

LUDOLF [*without*]. My Lord! my Lord!
Hilloah!

ADELMORN. How now? What noise?

Enter LUDOLF.

LUDOLF. My Lord, the Duke!—My Lord!
—Stranger, saw you a man of noble presence pass
this way?

ADELMORN. None.

LUDOLF. Should you meet any such, good
Forester! pr'ythee guide him to the Castle, and
your reward shall be ample. I'll this way and
pursue my search. [*Exit.*]

ADELMORN [*after a pause*]. Hark! 'twas
thunder! as yet it rolls at distance, but I doubt
the storm will be heavy. Already, too, blue
lightnings quiver along the glen, and show me....
Surely this is the Gipsy's Cave; and see! yon
light burns in my cottage window! I'll thither, and
forget on the bosom of my love..... Ha! what
was that?—Peace! peace! 'twas but the bat
which flitted by me; 'twas but the owl which
shrieked from yonder tree! While your heart
was unconscious of guilt, Adelmorn, and your
hand unstained with blood, you were not thus used
to tremble; but now, fool that I am! I shudder at
the falling leaf. Guilt! Guilt! oh! what a coward
hast thou made of me!

SIGISMOND [*without*]. Help! help! Oh!
merciful Heaven!

ADELMORN [*drawing his sword*]. A shriek!
—Guide me, good angels! [*Exit.*]

SIGISMOND [*without*]. Powers of bliss!—
That blow!—He dies! Heaven, I thank you!

ADELMORN.

ADELMORN [*without*]. This way! this way!
Lean on my arm.

*Enter SIGISMOND supported by ADELMORN, whose
Spear is bloody.*

ADELMORN. Calm yourself, stranger; rest on
this bank: [*bringing water from the Cascade.*]
Drink of this water. Are you hurt?

SIGISMOND. 'Tis a mere trifle; but had it not
been for your succour.....

ADELMORN. Mention it no more.

SIGISMOND. Old—weak—my spear broken—
my attendants far off—the wolf had already
fastened upon my arm—Oh! my deliverer, how
can I reward such service?

ADELMORN. By protecting others, as I have
protected you.

SIGISMOND. To that will my own heart prompt
me; but how may I pleasure thine?

ADELMORN. Mine?—In mine there is no
room for pleasure.

SIGISMOND. Is there for grief?

ADELMORN. Not for more; 'tis full already.

SIGISMOND [*taking his hand*]. I will lighten
that full heart.

ADELMORN [*shaking his head mournfully*].
That lies not in your power.

SIGISMOND. You know not my power's ex-
tent; know not, that in preserving me you have
rescued from the wolf's fangs Saxony's Sovereign!

ADELMORN. Her father! Heavens! her fa-
ther! God, thou art too gracious to a sinner! I
have lived then another happy moment!

SIGISMOND. Surely that voice....Who art thou,
stranger?

G

ADELMORN.

ADELMORN [*in an hollow tone*]. A wretch.

SIGISMOND. Hast thou no other name?

ADELMORN. Oh! yes, yes! a dreadful one! 'twould make your blood run cold to hear it! Tell me, Duke; have you not sworn that never would you pardon.....a murderer?

SIGISMOND [*shuddering, and drawing back*]. I have.

ADELMORN. Duke, dare you break that oath?

SIGISMOND. I dare not.

ADELMORN [*exultingly*]. Sovereign of Saxony, where is thy boasted power now? Can it cleanse my hand from blood? Can it seal the lips of my conscience? Can it chase the phantoms which nightly fright sleep from my couch? Ha! ha! ha! Man boasts that his power can relieve me, when my griefs are almost beyond Heaven's!— [*falling upon the bank.*]

SIGISMOND [*after a pause, in the accent of compassion*]. Unfortunate! Thy sorrows are indeed beyond my power to heal! My fatal vow has even placed them beyond my power to forgive!— [*drawing a ring from his finger*] Yet, refuse not from me this pledge of gratitude, and believe me when I swear.....

ADELMORN [*starting up*].—Hold! Swear, that whenever a female shall present you with this ring, she shall find with you forgiveness and protection.

SIGISMOND. I swear.

ADELMORN. I thank you, and receive your gift.— [*aside*] Innogen, thou shalt have thy father again!

VOICES [*without*]. My Lord! my Lord!

ADELMORN. Hark! your attendants come!

SIGISMOND. Yet, tell me.....

ADELMORN. I must away.

SIGISMOND.

SIGISMOND. One moment.....

ADELMORN. I must not, cannot!— [*pressing the Duke's hand to his lips*] Sigismund, farewell for ever! [*Exit.*]

SIGISMOND. He flies, and leaves me in doubt!—Fatal, fatal oath! Oh! cursed was the moment when I breathed it! when I wantonly threw away a Sovereign's most precious right, the power to pardon!

Enter LUDOLF, Hunters, &c. with Torches.

LUDOLF. Who goes there?—Oh! my Lord, have we at last found you? Heavens! you bleed!

SIGISMOND. 'Tis but a scratch—yet I grow faint.

LUDOLF. Lean on me, my Lord! This way your road lies.

SIGISMOND. On then, good fellow! and with speed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Castle.*

ORRILA alone, with a light.

ORRILA. I've placed my light in the window. Would Lodowick were come! for I don't like being alone in this chamber. What the deuce keeps the fellow?

SONG.

ORRILA.

WHAT detains him? Ah! why stays he?
Glow-worms, guide his footsteps here!
'Midst what dells and dingles frays he?
Friendly moon, my pilgrim cheer!

G 2

Lo!

Lo! where gleam yon lights deluding,
 Off the Fire-king walks the round;
 Fogs and vapours there hang brooding:
 Bid him shun the fatal ground!
 What detains, &c.

Where the serpent lurks discover,
 Warn him where the pit-fall lies;
 Let not danger harm a lover,
 Who with faithful passion sighs.
 What detains, &c.

Still he comes not!—Hark! What noise is that?
 HUGO [*singing without*]. “Return! return!”
 ORRILA. ’Tis old Hugo.—Deuce take him!
 he’s coming hither.

*Enter HUGO, with a Lamp in one hand, and a
 Music-book in the other.*

HUGO [*singing*]. “Return to your Infanta!”
 ORRILA. How now, Hugo? What do you
 want here?

HUGO. Ha! Orrila?—I’ve such news for you!
 I’ve just composed the finest song for my opera of
 Ariadne! You shall hear it.

ORRILA. I shall do no such thing. Surely,
 you won’t sing in this haunted chamber, where
 Count Roderic’s spirit....

HUGO. Spirit? Now you talk of that, only
 mind the spirit of this passage—“Return! re-
 turn!”.....

ORRILA. Return to your own room, you tire-
 some old thing! and don’t keep squalling here, of
 all places.

HUGO. Squalling indeed!

ORRILA.

ORRILA. Besides, music sounds shockingly in
 this chamber.

HUGO. I’ll convince you of the contrary, for
 you shall immediately hear the whole Cantata.
 —This room has the finest echo! ’Twas that
 brought me here—“Return! return!”——

ORRILA. What shall I do? I’ll e’en let him
 get through his song; when ’tis over he’ll pro-
 bably go away.

HUGO. You must suppose, then....But why is
 your light put in the window? The wind will blow
 it out. So before I begin I’ll take it away.

ORRILA [*pushing him back*]. Do leave it alone,
 you teasing animal! and get to the end of your song
 as fast as you can.

HUGO. Pretty soul! how impatient she is to
 hear my music!—You must understand then, that
 this is Ariadne’s complaint for the loss of Theseus.
 Suppose me that unhappy princess, just stepped
 out of bed, with my hair extremely well powdered,
 and arrayed in a pink satin night-gown trimmed
 with silver. Looking round me with anxiety.....
 Don’t keep looking at the window.....thus I
 advance upon the sea-beat rock, with a white
 handkerchief in one hand, and a pocket-telescope
 in the other. Thus I begin.

CANTATA.

HUGO.

RECITATIVE [*Accompanied*].

MY Love! My Love!—Oh! gentle Zephyrs, say,
 Did Theseus, godlike Theseus, walk this way?
 Sadly I pace the rocks, his loss deploring
 Yon tent within who lately left me snoring.

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But

But oh, ye Gods! what object shocks mine eyes?
Swift thro' the waves his distant vessel flies;
To leave me here the rogue's intention sure is:—
Oh! rage, distraction, vengeance, fire and furies!

ARIA.

Return, return, false youth! I pray,
Return to your Infanta!
Alas! you fly, and bear away
My heart, and my portmanteau!

Ah! if forced yourself to leave me,
Why of all my clothes bereave me?
Why, alone, desert me here?
Surely there had been no sin in
Leaving me a change of linen,
And a tall, stout grenadier!

How can I support my woes,
False my lover, lost my clothes!
Madness all my frame commanding,
Gods! what pangs my bosom feels!
Scarce I know if now I'm standing
On my head, or on my heels!

[*speaking.*] (Now I'm going mad: mind me!)

[*singing.*] I'm seized by distraction, my brain sure is
turning,

My blood is in flames, and my bosom is burning.

Love's arrow, transfixing

My bosom, now sticks in

My gizzard, and makes it with agony fry!

I'll heed, in my fury,

Nor justice, nor jury:

So either I'll fly

Post-haste to the sky,

Or plunge in the flames of Mount Ætna and die,

Ætna and die, Ætna and die,

Or plunge in the flames of Mount Ætna, and die.

ORRILA.

ORRILA. Charming! charming! I'm extremely obliged to you; and now go to bed.

HUGO. You like it then?

ORRILA. Yes, yes! 'tis a most extraordinary composition. Good-night!

HUGO. How do you like the beginning?

ORRILA. Not half so well as the end. Good-night!

HUGO. And the verses?.....

ORRILA. Are quite equal to the music.

HUGO. I wrote them myself!

ORRILA. I believe you. Good-night!

HUGO. And you really think the air.....

ORRILA. Charming!

HUGO. The words.....

ORRILA. Sublime!

HUGO. And the whole composition.....

ORRILA. The finest I ever heard. Good-night!

HUGO. My dear Orrila, you've an excellent taste! I'm vastly glad you like it; and, as a reward, I'll teach it you from beginning to end.

ORRILA. Teach it me? I'll be hanged if you do!

HUGO [*sitting down*]. Take a chair.

ORRILA. Take the devil! I wish you'd take yourself off.

HUGO. I'll sing the air once through with you myself.

ORRILA. Grant me patience, Heaven!

HUGO [*singing, and forcing Orrila to sing with him*]. "Return! return, false youth....." My dear child! what sort of a note was that? Why, it was at least a W! We'll begin again.—[*The window is struck by a pebble.*]

ORRILA

ORRILA. 'Tis Lodowick! what shall I do?
I have it!—[*singing with Hugo out of tune.*]

“Return! return, false youth, I pray!
Return to your In.....”

HUGO [*on Orrila's giving a most discordant squall, seizes his lamp, and rushes out of the room with looks of terror.*—Oh! horrible! my ears! my ears!

[*Exit.*]

ORRILA [*opening the window.*].—'Twas the only way to get rid of him. Fire nor sword wouldn't have driven him away, but a false note sent him off in a twinkling. Welcome! welcome, my dear Lodowick!

LODOWICK *enters through the Window.*

LODOWICK. Aye, here I am! But, alas! I bring bad news.

ORRILA. Indeed?

LODOWICK. My Lord leaves Germany to-morrow.

ORRILA. I hope then you mean to leave my Lord?

LODOWICK. Leave him? Never, till he's either dead or happy.

ORRILA. Indeed, sir? By this then I'm to understand, that you prefer your master to your mistress?

LODOWICK. My wife, you mean. But pry-thee, Orrila, smooth that pretty brow of yours! If you knew what Adelmorn suffers, and suffers so unjustly.....

ORRILA. I like that! A man who murdered his poor old uncle.....

LODOWICK.

LODOWICK. Which poor old uncle had all possible inclination to murder him.....

ORRILA. I don't believe a word of it.

LODOWICK. That makes it not the less true, that as the Baron was one night crossing the gallery which led to his own room, a man sprang from behind a column, dashed the light from his hand, and aimed a dagger at his bosom. His concealed coat of mail warding off the blow, Adelmorn had time to draw his sword; he wounded the unknown, who instantly fled, and escaped by the intricate windings of the Castle. But, in such a situation, who would have suspected that the assassin was Count Roderic?

ORRILA. Nobody; nor do I believe it now. I'm persuaded that Adelmorn invented this story to conceal his uncle's murder, and I warrant, by this time, his conscience makes him suffer enough!

LODOWICK. Were I to forsake him, Orrila, as much should I suffer from mine!

ORRILA. Positively, then, you won't stay with me?

LODOWICK. Dear Orrila, I must not.

ORRILA. Then positively I will go with you.

LODOWICK [*joyfully*]. How? How?—[*aside*] I'll try her first, though.—Ah! Orrila, you'll never be able to bear the fatigue of following me! Can this delicate body support the jolting of a rough-trotting post-horse? Are these white petticoats fit for dragging in the mud and mire?

ORRILA. As for that, I've got the smartest pea-green riding-habit! It becomes me prodigiously.

LODOWICK. So does every thing you wear. But then think of the indecency of a woman's run-

H

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