by those of Eternity, Fecundity, and Power; all equally emblematical of the attributes of Omnipotence.\* That this Zoroaster, whose renown has been extended wherever knowledge has made her appearance, was a Jew, and a disciple of Daniel at Babylon, as Hyde, Prideaux, and others have asserted, is an idle and ridiculous fiction, borrowed from the Arabian writers, which cannot for a moment obtain credence with any one well studied in antiquity. "Even Plato, the first Grecian writer who mentions Zoroaster, speaks of him

\* "It was conceived of the Father, that all things should be divided into three; and all things were so divided. The Trinity is composed of Virtue, Wisdom, and Truth, which knows all things."—*Zoroa. Orac.*

as a sage of very remote time ; which is also established by the evidence of Hemippus and Eudoxus, preserved by Pliny. The second Zoroaster, supposed by Toucher to have flourished under Darius Hystaspes, is the mere figment of some later Grecian authors of little credit. On the whole, we are compelled to carry back Zoroaster to the period when Bactriana was an independent monarchy, a period anterior to the very commencement of the Median empire, as related by Herodotus."—*Prof. Heeren.*

At the conclusion of the Persian and Chaldean Mysteries, the aspirant was sworn to preserve the secret rites of Mithras inviolate. The sacred words were entrusted to him, of which the ineffable TETRACTYS, or name of God, was the chief, and he was instructed in the sacred prophecy of Zoroaster, or Zeradusht, namely,—That in future years a great prophet should appear on earth, the Desire of all nations, born of a virgin, and whose advent should be ushered in by a new and blazing star in the heavens, the radiance of which the sun should not extinguish at mid-day. The newly-instructed aspirant was strictly enjoined, should its appearance happen in his day, to follow this splendid guide until he discovered the new-born infant, to whom he was to offer sacrifices and valuable gifts, and before whom he was to fall in humble adoration, and worship the incarnation of Mithras the Mediator, the second person in the Trinity.\*

It was this Masonic prophecy which led the wise men of the East to the stable of Bethlehem ; and such were the doctrines promulgated in all the ancient Mysteries of the Gentiles,—doctrines perfectly consonant with Christianity. As the knowledge and worship of one true God was necessary to the preservation of speculative Masonry, so is it perfectly undeniable that this knowledge was communicated to the aspirant in the Mysteries

\* There is one fragment of the antiquity of Free-Masonry, and that among the ancient Persians, which has been hitherto overlooked, namely,—that Hystaspes commanded his son Darius to inscribe on his tomb, MASTER OF THE MAGI, (Amme. Marcell., l. 28, c. 6.) another proof that, like many of our kings, the Persian princes were Free-Masons. In fact, they were not allowed to take possession of the government, till they had been initiated into the Mysteries, and enrolled among the Magi.

of all civilized nations. "Christianity," says Brother Oliver, "or the system of Salvation through the atonement of a crucified Mediator, was the main pillar of Free-Masonry ever since the fall." And where was this main pillar to be found? Why in the secret Mysteries of the Gentiles. It can there be traced, to the glory of the Craft, through all ages up to the present hour; and in no other way can the connecting links of this venerable Mystery by any possible means be discovered. Even the introduction of the Phallic rites were not in their nature obscene and degrading.

"Those Mysteries of faith," says O'Brien, "to which the initiated alone had access, and which, disguised in the habiliments of symbols and veils, were neither more nor less than representative forms of *Generation* and *Production*. Such was the whole substance of this philosophical creed, which was not, as many have imagined, a *ritual of sensuality*, but a *manual of devotion*, as simple in its exercise as it was pious in its intent,—a Sabeian veneration, and a symbolical gratitude."

That a veneration for the symbols of the creative power of the Deity might have sometimes degenerated into excess and licentiousness, we do not deny; and that such grossness also profaned the Hebrew worship we have sufficient testimony: "Now Eli was very old, and heard all that his sons did unto Israel; and how they lay with the women that assembled *at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation*."—"All their wickedness is in Gilgal," (the circle of sacrifice.) "As troops of robbers wait for a man, so the company of priests murder in the way by consent, for they commit *lewdness*."

High time is it that the Augean accumulation of falsehood and slander, which superstition, ignorance, and credulity have heaped on the ancient Masonic Mysteries, should be swept away, that their real intent, their doctrines and institutions may appear in their original and untainted purity.

But Brother Oliver tells us, that Plato saw all Athens "drunk" at one of the Grecian festivals. He might: and were a sober Brahmin to enter the gin-palaces of our own metropolis on a Christmas Eve, he would exclaim that, on the anniversary of the birth of their Redeemer, all London was



“drunk!” But this only subverts what Mr. Oliver would confirm. Plato never saw all Athens “drunk” at the *secret Mysteries*, simply because not half the Athenians were ever admitted to their celebration.

“In the dark ages of the heathen world,” says our worthy brother again, “we discover few appearances of Masonry, except in Egypt, Greece, Phœnicia, and Rome.” (*Antiqu. of Free-Mas.*) O, then we *do* discover it still among the heathen! Well, if such be the case, and it can be discovered by this author in all these places, we will try, ere long, if it cannot be discovered also in the Druidical islands of the West. We must first, however, introduce another quotation from the same source. “It is a remarkable evidence of the connexion of Masonry with religion, that in proportion as the knowledge of the true God has declined in all the countries of the earth, Masonry has also receded from the view. And it may be safely added, that no certain traces of genuine Masonry have been found to exist in any country, or amongst any people who have *altogether* renounced the true worship of God, and set up an idol in his stead.” To all this we most readily subscribe; for, in the first place, we never yet heard of one nation, pretending to any degree of civilization, that did not acknowledge, above all their subordinate deities, demons, and angels, One Supreme and Universal Lord of All. Even the Sclavonian tribes, amid their gross idolatry, entertained, as the German historians affirm, this sublime belief. That such was the doctrine of the ancient Mysteries in India, Persia, Egypt, Phœnicia, and Greece, Brother Oliver has himself unequivocally proclaimed; and that the Druids entertained the same faith, we are fully prepared to prove.

We have already avowed it to be our firm opinion, that Free-Masonry descended to us from the Druids, nor is there any other channel, that we can discover, by which it could have been conveyed down to the present day. Let us, then, inquire what these Druids were, and what their religious tenets.

“The Druids were not of the Epicurean school, but were firm believers in a Supreme Being, and, in general, held the doctrines of Pythagoras.”—*Celt. Druids.*

“Let not the pious Christian be alarmed at the idea of Druidism being still alive in this island; but let him examine it a little, and he will find that the British patriarchal religion is, no more than that of Noah and Abraham, inimical to Christianity. There is in Druidism, what seems extremely repugnant to the manners, and even the religion of this age,—a SEVERE, INFLEXIBLE MORALITY.”—*Dr. Owen Pugh's Pref. to Lly. Hen.* Selden himself has declared that the Druids were, *toto cælo*, of the same school as the patriarchs.

Dr. Meyrick says, “The system of Druidism embraced every religious and philosophical pursuit which was then known, and had a further tendency to spread liberty, peace, and happiness among mankind.”

“In a word, the primitive religion of the Druids,” says Brother Oliver himself, “was purely patriarchal, and they retained some knowledge of the redemption of mankind through the death of a Mediator.”—(*Hist. Init.*) Most certainly they did, for such were the tenets and faith of the ancient sages and the initiated, from India to Peru. Let those who doubt it, consult the sacred books of the Brahmins, or what is less difficult, peruse that wonderful volume, “The Round Towers of Ireland,” and they will be compelled, however reluctantly, to own the truth,—a truth confirmed by the high authority of the learned Faber.

Dr. Stukeley says, that the religion of the Druids was so nearly allied to primitive Christianity, that they easily and readily embraced its doctrines. The same author, speaking of the fable of Astarté, or Venus and Adonis, says, “The matters are derived from most ancient traditions and prophetic notices of a Messiah, who was to suffer death for mankind; moreover they were acquainted that it was by *crucifixion*, and that at the time of the vernal Equinox. *All this our BRITISH DRUIDS well knew.*” We could quote a host of other authorities, equally conclusive, had we room for their insertion.

Were not, then, the Druids as worthy to be the repositories of the sacred mysteries of Masonry as the half heathen, half Mosaic Essenes? Undoubtedly they were; and if the religion by them professed were patriarchal, and the patriarchs were

Masons, it indubitably follows that the Druids were also of the same noble Order. As we are pleased with unwilling witnesses, we shall again quote the Rev. Mr. Oliver.

“The Druids were schoolmasters, fortune-tellers, and Free-Masons also, though the name was not known in the ages when they flourished. They certainly did practise a science derived from Free-Masonry, and adapted to the same object—**THE WORSHIP OF THE DEITY**, but deteriorated.”—(*Hist. Init.*) This is granting nearly all we contend for, and overthrows in toto the quotation taken from this author at the beginning of our Dissertation; namely,—that nothing earthly could have saved Masonry from utter extinction, had not the Essenes cherished it in their bosom. “The Druidical memoranda,” says the same author, on the authority of Brother Noorthouck, “were made in the Greek character; for the Druids *had been taught Masonry by Pythagoras himself*, who had communicated its arcana to them, under the name he had assigned to it in his own country.”

This again, if true, would annihilate the theory respecting the Essenes being the sole preservers of Free-Masonry. But the original author, when he wrote the above quotation, was wandering in the dark mazes of fancy and error. And here we may observe, that Aristobulus, who tells us that Pythagoras transferred the Hebrew doctrines and ceremonies into his own system, deserves no more credit than Geoffrey of Monmouth; his assertions on this point being of equal veracity with those of Jamblichus, who averred that Pythagoras, in his youth, was received by many as the Son of God.

Pythagoras never instructed the Druids in the secrets of Free-Masonry, nor did they stand in need of his teaching, having brought it with them to these islands in the earliest ages, when the Celtæ came from the East. “The story of Pythagoras having visited the Northern Druids is so improbable in itself, and so ill supported by evidence,” says Brucker, “that it may be dismissed without particular examination.”

Now it is known and allowed that the Druids had their mysteries and their solemn initiations. These mysteries even the Rev. Mr. Oliver does not attempt to accuse of any inde-

cencies ; on the contrary, explaining certain mystic expressions used by the Bards respecting them, his words are—"That the austerities of initiation might humanize and improve the heart, and elicit the fruits of morality and virtue."

The same author has beautifully observed,—“It is true that Masonry is not confined exclusively to Christianity, but embraces all that is great and good in every religion under the sun.” What is there then, we would ask, that should prevent the virtuous Druids, who believed in all the leading points of Christianity—we speak advisedly—and whose faith and practice bore the stamp of an inflexible and rigid morality, from being good and perfect Masons ? Nothing, we answer, under heaven !

“Religion, or the genuine worship of God, was the chief object of Masonic practice in the primitive ages,” says our enlightened Brother Oliver ; and that the One true God was the chief worship of the Druids, may be further shown by the very name of one of their sacred islands,—I-corm-kill, or Iona. Its ancient name was I, Hé, Avé, (as written in the annals of Ulster,) which were Latinized into Hyona, or Iona. It was also called Inis Druineach, or the Island of the Druids. This island is often called I, by itself ; this is, in fact, the I E of the Jews, and the E I of the god Apollo at Delphi, and the A N or O N of the temple in Egypt, put together to form Ian, with the Latin termination of Ianus. *An* is the self-existing One ; and *Ie*, or *Jan*, the self-existing Jah, or Jehovah, and amounts, in fact, to the I AM THAT I AM. Let the Royal Arch Mason pause on this.

The Cabiri were worshipped in the British Isles with the same rites as they were in Samothrace, says Aylett Sammes ; and O'Brien, speaking of the Mithratic caves in Ireland, says, “The mysteries celebrated within the recesses of these caverns, were precisely of that character which are called **FREE-MASONIC**, or **Cabiric**.” The same writer, giving a description of a splendid heathen cross in Ireland, observes, “Further up are other emblems of mythological allusion ; while in the centre above, you behold a Cabiric priest, alias a Free-Mason, holding the implements of his craft—a high honour—in his hand.”

Did there want further confirmation, it may be found in the old Irish legend of Gobhan SAER, collected by Mr. Petries, and retailed by O'Brien, who observes, that the very name assigned to the hero of this tale, "is that of a *class*, not of an individual. Gobhan Saer means the sacred Poet, or the Free-Mason Sage, one of the Gaubhres or Cabiri, and such as you have seen represented upon the Tuath-de-danaan cross at Clonmacnoise. To that colony, therefore, must he have belonged; and therefore the towers, traditionally associated with his erection, must have been constructed anterior to the Scythian influx."

The supposed wandering of the Cabiri, considered by some learned men to have been the sons of Shem, for the purpose of establishing *innovating* Lodges, and overwhelming the science of Masonry with an incongruous mass of superstition, is—we must tell Brother Oliver, much as we respect his talents, learning, and research,—a wild and gratuitous theory, utterly void of all respectable authority. The Cabiri, unde Abiri, were the three Powerful Ones,—not mortals, but the ancient Triad,—the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer; or Wisdom, Love, and Power. In Egypt,—Nethhe, Isis, and Osiris; in India,—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva.

The very commencement of Brother Oliver's *History of Initiation* asserts, that Free-Masonry is not only of the highest antiquity, but that it was purely a religious Order. Of this there can be no doubt, and consequently it must have embraced the priesthood; it therefore follows, that the Druids, being the priests of one of the earliest nations on earth, must have been thoroughly acquainted with the Institution, and brought it with them, as we have said before, into Britain.

"The first name given to this body was *Saer*, which has three significations: firstly, *Free*; secondly, *Mason*; and thirdly, *Son of God*. In no language could those several imports be united but in the original one, viz.—IRISH. The Hebrews express only one branch of it by *Aliben*; while the English join together the other two."—(O'Brien.)

And now, be it remembered, that Druidism and its rites lingered in this island ages after the introduction of Chris-

tianity. Davies, speaking of Y Meineu Herion, a circle on one of the loftiest heights of Snowdon, says, "Such was the sanctuary which was held sacred to Ceridwen and Llywy, or *Ceres* and *Proserpine*, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY, an age in which the honours of those characters were not forgotten; for we have plainly seen that their *Mysteries*, strange as the fact may appear, were still celebrated, not only with toleration, but also under the patronage of the British princes." Here we see then, beyond all contradiction, that the Cabiric or Masonic Mysteries were celebrated in Wales, and patronised by Christian princes, who were no doubt among the initiated, down even to the reign of our English Stephen!

And now what were these Cabiric rites? Were they a mass of depravity and superstition, degrading to the honourable name of our noble Order?

"Eleus the place, and Eleusinian descriptive of the mysteries therein solemnized, were both denominated in honour of the *Advent*, which all nations awaited. Under the name of Proserpine was typified the *Virgin*, which was to conceive and bare a son."—(*O'Brien*.) Among the Gauls, who sent their sons hither to be instructed in all the learning and mysteries of the British Druids ages before Christianity, in the district of Chartres, a festival was celebrated in honour of the Virgin,—*Virgini parituræ*.—(*Vide Pillout Hist. des Celtes*, t. iii., p. 51.

In the year 1747, a Mithratic monument was found at Oxford, on which was exhibited a female nursing an infant. Dr. Stukeley, in his dissertation on this piece of antiquity, says, "It is a memorial of the birth of Mithra in the night of light." We all know that Mithra was the second person of the heathen Trinity,—the Mediator, the Saviour. The same Virgin and Child may be seen among the Etruscan antiquities in Gorius; and Epiphanius asserts, that the prophecy "Ecce virgo concipiet et pariet filium," was known to the ancient Egyptians. It was this knowledge of an expected Redeemer, a crucified Saviour, with which, as Dr. Stukeley very justly observes, the Druids were acquainted, that led them to erect in the secret recesses of their groves, the sacred Cross, inscribed with their names of the Triune Deity. The Sybilline verses were no Christian

forgery, as some have imagined, for they embodied the doctrines and belief propagated in the Mysteries of the whole Gentile world.

What true Mason, then, would be ashamed to acknowledge himself the successor of these venerable and learned Druids? So far from being any degradation, as some have supposed, to Free-Masonry to be derived from the ancient Mysteries, we believe it to be one of its greatest honours, proclaiming incontestibly its exceeding high antiquity, to which it would otherwise have a very doubtful claim. But Masonry being decidedly Christian in its principles, and allowing what we have clearly proved, namely—that the Mysteries of the Druids had a reference to an *expected* Saviour, the whole chain of connexion shines out in its full brightness from that link to which we are joined, down, through all time, to that which is united to the very gates of Paradise. It is in this way, and in no other, that we can clearly perceive,—to use again the words of Brother Oliver, “that Christianity, or the system of salvation through a crucified Mediator, was the main pillar of Free-Masonry ever since the fall.”

Nor are we singular in our opinion of the source from whence our Order is derived. Capt. Smith, who in 1783 was P. G. M. for the county of Kent, but without much knowledge of the real import of the ancient Mysteries, says, in his *Use and Abuse of Free-Masonry*,—“The Druids, when they committed any thing to writing, used the Greek alphabet; and I am bold to assert, that the most perfect remains of the Druids’ rites and ceremonies are preserved in the customs and ceremonies of the Masons, that are to be found existing among mankind.”

For ourselves, we feel proud to be an humble member of a brotherhood, which we firmly believe to be a faithful representative of that once-powerful Order—the Cabiric Druids, who were so illustrious for their learning, their arts and sciences, their morality and their virtue, and whose secret worship, as the Rev. Canon Bowles declares, was of one infinite God of all. (See *Hermes Britannicus*.)

If Free-Masonry be *not* derived from the Druids, how came

we in possession of it? Answer us that. It must have been brought to these islands at some period, and by whom? Has any one ever heard that the Essenes, who were, according to Mr. Oliver, its sole preservers, came here at any time and established the first Lodges? or were the dispersed and persecuted Jews, after their appearance in Britain, its earliest promulgators? Neither, we think, will for a moment be maintained. Had the fugitive Jews been its only possessors, the secrets of Masonry had never been divulged to the hated and oppressing Christian, but have continued solely in their own bosoms to the present day. Besides, St. Alban was a Mason, and he expired as a martyr ages previous to their arrival on these shores.

We know of another course by which some may be weak enough to imagine that Masonry first came hither. The Phœnicians traded for a long period to these "Fortunate Isles" of the West. Now it seems that Hiram, king of Tyre, (and the Tyrians, be it remembered, were all heathens,) "became Grand-Master of Masons within his dominions, and erected many stately edifices, which improved his subjects in architecture, and gained them the fame of being the best operative Masons."—(*Antiq. of Mas.*) How Brother Oliver obtained the information that King Hiram was the Grand-Master of Phœnicia, we cannot divine; nor do we think he found it in the fragments of Sanchoniathon. No matter. To combat the opinion, if such an opinion exist, that the Phœnicians, during their visits to Britain, taught the Druids Masonry, would be to fight with a shadow. The principles of Lux, or Masonry, being founded on the acknowledgment of one only Supreme Being, the Druids must have possessed the secrets of true Masonry ages before the Phœnicians appeared on these shores, for we have clearly shown that their religion was patriarchal. Moreover, we will take upon us to *prove* that the Druids did possess the TRUE LIGHT, from Brother Oliver's own assertions, granting them, *for the sake of argument*, to be correct. For he tells us, that "Pythagoras purified the mysteries of his own country from their abominations by the use of Lux, and that he instructed the Druids in Britain." So, in either case,



the Druids in this island must have been good and honest Masons.

But we should like to be informed if Pythagoras also pilgrimaged so far north-west as Ireland, to instruct her sages in the knowledge of Masonry. Verily, if he did, he must have gone there ages before he was born!

Now Balaam,—who assumed, as was the custom of many others of the ancient priesthood, particularly among the Britons, the name of his god Baal, the sun, the visible emblem of the Deity,—was, as Brother Oliver assures us, “the Master of a Lodge that adhered strictly to the precepts of Lux and the patriarchal worship.” That this Balaam was also a Druid diviner and priest, is beyond the power of scepticism to deny; for the Canaanites, in their dresses, war-chariots, hill-cities or fortifications, altars, temples, and sacrifices, were precisely similar to the ancient Britons. He commanded seven altars or high-places to be built, corresponding to the seven *trilithons* or lofty altars, which, according to the learned King, once stood at Stonehenge. (Vide *Muni. Antiq.*) “And Balaam offered on every altar a bullock and a ram.” After several removals, Balak brought Balaam to the top of PEOR. “And Balaam said unto Balak, build me *here* seven altars,” &c. To whom were these altars at Baal-Peor erected? The Baal-Peor of the Scriptures was the Baal-Phearagh of Ireland, and the copulative Deity of the amative universe. The worship of this Baal, then, was the worship of Budh, indiscriminately implying the Lingham and the Sun, and in its primitive state representing the worship of Him who is the author of nature, and the restorer of all things. And, according to the relation in the Bible, the true Deity, under all these figures and symbols, was known and adored by Balaam, even as, by that Druid prophet’s brotherhood, he was worshipped in the far distant islands of Britain. Now mark the language of this heathen seer: “He hath said, which heard the words of God and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open,—I shall see him, but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall

rise out of Israel," &c. Here, again, is a manifest allusion to the subject of the prophecy of Zoroaster, to the expectation of that Redeemer who was to die the death of the cross, of whom so much is spoken in Sanscrit lore, and the symbol of whose expiation was portrayed in the sacred caverns of India, the temples of Egypt, and the groves of Britain.

Having thus far, we imagine, fully proved the ancient Druids to have been true and worthy Masons, the questions naturally arise,—through what channels did their rites descend to us, and by whom? and at what period were they changed to their present form? for that changed they have been, it is impossible to deny. Yes; they have been stripped of a portion of their Druidical ornaments, though many symbols of the remotest antiquity still remain, and arrayed in comparatively modern Jewish trappings. Could it even be proved, which it never can, that the direct successors of Solomon brought Freemasonry to this island, still it would not militate in the least against our assertion of the changes in Masonry.

No one, we presume, acquainted with the secrets of the Craft, will, if he reflect for a moment, maintain that our initiations from a M. M. to the highest degrees in the Order, can by any possibility be the same as the initiations of Solomon and Hiram Abiff, to descend no further down the dim course of time to its shadowy fountain, simply because it is utterly impossible that the forms and ceremonies used at their induction to the sacred Mysteries, could have borne the slightest allusion to things and scenes which happened to themselves subsequent to their being perfect Masons.

A brother, raised to the sublime degree of M. M., will perfectly comprehend what we mean, and it is not our intention to enlighten the darkness of the *exoteric*. This is another undeniable proof, if needed, that Masonry did not descend to us from the Jews, or the Essenes of Egypt, those respected preservers of its secrets; for had such been the fact, and they had cherished it in their bosoms in a pure and direct line from the days of the wise king of Israel, our initiations must have been precisely similar in form and kind to those which Solomon and Hiram Abiff themselves passed through.

We shall now advance a theory, which we consider to be perfectly original; and though we freely allow it to be *only* a theory, we trust we may be permitted to say that it is specious, and unallied to improbability. It is, that Free-Masonry, or Lux, has descended down to us from the Druidical Mysteries through the CULDEES, who succeeded the Celtic priesthood. But at what precise period, and by whom the comparatively modern change in its forms and ritual was made, we shall not presume here to determine.

But let us inquire who and what these Culdees were. Dr. Henry asserts, that the Druids had among them collegiate or monastic institutions, similar to the Pythagoreans and Cænobites, and certain it is that such institutions are to be found in the most early records of antiquity. Dr. Aickin says, that the Chaldeans and Celts were one and the same people: no wonder is it, then, that the priesthood are to be found in these islands by the name of Culdees. It appears that they succeeded to their office by *hereditary descent*, or heirship, in the church of St. Andrew's, leaving their possessions to their wives and children when they died. And in Ireland also, in the church of Armagh, where this body had great influence, there was an hereditary succession of fifteen generations.—(*Celtic Druids.*)

Huddleston has given a curious account, from the registry of the Prior of St. Andrew's, of the dedication of that church, which till then had been called Kilrimont, to St. Andrew, by King Hungus and Bishop Regulus, in the year 825. From this it appears not to have before been dedicated to any Saint. He says, that Kilrimont means temple on the King's mount. I think it probable that their bishop, Regulus, had become converted to the Roman faith, and that in consequence the monks were obliged to submit; for what could they do against their prior and the king? But they continued to perform divine worship in a certain corner of the church, after their own manner; and the register adds, "Nor could this evil be removed till the time of King Alexander, of blessed memory, in the year 1124; so that the Culdees and Popish priests performed their service in the same church for nearly three hundred years."

“The result of all the inquiries which I have made into the history of the Culdees, is, that they were *the last remains of the Druids converted to Christianity* before the Romish church got any footing in Britain. They were Pythagorean Druidical monks, probably *Essenes*; and this accounts for their early embracing Christianity, for the Essenes were as nearly Christians as possible.” (*Hist. of the Celtic Druids.*) Not, however, the Jewish Essenes of Brother Oliver, who dwelt in Egypt, but that monastic Order which, under the names of Chaldeans, Magi, Essenes, Budhists, Cabiri, Corybantes, Cænobites, Curbs, Coabs, Druids, and Culdees, were planted in brotherhoods wherever civilization was known, and who, as Higgins justly observes, were in their fundamental tenets “as nearly Christian as possible.”

“Traces of the Culdees,” we quote from Higgins, “are occasionally to be met with in different parts, both in Britain and Ireland. The last I have observed were at Ripon and York, both places almost within sight of the ancient British capital, Iseur, now Aldborough, (Isurium,) and of the famous Druidical temple at Brimham Crags. The word Iseur is curious: it signifies Saviour, from the Hebrew word *iso*, to save.

“The fact of the Culdees having succeeded by hereditary descent is extremely important. It is so very different from the practice under the Christian religion, that it tends strongly to confirm the suspicion that these people were Druids. It is nowhere to be found except where the Druids have been. Thus, in Bretagne, whose inhabitants were Celtæ and the priests Druids, it prevailed till it was abolished by Hildibert, Archbishop of Tours, in his provincial court, in 1127. In the end of the same century, Giraldus Cambrensis complains of it as one of the disgraces of Wales, (where, as well as in Ireland, the Culdees remained till his time,) that sons got the churches after their fathers by succession, and not by election, possessing and polluting the church of God by inheritance.”

It is certain that there was a monastery of Culdees at St. Andrew's in the tenth century; for Constantine III. king of Scotland, who died in 943, resigned his crown, and spent the last five years of his life in it with the Culdee monks.—(See

*W. Malms. Innes' Essays, Fordun, Ingulf. Hist.*) And still later, Macbeth, who began his reign in 1039, and the Lady Gruoch his wife, gave the lands of Kirkness and the manor of Bolgy to the Culdees of Lochleven.

We flatter ourselves that we have clearly shown, as far as the limits of this Dissertation will permit, that Free-Masonry, since its first establishment on earth, has never been in any danger of extinction, or its divine light, as Brother Oliver would have us believe, so burnt out, as to be well nigh extinguished. We have also, though briefly, shown that the ancient Mysteries, so far from being a sink of depravity and pollution, revealed the purest doctrines and the most sublime truths to the *esoteric*, shadowed forth in scenic representations; that the Druid or Cabiric rites were Masonic; that they were continued down by the Druids to so late a period as must astonish many of our readers; and that when the advent of the Son of the Virgin, adumbrated forth in those Mysteries, had been accomplished, the Druid Hierophant became the Christian priest.

And his sons and *hereditary* successors in the sacred office,—who were they? Why, as clearly as the sun at noon, the Culdees; who surely did not, when they embraced Christianity, cast away the noble institution of Masonry, which had so long, amid their deep recesses, been revered as the Ark of their Covenant, the type of their redemption, and the shadow of all their tropes of blessedness hereafter. They surely did not extinguish that glorious LIGHT which, though concealed beneath a veil impenetrable to the uninitiated, had shed from age to age its resplendent beams on the worthy and the good, like the visible image of that God they worshipped, which, amid the azure pavilion of the skies, is ever, to the Masonic sons of Light, in its meridian glory.

No; that splendour which, since it was first lit by the Great Architect had never been put out, was united with the New Day which the Star in the East had ushered in,—with the “Sun of Righteousness, which arose with healing under his wings,” to illuminate and gladden the long-expecting nations of the whole earth.

Is not, then, our theory probable? nay, more than probable? Yes; and we will go yet further, and assert it to be our belief

that these Culdees not only preserved, cherished, and transmitted the Masonic secrets of their forefathers to succeeding times, but that they were the persons who divested them of many long and severe probations, of many terrific ceremonies, and gave them that sublime and simple form which they now assume. Considered in this view,—and in no other can we trace Masonry through the eternal changes of revolving periods,—there is nothing left on earth which can be brought into competition with its vast antiquity. Neither will it be forgotten, that a new light is thrown on Christianity by this view, which proves it to have been coeval with mankind, and as old as the world.

We have wandered with that amiable, learned, and excellent Mason, Brother Oliver, in quest of the SAER or LUX,\*—often, we are compelled to say, notwithstanding the shining abilities of our guide, in mazy darkness, doubt, and uncertainty,—from the plains of Shinar to Egypt and Palestine, from Greece to Rome, and from Balaam's Lodge to Solomon's Temple, where he has left us in utter darkness as to all that followed. But let us once grant the Druids to have been the possessors of our sacred Institution, and the Culdees the connecting link of that chain which unites us to those venerable patriarchs, and, through them, to the remotest periods of antiquity, and the divine LIGHT, like the ethereal flame of heaven, its visible image, rolls on from the far-most East to the utmost bounds of the West, from the earliest era to the present hour, in one continuous, undiminished, and undying stream of glory.

\* Antiquities of Free-Masonry.

THE END.

## CRITICAL OPINIONS OF THE FIRST SERIES

OF

### Britain's Historical Drama.

---

“Mr. Pennie has entered into his subject with enthusiasm; he well deserves encouragement. The Notes embody an immense mass of information.”—*Literary Gazette*.

“The present work will be read by all enlightened minds with pleasure. The Plays given serve not only for amusement and instruction, but also present a true picture of the manners and customs of the people of the country where the scene is laid.”—*Courier*.

“The language of these Dramas is polished and highly poetical, and we trust the author may find encouragement to proceed with his work.”—*Satirist*.

“We lament, with most unfeigned sincerity, that our limits will not permit us to give ample specimens of the beauty with which these Dramas are pervaded. The labours of Mr. Pennie entitle him to rank among the most appreciated poets of the present day, and he has a rich dramatic power that evidently denotes the stage to be his natural arena.”—*United Kingdom*.

“The productions of this author have placed him on the list of our best epic poets; and in the work before us, Mr. Pennie has given ‘the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure,’ with graphic correctness. We trust that he will obtain such a meed of encouragement, as may induce him to proceed with his Historical Dramas.”—*Weekly Times*.

“There are some very fine passages in these Dramas, and the work merits the highest commendation as the effort of a very clever man.”—*Weekly Dispatch*.

“There is much beautiful description, great historical accuracy, and abundant attention to costume and consistency.”—*The Atlas*.

“Richly do these Tragedies merit the title of a NATIONAL WORK. As such, we trust they will be eagerly sought after and highly appreciated by a public never neglectful of the efforts of true genius, more especially when combined, as we know it to be, with the utmost respectability on the part of the writer. Grandeur of expression is the characteristic of Mr. Pennie's writing, throughout all his dramatic compositions; that is to say, he has exercised the true poetic privilege, and communicated importance and even magnificence to circumstances which, in feebler hands, would have produced little or no effect; and in this work has altogether exhibited such a variety of powers, as few individuals can boast of possessing.”—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

“Indeed, Britain's Historical Dramas might, with much advantage, be adopted as a literary recreation for both sexes among the first classes in public seminaries, exempt as the work is from the slightest taint of moral impurity, and recommended by the sterling merits which adorn this, certainly the best of Mr. Pennie's literary productions.”—*Taunton Courier*.

## CRITICAL OPINIONS OF THE FIRST SERIES.

"We speak of these Dramas, collectively, as a work of great and sterling merit, and pronounce the general tenour of its language to be highly poetical and impassioned."—*The Magazine of the Beau Monde*.

"These Dramas were never intended to be performed, but to be read. Judging them, therefore, by the standard by which they ought to be judged, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them to be as just in sentiment as they are spirited and elegant in style. It gives us great pleasure to remark, that the work as a whole has the merit of *originality*, and that numerous passages in it are as beautiful as they are spirited."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"The author of this charming work, which is one of great poetic beauty, is a writer of deep research. The student of history will be delighted and profited by its perusal, and much more so, if he possess a taste for true poetic delineation of character."—*Keene's Bath Journal*.

"We are glad to see that Mr. Pennie's work has received so much highly merited approbation, as to induce a well-founded expectation, that he will be encouraged to proceed to the completion of his noble plan."—*Falmouth Packet and Cornish Herald*.

"The plan of this volume before us is *new*, and we must add that many of the most obvious and formidable difficulties of the undertaking have been overcome with surprising facility. The author has studied the antiquarian part of the undertaking with exemplary perseverance, and the spirit of his dialogue and versification is of the true dramatic order. His Plays would act well; and that is almost the last praise which the announcement of their design made us expect we should have occasion to bestow. If appropriately got up, their representation would be by no means deficient in dramatic interest, while it would also furnish an excellent series of Lectures on History."—*The Monthly Repository*.

"The Tragedies in this volume form such a production, in its nature and design, as no other author or country has ever yet produced, and consequently it is well worthy to be entitled a National Work. The diction in general is highly poetical, and often sublime. But there is a charm about these pieces even beyond all this, which we admire,—it is the racy and faithful picture of the age and people to which the scenes belong. In this the author, as a dramatist, has no rival."—*The Otio*.

"There is much wild and beautiful romance in the diction. We must add that a more delightful collection of Notes was never appended to any poem. Would that all commentators had so assiduously illustrated their text. Here is none of the literary indolence by which nine out of ten works are disfigured, nor the fiddle-faddle Notes which some folks must have written in their dreams."—*The Mirror*.

"The author is well-known as an industrious and able chronicler of the old time, who has succeeded in awakening an interest in the ancient history of Britain, by diffusing the beams of a rich and fertile mind over the waste of the Druidical and Anglo-Saxon periods, heretofore almost untrod by poet or painter, and but slightly touched by the historian. Mr. Pennie's mind lingers with the ancient of days, and he revels among cairns, cromlechs, and the tokens of the early history of our country, with an affection that entitles him to be called the Poet of Antiquarians. He has brought before us, 'the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.' We heartily wish Mr. Pennie the success his work so justly deserves, which may be truly called a national one."—*Devonport Telegraph and Plymouth Chronicle*.



## CRITICAL OPINIONS OF THE FIRST SERIES.

“On the present occasion, this author has made a noble effort to deserve pecuniary compensation; and if the remuneration which awaits him bear any proportion to what his Historical Dramas merit, he will not be associated with those flowers that

— are born to blush unseen,  
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.

Whoever is acquainted with the periods of history in which these Dramas are laid, will want no information that they abound with events and occurrences every way suited to the tragic muse. From these Mr. Pennie has made a judicious selection, and with a magician's wand ‘called from the dust the sleeping hero, and bade him tread the stage for our amusement.’ Into all his characters he has thrown a great portion of interest, and adapted their sentiments, language, and actions to the various parts which they have respectively to sustain. . . . . A few passages will exhibit in a favourable light his descriptive powers, his command of expression, the vigour and vivacity of his thoughts, and the harmony of his versification. . . . .

“The preceding passages have not been selected for any superiority they bear to others. Many might be found in each Tragedy which far outshine them in pathos, vigour, and imagery. What we have quoted may be considered as a medium specimen of the whole; throughout which there is a noble display of original talent and much fervency of feeling, with occasional bursts of impassioned eloquence, which the most celebrated of our modern poets might be proud to own.”—*Imperial Magazine*.

“In prosecuting his design, Mr. Pennie has been successful in his plots, for he has certainly embodied a considerable degree of historic truth with thrilling events and striking incidents. With regard to the execution, it is performed in a style worthy of that name which the author has already gained as a poet. The language throughout the book is full of splendid thoughts, and interspersed with beautiful imagery. Here and there we meet with a passage of delicious softness, as witness the following delightful delineation of Evening. . . . .

“To great praise and encouragement our author is entitled, both for the attempt and the performance; and therefore we hope there is so much attachment felt in Britain for the things of by-gone ages, that this book will be sought after as a pleasing record of their existence.”—*Dorset County Chronicle and Somersetshire Gazette*.

“Mr. Pennie has just published a volume entitled Britain's Historical Drama. In animated description, in knowledge of English history, in poetical imagery, in language chaste yet forcible, *joined with the strictest morality*,—such a work might not only place him high among the living poets of Great Britain, but among those who have cultivated with most success the same pursuits, reaping the same worldly reward.”—*The Rev. Canon Bowles's Poem of St. John in Patmos*.

“In Mr. Bowles's judgment we fully acquiesce, and if our voice were fame, Mr. Pennie would sit higher than he appears to do among the living poets of the land.”—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

“The dramatic world will have to thank Mr. Pennie as one of those very few who, in these degenerate days, may be the means of rescuing this school of literature from the ban of censure which has been for some time so deservedly set upon it. . . . . The Dragon-King contains most spirit-stirring passages, and it is but justice to Mr. Pennie to say, that he has clothed it with great

## CRITICAL OPINIONS OF THE FIRST SERIES.

romantic interest, and for the most part with historic accuracy. . . . . On the whole, we are convinced that there is in Mr. Pennie's mind deep thought, aided by profound study. His versification is smooth and harmonious, rising not unfrequently into the grand and the noble, and exhibiting throughout an amiability and charity alike creditable to the man and the Christian. We shall hail his future productions with real pleasure."—*The Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*.

"The author of this volume has undertaken a task, which required such an investigation of the manners and customs of the ancient Britons and Anglo-Saxons, as nothing but the utmost labour of research and enduring perseverance could have succeeded in producing. He seems, however, to have been fully aware of the magnitude of the attempt, and in proportion to the difficulties he had to contend with, he has evinced a mind stored with the requisites necessary to accomplish what may be justly termed a National Work. We should be highly pleased to see Mr. Pennie's Tragedies take the place on our stage of some of those historical Dramas which are now produced; many of which, although exhibiting talent, cannot cause that interest and excitement which the scenes in these Dramas, connected with the history of our native land, must ever create."—*Western Luminary*.

"We hear that it is the intention of Mr. Pennie, well known as the author of the *Royal Minstrel*, &c. to publish a second series of Britain's Historical Drama. The first series, dedicated by express permission to his late Majesty King William IV., has been some time before the public, who have thus had an opportunity of seeing the plan of the work, and also the extraordinary poetical talents which its author possesses. After the many encomiums which have been lavished on him by the great and the learned, our feeble praise can hardly be needed; yet we cannot refrain from pronouncing our decided opinion, that the Historical Drama is the production of a mind replete with learning and poetical vigour. The publication of the second series depends, we believe, upon the number of Subscribers, and most sincerely do we hope the number required may be obtained, that the public be not deprived of a work of intrinsic merit, and of great originality both in design and execution."—*The Salisbury and Wiltshire Herald*.

LONDON :

Printed by Maurice & Co., Fenchurch-street.







14 DAY USE  
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED  
**LOAN DEPT.**

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.  
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

OCT 17 1967 6 1'  
RECEIVED

OCT 3 '87 - 1 PM  
LOAN DEPT.

LD 21A-60m-2.'67  
(H241s10)476B

General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley

ser. 2

M80669

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

