

of hope breaks in upon me! Away to the Castle!
Let me throw myself at his feet; let me plead to him
for a life dearer than that he gave me.—And yet...
his oath! his fatal oath!

MAURICE. Nay, despond not! We will all
support you...

HERMAN. All plead for you.

SERVANTS. All! All!

CHORUS.

OH! raise that drooping head!—restrain thy sorrow!
Thine evil star shall set for aye to-morrow:
With mercy must the Duke thine anguish view,
For none unmoved hear weeping beauty sue.

TRIO.

MAURICE, HERMAN, ELLA.

Thou, in whom alone our trust is,
Mercy! hear the mourner's prayer;
Blunt the lifted axe of Justice,
Bid the stern-one feel, and spare.

[Thunder].

CHORUS.

Though o'er the frightened world now tempests hover,
Soon will the skies their wonted calm recover:
So may to-morrow soothe thy tortured breast,
Smooth thy sad brow, and lull thy cares to rest.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A Dungeon.*

ADELMORN is discovered in chains.

ADELMORN:

MY fate then is decreed!—the thunder-bolt has
fallen, so long brandished—it has fallen and crushed
me!—I have no more to hope, no more to fear!—
and methinks again my soul feels resigned and
tranquil. Oh! is this calm but the calm of de-
spair? This seeming resignation of the mind; this
indifference with which I look on life—is it no more
than the body's stupor, foreboding and forerun-
ning dissolution? No—not so! Let me not wrong
thee, best of all blessings, last of all comforts, my
uncorrupted heart! My eye need not sink beneath
my Judge's; my breast need not shrink from the
searcher's probe. One tear of mercy can cleanse
my hand from blood, and the blessings of mourn-
ers, whose wounds I healed, shall drown the voice
of my accuser. E'en thou, sad spirit! whose bleed-
ing form I saw in every object, whose dying shriek
I heard in every breeze, when thy murderer meets
thee

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thee yonder, e'en thou shalt reach him the hand of pardon! Then shrink not, my soul, from the sunbeams of to-morrow: Let me once more embrace my love, once more bid Heaven bless her days, who formed the only wealth of mine: Then will I meet thee, Death, without one fear—then bid thee, without one sigh, vain world, farewell! for ever!

*Enter MAURICE, with a lamp, conducting
INNOGEN.*

MAURICE. This way, lady. When thus I disobey my Lord, trust me, I risque much.

INNOGEN. Friend, I feel it, and am most grateful.

MAURICE. Your stay may not be long.

INNOGEN. It shall not: Now farewell! my blessings follow you. *[Exit Maurice.]*

ADELMORN *[starting]*. Hark! hark! that voice—Innogen here! My love!—

INNOGEN *[falling on his neck]*. My lost one! Oh, Adelmorn! to meet you thus!—

ADELMORN. To meet any how is transport.

INNOGEN. Oh! so great, that it turns my brain to think, ere long that transport may be lost to me for ever!

ADELMORN. Not for ever! Though parted here, we shall meet above, I doubt it no longer. Since I entered this Castle, Innogen, hope and confidence are again become mine; for every step as I advanced recalled to me some good deed of my youth; every chamber through which I passed reminded me, that in the days of my power I had there used it to aid and bless some wretch.

INNO-

INNOGEN. Yet of all those chambers, none receives Adelmorn, except this dungeon.

ADELMORN. Innogen! this dungeon, which echoes with the clank of my chains, whence hope seems banished, and whose gloom appears fitted to suggest no thought but of my grave—even this dungeon whispers to my soul—"Fear not, poor trembler! thou art secure of heavenly pardon."—In this dungeon was formerly confined Munster's Abbot, my Uncle's mortal foe. I pitied his gray hairs, knelt for him to Count Roderic, and the prisoner's chains fell. Still do I see his reverend form—grateful tears rolling down his silver beard; still found in my ears, sweet even to agony, his parting blessings. The old man has been long with the angels—the old man will be my advocate above.

INNOGEN. Oh! silence, silence! Every new word but makes me feel how much I lose in losing you!

Enter MAURICE.

MAURICE. Lady, the time—

INNOGEN. So soon? Nay, chide not—I obey. Love, good night! With to-morrow's dawn will I to the Duke—will throw me at his feet, and—

ADELMORN *[sighing]*. To-morrow!

INNOGEN. Ha! why that mournful action? It cannot be—Oh, speak, speak!

ADELMORN. Innogen! to-morrow's sun must light me to the scaffold.

INNOGEN. Powers of mercy! what, without trial—without a hearing?

ADELMORN. An outlaw is allowed none—the warrant of my death has long been signed—

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INNO-

INNOGEN. And with it mine! But no, no, no! I'll to the Duke—he shall hear the shriek of my despair—he shall know, that to pierce *your* heart, he must strike through my bosom! One embrace, Adelmorn, and I go!—Hold! Touch me not! I shall think that embrace your last, and, ere I receive that last, Oh! cease thou to throb, my bosom! Now, then, to the Duke—My brain! my brain! 'tis burning! *[Exit.*

ADELMORN. Good Maurice, follow her. Her prayers must needs prove fruitless; but gladly, ere I die, would I see the Duke for one moment.—Could that suit be granted.....

MAURICE. Ere this he must be retired to rest; but your request shall be urged to-morrow, nor fear I a refusal.

ADELMORN. Thanks, good fellow!—You show mercy in the hour of need; Heaven, when you need it, will show it you.

MAURICE. Good night, my Lord.

ADELMORN. Friend, good night.

[Exit Maurice.]

ADELMORN *[alone]*. Perhaps this ring—Gratitude to his preserver—But no; he must not, cannot break his oath—Yet shall this ring be useful—it shall purchase for my beloved her father's pardon. Sweet, sweet Innogen! had it pleased heaven to grant me length of days, on thy bosom Oh! they had passed happily! Vain regrets! the die is thrown! Fly upwards, my thoughts; I'm of this world no more! *[A strain of music is heard, soft and melodious.]*—How well seems all within me! how calm and sweet a languor glides through my frame! *[Music again.]*—My lids grow heavy. When next I close them, they will close to open no more! Still I grow wearier!—

I sue to thee for pardon, offended spirit! Forgive, and bless me!—*[He sleeps.]*

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

GUILTLESS sufferer, cease to sorrow;
Care from thy sad heart dismiss:
When thine eyes unclose to-morrow,
Wake to life, and live to bliss.

[Part of the wall opens, and discovers (in vision) a blasted Heath by moonlight. The figure of an Old Man, a wound on his bosom, and his garments stained with gore, is seen holding a bloody dagger towards heaven.]

Clouds around the phantom lour!
Vengeance, 'tis thy fated hour,
Pealing thunders speak it near.

[The Moon turns red; a burst of Thunder is heard, and Ulric appears held by two Demons.]

Lo! 'tis come! the victim's here!

[The Old Man plunges the dagger in Ulric's bosom, who sinks into the arms of the Demons, and is carried off by them.]

See, he struggles! vain endeavour!
See, he dies, he's lost for ever!
Mortals, view his fate, and fear!

[The Heath vanishes; a Glory appears, into which the Old Man is seen ascending upon brilliant clouds.]

Now from earth his flight addressing,
 Upwards see the spirit move :
 Youth, receive his parting blessing,
 Pledge of pardon, pledge of love.
 Sweet his angel-accents swell :
 Adelmorn, farewell, farewell !

[*The wall closes ; Adelmorn, who, during the vision, expresses the various emotions produced by it upon his mind, starts suddenly from his couch.*]

ADELMORN. Stay, oh ! stay !

CHORUS—[*at a distance*—Farewell !

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter SIGISMOND and ULRIC, attended by HERMAN and LUDOLF, with torches.

SIGISMOND. This refusal, Count Ulric, does your humanity no honour.

ULRIC. It does my justice : Adelmorn is a murderer, and must die.

SIGISMOND. He is also a penitent. Is that no merit in your eyes ?

ULRIC. Yourself, sir, taught me to think it none. Have you forgotten Stolberg ? He was my friend, was guilty, and was penitent : he was then in your prisons, as Adelmorn is now in mine : I then said, as you say now,—“ Though his crime cannot be pardoned, unbar his dungeon—let him find his safety in flight.”—Your answer was,—“ He is a murderer, and must die.”—

SIGISMOND. Have mercy, Ulric ! Your reproof is just. But this unfortunate—he was once so dear

dear to me !—My daughter too was once so dear to him !—

ULRIC. That daughter he has long forgotten : Adelmorn has a wife.

SIGISMOND. He has a wife ? Ulric, and still you lead him to the scaffold ?

ULRIC. Stolberg too had a wife ; yet he, you know, died there.

SIGISMOND. Know it ? Too well ! too well !—Still ring the widow's execrations in my ears : Still do I feel how scalding were the tears of that forlorn one. Spare yourself, Ulric, what I have suffered. Bound by my oath, I cannot pardon your kinsman ; but unbar his dungeon-doors—suffer him to fly from Germany.....

ULRIC. From Germany ? Say rather, sir, from justice.

SIGISMOND. Justice, unfeeling man ?

ULRIC. Be patient, my Lord ; one question, and the point is fixed. Adelmorn has been condemned—the warrant is in my hands for his immediate execution. Must not Adelmorn die if found in my power to-morrow ?

SIGISMOND. He must.

ULRIC. Then to-morrow Adelmorn dies.

SIGISMOND [*with offended dignity*]. I have done, and leave you. Hereafter you may sorrow, that when your Sovereign sued to you, you suffered him to sue in vain : when you may feel, what I now feel so bitterly ! that they who show not mercy when others sue, deserve no mercy when they sue themselves. Light to my chamber—I'll to my beads and pray. [*Exit with Ludolf.*]

ULRIC. Pray ? He goes to pray for Adelmorn ! Oh ! when I die, what good man's prayers will rise for me ? When the destroyer stalks towards

wards my couch—when I see nothing save my guilt in *this* world, in the next save my guilt's punishment.....Away with the thought—that hour is yet far distant. My plots succeed—Count Roderic is no more. The Outlaw's death decreed, and Cyprian, my sole accomplice, ere this has buried his fatal secret in the grave.—Ha! should he still exist! Lodowick confined so near him—Forgetful that I was! He must be removed this instant. Herman, your torch—*[Thunder]*—Aye, aye! howl on, ye winds! roll, ye loud thunders!—Louder is the cry of my conscience: Oh! that ye could drown her voice! *[Exit.*

HERMAN *[alone]*. There! he has taken the light away, and it's pitch-dark. I shall hardly find the way to my own room; and should I stumble upon any belonging to the maids, they'll never believe that I didn't come on purpose.—Ha! who's there?

Enter ORRILA with a lamp.

ORRILA. Herman, is it you? Where's the Duke?

HERMAN. Already retired.

ORRILA. Alas! then I must return to the poor lady unsuccessful. Good night!

HERMAN. The lady—what lady?

ORRILA. Adelmorn's wife, whom I left even now in my chamber. She sent me to obtain for her an audience of the Duke; and how she will bear to wait till morning—Hark! what a storm! Ah! I wonder where poor Lodowick is at this moment!

HERMAN. It was lucky that he escaped through the window before my Lord discovered him.

ORRILA,

ORRILA. Oh! Herman, when I found the Count in the room, I thought I should have died of the fright. Deuce take the fellow! I'm sure I suffer enough on his account.

HERMAN. 'Tis on *his* account, and you grieve to suffer? Orrila, if you feel a real passion, one moment past in his arms will repay you for ages of sorrow; and to know that anguish is endured for those we love, is enough to make even anguish precious.

ORRILA. Well said, Herman! I protest, in all his sermons, Father Cyprian never pronounced a truer sentence.

DUO.

HERMAN AND ORRILA,

ORRILA.

FROM him I love compell'd to sever,
I mourn with tender fears oppress.

HERMAN.

I fruitless find each fond endeavour
To warm my fair one's frozen breast.

DUO.

Yet, Love, my heart still thine shall be,
And, while it throbs, shall throb for thee,

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ORRILA,

Let prudes, their fonder thoughts concealing,
With clamours loud thy joys decry.

HERMAN.

Let Stoics, dead to generous feeling,
Thy power deride, thy charms deny.

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DUO,