

2.

I by secret spells discover
 What the stars on earth intend:
 Have you lost a faithless lover,
 Have you found a perjurd friend,
 I can make them pine and die:
 'Tis not a lie, &c.

3.

Mifs, this charm gives information
 Who the silver goblet stole;
 If you've torn your reputation,
 Here's a spell can mend the hole.
 There's a secret!—Won't you buy?
 'Tis not a lie, &c.

4.

But be quick! twelve hours when counted,
 (And, alas! time flies so soon;)
 Must I, on a broom-stick mounted,
 Take my flight beyond the moon!
 Then too late you'll grieve and sigh:
 'Tis not a lie, &c.

ORRILA. Welcome, mother; I've long wished
 to see you.

LODOWICK. And which of my spells would
 you purchase, fair Lady?

HERMAN. Oh! mother, Orrila has too many
 charms of her own to need any of your's.

LODOWICK. Indeed?—[*aside.*] I don't like
 that smooth faced page so close to her!

ORRILA. Why, you grow gallant, Herman!
 Truly, mother, I would ask some questions respect-
 ing an absent friend.

HERMAN. I may hear them I hope?

LODOWICK. Oh! Lord, by no means; I can't

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say a syllable while you're in the room—[*aside.*]
 The young dog puts me in a cold sweat, for he's
 most disagreeably handsome, and tremendously well
 made.

ORRILA. Then prythee, Herman, prepare
 something in the battery, and I'll bring mother
 Bedra thither.

HERMAN. But first let me ask, whether one
 Lodowick is still.....

ORRILA. Herman! Herman!—[*threatening*
him with her finger.]

LODOWICK. [*aside.*] They're very familiar!
 There! now he has clawed up her hand, and is
 making love to the tip of her little finger!

HERMAN. Well, forgive me this once, and in
 future.....How now, mother, you look disturbed?

LODOWICK. A slight pain in my forehead,
 that's all.

HERMAN. Its a very general complaint at
 present.

LODOWICK. Oh! general enough in all con-
 science! But, as it makes me wish to be going.....

HERMAN. Say no more, I leave you. Or-
 rila, you'll follow?

ORRILA. Immediately: [Exit Herman.]

LODOWICK. And now, daughter, what would
 you know?

ORRILA. Nay, you must find that out your-
 self, or I shall put no faith in your oracles.

LODOWICK. What you ask is no trifle; but
 let me see your hand—the sweet bit of ivory! Oh!
 were I a man, how could I devour these pretty
 fingers.

ORRILA [*laughing.*] Softly, mother, you hurt
 me! But now, what say you to my hand?

LODOWICK.

L^{ODOWICK}. Let me examine it.—Oh! oh!—
Nay, the beech-grove was a proper place for a
love declaration.

O^{RRILA}. The beech-grove?

L^{ODOWICK}. But, fye! daughter! you shouldn't
have paid father Cyprian with your mother's gold
broach: you know it was a keep fake.

O^{RRILA}. Merciful fathers!

L^{ODOWICK}. You were lucky to get unob-
served out of the chapel; but, daughter! daughter!
I can see, where the green garret.....

O^{RRILA}. Out upon you, mother Bedra, don't
speak so loud! Suppose any one should hear you?

L^{ODOWICK}. Pretty lass, do you distrust my
skill now?

O^{RRILA}. I'm convinced of it, and therefore
will ask at once for news of my husband.

L^{ODOWICK}. Give me your hand again.—Here
he's on the English seas. Bless me, what a
storm!

O^{RRILA}. Oh! at sea, his destiny will protect
him: he, who is born to be hanged, will never be
drowned, mother.

L^{ODOWICK}. [*coughing.*] Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!
—Well, he escaped the tempest.

O^{RRILA}. I knew he would.

L^{ODOWICK}. But, alas! soon after he followed
Baron Adelmorn to the field of battle!

O^{RRILA}. There, again, I don't tremble for
him: he's so chicken-hearted that a boy can
frighten him with a pop-gun; and, if there was
but an old tree within a mile, I warrant he hid
himself within the hollow.

L^{ODOWICK}. [*aside.*] As I'm a sinner, the very
fact! the jade knows me as well as I know myself.

—Well

—Well, he contrived to escape from the battle,
rejoin his master, and is just arrived with him in
Germany.

O^{RRILA}. In Germany? And is he here now?

L^{ODOWICK}. He is, and you'll see him soon.

O^{RRILA}. Soon? Oh! I'll not stay a moment!
Where is he, mother? Where can I find him?
Oh! how gladly shall I welcome back my Lodo-
wick, and with what rapture shall I clasp my poor
wanderer to my heart!

L^{ODOWICK}. Not with greater than he feels,
when thus clasping you to his.

O^{RRILA}. Good Heavens! Lodowick, my dear
Lodowick! Now, shame upon me for not re-
cognising you at first. Though my eyes were de-
ceived, my heart should have warned me that its
master was near.

L^{ODOWICK}. The good little heart! and is
that heart still the same, Orrila?

O^{RRILA}. Every jot, though you deserve not
that it should be. Wicked man! why have I heard
nothing of you for two whole years? Two years!
why if I hadn't been Constancy personified,
Heaven knows, in less time, what foolish things I
might have done!

L^{ODOWICK}. But think how difficult it was for
a letter to reach you: besides, the danger of my
Lord's retreat being discovered.....

O^{RRILA}. You're still in his service then?

L^{ODOWICK}. And will be in his service till he
ceases to need mine.

O^{RRILA}. And where is he now?

L^{ODOWICK}. Concealed in the neighbouring
forest.

O^{RRILA}. How? in Saxony? where to set his
foot is death? So near too Count Ulric's Castle,

whose enmity is inveterate as ever? Surely he must be distracted!

LODOWICK. Truly, he's not far from it; for he fancies that a voice.....

ORRILA. A voice? Whose voice?

LODOWICK. Nobody's; for, as father Cyprian used to say, 'tis "vox, et præterea nihil!"—By the bye, has father Cyprian ever been heard of?

ORRILA. Never, since the night of Count Roderic's death—but to return to the voice.....

LODOWICK. Why, then, every night for the last six months my Lord has been disturbed by a loud noise in his chamber, and has heard a dreadful voice exclaim.....

ORRILA. Oh! Heavens! Count Ulric comes!

LODOWICK. Does he?—Then don't you think the best thing I can do will be to run away?

ORRILA. Aye, running away is always your resource. No, no, your sudden flight would look suspicious. Take my hand, pretend to tell my fortune, and secure the first opportunity to escape. Where can I send to you?

LODOWICK. At the solitary cottage near the Gipsy's Cave.

ORRILA. You shall hear of me; and, if possible I'll see you to-night.....Hush! the Count!

Enter ULRIC.

LODOWICK. Brown complexion—six feet and an inch—Roman nose.....

ULRIC. How now, Orrila? Who have we here?

ORRILA. Oh! my Lord, mother Bedra has been telling me such things.....

ULRIC. What, the pretended witch, who was leagued

leagued with the banditti, of whom this forest has been lately cleared?

LODOWICK. I leagued with banditti? I faint at the very idea! Pray, miss, favour me with your smelling bottle!

ULRIC. The cheat, the impostor, who.....

LODOWICK. Fye! my Lord, fye! Don't take away a person's good reputation, who has so very little to spare.

ULRIC. Woman, you shall play your juggling tricks in my domains no longer. Should you be found there to-morrow, instead of your telling the fortunes of others, the officers of justice shall tell yours. Begone!

LODOWICK. Oh! with all my heart, my Lord; with all my heart! but think not I mind your menaces, since it needs but a twirl of my finger, or a puff from my lips, to pitch you upon Mount Atlas, or blow you beyond Caucasus. Yes, sir; I laugh at your anger, despise your threats, and remain your Lordship's most obedient humble servant.—Who waits there? Call my carriage! Mrs. Bedra's broom-stick stops the way! [*Exit.*]

ULRIC. What, Orrila, desirous, I suppose, to know something of your fugitive lover.....

ORRILA. I own, Lodowick bore some share in my inquiries.

ULRIC. And I hope you have discovered his retreat?

ORRILA. [*aside.*] I'm sure you shan't discover it!—No, my Lord; I only asked the gipsy whether there was any truth in a dream which I had last night, so strange, so alarming, so pleasant!Only hear, my Lord!

SONG.

ORRILA.

1.

THE clock had toll'd "One!" all was silent and dread!
 When, lo! as I lay fast asleep in my bed,
 And long, for the loss of the lad who is fled,
 My pillow in tears had been steeping;
 Methought that in accents well known and most dear
 The voice of my lover sigh'd soft in my ear,
 —"Why sorrows my fairest? thy rover is here!
 "Sweet lass, are you waking or sleeping?"—

2.

—"Lord bless me!" cried I, and jump'd up in a fright,
 "Who bade you come hither, or gave you the right
 Unlook'd for, unwish'd for, at this time of night
 My room to invade softly creeping?"
 —"I come," he replied "with no evil design!"—
 And while he thus spoke, he attempted to join
 Those two lips of his to these two lips of mine.....
 You know, all this while I was sleeping.

3.

I bade him begone; my reproaches were tart;
 He answer'd by pressing me close to his heart;
 Then, boldly protesting he would not depart,
 In spite of entreaties and weeping
 Still closer he clasp'd me!—'Twas here that I broke
 The thread of my dream; but as soon as I woke,
 I freely confess, the first words that I spoke
 Were—"Ah! have I only been sleeping?"
 [Exit.

ULRIC. [alone.] I see this girl distrusts me;
 for she must know Lodowick's retreat.—Oh! were
 but that knowledge mine! Were but Adelmorn
 once more in my power, I might bid farewell to all
 terrors

terrors on this side the grave.—But those which
 menace me on the other, oh! what can banish?
 Though safe from the living, who can protect me
 from the dead?—that dreadful vision which every
 night shrieks in my ear that I must one day be like
 him! that spectre.....to which, perhaps by this,
 Cyprian's is joined! The western tower, which
 for two years has echoed with the Friar's groans
 was last night for the first time silent. As I passed
 his food through the wicket, no cry implored
 mercy, no reproach taxed me with ingratitude.
 I would fain have examined the prison, but I dared
 not look on my victim: I shuddered, and fled.—
 [A flourish of horns.] Hark! I must follow the
 Duke to the chace. Hush! hush! my conscience:
 Assumed tranquillity must conceal the knife which
 guilt has plunged in my bosom. Painful task!
 Oh! were I bade to punish my direst foe, I would
 doom him to smile while his heart was bleeding!

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Forest; on one side a Cavern; on
 the other a natural Cascade. A Cottage is seen
 through the Trees.

Enter BRENNO.

BRENNO. I am right, and yonder is the ca-
 vern. What, ho! Dame Bedra!

DUO.

BRENNO AND BEDRA.

BRENNO.

1.

WHY, mother! why, Bedra! Dame Bedra! hallo!
 I bawl, but it does not avail me.

D 2

BEDRA.

BEDRA [*entering from the Cave.*]

Who calls me? Is't Brenno? that voice I should know,
Though my ears and my eyes rather fail me.

DUO.

But sing lera, sing lara! heigho! heigho!
A fig for rough wind and foul weather;
And sing lera, sing lara! heigho! heigho!
Now we're met, we'll be merry together.

BRENNO.

2.

Once your eyes they were bright, and your ears they were
true,
But mother, you're quite weather-beaten!

BEDRA.

Son, we can't eat our cake up, and have our cake too,
And mine, (more's the pity) I've eaten.
But, sing lera, &c.

BRENNO.

3.

Still, Dame, for acquaintance your lips I must try
Though your kisses no longer give pleasure:
[kisses her.]

BEDRA.

Lord love you, son! thank you, son!—Well, let me die,
But a friend in old age is a treasure.
Then, sing lera, &c.

DAME. Welcome, welcome, once more to
Saxony, my dear boy! and how have you suc-
ceeded?

BRENNO. Ill enough, in truth: Adelmorn
quitted Britain before I reached it, nor could I
discover

discover where he now conceals himself.—But,
tell me mother, what is become of our friends?
I found their retreat empty.

DAME. Alas! Brenno, they laboured so hard
in their profession, that their industry excited the
envy of the malevolent. Count Ulric discovered
their lurking-place; they were seized in conse-
quence, and are now receiving the reward of their
merits in a better world.

BRENNO. And the Captain.....

DAME. Kept up his dignity to the last; for he
was hung first and highest. They say he made a
fine end: I hope, son Brenno, you'll make as good
a one.

BRENNO. I hope, a better.

DAME. Ah! he was an honour to his profes-
sion: and, when I say that for a direct lye I never
knew his equal, I do him mere justice. I verily
believe, in the whole course of his life he was never
once guilty of blushing.

BRENNO. A great virtue indeed!

DAME. Great, great! Ah! when I think how
dexterously he contrived to creep behind a pas-
senger, and afterwards how courageously he used
to knock him down, it brings tears into my eyes!
But I was always too tender-hearted!

BRENNO. Yes, that's your only fault. But,
cheer up, mother: you'll find as good friends
again.

DAME. No, son, no! I shall soon leave this
wicked world, and truly 'tis a wonder that I'm in
it still.—I've been ill son; and, had it not been for
the kindness of an angel.....

BRENNO. An angel? What sort of one?

DAME. The prettiest that ever wore a petticoat.
—About a month ago she came with her husband
and

and one domestic, to reside at yonder cottage: Chance brought her to the cave where I lay sick and deserted by all, and she nursed me as I had been her mother.

BRENNO. And her name?.....

DAME. That, I suspect, she has reasons for concealing; and her husband seems in constant fear of discovery. He shuns every one; even when he meets me in the forest he hides his face and flies; and sometimes, when he thinks himself unobserved, I've seen him start wildly, look round in terror, strike his forehead, and groan as if his heart was breaking;—anon came his sweet wife, and again all was peace in his bosom.

BRENNO. Ha!—Should it be....And by what means do they live?

DAME. Chiefly on the produce of the husband's chase: Sometimes, but seldom, the servant buys provisions at the neighbouring village; but then he wears my clothes: Thus disguised is he now gone to the Castle.

BRENNO. Has he been there often?

DAME. Never, till to-day, though he has often wished it; but the Lady always spoke of danger of discovery.....

BRENNO. Indeed?—And the husband is.....

DAME. As fine a young man as ever stepped in shoe of leather; a scar indeed over his left eye....

BRENNO. [*basily.*] Dame, I must see this husband! Every thing makes me imagine.....

DAME. Look! look! the Lady comes!

BRENNO. To the cave then; she must not see me.

DAME. I follow you; but, Brenno, I hope you mean no ill to the Lady? She has been kind to me, has saved my life, and I wouldn't betray her

for the world; especially as I don't see how I can get any thing by it.

BRENNO. Away! away! [*Exeunt into the Cave.*]

INNOGEN enters, looking round with anxiety.

INNOGEN. Still Lodowick returns not! Oh! why was he so obstinate in venturing....Peace, selfish Innogen, nor blame the good youth—for a whole month, a lover's eternity, has he sacrificed to his lord's safety his wish to embrace his Orrila: Had the monarch of your soul been so near you, Innogen, would you have refrained from his fight so long? No; though every new step had shown a new precipice, though the lives of millions had hung on your separation, still would you have rushed forward, still would you have forgotten that there existed others than your only-one! Every heart might have frozen, so Adelmorn's beat warm against yours; the world might have perished, so Adelmorn lived in your arms!

SONG.

INNOGEN.

1.

MY only wish to see him blest,
His heart my only treasure,
One object fills my constant breast,
And makes my pain and pleasure:
His frown can cloud the brightest day,
His smile alone can cheer me;
I know no joy when he's away,
No sorrow when he's near me

2. To

To dwell with him in lowly shed,
 With him so good, so tender,
 My father's princely court I fled,
 And scorn'd its ease and splendour;
 For well I felt, 'twas greater bliss
 Than aught I then could number,
 A sufferer's tears away to kiss,
 And lull his woes to slumber!

Still, still he comes not! Haply I may descry him
 from yonder rising ground.

Enter ADELMORN.

ADELMORN. [*looking round with a melancholy air.*] Yes,—these vales are the same, whose moss my feet have often prest so lightly: 'Twas beneath yon oaks, that, fatigued with the chace, I have so often slumbered. Every object is unchanged. Why then, once so fair, is every object now so odious? Oh! they remind me of joys that are past; that are past, and never must return!

INNOGEN. [*seeing him, assumes an air of gaiety.*] My love!—And why this gloom? the sun looks bright; the groves are green and pleasant: Nature is gay; be thou so too!

ADELMORN. Innogen!—Do the guilty ever smile?

INNOGEN. The guilty, never; yet Adelmorn may.

ADELMORN. Am I not guilty then? This hand hath shed blood, Innogen!

INNOGEN. But your heart knew not of the deed.

ADELMORN. Blood of a friend, Innogen, of a man who loved me! Still floats his dying form before

fore my sight: still my heart sickens, as when Ulric's torch showed me that the supposed assassin was my uncle.

INNOGEN. Yet, how to avoid this crime? Night hid from you the murderer, and his dagger was aimed at your bosom.

ADELMORN. Thanks to my concealed breast-plate, or he had pierced my heart. He fled, yet not till I had returned his blow; but had I known whose bosom it wounded, my sword should sooner have pierced my own! Yet why did he seek my life? He ever loved me, was never unkind but once, and on that fatal evening, as I left his chamber, he bade Heaven bless his adopted son! Oh! justly was my tale disbelieved: 'tis so strange, that I almost doubt its truth myself.

INNOGEN. I too doubt all, except your innocence: Adelmorn, on my life, your story hides some mystery!

ADELMORN. Innocence, say you? Why then in Britain were my slumbers still broken by that dreadful voice, those damning words—"Adelmorn, go home; my blood demands vengeance!"—

INNOGEN. 'Twas mere fancy: often have I watched by your side, and still when you started in terror, have heard no sound but your groans.

ADELMORN. Innogen, as there is a power in Heaven, those words were my uncle's! Since I came here they haunt me no longer, but they must soon again. Every object here reminds me of my guilt, of ruined hopes and blasted honour. I can bear this place no more; Innogen, I must away from Germany.

INNOGEN. Oh! blessed, blessed words! You know how unwillingly I sought this dangerous spot, but know not how anxiety has tortured me while

E

here,

here.—And are you resolved? will you indeed from hence? Say “yes!” and bless me!

ADELMORN. Alas! I must: then hasten our departure, Innogen; let us away with speed!

—[*A hollow voice below the stage.*] Stay, Adelmorn!

ADELMORN [*startling*]. Hark!

THE VOICE. My blood demands vengeance!

ADELMORN. Hark! hark! hear you not?....

INNOGEN [*anxiously*]. Nothing, dear love!

ADELMORN. My uncle's spirit! He bids me stay! Innogen, I must remain, and die!—[*falling on her bosom.*]

INNOGEN. Adelmorn! for God's sake!

ADELMORN [*starting from her*]. Die! Oh, that were bliss! Why then delay to seize a good within my reach? I will surrender my head to justice, I will rush into the arms of death.....

INNOGEN. And leave me, Adelmorn! me, who have left all for you? Have I deserved this? In all our wanderings, in all our woes, did murmurs ever say that I suffered? Did tears ever fall, except that *my* distress was *yours*? Never till now did I shed a tear, Adelmorn, for never were you unkind till now!

ADELMORN. Leave thee, my comfort? Oh! thou art the only tie which binds me to existence! Often, when despair held a dagger to my heart, thy image has rushed before me, and arrested my arm. To quit life was a trifle; but to quit thee, Innogen! to quit thee too for ever; since in those realms where my guilty ghost must wander, thy innocence never must come! That thought unmanned me, and I still threw the weapon away!

INNOGEN. Oh! no more; hence with the ungrateful subject. Pr'ythee to the chace, sweet love!

'Tis

'Tis three days since you hunted: exercise will make your blood flow brisker, and disperse the vapours which cloud your brain—Now then away, and return to me gay and smiling.

ADELMORN [*with emotion*]. Angel of consolation!....

INNOGEN. Hush! hush! this kiss, and away!

But should the frightened fawn, or trembling hart,
Speed their swift feet to shun your following dart,
Let not the chace too far your feet betray,
Nor bid my bosom mourn too long delay.

ADELMORN.

Soon shall my love my homeward steps discern;
Swiftly I go, the sooner to return;
For oh! while far from thee, each hour appears
As tedious months to me!

INNOGEN.

To me as years*.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

[*The bugle-horn is heard.*]

CHORUS.

MAURICE, HERMAN, AND HUNTERS [*behind the scenes.*]

HILLOA ho! hilloa ho!

The hollow woods echo with hilloa ho!

MAURICE.

The sun is shining,

HERMAN.

The air is sweet,

MAURICE.

Our spears are sturdy,

* Cora in Kotzebue's "Virgin of the Sun" says something very like this.

ADELMORN, THE OUTLAW:

HERMAN.

Our darts are fleet,

MAURICE.

The hunters shout,

HERMAN.

And the caves repeat

CHORUS.

Hilloa ho! hilloa ho!

The hollow woods echo with hilloa ho!

[During the chorus SIGISMOND and ULRIC enter
(in conversation), followed by MAURICE, HER-
MAN, LUDOLF, and HUNTERS.]

SIGISMOND. No further, dear Count! Our
discourse has affected you; you are ill, and must
not to the chace. Farewell, and let it alleviate
your distress, when I assure you, that should he
fall into my hands, no prayers shall avail your
perfidious cousin.

ULRIC. Health and amusement wait on your
Highness! I obey, and leave you.

[Exit with attendant.]

SIGISMOND. Now then, my friends, lead on.

CHORUS.

MAURICE, HERMAN, AND HUNTERS.

THROUGH the forest cautious stealing,

Friends, explore each vale and glen:

Yonder shades the boar concealing,

Rouse him from his secret den!

Mark his eyes with fury flashing!
Now his tusks revengeful gnashing,
Wounded, on our band he rushes,
While his blood in torrents gushes!

Now

A ROMANTIC DRAMA.

Now his life is fast retreating;
Now I hear his dying roar;
While, the hunters' shouts repeating,
Echo tells he breathes no more.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT