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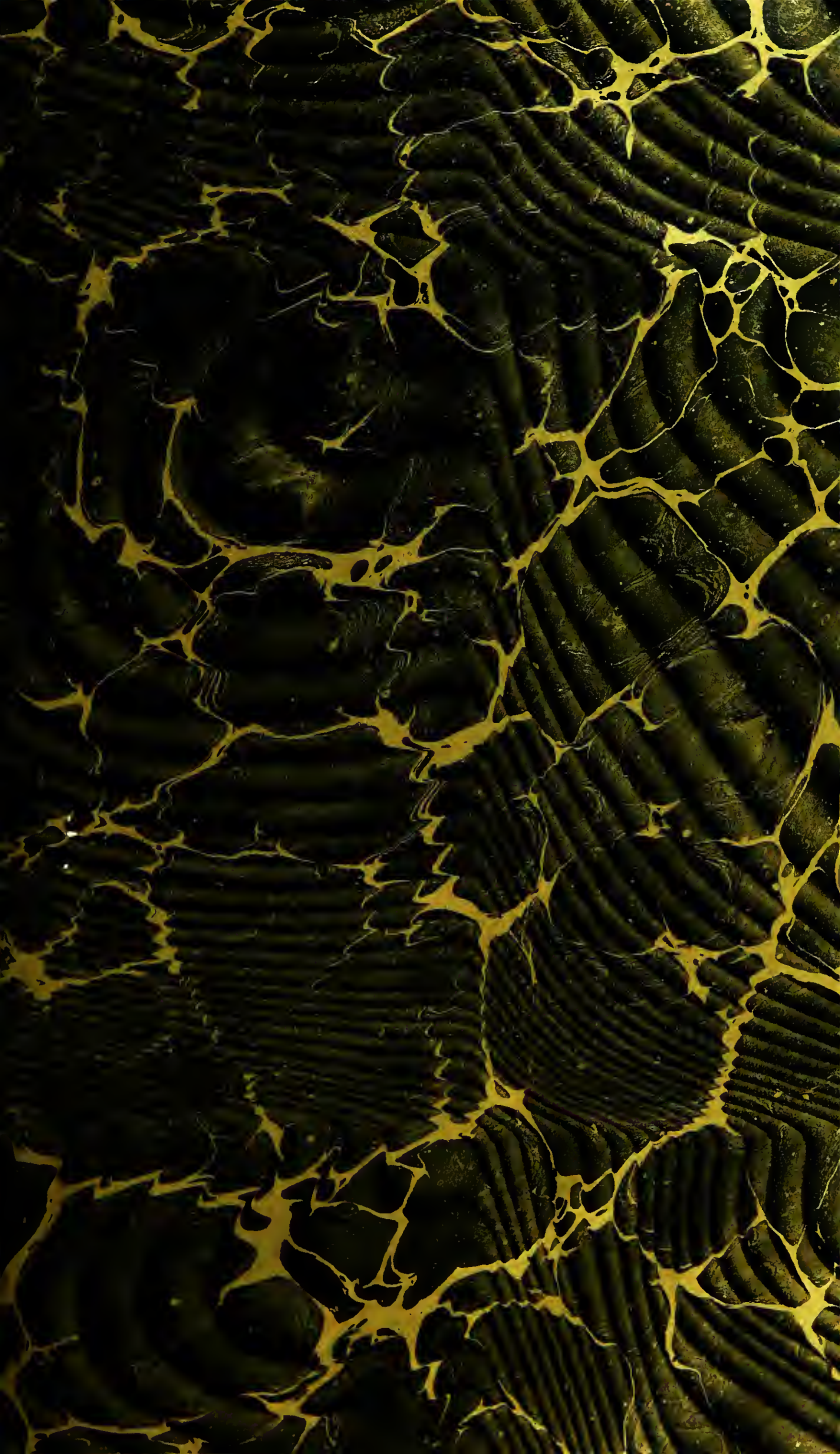
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ZAPOLYA :

A

CHRISTMAS TALE,

IN TWO PARTS :

The Prelude

ENTITLED

“THE USURPER’S FORTUNE;”

AND

The Sequel

ENTITLED

“THE USURPER’S FATE.”

BY

S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

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REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS

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OF THE STATE

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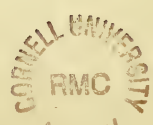
FOR THE YEAR

ENDING

1896

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THE form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the *Winter's Tale* of Shakespear, except that I have called the first part a *Prelude* instead of a *first Act*, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the *Æschylian Trilogy* of the *Agamemnon*, the *Orestes*, and the *Eumenides*. Though a matter of form merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act: This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the Time of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (i. e. render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it, as a *Christmas tale*.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CHARACTERS.

Men.

- EMERICK, *Usurping King of Illyria.*
RAAB KIUPRILI, *An Illyrian Chieftain.*
CASIMIR, *Son of Kiuprili.*
CHEF RAGOZZI, *A Military Commander.*
-

Women.

- ZAPOLYA, *Queen of Illyria.*

ZAPOLYA.



SCENE I.

Front of a Palace with a magnificent Colonade.

*On one side a military Guard-house. Sentries
pacing backward and forward before the Palace.*

CHEF RAGOZZI, *at the door of the Guard-
house, as looking forwards at some object in the
distance.*

CH. RAG. MY eyes deceive me not, it must be he.

Who but our chief, my more than father, who

But Raab Kiuprili moves with *such* a gait?

Lo! e'en this eager and unwonted haste

But agitates, not quells, its majesty.

My patron! my commander! yes, 'tis he!

Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.

*Drums beat, &c. the Guard turns out. Enter RAAB
KIUPRILI.*

R. KIUP. (*Making a signal to stop the Drums, &c.*)
Silence! enough! This is no time, young friend!
For ceremonious dues. The summoning drum,
Th' air-shattering trumpet, and the horseman's clatter,
Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.
Soldiers, 'tis well! Retire! your General greets you,
His loyal fellow-warriors. [*Guards retire.*]

CH. RAG. Pardon my surprise.
Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended!
What may these wonders prophecy?

R. KIUP. Tell me first,
How fares the king? His majesty still lives?

CH. RAG. We know no otherwise; but Emerick's
friends
(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.

R. KIUP. Ragozzi! I have rear'd thee from a child,
And *as* a child have rear'd thee. Whence this air
Of mystery? That face was wont to open
Clear, as the morning on me, shewing all things.
Hide nothing from me.

CH. RAG. O most lov'd, most honor'd,
The mystery, that struggles in my looks,

Betray'd my whole tale to thee, if it told thee
That I am ignorant ; but fear the worst.

And mystery is contagious. All things here
Are full of motion : and yet all is silent :
And bad mens' hopes infect the good with fears.

R. KIUP. (*His hand to his heart.*) I have trembling
proof within, how true thou speak'st.

CH. RAG. That the prince Emerick feasts the sol-
diery,
Gives splendid arms, pays the commander's debts,
And (it is whisper'd) by sworn promises
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard
All———(*then in a subdued and saddened voice.*)
But what my Lord will learn too soon himself.

R. KIUP. Ha?—Well then, let it come ! Worse
scarce can come.

This letter written by the trembling hand
Of royal ANDREAS calls me from the camp
To his immediate presence. It appoints me,
The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,
And of the royal infant. Day by day,
Robb'd of ZAPOLYA'S soothing cares, the king
Yearns only to behold one precious boon,
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

CH. RAG. Remember you, my Lord! that Hebrew
leech,

Whose face so much distemper'd you?

R. KIUP. Barzoni?

I held him for a spy; but the proof failing
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself)
I sent him from the camp.

CH. RAG. To him in chief
Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

R. KIUP. Hide nothing, I conjure you! What of
him?

CH. RAG. With pomp of words beyond a soldier's
cunning,
And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and whispers;
Talks in dark words of women's fancies; hints
That 'twere a useless and a cruel zeal
To rob a dying man of any hope,
However vain, that soothes him: and, in fine,
Denies all chance of offspring from the Queen.

R. KIUP. The venomous snake! My heel was on
its head,
And (fool!) I did not crush it!

CH. RAG. Nay, he fears,
Zapolya will not long survive her husband.

R. KIUP. Manifest treason! Ev'n this brief delay
Half makes me an accomplice——(If he live,)

[*Is moving toward the Palace.*

If he but live and know me, all may ——

CH. RAG. Halt! [*Stops him.*

On pain of death, my Lord! am I commanded
To stop all ingress to the palace.

R. KIUP. Thou!

CH. RAG. No Place, no Name, no Rank excepted—

R. KIUP. Thou!

CH. RAG. This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiup-
rili!

I give it as a weapon to *thy* hands,
Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,
Useless to thee 'tis worthless to myself.
Thou art the framer of my nobler being:
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,
One honorable hope, but calls thee father.
Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace,
Is guarded from within, that each access
Is throng'd by arm'd conspirators, watch'd by ruffians
Pamper'd with gifts, and hot upon the spoil
Which that false promiser still trails before them.

I ask but this one boon—reserve my life
Till I can lose it for the realm and thee!

R. KIUP. My heart is rent asunder. O my country,
O fall'n Illyria, stand I here spell-bound?
Did my King love me? Did I earn his love?
Have we embrac'd as brothers would embrace?
Was I his Arm, his Thunder-bolt? And now
Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream?
Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I
Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak
Gore my own breast?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful?

CH. RAG. Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith
To the royal line of Andreas.

R. KIUP. Hark, Ragozzi!
Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration:
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.
Come thou with me! They have heard my voice in flight,
Have fac'd round, terror-struck, and fear'd no longer
The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.
Ha! what is this?

*[Black Flag displayed from the Tower of the
Palace: a Death-bell tolls, &c.]*

Vengeance of Heaven! He is dead.

CH. RAG. At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I fear,
That these black death flags are but treason's signals.

R. KIUP. (*Looking forwards anxiously.*) A prophecy too soon fulfill'd! See yonder!
O rank and ravenous wolves! the death-bell echoes
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.

CH. RAG. Precise and faithful in their villainy
Ev'n to the moment, that the master traitor
Had pre-ordained them.

R. KIUP. Was it over haste,
Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason
Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth
Their infamous plot ev'n to an ideot's sense.

CH. RAG. Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurp'd!
Heaven's justice
Bought like themselves!

[*During this conversation music is heard,
first solemn and funeral, and then
changing to spirited and triumphal.*

Being equal all in crime
Do you press on, ye spotted parricides!
For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,
The prize of foremost impudence in guilt?

R. KIUP. The bad man's cunning still prepares the
way

For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi!

[*musings to himself—then*

Ragozzi! I applaud,

In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward

And keeps the life-spark warm of future action

Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.

Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt thee:

I shall not misconceive the part, thou play'st.

Mine is an easier part—to brave th' Usurper.

Enter a procession of EMERICK'S Adherents, Nobles, Chieftains, and Soldiers, with Music. They advance toward the front of the Stage. KIUPRILI makes the signal for them to stop.—The Music ceases.

LEADER OF THE PROCESSION. The Lord Kiuprili!—

Welcome from the camp.

R. KIUP. Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,

In good time come ye hither, if ye come

As loyal men with honourable purpose

To mourn what can alone be mourn'd; but chiefly

T' inforce the last commands of royal Andreas

And shield the Queen, Zapolya: haply making
The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

LEAD. Our purpose demands speed. Grace our
procession:

A warrior best will greet a warlike king.

R. KIUP. This patent written by your *lawful* king,
(Lo! his own seal and signature attesting)
Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring
The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.

*[Voices of Live King Emerick! an Emerick!
an Emerick!]*

What means this clamour? Are these madmen's voices?
Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
To infamize the name of the king's brother
With a lie black as Hell? unmanly cruelty,
Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason? [*murmurs.*]
What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here
Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas' bribe,
Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?

*[Loud murmurs, followed by cries—Emerick!
No Baby Prince! No changelings!]*

Yet bear with me awhile! Have I for this

Bled for your safety, conquer'd for your honour?
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stain'd its jagged points
With gore from wounds, I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numb'd,
Till my hard flesh distinguish'd not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow warrior?
And have I brought home with me VICTORY,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed PEACE,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charm'd a goddess down from Heaven?
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation!

*[Murmurs increase—and cries of onward!
onward!]*

Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold pluck'd from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

*During the last four lines, enter LORD CASIMIR,
with expressions of anger and alarm.*

CASIM. Who is this factious insolent, that dares
brand

The elected King, our chosen Emerick?

*[Starts—then approaching with timid
respect.*

My father!

R. KIUP. *(turning away)* Casimir! He, he a
traitor!

Too soon indeed, Ragozzi! have I learnt it. *[aside.*

CASIM. *(with reverence.)*

My father and my lord!

KIUP. I know thee not!

LEAD. Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.

KIUP. A holy name and words of natural duty
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

CASIM. O hear me, Sire! not lightly have I sworn
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.
The queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring
At least is doubtful: and of all our nobles,
The king, inheriting his brother's heart,
Hath honor'd us the most. *Your* rank, my lord!
Already eminent, is—all it can be—

Confirm'd: and me the king's grace hath appointed
Chief of his council and the lord high steward.

KIUP. (Bought by a bribe!) I know thee now still
less.

CASIM. (*struggling with his passion.*)
So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here,
That no power, save that holy name of father,
Could shield the man who so dishonor'd me.

KIUP. The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bond-
slave,
Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,
School'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurp'd titles,
And scream, long live king Emerick!

LEADERS. Aye, king Emerick!
Stand back, my lord! Lead us, or let us pass.

SOLDIER. Nay, let the general speak!

SOLDIERS. Hear him! Hear him!

KIUP. Hear me,
Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear, and avenge me! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honor'd by the king:
Belov'd and trusted. Is there one among you,
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe?
Or one false whisper in his sov'reign's ear?

Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights
 Outfac'd, or widow's plea left undefended?
 And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
 A bought brib'd wretch, who, being call'd *my* son,
 Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
 Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave?
 The underling accomplice of a robber,
 That from a widow and a widow's offspring
 Would steal their heritage? To God a rebel,
 And to the common father of his country
 A recreant ingrate!

CASIM. Sire! your words grow dangerous.
 High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem
 Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue,
 To guard his country's safety by what means
 It best may be protected—come what will
 Of these monk's morals!

KIUP. (*aside.*) Ha! the elder Brutus
 Made his soul iron, tho' *his* sons repented.
They BOASTED not *their* baseness.

(*Starts, and draws his sword.*)

 Infamous changeling!
 Recant this instant, and swear loyalty,
 And strict obedience to thy sov'reign's will;

Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,
Thou diest——

[*Chiefs, &c. rush to interpose; during the tumult enter, EMERICK, alarmed.*

EMER. Call out the guard! Ragozzi! seize the assassin.——

Kiuprili? Ha!——(*with lower'd voice, at the same time with one hand making signs to the guard to retire.*)——

Pass on, friends! to the palace.

[*Music recommences.—The Procession passes into the Palace.—During which time EMERICK and KIUPRILI regard each other stedfastly.*

EMER. What? Raab Kiuprili? What? a father's sword

Against his own son's breast?

KIUP. 'Twould best excuse him,
Were he *thy* son, Prince Emerick. I abjure him.

EMER. This is my thank, then, that I have commenc'd

A reign to which the free voice of the nobles
Hath call'd me, and the people, by regards
Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?

KIUP. What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to
bestow them?

EMER. By what right dares Kiuprili question
me?

KIUP. By a right common to all loyal subjects—
To me a duty! As the realm's co-regent
Appointed by our sov'reign's last free act,
Writ by himself.—(*Grasping the patent.*)

EMER. (*With a contemptuous sneer.*)

Aye!—Writ in a delirium!

KIUP. I likewise ask, by whose authority
The access to the sov'reign was refused me?

EMER. By whose authority dar'd the general leave
His camp and army, like a fugitive?

KIUP. A fugitive, who, with victory for his com-
rade,

Ran, open-eyed, upon the face of death!

A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements

To be belated in a loyal purpose—

At the command, Prince! of *my* king and thine,

Hither I came; and now again require

Audience of Queen Zapolya; and (the States

Forthwith conven'd) that thou dost shew at large,

On what ground of defect thou 'st dar'd annul

This thy king's last and solemn act—hast dar'd
Ascend the throne, of which the law had nam'd,
And conscience should have made thee, a protector.

EMER. A sov'reign's ear ill brooks a subject's ques-
tioning!

Yet for thy past well-doing—and because
'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief
Long cherish'd, that Illyria had in thee
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover
Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,
That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light
And fostering breeze of glory all deservings,
I still had placed *thee* foremost.¹

KIUP. Prince! I listen.

EMER. Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Madden'd with grief, her erring hopes prov'd idle—

CASIM. Sire! speak the whole truth! Say, her
frauds detected!

EMER. According to the sworn attests in council
Of her physician—

KIUP. (*Aside.*) Yes! the Jew, Barzoni!

EMER. Under the imminent risk of death she lies,
Or irrecoverable loss of reason,
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.

CASIM. (*To Kiuprili.*) Trust me, my lord! a
woman's trick has duped you—
Us too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas.
Ev'n for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly
For her recovery, that (the States convened)
She may take council of her friends.

EMER. Right, Casimir!
Receive my pledge, lord general. It shall stand
In her own will to appear and voice her claims;
Or, (which in truth I hold the wiser course)
With all the past pass'd by, as family quarrels,
Let the Queen Dowager, with unblench'd honors,
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.

KIUP. Prince Emerick! you *speak* fairly, and your
pledge too
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.

CASIM. My lord! you scarce know half his
grace's goodness.
The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,
Her relative, the venerable abbess,
Hath, at his grace's urgency, woo'd and won for me.

EMER. Long may the race, and long may that name
flourish,

Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have rendered
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians.

KIUP. (*Sternly.*)

The longest line, that ever tracing herald
Or found or feign'd, placed by a beggar's soul
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison:
And with the soul, the conscience is co-eval,
Yea, the soul's essence.

EMER. Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handed down,
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance
And the blind law of lineage? That whether infant,
Or man matur'd, a wise man or an idiot,
Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance
Of a free people's destiny, should fall out
In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,
Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless?
Or haply that a nation's fate should hang
On the bald accident of a midwife's handling
The unclos'd sutures of an infant's skull?

CASIM. What better claim can sov'reign wish or
 need,
Than the free voice of men who love their country?

Those chiefly who have fought for 't? Who by right
 Claim for their monarch one who having obey'd
 So hath best learnt to govern: who, having suffer'd,
 Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him?
 Whence sprang the name of Emperor? Was it not
 By nature's fiat? In the storm of triumph,
 'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice
 Make itself heard: Let the commanding spirit
 Possess the station of command!

KIUP.

Prince Emerick,

Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.

EMER. (*Aside to Casimir.*)

Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit!
 Bind him to us!—Thy Father thaws apace!

(*then aloud.*)

Leave us awhile, my Lord!—Your friend, Ragozzi!
 Whom you have not yet seen since his return,
 Commands the guard to day.

[*Casimir retires to the Guard-house; and after
 a time appears before it with Chef Ragozzi.*]

We are alone.

What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili?

Then, with your assent——

KIUP. Mistake not for assent
 The unquiet silence of a stern Resolve
 Throttling th' impatient voice. I have heard thee,
 Prince!

And I have watch'd thee, too; but have small faith in
 A plausible tale told with a flitting eye.

(Emerick turns as about to call for the Guard.)

In the next moment I am in thy power,
 In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
 Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,
 Thou diest that instant.

EMER. Ha, ha!—Well, Sir!—Conclude your
 Homily.

KIUP. *(In a somewhat suppressed voice.)*
 A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded
 Against all means of proof, detects itself.
 The Queen mew'd up—this too from anxious care
 And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
 With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee
 Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion, false-
 hood,
 Coils round in its perplexity, and fixes
 Its sting in its own head?

EMER. Aye! to the mark!

ΚΙUP. (*Aloud: he and Emerick standing at equi-
distance from the Palace and the Guard-House.*)

Had'st thou believ'd thine own tale, hadst thou *fancied*
Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,
Would'st thou have pilfer'd from our school-boys' themes
These shallow sophisms of a *popular choice*?
What people? How convened? or, if convened,
Must not the magic power that charms together
Millions of men in council, needs have power
To win or wield them? Better, O far better
Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains
And with a thousand-fold reverberation
Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,
Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!
By wholesome laws t' imbank the sov'reign power,
To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will t' amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel, is man's task
And the true patriot's glory! In all else
Men safelier trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home
To chide and wonder at them when return'd."

EMER. (*Aloud.*)

Is't thus, thou scoff'st the people? most of all,
The soldiers, the defenders of the people?

KRUP. (*Aloud.*)

O most of all, most miserable nation,
For whom the Imperial power, enormous bubble!
Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shatter'd
By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery!
Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far,
(Which is the noblest station of true warriors)
In rank licentious idleness beleaguer
City and Court, a venom'd thorn i' the side
Of virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,
Still ravening for fresh largess! But with such
What title claim'st thou, save thy birth? What merits
Which many a liegeman may not plead as well,
Brave tho' I grant thee? If a life outlabor'd
Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,
For the land's fame and weal; if large acquests,
Made honest by the aggression of the foe
And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety;
If victory, doubly-wreath'd, whose under-garland
Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling
Thro' the grey olive-branch; if these, Prince Emerick!

Give the true title to the throne, not *thou*—

No! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy

Be judge and arbiter between us!) I,

I were the rightful sovereign!—

EMER.

I have faith

That thou both think'st and hop'st it. Fair Zapolya,

A provident lady—

KRUP.

Wretch beneath all answer!

EMER. Offers at once the royal bed and throne!

KIUP. To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,
Yet lov'd by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,

Is more than to be king; but see! thy rage

Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho!

[*To the Guard*]

EMER. Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee,
ruffian!

Thus long I have listened.—Guard—ho! from the
Palace.

[*The Guard post from the guard-house with Chef Ragozzi at their head, and then a number from the Palace—Chef Ragozzi demands Kiuprili's sword, and apprehends him.*]

CASIM. O agony! (*To Emerick*) Sire, hear me!

(*To Kiuprili, who turns from him.*)

Hear me, Father!

EMER. Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!
Who pleads for *his* life, strikes at mine, his sov'reign's.

KIUP. As the Co-regent of the Realm, I stand
Amenable to none save to the States
Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,
Yet witness ye that before God and man
I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason,
And on strong grounds attaint him with suspicion
Of murder—

EMER. Hence with the madman!

KIUP. Your Queen's murder,
The Royal orphan's murder: and to the death
Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.

[*Hurried off by Ragozzi and the Guard.*]

EMER. Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my
sceptre
This insolence shall be avenged

CASIM. O banish him!
This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,
Banish him, my liege Lord!

EMER. (*Scornfully.*) What? to the army?
Be calm, young friend! Nought shall be done in anger.
The child o'er-powers the man. In this emergence
I must take council for us both. Retire.

[*Exit Casimir in agitation.*]

EMERICK *alone.* (*Looks at a Calendar.*)
The changeful planet, now in her decay,
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,
Curst by the last look of the waning moon:
And my bright destiny, with sharpen'd horns,
Shall greet me fearless in the new-born crescent.

[*Exit.*]

Scene changes to another view, namely, the Back of the Palace—a Wooded Park, and Mountains.—
Enter ZAPOLYA, with an Infant in Arms.

ZAPO. Hush, dear one! hush! My trembling arm
 disturbs thee!

Thou, the protector of the helpless! thou,
 The widow's husband and the orphan's father,
 Direct my steps! Ah whither? O send down
 Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,
 Driven forth into the cruel wilderness!

Hush, sweet one! Thou art no Hagar's offspring:

Thou art

The rightful heir of an anointed king!

What sounds are those? It is the vesper chaunt

Of laboring men returning to their home!

Their queen has no home! Hear me, heavenly Father!

And let this darkness——

Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings

To hide and shield us! Start'st thou in thy slumbers?

Thou can'st not dream of savage Emerick. Hush!

Betray not thy poor mother! For if they seize thee

I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe

Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha! what? A soldier?

[*She starts back—and Enter Chef Ragozzi.*

RAGOZ. Sure heaven befriends us. Well! he hath
escaped!

O rare tune of a tyrant's promises
That can enchant the serpent treachery
From forth its lurking hole in the heart. "Ragozzi!
"O brave Ragozzi! Count! Commander! What
not?"

And all this too for nothing! a poor nothing!
Merely to play the underling in the murder
Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!
Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour
Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st me too
A serviceable villain. Could I now
But gain some sure intelligence of the queen:
Heaven bless and guard her!

ZAPO. (*Coming fearfully forward*)

Art thou not Ragozzi?

RAGOZ. The Queen! Now then the miracle is
full!

I see heaven's wisdom is an over-match
For the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste!

ZAPO. Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong
thee!

This is thy sov'reign's child : Oh, pity us,

And be not treacherous! (*Kneeling.*)

RAGOZ. (*Raising her*)—Madam! For mercy's sake!

ZAPOL. But tyrants have an hundred eyes and
arms!

RAGOZ. Take courage, madam! 'Twere too hor-
rible,

(I can not do't) to swear I'm not a monster!—

Scarce had I barr'd the door on Raab Kiuprili—

ZAPO. Kiuprili? How?

RAGOZ. There is not time to tell it.—

The tyrant call'd me to him, praised my zeal,

(And be assured I overtopt his cunning

And seem'd right zealous.) But time wastes: In
fine,

Bids me dispatch my trustiest friends, as couriers

With letters to the army. The thought at once

Flash'd on me. I disguised my prisoner—

ZAPO. What Raab Kiuprili?

RAGOZ. Yes! my noble general!

I sent *him* off, with Emerick's own packet,

Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him——

ZAPO. Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem
sinking!—

RAGOZ. (*Supporting her.*)

Heaven still befriends us. I have left my charger,
 A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,
 One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,
 Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.
 The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's guesses,
 Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road
 The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop
 To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds
 The treasure which I convoy!

ZAPO.

One brief moment,
 That praying for strength I may *have* strength. This
 babe,

Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence
 Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!
 Through thee, dear babe, th' inspiring thought pos-
 sessed me,

When the loud clamor rose, and all the palace
 Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!)
 Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
 To the deserted chamber of my lord.—

(*Then to the infant.*)

And thou did'st kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
 And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!

Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty.
 As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
 Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
 Seemed pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!
 Lo, I was standing on the secret door,
 Which, through a long descent where all sound
 perishes,
 Led out beyond the palace. Well I knew it ——
 But *Andreas* framed it not! *He* was no tyrant!

RAGOZ. Haste madam! Let me take this pre-
 cious burden!

[He kneels as he takes the child.]

ZAPO. Take him? And if we be pursued, I charge
 thee,

Flee thou and leave me! Flee and save thy king! ——

[Then as going off, she looks back on the palace.]

Thou tyrant's den, be call'd no more a palace!
 The orphan's angel at the throne of heaven
 Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee
 A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.
 Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion
 Stand sentry at thy portals! Faith and honor,
 Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted
 nation:

And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,
False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of ravine,
(Fateful conjunction of malignant planets)
Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The
fathers

Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,

And when they cry: *Lo! a male child is born!*

The mother shall make answer with a groan.

For bloody usurpation, like a vulture,

Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.

Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,

They shall be mock'd with *sounds* of liberty,

And liberty shall be proclaimed alone,

To thee, O Fire! O Pestilence! O Sword!

Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatched
hence,

(*Again to the infant.*) Poor friendless fugitive! with
mother's wailing,

Offspring of Royal Andreas, shalt return

With trump and timbrel-clang, and popular shout

In triumph to the palace of thy fathers! [*Exeunt.*]

END OF PRELUDE.

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

Men.

OLD BATHORY, *A Mountaineer.*

BETHLEN BATHORY, ... *The young Prince Andreas,
supposed Son of Old Bathory.*

LORD RUDOLPH, ... *A Courtier, but friend to the
Queen's party.*

LASKA, ... *Steward to Casimir, betrothed to Glycine.*

PESTALUTZ, *An Assassin, in Emerick's employ.*

Women.

LADY SAROLTA, *Wife of Lord Casimir.*

GLYCINE, *Orphan Daughter of Chef Ragozzi.*

Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which Emerick remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES

THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. BARNARD, at the Crown and Anchor in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1724.

Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier
To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.

GLY. But our best sports belike, and gay proces-
sions

Would to my Lord have seemed but work-day
sights

Compared with those, the royal court affords.

SAROL. I have small wish to see them. A spring
morning

With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds,
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops
(Each orbéd drop, an orb of glory in it)

Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retire-
ment

Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred;
But, in good truth, his loving jealousy
Did but command, what I had else entreated.

GLY. And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta,
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,
So beautiful besides, and yet so stately——

SAROL. Hush! Innocent flatterer!

GLY. Nay! to my poor fancy
The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious.

SAROL. So doth the ignorant distance still delude
us!

Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
In its mere self a cold, drear, colorless void,
Seen from below and in the large, becomes
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods!
Well! but this broil that scared you from the dance?
And was not Laska there: he, your betrothed?

GLY. Yes, madam! he was there. So was the may-
pole,

For we danced round it.

SAROL. Ah, Glycine! why,
Why did you then betroth yourself?

GLY. Because
My own dear lady wished it! 'twas *you* asked me!

SAROL. Yes, at my lord's request, but never
wished

My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.
Thou know'st not yet the duties of a wife.

GLY. Oh, yes! It is a wife's chief duty, madam!
To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,
And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska
But I shall tremble.

SAROL. Not with fear, I think,

For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the
cottage!

*(Exit GLYCINE into the Cottage, SAROLTA
continues her Speech looking after her.)*

Something above thy rank there hangs about thee,
And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that—the courage,
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee!
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,
Or there's no faith in instinct!

*[Angry voices and clamour without, re-enter
GLYCINE.]*

GLY. Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,
And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head,
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,
Bethlen, that brave young man! 'twas he, my lady,
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders,
And, in mere spite and malice, now they charge him
With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.

Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This way!

Lady Sarolta's here.

[*Calling without.*]

SAROL.

Be calm, Glycine.

Enter LASKA and Servants with OLD BATHORY.

LAS. (*to Bathory.*) We have no concern with you!
What needs your presence?

BATH. What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy

To be slandered by a set of coward-ruffians,
And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice!—
To tell its own tale?

[*LASKA and Servants bow to LADY SAROLTA.*]

SAROL.

Laska! What may this mean?

LAS. (*pompously, as commencing a set speech.*)
Madam! and may it please your ladyship!
This old man's son, by name, Bethlen Bathory,
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir:
The lord high steward of the realm, moreover——

SAROL. Be brief! We know his titles!

LAS.

And moreover

Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.
 And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
 Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants ;
 Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,
 His badge of livery of your noble house,
 And trampled it in scorn.

SAROL. (*to the servants who offer to speak.*) You
 have had your spokesman !

Where is the young man thus accused ?

BATH I know not :
 But if no ill betide him on the mountains,
 He will not long be absent !

SAROL. Thou art his father ?

BATH. None ever with more reason prized a son ;
 Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.
 But more than one, now in my lady's presence,
 Witness'd the affray, besides these men of malice ;
 And if I swerve from truth————

GLY. Yes ! good old man !
 My lady ! pray believe him !

SAROL. Hush, Glycine !
 Be silent I command you. [*Then to BATHORY.*
Speak ! we hear you !

BATH. My tale is brief. During our festive
 dance,
 Your servants, the accusers of my son,
 Offered gross insults, in unmanly sort,
 To our village maidens. He, (could he do less?)
 Rose in defence of outraged modesty,
 And so persuasive did his cudgel prove,
 (Your hectoring sparks so over brave to women
 Are always cowards) that they soon took flight,
 And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,
 Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words
 Which their own threats provoked.

SAROL. Old man! you talk
 Too bluntly! Did your son owe no respect
 To the livery of our house?

BATH. Even such respect
 As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
 That hath began to worry the poor lambs!

LAS. Old insolent ruffian!

GLY. Pardon! pardon, madam!
 I saw the whole affray. The good old man
 Means no offence, sweet lady!—You, yourself,
 Laska! know well, that these men were the ruffians!

Shame on you !

SAROL. (*speaks with affected anger.*) What !
Glycine? Go, retire !

[*Exit GLYCINE mournfully.*

Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,
Might have complained to *us*. Was ever access
Denied you? Or free audience? Or are we
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants?

BATH. So then! So then! Heaven grant an old
man patience !

And must the gard'ner leave his seedling plants,
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine
While he goes ask their master, if perchance
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage?

LASK. Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's
presence !

I will report her further will !

SAROL. Wait then,
Till thou hast learnt it! Fervent good old man!
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning!

[*Then speaks to the Servants.*

Hence! leave my presence! and you Laska! mark
me !

SAROL. I oft have passed your cottage, and still
prais'd

Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April shower'd aslant its thatch.

Come, you shall show it me! And, while you bid it

Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness

The oil of gladness glittering on the water

Of an ebbing grief.

[Bathory bowing, shows her into his cottage.]

LASK. *(alone)* Vexation! baffled! school'd!

Ho! Laska! wake! why? what can all this mean?

She sent away that cockatrice in anger!

Oh the false witch! It is too plain, she loves him.

And now, the old man near my lady's person,

She'll see this Bethlen hourly!

[Laska flings himself into the seat.]

Glycine peeps in timidly.

GLY.

Laska! Laska!

Is my lady gone?

LASK. *(surlily.)* Gone.

GLY.

Have you yet seen him?

Is he returned?

[Laska starts up from his seat.]

Has the seat stung you, Laska?

LASK. No, serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me;
you!

What! you would cling to him again?

GLY. Whom?

LASK. Bethlen! Bethlen!

Yes; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him!

Ha! you forget the scene of yesterday!

Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams,

And your pretended fears!

GLY. *Your fears, at least,*

Were real, Laska! or your trembling limbs

And white cheeks play'd the hypocrites most vilely!

LASK. I fear! whom? what?

GLY. I know, what *I* should fear,

Were I in Laska's place.

LASK. What?

GLY. My own conscience

For having fed my jealousy and envy

With a plot, made out of other men's revenges,

Against a brave and innocent young man's life!

Yet, yet, pray tell me!

LASK. (*malignantly.*) You will know too soon.

GLY. Would I could find my lady! tho' she chid
me—

Yet this suspense—(*going.*)

LASK. Stop! stop! one question only—
I am quite calm—

GLY. Ay, as the old song says,
Calm as a tyger, valiant as a dove.

Nay now, I have marr'd the verse: well! this one
question—

LASK. Are you not bound to me by your own promise?

And is it not as plain—

GLY. Halt! that 's two questions.

LASK. Pshaw! Is it not as plain as impudence,
That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar,
Bethlen Bathory? When he was accused,
Why pressed *you* forward? Why did *you* defend him?

GLY. Question meet question: that's a woman's
privilege.

Why, Laska, did *you* urge Lord Casimir

To make my lady force that promise from me?

LASK. So then, you say, Lady Sarolta *forc'd* you?

GLY. Could I look up to her dear countenance,
And say her nay? As far back as I wot of,
All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.
How could it be then, but that her requests
Must needs have sounded to me as commands?

And as for love, had I a score of loves,
I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.

LASK. Not one for Bethlen?

GLY. Oh! that's a different thing.
To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
To his good old father. But for *loving* him—
Nay, *there*, indeed, you are mistaken, Laska!
Poor youth! I rather think I *grieve* for him;
For I sigh so deeply when I think of him!
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,
And my heart beats; and all because I dreamt
That the war-wolf* had gor'd him as he hunted
In the haunted forest!

LAS. You dare own all this?
Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.
Mine, pamper'd Miss! you shall be; and I'll make you
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my fingers
Tingle already! (*makes threatening signs.*)

GLY. (*aside.*) Ha! Bethlen coming this way!
*[Glycine then cries out as if afraid of
being beaten.*

Oh, save me! Save me! Pray don't kill me, Laska!

* For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see Drayton's *Moon-calf*, Chalmers' English Poets, Vol. IV. p. 133.

Enter BETHLEN in an Hunting Dress.

BETH. What, beat a woman!

LASK. (*to Glycine.*) O you cockatrice!

BETH. Unmanly dastard, hold!

LASK. (*pompously.*) Do you chance to know
Who—I—am, Sir?—('Sdeath! how black he looks!)

BETH. I have started many strange beasts in my
time,

But none less like a man, than this before me
That lifts his hand against a timid female.

LASK. Bold youth! she's mine.

GLY. No, not my master yet,
But only *is* to be; and all, because
Two years ago my lady asked me, and
I promised *her*, not *him*; and if *she'll* let me,
I'll *hate* you, my lord's steward.

BETH. Hush, Glycine!

GLY. Yes, I do, Bethlen; for he just now brought
False witnesses to swear away your life:
Your life, and old Bathory's too.

BETH. Bathory's!
Where is my father? Answer, or—Ha? gone!

[*Laska during this time slinks off the Stage,
using threatening gestures to Glycine.*

GLY. Oh, heed not *him!* I saw you pressing onward,
And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,
It is *your* life, they seek!

BETH. My life?

GLY. Alas,
Lady Sarolta even—

BETH. She does not know me!

GLY. Oh that she did! she could not then have
spoken
With such stern countenance. But though she spurn
me,

I will kneel, Bethlen—

BETH. Not for me, Glycine!

What have I done? or whom have I offended?

GLY. Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the
king.

[*Bethlen mutters to himself indignantly.*]

GLY. (*aside.*) So looks the statue, in our hall,
o'the god,

The shaft just flown that kill'd the serpent!

BETH. (*muttering aside.*) King!

GLY. Ah, often have I wished *you* were a king.
You would protect the helpless every where,
As you did us. And I, too, should not then

Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do; nor have
 The tears come in my eyes; nor dream bad dreams
 That you were killed in the forest; and then Laska
 Would have no right to rail at me, nor say
 (Yes, the base man, he says,) that I—I love you.

BETH. Pretty Glycine! wer't thou not betrothed—
 But in good truth I know not what I speak.
 This luckless morning I have been so haunted
 With my own fancies, starting up like omens,
 That I feel like one, who waking from a dream
 Both asks and answers wildly.—But Bathory?

GLY. Hist! 'tis my lady's step! She must not see
 you!

[*Bethlen retires.*]

Enter from the Cottage SAROLTA and BATHORY.

SAROL. Go, seek your son! I need not add be
 speedy.

You here, Glycine? [Exit Bathory.]

GLY. Pardon, pardon Madam!
 If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,
 You could not have him harm'd.

SAROL. Be calm, Glycine!

GLY. No, I shall break my heart. (*sobbing.*)

SAROL. (*taking her hand.*) Ha! is it so?
 O strange and hidden power of sympathy,
 That of like fates, though all unknown to each,
 Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's
 Drawing by dim disquiet!

GLY. Old Bathory—

SAROL. Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away
 thy tears.

Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen
 Seems a most noble and deserving youth.

GLY. My lady does not mock me?

SAROL. Where is Laska?
 Has he not told thee?

GLY. Nothing. In his fear—
 Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—
 Left me abruptly—

SAROL. His shame excuses him!
 He is somewhat hardly task'd; and in discharging
 His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.
 Bathory and the youth henceforward live
 Safe in my lord's protection.

GLY. The Saints bless you!
 Shame on my graceless heart! How dared I fear,
 Lady Sarolta could be cruel?

SAROL. Come,
Be yourself, girl!

GLY. O, 'tis so full *here!* (*at her heart.*)
And now it can not harm him if I tell you,
That the old man's son—

SAROL. Is *not* that old man's son!
A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his.
For all I know of *thee* is, that thou art
A soldier's orphan: left when rage intestine
Shook and engulph'd the pillars of Illyria.
This other fragment, thrown back by that same earth-
quake,
This, so mysteriously inscribed by nature,
Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.
Command thyself! Be secret! His true father—
Hear'st thou?

GLY. O tell—(*eagerly.*)

BETH. (*Who had overheard the last few words,
now rushes out.*)

Yes, tell me, Shape from heaven!
Who is my father?

SAROL. (*Gazing with surprize.*) Thine? Thy
father? Rise!

GLY. Alas! He hath alarmed you, my dear lady!

SAROL. His countenance, not his act!

GLY. Rise, Bethlen! Rise!

BETH. No; kneel thou too! and with thy orphan's
tongue

Plead for me! I am rooted to the earth
And have no power to rise! Give me a father!
There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes
That seeks high Heaven! But I will overtake it,
And bring it back, and make it plead for me
In thine own heart! Speak! Speak! Restore to
me

A name in the world!

SAROL. By that blest Heaven I gaz'd at,
I know not who thou art. And if I knew,
Dared I —But rise!

BETH. Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye hover o'er me now! Ye shine upon me!
And, like a flower that coils forth from a Ruin,
I feel and seek the light, I can not see!

SAROL. Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's
ridge,
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,
Is all, Fate makes it safe for thee to know!

In the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,
Did find thee, Bethlen, then an helpless babe.
The robe, that wrapt thee, was a widow's mantle.

BETH. An infant's weakness doth relax my frame.
O say—I fear to ask—

SAROL. And I to tell thee.

BETH. Strike! O strike quickly! See, I do not
shrink. *(striking his breast.)*

I am stone, cold stone.

SAROL. Hid in a brake hard by,
Scarce by both palms supported from the earth,
A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning
Seemed to survive itself in her fixt eyes,
That strained towards the babe. At length one arm
Painfully from her own weight disengaging,
She pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom
Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated
Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,
And kneeling spake: If aught of this world's comfort
Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,
That at my life's risk I will save thy child!
Her countenance work'd, as one that seem'd preparing
A loud voice, but it died upon her lips
In a faint whisper, “Fly! Save him! Hide—hide all!”

BETH. And did he leave her? What had I a mother?
And left her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life
With the desertion of a dying mother?
Oh agony!

GLY. Alas! thou art bewildered,
And dost forget thou wer't an helpless infant!

BETH. What else can I remember, but a mother
Mangled and left to perish?

SAROL. Hush, Glycine!
It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct:
Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,
And it will find a mirror in the waters,
It now makes boil above it. Check him not!

BETH. O that I were diffused among the waters
That pierce into the secret depths of earth,
And find their way in darkness! Would that I
Could spread myself upon the homeless winds!
And I would seek her! for she is not dead!
She *can not* die! O pardon, gracious lady!
You were about to say, that he returned—

SAROL. Deep Love, the Godlike in us, still believes
Its objects as immortal as itself!

BETH. And found her still—

SAROL. Alas! he did return,

He left no spot unsearch'd in all the forest.
 But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)
 Had been borne off.

BETH. O whither?

GLY. Dearest Bethlen!

I would that you could weep like me! O do not
 Gaze so upon the air!

SAROL. (*continuing the story*) While he was absent
 A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scoured the wood,
 Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.

BETH. Emerick!

Oh Hell!

GLY. (*to silence him*) Bethlen!

BETH. Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper!
 This gracious lady must hear blessings only.
 She hath not yet the glory round her head,
 Nor those strong eagle wings, which made swift way
 To that appointed place, which I must seek:
 Or else *she* were my mother!

SAROL. Noble youth!

From me fear nothing! Long time have I owed
 Offerings of expiation for misdeeds
 Long passed that weigh me down, tho' innocent!
 Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee,

For he perceived thy thoughts, as they expanded,
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state!
Vain was his care! Thou 'st made thyself suspected
E'en where Suspicion reigns, and asks no proof
But its own fears! Great Nature hath endow'd thee
With her best gifts! From me thou shalt receive
All honorable aidance! But haste hence!
Travel will ripen thee, and enterprize
Beseems thy years! Be thou henceforth *my* soldier!
And whatso'er betide thee, still believe
That in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth!
And may the light that streams from thine own honour
Guide thee to that, thou seekest!

GLY.

Must he leave us?

BETH. And for such goodness can I return nothing,
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes? Some sighs
That if not breath'd would swell my heart to stifling?
May heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof
To scare all evil from thee! Yet, if fate
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee!

And then, perchance, I might have power t' unbosom
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,
Have been talk'd to me! But this tongue ne'er soothed
A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name!
O, at how dear a price have I been lov'd
And no love could return! One boon then, lady!
Where'er thou bid'st, I go thy faithful soldier,
But first must trace the spot, where she lay bleeding
Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine
Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest!
Or if avengers more than human haunt there,
Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,
They shall make answer to me, though my heart's blood
Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for
blood!

[*Exit Bethlen.*

SAROL. Ah! it was this I fear'd. To ward off this
Did I with-hold from him that old Bathory
Returning hid beneath the self-same oak,
Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel
Bound on his infant arm.

GLY. Oh, let me fly
And stop him! Mangled limbs do there lie scattered
Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.
And voices have been heard! And there the plant
grows
That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard
Power to put on the fell Hyæna's shape.

SAROL. What idle tongue hath bewitch'd thee,
Glycine?

I hoped that thou had'st learnt a nobler faith.

GLY. O, chide me not, dear lady; question Laska,
Or the old man.

SAROL. Forgive me, I spake harshly.
It is indeed a mighty sorcery
That doth enthrall thy young heart, my poor girl.
And what hath Laska told thee?

GLY. Three days past
A courier from the king did cross that wood;
A wilful man, that arm'd himself on purpose:
And never hath been heard of from that time!

(Sound of horns without.)

SAROL. Hark! dost thou hear it?

GLY. 'Tis the sound of horns!
Our huntsmen are not out!

SAROL. Lord Casimir

Would not come thus! (*Horns again.*)

GLY. Still louder!

SAROL. Haste we hence!

For I believe in part thy tale of terror!

But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transform'd:

Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.

(SAROLTA and GLYCINE *exeunt*. *Trumpets, &c. louder.* Enter EMERICK, Lord RUDOLPH LASKA, and *Huntsmen and Attendants.*)

RUD. A gallant chace, sire.

EMER. Aye, but this new quarry

That we last started seems worth all the rest.

[*Then to Laska.*]

And you—excuse me—what's your name?

LASK. Whatever

Your majesty may please.

EMER. Nay, that's too late, man.

Say, what thy mother and thy godfather

Were pleased to call thee.

LASK. Laska, my liege sovereign.

EMER. Well, my liege subject Laska! And you are Lord Casimir's steward?

LASK. And your majesty's creature.

EMER. *Two* gentle dames made off at our approach.
Which was your lady?

LASK. My liege lord, the taller.
The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid,
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's froward—
Yet would your grace but speak—

EMER. Hum, master steward!
I am honor'd with this sudden confidence.
Lead on. (*To Laska, then to Rudolph.*)

Lord Rudolph, you 'll announce our coming.
Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add
How much we grieve, that business of the state
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return.

RUD. (*aside.*) Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will
announce thee.

EMER. Now onward all. [*Exeunt attendants.*]

EMERICK *solus.*

A fair one by my faith!
If her face rival but her gait and stature,
My good friend Casimir had *his* reasons too.
“*Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,*
“*Made early in the convent—His word pledged—*”

All fictions, all: fictions of jealousy.

Well! If the mountain move not to the prophet,
The prophet must to the mountain! In this Laska
There's somewhat of the knave mix'd up with dolt.
Through the transparence of the fool, methought,
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile's eye, that peer'd up from the bottom.
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition
Won me the husband. Now let vanity
And the resentment for a forced seclusion
Decoy the wife! Let him be deem'd th' aggressor
Whose cunning and distrust began the game!

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A savage wood. At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy. ZAPOLYA and KIUPRILI discovered: both, but especially the latter, in rude and savage garments..

KIUP. Heard you then aught while I was slumbering?

ZAPO.

Nothing.

Only your face became convulsed. We miserable!
Is heaven's last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treacherous?

KIUP. O for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in!

I dreamt I had met with food beneath a tree
And I was seeking you, when all at once
My feet became entangled in a net:
Still more entangled as in rage I tore it,
At length I freed myself, had sight of you,
But as I hastened eagerly, again
I found my frame encumbered: A huge serpent
Twined round my chest, but tightest round my throat.

But wherefore, O revered Kiuprili! wherefore
Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,
Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat?
Would that my tongue had then cloven to my mouth!
But Heaven is just! With tears I conquered thee,
And not a tear is left me to repent with!
Had'st thou not done already—had'st thou not
Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feign'd of friendship?

KIUP. Yet be thou comforted! What! had'st thou
faith

When I turn'd back incredulous? 'Twas thy light
That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,
And leave thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,
And think thou see'st thy sainted Lord commissioned
And on his way to aid us! Whence those late dreams,
Which after such long interval of hopeless
And silent resignation all at once
Night after night commanded thy return
Hither? and still presented in clear vision
This wood as in a scene? this very cavern?
Thou dar'st not doubt that Heaven's especial hand
Worked in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance
Is on the stroke:—for Misery can not add
Grief to thy griefs, or Patience to thy sufferance!

ZAPO. Can not! Oh, what if thou were taken
from me?

Nay, thou said'st well: for that and death were one.
Life's grief is at its height indeed; the hard
Necessity of this inhuman state
Has made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,
Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night;
At once for food and safety to affrighten
The traveller from his road—

(GLYCINE *is heard singing without.*)

KIUP. Hark! heard you not
A distant chaunt?

SONG, by GLYCINE.

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted;
And poised there in a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: " Adieu! adieu!

Love's dreams prove seldom true.

Sweet month of May,

We must away;

Far, far away!

To day! to day!"

ZAPO. Sure 'tis some blest spirit!

For since thou slew'st the usurper's emissary

That plung'd upon us, a more than mortal fear

Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer

And starves the poor besieged. (*Song again.*)

KIUP. It is a maiden's voice! quick to the cave!

ZAPO. Hark! her voice falters!

[*Exit ZAPOLYA.*

KIUP. She must not enter

The cavern, else I will remain unseen!

(KIUP. *retires to one side of the stage.* GLYCINE
enters singing.)

GLY. (*Fearfully.*)

A savage place! Saints shield me! Bethlen! Bethlen!

Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again.

(*Sings again.*)

If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy

Voices in all chance sounds ! (*Starts.*)

'Twas some dry branch
Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,
Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-spear!
What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,
Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?

KIUP. (*Unseen.*)

Leave them and flee!

GLY. (*Shrieks, then recovering.*) Where are you?

KIUP. (*Still unseen.*) Leave them!

GLY. 'Tis Glycine!

Speak to me Bethlen! speak in your own voice!

All silent!—If this were the war-wolf's den!

'Twas not his voice!—

(*GLYCINE leaves the provisions and exit fearfully.*

KIUPRILI comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern. GLYCINE returns, having recovered herself.)

GLY. Shame! Nothing hurt me!

If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs

Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst and
hoarseness!

Speak Bethlen! or but moan. St—St——No—
Bethlen!

If I turn back and he should be found dead here,

(She creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.)

I should go mad!—Again!—'Twas my own heart!

Hush coward heart! better beat loud with fear,

Than break with shame and anguish!

(As she approaches to enter the cavern, KIUPRILI stops her. GLYCINE shrieks.)

Saints protect me!

KIUP. Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—

GLY. Save me!

KIUP. Swear secrecy and silence!

GLY. I swear!

KIUP. Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest?

GLY. Only

A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—

KIUP. Wherefore in this wood?

GLY. Alas! it was his purpose—

KIUP. With what intention came he? Would'st thou save him,

Hide nothing!

GLY. Save him! O forgive his rashness!

He is good, and did not know that thou wert human!

KIUP. (*Repeats the word.*) Human?

(*Then sternly.*)

With what design?

GLY. To kill thee, or
If that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee
By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,
To make disclosure of his parentage.
But most of all—

ZAPO. (*Rushing out from the cavern.*)

Heaven's blessing on thee! Speak!

GLY. Whether his Mother live, or perished here!

ZAPO. Angel of Mercy, I was perishing
And thou did'st bring me food: and now thou bring'st
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation
To a mother's famish'd heart! His name, sweet maiden?

GLY. E'en till this morning we were wont to name
him

Bethlen Bathory!

ZAPO. Even till this morning?
This morning? when my weak faith failed me wholly!
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse!
Say on!

GLY. The false ones charged the valiant youth
With treasonous words of Emerick—

ZAPO. Ha! my son!

GLY. And of Lord Casimir—

KIUP. (*aside.*) O agony! my son!

GLY. But my dear lady—

ZAPO. and KIUP. Who?

GLY. Lady Sarolta
Frown'd and discharged these bad men.

KIUP. (*Turning off, and to himself.*) Righteous
heaven

Sent me a daughter once, and I repined
That it was not a son. A son was given me.
My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear:
And lo! that son became my curse and infamy.

ZAPO. (*Embraces GLYCINE.*)

Sweet innocent! and you came here to seek him,
And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?

GLY. Not much!

My own dear lady, when I was a child
Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.
For I too am an orphan, motherless!

KIUP. (*To ZAPOLYA.*)

O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but deepen

The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy!
 In that last conflict, following our escape,
 The usurper's cruelty had clog'd our flight
 With many a babe, and many a childing mother.
 This maid herself is one of numberless
 Planks from the same vast wreck.

(Then to GLYCINE again)

Well! Casimir's wife—

GLY. She is always gracious, and so praised the old
 man

That his heart o'erflow'd, and made discovery
 That in this wood—

ZAPO. *(In agitation.)* O speak!

GLY. A wounded lady—

(ZAPOLYA faints—they both support her.)

GLY. Is this his mother?

KIUP. She would fain believe it,

Weak tho' the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself
 The flame with which it kindles.

(Horn heard without.)

To the cavern!

Quick! quick!

GLY. Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.

KIUP. Emerick?

GLY. He came this morning—

(*They retire to the cavern, bearing ZAPOLYA. Then enter BETHLEN armed with a boar-spear.*)

BETH. I had a glimpse
Of some fierce shape: and but that Fancy often
Is Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves
With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it
Bear off some human prey. O my preserver!
Bathory! Father! Yes, thou deserv'st that name!
Thou did'st not mock me! These are blessed findings!
The secret cypher of my destiny

(*Looking at his signet.*)

Stands here inscribed: it is the seal of fate!
Ha!—(*Observing the cave.*) Had ever monster fitting
lair, 'tis yonder!

Thou yawning Den, I well remember thee!
Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on!
Now for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,
To rouse the monster couchant o'er his ravine!

(*Blows the horn—then a pause.*)

Another blast! and with another swell
To you, ye charmed watchers of this wood!
If haply I have come, the rightful heir

Of vengeance: if in me survive the spirits
Of those, whose guiltless blood flow'd streaming here!

(Blows again louder.)

Still silent? Is the monster gorged? Heaven shield me!
Thou, faithful spear! be both my torch and guide.'

(As BETHLEN is about to enter, KIUPRILI speaks from the cavern unseen.)

KIUP. Withdraw thy foot! Retract thine idle spear
And wait obedient!

BETH. *(In amazement.)* Ha! What art thou? speak!

KIUP. Avengers!—*(Still unseen.)*

BETH. By a dying mother's pangs
E'en such am I. Receive me!

KIUP. *(Still unseen.)* Wait! Beware!
At thy first step, thou tread'st upon the light,
Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in dark-
ness!

BETH. Ha! see my boar-spear trembles like a
reed!—

Oh, fool! mine eyes are duped by my own shuddering.—
Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
Year following year, that pressed upon my heart
As on the altar of some unknown God,
Then, as if touch'd by fire from heaven descending,

Blazed up within me at a father's name—

Do they desert me now?—at my last trial?

VOICE of command! and thou, O hidden LIGHT!

I have obeyed! Declare ye by what name

I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice

Will make you gracious.

KIUP. (*Still unseen.*) Patience! Truth! Obedience!

Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light,

Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee!

Thy name?

BETH. Ask rather the poor roaming savage,
Whose infancy no holy rite had blest.

To him, perchance, rude spoil or ghastly trophy,

In chase or battle won, have given a name.

I have none—but like a dog have answered

To the chance sound which he that fed me, called me!

KIUP. (*Still unseen.*)

Thy birth-place?

BETH. Deluding spirits! Do ye mock me?

Question the Night! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place?

Yet hear! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,

Where the bats cling, have I survey'd my cradle!

The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,

And in it the wolf litters!—I invoke you,
 Tell me, ye secret ones! if ye beheld me
 As I stood there, like one who having delved
 For hidden gold hath found a talisman,
 O tell! what rights, what offices of duty
 This signet doth command? What rebel spirits
 Owe homage to it's Lord?

KIUP. (*Still unseen.*) More, guiltier, mightier,
 Than thou may'st summon! Wait the destined hour!

BETH. O yet again, and with more clamorous
 prayer,
 I importune ye! Mock me no more with shadows!
 This sable mantle—tell, dread voice! did this
 Enwrap one fatherless?

ZAPO. (*Unseen.*) One fatherless!

BETH. (*Starting.*)
 A sweeter voice!—A voice of love and pity!
 Was it the softened echo of mine own?
 Sad echo! but the hope, it kill'd, was sickly,
 And ere it died it had been mourned as dead!
 One other hope yet lives within my soul:
 Quick let me ask!—while yet this stifling fear,
 This stop of the heart, leaves utterance!—Are—are
 these

The sole remains of her that gave me life?

Have I a mother?—(ZAPOLYA *rushes out to embrace him.* BETHLEN *starts.*)

Ha!

ZAPO. (*Embracing him.*) My son! my son!

A wretched—Oh no, no! a blest—a happy mother!

(*They embrace.* KIUPRILI *and* GLYCINE *come forward and the curtain drops.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*A stately room in LORD CASIMIR'S castle. Enter
EMERICK and LASKA.*

EMER. I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,

Laska, in all things that concern thine own
Interest or safety.

LASK. In this sovereign presence
I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

EMER. Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that *I*
of all men
Should covet thus the love of fair Sarolta,
Dishonoring Casimir?

LASK. Far be it from me!
Your majesty's love and choice bring honor with them.

EMER. Perchance, thou hast heard, that Casimir
is my friend,

Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought
A parent's blessing; braved a father's curse?

LASK. (*Aside.*)

Would I but knew now, what his Majesty meant!
Oh yes, Sire! 'tis our common talk, how Lord
Kiuprili, my Lord's father—

EMER. 'Tis your talk,
Is it, good statesman Laska?

LASK. No, not mine,
Not mine, an please your Majesty! There are
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.

EMER. Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us
Of traitors! But ar't sure the youth's devoured?

LASK. Not a limb left an please your majesty!
And that unhappy girl—

EMER. Thou followed'st her
Into the wood? (*LASKA bows assent.*)

Henceforth then I'll believe
That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

LASK. Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil
When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves
Of the wood shake—

EMER. Made thee shake like a leaf!

LASK. The war-wolf leapt; at the first plunge he
seized her;

Forward I rushed!

EMER. Most marvellous!

LASK. Hurl'd my javelin
Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—

EMER. Enough!
And take, friend, this advice. When next thou tonguest
it,

Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,
And leave untouched your *common talk* aforesaid,
What your Lord did, or should have done.

LASK. *My talk?*
The saints forbid! I always said, for my part,
“ *Was not the king Lord Casimir's dearest friend?*
“ *Was not that friend a king? Whate'er he did*
“ *'Twas all from pure love to his majesty.*”

EMER. And this then was *thy talk*? While knave
and coward,
Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost,
In slips the fool and takes the place of both.
Babbler! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men.
He lov'd himself, lov'd honors, wealth, dominion.

All these were set upon a father's head:
Good truth! a most unlucky accident!
For he but wished to hit the prize; not graze
The head that bore it: so with steady eye
Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even
As Casimir lov'd Emerick, Emerick
Loves Casimir, intends *him* no dishonor.
He winked not then, for love of *me* forsooth!
For love of *me* now let him wink! Or if
The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth.

(Passing his hand across his brow.)

LASK. Your majesty's reasoning has convinced me.

EMER. *(With a slight start, as one who had been talking aloud to himself: then with scorn.)*

Thee!

'Tis well! and more than meant. For by my faith
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key?

(LASKA bows.)

And in your lady's chamber there's full space?

LASK. Between the wall and arras to conceal you.

EMER. Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy
fortune,

If thou prov'st faithful. But if thou betray'st me,

Hark you!—the wolf, that shall drag *thee* to his den
 Shall be no fiction.

(*Exit* EMERICK. LASKA *manet* with a key
 in one hand, and a purse in the other.)

LASK. Well then! Here I stand,
 Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.
 Call this (*Looking at the purse.*)
 Preferment; this (*Holding up the key.*) Fidelity!
 And first my golden goddess: what bids she?
 Only:—“*This way your majesty! hush! The house-*
hold
Are all safe lodged.”—Then, put Fidelity
 Within her proper wards, just turn her round—
 So—the door opens—and for all the rest,
 ’Tis the king’s deed, not Laska’s. Do but this
 And—“*I’m the mere earnest of your future fortune.*”
 But what says the other?—Whisper on! I hear you!
 (*Putting the key to his ear.*)

All very true!—but, good Fidelity!
 If I refuse king Emerick, will you promise,
 And swear now, to unlock the dungeon door,
 And save me from the hangman? Aye! you’re silent!
 What not a word in answer? A clear nonsuit!—

Now for one look to see that all are lodged
 At the due distance—then—yonder lies the road
 For Laska and his royal friend king Emerick!

(*Exit LASKA. Then enter BATHORY and BETHLEN.*)

BETH. He looked as if he were some God disguised
 In an old warrior's venerable shape
 To guard and guide my mother. Is there not
 Chapel or oratory in this mansion?

BATHO. Even so.

BETH. From that place then am I to take
 A helm and breast-plate, both inlaid with gold,
 And the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.

BATHO. Those very arms this day Sarolta show'd
 me—
 With wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!

BETH. O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering
 guess,
 To break the first command, a mother's will
 Imposed, a mother's voice made known to me!
Ask not my son," said she, "our names or thine.
The shadow of th' eclipse is passing off
The full orb of thy destiny! Already
The victor Crescent glitters forth and sheds
O'er the yet lingering haze a phantom light.

*Thou can'st not hasten it! Leave then to Heaven
The work of Heaven: and with a silent spirit
Sympathize with the powers that work in silence!*
Thus spake she, and she look'd, as she were then
Fresh from some heavenly vision!

(Re-enter LASKA, not perceiving them.)

LASK. All asleep!

(Then observing BETHLEN, stands in idiot-affright.)
I must speak to it first—Put—put the question!
I'll confess all! *(Stammering with fear.)*

BATHO. Laska! what ails thee, man?

LASK. *(Pointing to BETHLEN.)*

There!

BATHO. I see nothing! where?

LASK. He does not see it!

Bethlen, torment me not!

BETH. Soft! Rouse him gently!

He hath outwatch'd his hour, and half asleep,
With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.

BATHO. Ho! Laska! Don't you know us? 'tis

Bathory

And Bethlen!

LASK. *(Recovering himself)*

Good now! Ha! ha! An excellent trick.

Afraid? Nay no offence! But I must laugh.

But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself?

BETH. (*Holding up his hand as if to strike him.*)

Would'st be convinced?

LASK. No nearer, pray! consider!

If it *should* prove his ghost, the touch would freeze me
To a tombstone. No nearer!

BETH. The fool is drunk!

LASK. (*Still more recovering.*)

Well now! I love a brave man to my heart.

I myself braved the monster, and would fain

Have saved the false one from the fate, she tempted.

BATHO. You, Laska?

BETH. (*To BATHO.*) Mark! Heaven grant it may be
so! Glycine?

LASK. She! I traced her by the voice.

You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard

The close of a song: the poor wretch had been singing:

As if she wished to compliment the war-wolf

At once with music and a meal!

BETH. (*To BATHORY.*) Mark that!

LASK. At the next moment I beheld her running,

Wringing her hands with, "*Bethlen! O poor Bethlen!*"

I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,

Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarm'd her.
 She stopt, then mad with fear, turned round and ran
 Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream
 I heard. There was no second—I—

BETH. Stop there!
 We'll spare your modesty! Who dares not honor
 Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy?

LASK. You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe
 and sound!

You play'd the hero at a cautious distance!
 Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward
 To stay the monster's stomach? Dainties quickly
 Pall on the taste and cloy the appetite!

BATHO. Laska, beware! Forget not what thou art!
 Should'st thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thyself!
 And ach all over at the dangerous fancy!

LASK. What then! you swell upon my lady's favor?
 High Lords and perilous of one day's growth!
 But other judges now sit on the bench!
 And haply, Laska hath found audiencè there,
 Where to defend the treason of a son
 Might end in lifting up both Son and Father
 Still higher; to a height from which indeed
 You both *may* drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,

Will be secured from falling to the ground.

'Tis possible too, young man! that royal Emerick,
At Laska's rightful suit, may make enquiry
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—

BETH. Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate?

LASK. 'Tis well! it shall content me! tho' your fear
Has all the credit of these lowered tones.

[Then very pompously.]

First we demand the manner of her death?

BETH. Nay! that's superfluous! Have you not just
told us,

That you yourself, led by impetuous valor,
Witnessed the whole? My tale's of later date.
After the fate, from which your valor strove
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!

LASK. Glycine?

BETH. Nay! Dare I accuse wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been
Her spirit that appeared to me. But haply
I come too late? It has itself delivered
Its own commission to you?

BATHO. 'Tis most likely!

And the ghost doubtless vanished, when we entered
And found *brave* Laska staring wide—at nothing!

LASK. 'Tis well! You've ready wits! I shall report
them,

With all due honor, to his Majesty!

Treasure them up, I pray! A certain person,
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions!
'Tis but a hint! And now what says the ghost?

BETH. Listen! for thus it spake: "*Say thou to
Laska,*

*Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engross'd
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,
Foreseeing thou'lt forget with thine own hand
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st caused
her,*

*For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it
From Bethlen's cudgel*"—thus. [Beats him off.

Off! scoundrel! off!

[LASKA runs away.

BATHO. The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard
Tells of a recent storm: the first disruption
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us.

BETH. E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where
lies

The oratory?

BATHO. Ascend yon flight of stairs!
Midway the corridor a silver lamp
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,
And facing it, the low arch'd oratory!
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate:
For a petard might burst the bars, unheard
By the drench'd porter, and Sarolta hourly
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message!

BETH. There I will meet you! And till then good
night!

Dear good old man, good night!

BATHO. O yet one moment!
What I repell'd, when it did seem my own,
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father!
It can not now mislead thee. O my son,
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,
Bethlen!—say—Father to me!

BETH. Now, and for ever
My father! other sire than thou, on earth
I never had, a dearer could not have!
From the base earth you raised me to your arms,

And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father!

BATHO. Go! Go!

(BETHLEN *breaks off and exit.* BATHORY *looks affectionately after him.*)

May every star now shining over us,
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him!

[*Exit* BATHORY.]

Scene changes to a splendid Bed-chamber, hung with tapestry. SAROLTA in an elegant Night Dress, and an Attendant.

ATTEND. We all did love her, madam!

SAROL. She deserved it!

Luckless Glycine! rash unhappy girl!

'Twas the first time she e'er deceived me.

ATTEND. She was in love, and had she not died
thus,

With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,
She would have pined herself to death at home.

SAROL. Has the youth's father came back from his
search?

ATTEND. He never will, I fear me. O dear lady!
That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—

It was quite cruel—" *You'll be sure,*" said he,
 " *To meet with PART at least of your son Bethlen,*"
 " *Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion!*"
 " *Go! Search the wood by all means! Go! I pray*
you!"

SAROL. Inhuman wretch!

ATTEND. And old Bathory answered
 With a sad smile, " *It is a witch's prayer,*
And may Heaven read it backwards." Tho' she was
 rash,

'Twas a small fault for such a punishment!

SAROL. Nay! 'twas my grief, and not my anger
 spoke.

Small fault indeed! but leave me, my good girl!
 I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

O *they* were innocent, and yet have perish'd
 In their May of life; and Vice grows old in triumph.
 Is it Mercy's hand, that for the bad man holds
 Life's closing gate? —————
 Still passing thence petitionary Hours
 To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance?
 Or would this chillness tell me, that there is
 Guilt too enormous to be duly punished.

Save by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal
And Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want!
O send us forth to wander on, unsheltered!
Make our food bitter with despised tears!
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass!
Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread!
With all the heaviest worldly visitations
Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us
Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
Of wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only,
Only, O merciful in vengeance! let not
That plague turn inward on my Casimir's soul!
Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him
To his own heart! O save him! Save my husband!

*(During the latter part of this speech EMERICK
comes forward from his hiding place. SA-
ROLTA seeing him, without recognizing him.)*

In such a shape a father's curse should come.

EMER. (*advancing*) Fear not!

SAROL. Who art thou? Robber? Traitor?

EMER. Friend!

Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,

Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose

Joy, love, and beauty, from their natural thrones:

Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.

SAROL. Strengthen me Heaven! I must not seem
afraid! (*aside.*)

The king to night then deigns to play the masker.

What seeks your Majesty?

EMER. Sarolta's love;

And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

SAROL. Heaven guard the sovereign's power from
such debasement!

Far rather, Sire, let it descend in vengeance

On the base ingrate, on the faithless slave

Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements!

For whom? Has Casimir deserved this insult?

O my misgiving heart! If—if—from Heaven

Yet not from you, Lord Emerick!

EMER. Chiefly from me.

Has he not like an ingrate robb'd my court

Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness?

First then on him I will administer justice—

If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture. [Seizes her.

SAROL. Help! Treason! Help!

EMER. Call louder! Scream again

Here's none can hear you!

SAROL. Hear me, hear me, Heaven!

EMER. Nay, why this rage? Who best deserves
you? Casimir,

Emerick's bought implement, the jealous slave

That mews you up with bolts and bars? or Emerick

Who proffers you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be.

Hence with this fond resistance! Yield; then live

This month a widow, and the next a queen!

SAROL. Yet, yet for one brief moment

[Struggling.

Unhand me, I conjure you.

(She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet.

EMERICK follows, and as she takes a dagger,
he grasps it in her hand.)

EMER. Ha! Ha! a dagger!

A seemly ornament for a lady's casket!

'Tis held, devotion is akin to love,

But yours is tragic! Love in war! It charms me,

And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces!

(During this Speech BETHLEN enters armed.)

BETH. Ruffian forbear! Turn, turn and front my
sword!

EMER. Pish! who is this!

SAROL. O sleepless eye of Heaven!

A blest, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou?

May I still call thee Bethlen?

BETH. Ever, lady,

Your faithful soldier!

EMER. Insolent slave! Depart!

Know'st thou not *me*?

BETH. I know thou art a villain

And coward! That thy devilish purpose marks thee!

What else, this lady must instruct my sword!

SAROL. Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou
blest one!

This is the hour, that fiends and damned spirits

Do walk the earth, and take what form they list!

Yon devil hath assumed a king's!

BETH. Usurped it!

EMER. The king will play the devil with thee in-
deed!

But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,

The light hath flash'd from Heaven, and I must follow
it!

O curst usurper! O thou brother-murderer!
That made'st a star-bright queen a fugitive widow!
Who fill'st the land with curses, being thyself
All curses in one tyrant! see and tremble!
This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee!
Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point
Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark! in Andreas' name,
Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound! I defy thee.

*[They fight, and just as EMERICK is disarmed,
in rush CASIMIR, OLD BATHORY, and At-
tendants. CASIMIR runs in between the com-
batants, and parts them; in the struggle
BETHLEN's sword is thrown down.]*

CASIM. The king! disarmed too by a stranger!
Speak!

What may this mean?

EMER. Deceived, dishonored lord!

Ask thou yon fair adultress! She will tell thee
A tale, which would'st thou be both dupe and traitor,
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign!

Thou art present *now*, and a friend's duty ceases :
 To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.
 Of *half* thy vengeance, I perforce must rob thee,
 For *that* the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance
 I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[*Then to the Attendants.*

Hence with him to the dungeon ! and to-morrow,
 Ere the sun rises,—Hark ! your heads or his !

BETH. Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's
 justice?

EMER. Who speaks to him dies ! The traitor that
 has menaced

His king, must not pollute the breathing air,
 Even with a word !

CASIM. (*To BATHORY.*) Hence with him to the
 dungeon !

[*Exit BETHLEN, hurried off by BATHORY and
 Attendants.*

EMER. We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest :
 Thou (*To CASIM.*) wilt attend us ; and wilt then explain
 This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

[*Exit EMERICK ; Manent CASIMIR and
 SAROLTA.*

SAROL. My lord! my husband! look whose sword
lies yonder!

*[Pointing to the sword which BETHLEN had
been disarmed of by the Attendants.]*

It is Kiuprili's, Casimir; 'tis thy father's!
And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,
Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

CASIM. Hush! hush! *[In an under voice.]*

I had detected ere I left the city
The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damned ingrate!
For him did I bring down a father's curse!
Swift, swift must be our means! To-morrow's sun
Sets on his fate or mine! O blest Sarolta!

[Embracing her.]

No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,
But that thy spotless virtues may prevail
O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse!

[Exeunt consulting.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A glade in a wood. Enter CASIMIR looking anxiously round.

CASIM. This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!

Enter LORD RUDOLPH.

Well met Lord Rudolph!——

Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,
And I dare trust—

RUD. Enough! the time is precious!
You left Temeswar late on yester-eve?
And sojourn'd there some hours?

CASIM. I did so!

RUD. Heard you
Aught of a hunt preparing?

CASIM.

Yes ; and met

The assembled huntsmen!

RUD.

Was there no word given?

CAS. The word for me was this ;—*The royal Leopard
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.*

RUD. Your answer?

CASIM.

As the word proves false or true
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen!

RUD. The event redeemed their pledge?

CASIM.

It did, and therefore
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,
And bears with her my seal of fellowship!

[*They take hands, &c.*

RUD. But Emerick ! how when you reported to him
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards?

CASIM.

O he received it
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,
With cozening warmth condoled with, and dismissed
me.

RUD. I entered as the door was closing on you:
His eye was fix'd, yet seem'd to follow you
With such a look of hate, and scorn, and triumph,

That Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili!

[*Exit* RUDOLPH *and manet* CASIMIR.]

The traitor, Laska!—

And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warn'd me.
Whence learnt she this?—O she was innocent!
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom!
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Fear'd soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir!

O fool! O parricide! thro' yon wood did'st thou,
With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,
A widow and an orphan. Dar'st thou then,
(Curse-laden wretch) put forth these hands to raise
The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause?
Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili!
And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,

Uustained with selfish fears, be his atonement!
O strengthen him to nobler compensation
In the deliverance of his bleeding country!

[*Exit* CASIMIR.]

Scene changes to the mouth of a cavern as in ACT II.

ZAPOLYA and GLYCINE discovered.

ZAPO. Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave:
Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine!
Having enjoyed thy commune, loneliness,
That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares.

GLY. I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,
And the same moment I descry him, lady,
I will return to you. [Exit GLYCINE.]

Enter BATHORY, speaking as he enters.

BATHO. Who hears? A friend!
A messenger from him who bears the signet!

[ZAPOLYA, who had been gazing affectionately
after GLYCINE, starts at BATHORY'S voice.]

ZAPO. He hath the watch word!—Art thou not
Bathory?

BATHO. O noble lady! greetings from your son!

[BATHORY kneels.]

ZAPO. Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,

And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven
Upon thy honored head? When thou last saw'st me
I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,
Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams
Have I done worship to thee, as an angel
Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!

BATHO. O he was born to honor! Gallant deeds
And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.
Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted
A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—

ZAPO. Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?

BATHO. She is safe.

The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,
And when he turn'd, a sworded Virtue faced him.
My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!
Your son——

ZAPO. Hark! Is it he?

BATHO. I hear a voice
Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'Twas his scheme and hope,
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest
To have led you hence.—Retire.

ZAPO. O life of terrors!

BATHO. In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage
ground

That even this old arm—

[*Exeunt ZAPOLYA and BATHORY into the
Cave.*]

Enter LASKA and PESTALUTZ.

LASK. Not a step further!

PESTA. Dastard! was this your promise to the
king?

LASK. I have fulfilled his orders. Have walked with
you

As with a friend: have pointed out Lord Casimir:

And now I leave you to take care of him;

For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.

PESTA. (*affecting to start.*) Be on your guard, man!

LASK. (*in affright.*) Ha! what now?

PESTA. Behind you!

'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinned and threatened
you

For your most impudent hope to cheat his master!

LASK. Pshaw! What you think 'tis fear that makes
me leave you?

PESTA. Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart?

LASK. (*Pompously.*)
Friend! Laska will be found at his own post,
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine!

PESTA. (*With a sneer.*) What! the girl
Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces?

LASK. (*Throwing down a bow and arrows.*)
Well! There's my arms! Hark! should your javelin
fail you,
These points are tipt with venom.

[*Starts and sees GLYCINE without.*

By Heaven! Glycine!

Now as you love the king, help me to seize her!

[*They run out after GLYCINE, and she shrieks with-
out: Then enter BATHORY from the cavern.*

BATHO. Rest, lady, rest! I feel in every sinew
A young man's strength returning! Which way went
they?

The shriek came thence.

[*Clash of swords, and BETHLEN's voice heard from behind the scenes; GLYCINE enters alarmed; then, as seeing LASKA'S bow and arrows.*

GLY. Ha! weapons here? Then, Bethlen, thy Glycerine
Will die with thee or save thee!

[*She seizes them and rushes out, BATHORY following her. Lively and irregular music, and Peasants with hunting spears cross the Stage, singing chorally.*

CHORAL SONG.

Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:

Find grannam out a sunny seat,
 With babe and lambkin at her feet.
 Not a soul at home may stay :
 For the shepherds must go
 With lance and bow
 To hunt the wolf in the woods to day.

[*Re-enter, as the Huntsmen pass off,*
BATHORY, BETHLEN, and GLYCINE.

GLY. (*Leaning on BETHLEN.*)

And now once more a woman—

BETH. Was it then

That timid eye, was it those maiden hands
 That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged me?

BATHO. (*To BETHLEN, exultingly.*)

'Twas as a vision blazon'd on a cloud
 By lightning, shap'd into a passionate scheme
 Of life and death! I saw the traitor, Laska,
 Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade;
 The point was at your back, when her shaft reached
 him;
 The coward turn'd, and at the self-same instant
 The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

Enter ZAPOLYA.

ZAPO. Bethlen! my child! and safe too!

BETH. Mother! Queen!

Royal Zapolya! name me Andreas!

Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet

Hath made his own arm, minister of his justice:

So do the Gods who launch the thunder-bolt!

ZAPO. O Raab Kiuprili! Friend! Protector! Guide

In vain we trench'd the altar round with waters,

A flash from Heaven hath touch'd the hidden incense—

BETH. (*Hastily.*)

And that majestic form that stood beside thee

Was Raab Kiuprili!

ZAPO. It was Raab Kiuprili;

As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.

BATHO. Hail Andreas! hail my king! (*Triumph-
antly.*)

ANDR. Stop, thou revered one,

Lest we offend the jealous destinies

By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty

To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.

GLY. Accept thine hand-maid's service! (*Kneeling.*)

ZAPO. Raise her, son!

O raise her to thine arms! she saved thy life,

And, through her love for thee, she sav'd thy mother's!
 Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid
 Hath other and hereditary claims
 Upon thy heart, and with Heaven-guarded instinct
 But carried on the work her Sire began!

ANDR. Dear maid! more dear thou can'st not be!
 the rest

Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence:
 For as I reach'd the skirts of this high forest,
 I heard the noise and uproar of the chace,
 Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.

GLY. Hark! Sure the hunt approaches.

[Horn without, and afterwards distant thunder.]

ZAPO. O Kiuprili!

BATHO. The demon-hunters of the middle air
 Are in full cry, and scare with arrowy fire
 The guilty! Hark! now here, now there, a horn
 Swells singly with irregular blast! the tempest
 Has scatter'd them!

[Horns heard as from different places at a distance.]

ZAPO. O Heavens! where stays Kiuprili?

BATHO. The wood will be surrounded! leave me
 here.

ANDR. My mother! let me see *thee* once in safety,
I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed
To seek the hero!

BATHO. Haste! my life upon it
I'll guide him safe.

ANDR. (*Thunder again.*) Ha! what a crash was
there!

Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal

[*Pointing without to the body of PESTALUTZ.*

Than you vile subaltern.

ZAPO. Your behest, High Powers,
Lo I obey! To the appointed spirit,
That hath so long kept watch round this drear cavern,
In fervent faith, Kiuprili, I entrust thee!

[*Exeunt ZAPOLYA, ANDREAS, and GLY-
CINE. ANDREAS having in haste dropt
his sword. Manet BATHORY.*

BATHO. Yon bleeding corse, (*Pointing to PESTA-
LUTZ's body*) may work us mischief still:
Once seen, 'twill rouse alarm and crowd the hunt
From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its armour,
I'll drag it hither.

[*Exit BATHORY. After awhile several Hunters cross the stage as scattered. Some time after, enter KIUPRILI in his disguise, fainting with fatigue, and as pursued.*

KIUP. (*Throwing off his disguise.*)
 Since Heaven alone can save me, Heaven alone
 Shall be my trust.

[*Then speaking as to ZAPOLYA in the Cavern.*

Haste! haste! Zapolya flee!

[*He enters the Cavern, and then returns in alarm*
 Gone! Seized perhaps? Oh no, let me not perish
 Despairing of Heaven's justice! Faint, disarmed,
 Each sinew powerless, senseless rock! sustain me!
 Thou art parcel of my native land.

[*Then observing the sword.*

A sword!

Ha! and *my* sword! Zapolya hath escaped,
 The murderers are baffled, and there lives
 An Andreas to avenge Kiuprili's fall!—
 There was a time, when this dear sword did flash
 As dreadful as the storm-fire from mine arms—
 I can scarce raise it now—yet come, fell tyrant!

And bring with thee my shame and bitterer anguish,
To end *his* work and thine! Kiuprili now
Can take the death-blow as a soldier should.

Re-enter BATHORY, with the dead body of PESTALUTZ.

BATHO. Poor tool and victim of another's guilt!
Thou follow'st heavily: a reluctant weight!
Good truth, it is an undeserved honor
That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave
A wretch like thee should find a burial-place.

[*Then observing KIUPRILI.*

'Tis he!—In Andreas' and Zapolya's name
Follow me, reverend form! Thou need'st not speak,
For thou can'st be no other than Kiuprili!

KIUP. And are they safe? (*Noise without.*)

BATHO Conceal yourself, my lord!
I will mislead them!

KIUP. Is Zapolya safe?

BATHO. I doubt it not; but haste, haste, I con-
jure you!

[*As he retires, in rushes CASIMIR.*

CASIM. (*Entering*) Monster!

Thou shalt not now escape me!

BATHO. Stop, lord Casimir!

It is no monster.

CASIM. Art thou too a traitor?

Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?

Say where is he that, trick'd in this disguise,

First lur'd me on, then scar'd my dastard followers?

Thou must have seen him. Say where is th' assassin?

BATHO. There (*Pointing to the body of PESTALUTZ*) lies the assassin! slain by that same sword

That was descending on his curst employer,

When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!

CASIM. Strange providence! what then was he who fled me?

[BATHORY *points to the Cavern, whence*
KIUPRILI *advances.*

Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man!

Would thy hand point me?

BATHO. Casimir, to thy father.

CASIM. (*Discovering KIUPRILI.*)

The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me,

Unsteady earth! Fall, dizzy rocks! and hide me!

BATHO. Speak, speak my lord! (*To KIUPRILI.*)

KIUP. (*Holds out the sword to BATHORY.*)

Bid him fulfil his work!

CASIM. Thou art Heaven's immediate minister,
dread spirit!

O for sweet mercy, take some other form,
And save me from perdition and despair!

BATHO. He lives!

CASIM. Lives? A father's curse can
never die!

KIUP. O Casimir! Casimir! (*In a tone of pity.*)

BATHO. Look! he doth forgive you!
Hark! 'tis the tyrant's voice. (*EMERICK'S voice without.*)

CASIM. I kneel, I kneel!

Retract thy curse! O, by my mother's ashes,
Have pity on thy self-abhorring child!
If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,
Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,
Permitting me again to call thee father!

KIUP. Son, I forgive thee! Take thy father's
sword;

When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
In that same instant doth thy father bless thee!

[KIUPRILI *and* CASIMIR *embrace*; *they all retire to the Cavern supporting* KIUPRILI. CASIMIR *as by accident drops his robe, and* BATHORY *throws it over the body of* PESTALUTZ.

EMER. (*Entering.*)

Fools! Cowards! follow!—or by Hell I'll make you
Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all
The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded
As gods or wood-nymphs!—

[*Then sees the body of* PESTALUTZ, *covered by* CASIMIR's *cloak.*

Ha! 'tis done then!

Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
And there lies Casimir, and our *last* fears!
Well!—Aye, well!—
And is it *not* well? For tho' grafted on us,
And filled too with our sap, the deadly power
Of the parent poison-tree, lurk'd in its fibres:
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:
The old enemy look'd at me in his face,
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

(As EMERICK moves towards the body, enter from the Cavern, CASIMIR and BATHORY.)

BATHO. (*Pointing to where the noise is, and aside to CASIMIR.*)

This way they come!

CASIM. (*Aside to BATHORY.*) Hold them in check awhile,

The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.

EMER. (*Aside, not perceiving CASIMIR and BATHORY, and looking at the dead body.*)

And ere I ring the alarum of my sorrow,

I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here

Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis!

[*Uncovers the face and starts.*]

Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!

CASIM. (*Coming forward.*)

Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!

'Tis Pestalutz; 'tis thy trusty murderer!

To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!

EMER. Curses on it, and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen

Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?

Ho! Treason! Treason!

CASIM. Then have at thee, tyrant!

[*They fight. EMERICK falls.*]

EMER. Betrayed and baffled

By mine own tool!—Oh! (*dies.*)

CASIM. (*Triumphantly.*) Hear, hear my father!

Thou should'st have witnessed thine own deed. O

Father,

Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen!

Thy sword hath conquered! As I lifted it

Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me;

Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me

And lighted on the tyrant!

Enter RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and *Attendants.*

RUD. and BATHO. (*Entering.*) Friends! friends to
Casimir!

CASIM. Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.

RUD. So perish tyrants! so end usurpation!

CASIM. Bear hence the body, and move slowly on!

One moment —————

Devoted to a joy that bears no witness,

I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen

With the two best and fullest gifts of heaven—
A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored!

[*Exeunt CASIMIR into the Cavern. The
rest on the opposite side.*

*Scene changes to a splendid Chamber in CASIMIR'S
Castle. CONFEDERATES discovered.*

1st CONFED. It can not but succeed, friends. From
this palace
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted
With such short interspace, that fast as sound
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event!

Enter another CONFEDERATE.

What tidings from Temeswar?

2d CONFED. With one voice
Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant:
He is proclaimed the public enemy,
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

1st CONFED. Just doom for him, who governs
without law!

Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall?

2d CONFED. Nothing is yet decided: but report
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renowned father——

Enter SAROLTA.

Hail to Sarolta!

SAROL. Confederate friends! I bring to you a joy
Worthy your noble cause! Kiuprili lives,
And from his obscure exile, hath returned
To bless our country. More and greater tidings
Might I disclose; but that a woman's voice
Would mar the wonderous tale. Wait we for him,
The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili;
For he alone is worthy to announce it.

*[Shouts of "Kiuprili, Kiuprili," and "The
Tyrant's fallen," without. Then enter
KIUPRILI, CASIMIR, RUDOLPH, BA-
THORY, and Attendants, after the cla-
mour has subsided.]*

KIUP. Spare yet your joy, my friends! A higher
waits you:
Behold, your Queen!

*Enter from opposite side, ZAPOLYA and ANDREAS,
royally attired, with GLYCINE.*

CONFEDS. Comes she from heaven to bless us?

Other CONFEDS. It is! it is!

ZAPO. Heaven's work of grace is full!

KIUPRILI, thou art safe!

KIUP. Royal Zapolya!

To the heavenly powers, pay we our duty first;

Who not alone preserv'd thee, but for thee

And for our country, the one precious branch

Of Andreas' royal house. O countrymen,

Behold your king! And thank our country's genius,

That the same means which have preserv'd our
sovereign,

Have likewise rear'd him worthier of the throne

By virtue than by birth. Th' undoubted proofs

Pledged by his royal mother, and this old man,

(Whose name henceforth be dear to all Illyrians)

We haste to lay before the assembled council.

ALL. Hail, Andreas! Hail, Illyria's rightful king!

ANDR. Supported thus, O friends! 'twere cowardice
Unworthy of a royal birth, to shrink

For ere she liv'd, her father sav'd *thy* life,
Thine, and thy fugitive mother's!

CASIM.

Chef Ragozzi?

O shame upon my head! I would have given her
To a base slave!

ZAPO.

Heaven overruled thy purpose,
And sent an angel (*Pointing to SAROLTA.*) to thy house
to guard her!

Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures!

(*To Andreas.*)

The sport of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim,
How many may claim salvage in thee!

(*Pointing to Glycine.*) Take her, son!

A queen that brings with her a richer dowry
Than orient kings can give!

SAROL.

A banquet waits!—

On this auspicious day, for some few hours

I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful

With flashing light, force wisdom on us all!

E'en women at the distaff hence may see,

That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free;

May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,

None love their country, but who love their home;

For freedom can with those alone abide,
Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,
Of love and duty, at their own fire-side :
While mad ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness !

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