

**Ella: An Historical Tragedy in Five Acts, by John Morrison, late Assistant Surgeon, 1st Dragoons**

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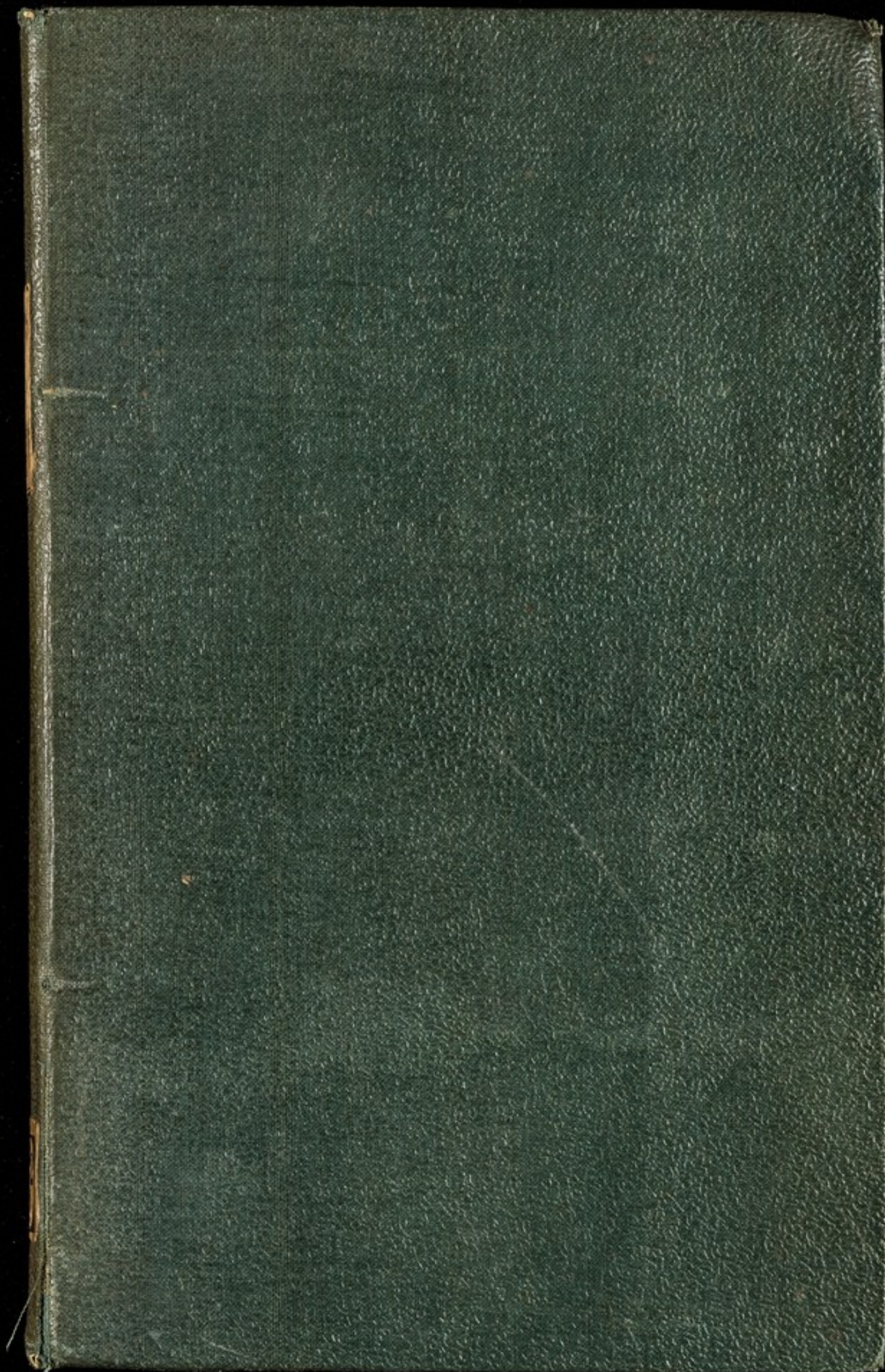
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RAME 2044

HA

*[Faint, illegible handwriting]*  
Art. Doctor



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of March 1834



ELLA:

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOHN MORRISON, A.B.T.C.D.

*late M<sup>r</sup>. Surgeon P<sup>t</sup>. Hospital.*

The man was noble,  
But, with his last attempt, he wip'd it out ;  
Betray'd his country, and his name remains,  
To the succeeding age, abhor'd.

*Coriolanus—Act v. Scene iii.*

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

GEORGE FOLDS, 1, SAINT ANDREW-STREET,

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1834.

ELIA

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

BY JOHN MITCHELL

LONDON: PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, LTD., BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

DUBLIN

GEORGE BROWN & SONS, 11, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C. 4.

1911

TO

WILLIAM VITRUVIUS MORRISON, ESQ.

Architect,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,

AS

A TRIBUTE OF UNCHANGING FRIENDSHIP,

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,

JOHN MORRISON.





## PREFACE.

---

The plot of this Tragedy was suggested to me by an anecdote which I found, in a work entitled, *Le Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes d'Amour*, (which I met with, during my residence in the south of France,) and of which, I subjoin a translation; if I have not succeeded, it has not been for want of a good subject; for I think it will be allowed, that there could not be found, one better adapted for a Tragedy, whilst referring, as it does, to an early period of our History, and commemorative of an event so important, as the first establishment of the Danes, in England; a play founded on it, must possess a strong interest for Englishmen. The Danes were never afterwards expelled from that part of Britain—the prudent Alfred thought it better to incorporate them with the rest of his subjects—they had in fact, become naturalized Britons by the length of time they had possessed the Country, and, even at this day, one recognizes in

the peculiar manners and appearance of the peasantry of Northumberland, and in their very peculiar accent, the marks of their Danish origin. In this circumstance, the wise Alfred acted differently from Ferdinand the Saint, of Spain, who in expelling the Moors from his kingdom, gave a blow to her population and industry, from which she has never yet recovered.

Here is the translation of the article above mentioned :—

“ Before England was as yet united under the dominion of  
“ a single Monarch, Osbert, King of Northumberland, kept  
“ his court at York, the capital of that extensive part of the  
“ Isle. This Prince, returning one day from hunting, stop-  
“ ped to refresh himself at the Castle of an Earl, called  
“ Bruen Bucart, whose charge it was to guard the coasts of  
“ the kingdom from the incursions of the Danes, this Lord  
“ being at the time from home, his wife, who possessed, with  
“ extreme beauty, the most engaging manners, did the  
“ honors of her castle, and received her sovereign with all  
“ the respect that was due to him. Osbert, charmed with  
“ her beauty and wit, became all of a sudden, so violently  
“ in love with her, that, without considering the conse-  
“ quences of his passion, he resolved to satisfy it, at all  
“ risques.—Under pretence of having some affairs to com-  
“ municate to the Countess, in the absence of her husband,  
“ he went with her into a remote chamber, where, the  
“ declaration of his love, joined with the most brilliant  
“ promises, being unable to seduce this virtuous woman, he  
“ took the resolution to employ force.—Neither tears,

“ prayers, cries, or reproaches, were able to restrain this im-  
“ petuous and passionate prince, who believed that his rank  
“ placed him above the consequences of vengeance.—After  
“ having triumphed over all the resistance of the Countess,  
“ Osbert left her in a state of despair, of which, she could  
“ not conceal the cause from her husband. Such an out-  
“ rageous injury was not to be pardoned ; Bruen resolved to  
“ take a most signal revenge, and employed his influence to  
“ excite a part of Northumberland to revolt—another  
“ Monarch was elected, named Ella, and the kingdom was  
“ thus divided between two kings, and two factions, that  
“ sought mutually to destroy each other.

“ But this was not as yet enough to satisfy the vengeance  
“ of Bruen, who still saw his enemy in possession of a part  
“ of his states, and listening only to the voice of rage, and  
“ forgetting what he owed to his Country, he took the fatal  
“ resolution of imploring the succour of the Danes, and of  
“ introducing those fierce enemies into his Country.

“ Passing into Denmark, he informed Ivan, who then  
“ occupied the throne, of the troubles that agitated Nor-  
“ thumberland ; nor did he dissemble the motives for hatred  
“ that he had towards Osbert, and he promised him every  
“ facility for the conquest of the Kingdom.

“ He found the Danish prince in the most happy dispo-  
“ sitions he could desire. Ivan was as much inclined to  
“ listen to Bruen, from a motive of vengeance, as from his  
“ natural feeling of ambition. Regnier, his father, having  
“ been made a prisoner in England, had been thrown into

“ a ditch filled with serpents, where he perished miserably.  
“ Such a barbarous action could not fail to inspire the King  
“ of Denmark, with an implacable hatred against the  
“ English, therefore, seizing with avidity, the occasion which  
“ presented itself, he sailed with a numerous fleet, which  
“ filled all England with dread.

“ This fatal expedition, conducted and directed by the  
“ most furious passions, cost Osbert his life, who was slain  
“ in battle. Ella, having fallen into the hands of Ivan,  
“ was flayed alive by his orders : Edmund, Prince of East  
“ Anglia, also met his fate ; the barbarous Danish Prince  
“ ordered him to be tied to a tree, and shot to death with  
“ darts. Ethelred, the first King of Kent, also received a  
“ mortal wound, in the ninth battle that took place with the  
“ Danes, in less than a year ; so that Ivan remained master  
“ of Wessex, Northumberland, and East Anglia ; (that  
“ is to say, of half of England ;) so that neither Alfred the  
“ Great, who succeeded Ethelred, nor those who mounted  
“ the throne after him, were able to expel the Danes, until  
“ the reign of Edward the Confessor.”

Such is the article from whence I have taken the plot of my Tragedy—the alterations which I have made in the story, for dramatic effect, as well as to preserve the unity of time, in some degree, will be obvious.

The French author of the above article seems to have made a mistake with respect to one circumstance, viz. in stating that England was not as yet under the dominion of one monarch. The fact is otherwise ; the Heptarchy was

dissolved by Egbert, and England was, at the time of the above event, under the dominion of Ethelred. Some of the kingdoms, however, of the ancient Heptarchy, (Northumberland particularly,) had still their petty kings, who governed their own states, but owed subjection to the monarch of the whole. He also seems to say that the Danes were expelled under Edward the Confessor; in this he is also mistaken.

I have supposed Ella to be descended from the ancient Princes of the Deiri, who possessed the southern part of the country that anciently composed the kingdom of Northumberland, comprising what is now Yorkshire.

I am borne out by history, in this supposition; the Deiri were conquered by the Kings of Northumberland, who added their country to their own dominions, and the name of Ella, occurs among the list of their Kings.

The revolt of the East Anglians is also an historical fact; a considerable body of them joined the Danes, in their attack on Northumberland.

With respect to the design of the following work, I have endeavoured to combine an adherence (but not a too servile one,) to the unities of the drama, with the melodramatic action, which seems to be the characteristic taste of the present day.

It may be objected to, as an anachronism, that I have put some of the terms of modern warfare, (derived from the French, as *vidette*, *escort*, &c.) into the mouths of my Saxon heroes—but in this view of the subject, the whole

language of the piece, (being that of the present day,) is likewise an anachronism, and I have therefore seen no good reason to reject those terms.

The same objection may be urged to my having given the Norman name to some of the places where the scene lies, (as Richmond, &c.) rather than the old Saxon term—I have only to reply, that the former appellations are generally better suited to the genius of poetry, and that I considered the circumstance as unimportant.

J. M.

10, Gloucester-street, Dublin,  
December, 1833.

PROLOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Th' immortal bard whose very name conveys  
Th' idea of those glorious early days,  
When England's sons her crimson standard bore,  
At Agincourt or Honfleur's bloody shore ;  
Shews us intrepid Henry there advance,  
Triumphant to the heart of conquer'd France—  
Each steel-clad warrior, in his magic strain,  
Before our senses seems to stand again ;  
Of York and Lancaster, the factious days  
Are once again renew'd in Shakspear's lays ;  
We see proud Edward triumph, Henry yield,  
In bloody Tewksbury's contested field—  
Each living image to our sight appears,  
Through the long vista of departed years—



The poet that now dares, with trembling hand,  
T' unrol th' historic volume of the land ;  
(To tread a path by him untrod before,)  
And paint her heroes in the field once more ;  
Seeks a far earlier page—that distant day,  
When Saxon Ethelred did bear the sway—  
Ungovern'd passion, then, and woman's charms,  
Northumberland's proud chiefs arrayed in arms,  
And gave that kingdom, (so the legend goes,)  
To the fierce rule of England's savage foes,  
The barb'rous Danes. If one soft female heart  
Shall gentle pity feel, and take a part  
In Emma's soul-felt sorrows, or a tear  
Drop on the royal Ella's bloody bier,  
That tear will well reward the poet's lays,  
'Twill be his sweetest and most flatt'ring praise—  
With awful rev'rence, he invokes the name  
Of our immortal bard, whose deathless fame  
From age to age will pass—if any pow'r  
His humble lays possess to charm the hour,  
They owe it to th' inspiring flame that glows  
In Shakspear's page, and from each line that flows.

ELLA,  
AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

AN HISTORICAL BRAGEDY.

F. L. A.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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### MEN.

OSBERT, King of Northumberland.  
ELLA, Rival King.  
UFFA, Favourite of Osbert.  
WILFRID, Favourite of Ella.  
EDMUND, Natural Son of Osbert.  
GUTHRUM, His Friend.  
IVAN, King of Denmark.  
WOLFHERE, A banished Dane.  
BRUEN BUCART, A Saxon Earl.  
THEODORE, Page to the Princess Emma.  
EDRIC, Officer in Ella's service.  
EDGAR, Creature to Uffa.  
HAFO, Warder of Flamborough Castle.  
KENRIC, Soldier in Osbert's service.

Ghost—Peasant Boy—Officers, &c. &c.

### WOMEN.

PRINCESS EMMA, Daughter of Osbert.  
COUNTESS EDITHA, Wife of Bruen Bucart.  
AGATHA, Her Daughter.  
ELFRIDA, Attendant on the Princess.  
BERTHA, Nurse to Agatha.

---

SCENE—The Ancient Northumberland.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MR.

Osbert, King of Northumberland.  
Ella, First King.  
Ella, Son of Osbert.  
Wulfstan, Son of Ella.  
Osbert, Son of Osbert.  
Osbert, His Friend.  
Ella, King of Denmark.  
Wulfstan, A Danish Dane.  
Osbert, A Danish Dane.  
Osbert, King of the Danes.  
Osbert, King of the Danes.  
Osbert, King of the Danes.  
Osbert, King of the Danes.  
Osbert, King of the Danes.  
Osbert, King of the Danes.

WOMEN.

Ella, Queen, Daughter of Osbert.  
Osbert, Queen, Wife of Osbert.  
Osbert, His Daughter.  
Osbert, Daughter of the Danes.  
Osbert, Wife of Osbert.

Osbert—The Ancient Northumberland.

# ELLA,

## AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

### ACT I.—SCENE I.

*A Chamber in an ancient Castle—a large window is open, which discovers a view of the Ocean, and the cliffs of a rocky coast—Moonlight—Editha is discovered sitting at the window in a pensive posture, habited in black velvet; beside her lies her harp.*

EDITHA.

The drowsy world is wrap'd in deep repose,  
Calm silence reigns around—the constant wave  
Alone is heard. This is a scene and night  
To soothe the soul, and elevate the mind  
Above the world, and all its petty cares.

The star of night, in solemn grandeur, walks  
Her wonted course, and silvers Flamboro's cliff's  
And Ocean's wide expanse. Yon rugged rock  
Around whose base the sparkling surges break,  
Its dusky form intrudes, and seems a stain  
In nature's splendid mirror—in *my* soul  
One black and gloomy stain for many a year,  
Its blighting mark has set, which no bright sun,  
Nor summer moon, nor Ocean's silver'd wave,  
Shall ever blanch.—Why cannot vengeance sleep,  
And leave that soul an interval of rest?  
This with'ring thought intrudes its hateful form  
In all the brightest visions of my mind,  
And turns each happier feeling of the heart  
To gall and death.—Since that curs'd hour of shame,  
(When gloomy Osbert violating all  
The sacred ties that bind a king and guest,  
Made me the victim of his brutal lust.)  
The temper of my mind has undergone  
A total change—thenceforth my only thoughts  
Have been of shame, dishonour, and of vengeance.  
In that sad hour I swore that ne'er again  
I would know joy, nor ever lay aside  
The garb of grief; till at my feet in death,  
Should gloomy Osbert expiate his crime.  
Stifling a mother's softness, I cast out  
The fruit of guilt, to perish in the waves,  
Fir'd by my wrongs, Northumberland's proud Thanés

Chose Ella for their King, (that peerless chief,  
Whose fame through England's seven Kingdoms spread,  
Has been the theme of ev'ry minstrel's song.)  
For eighteen years, has war, with bloody scourge,  
Rag'd in Northumberland's devoted land,  
And Osbert, yet unconquer'd, tho' depriv'd  
Of many a fertile vale and battled tow'r,  
Maintains the state and semblance of a King;  
Thence the last act that now disturbs my soul,  
And from my midnight pillow chases sleep.  
Urg'd on by me, of late the Danish court  
Hath Bucart sought.

*(A Horn is heard without.)*

But hark! the warder's horn:

What can this mean?—no foe from Osbert's force,  
Could gain this coast—for Ella's warriors hold  
Each pass and tow'r from hence to Tees' dark stream:  
Seaward alone can come the foe, and thence  
I only look for friends—for friends!—alas!  
That e'er that day should come, when Saxon dame  
Should look for friends in England's bitterest foes.

Enter HAFO.

HAFO.

Lady, the scouts that watch  
The Ocean, from the eastern tow'r, report  
That many ships, holding their foamy track  
Towards Humber's mouth, have just appear'd in sight:



Is it your will to light the beacon fires,  
To spread the news abroad, as is the use ?

EDITHA.

No need of that, good Hafo, 'till assured  
Whether the ships that plough the midnight deep,  
Bear friend or foe—perhaps they do but pass  
To some more southern land.

HAFO.

Lady, I fear  
They bear the Danish foe—the scouts report  
That sharp and high their forms appear, as seen  
Within the moonlight beam.

EDITHA.

Enough of this ;  
Send forth a scout to track the ocean's shore,  
To mark the progress of the stranger host.  
Should they take land, let him observe their force,  
And bring intelligence if friend or foe.  
Meanwhile secure the gates, and see that none  
From forth the castle pass, without my leave—  
You may retire.

HAFO (*aside, retiring.*)

It had not happened thus,  
In former days, when the Earl Bruen's sire

Kept watch and ward to mark the Danish foe,  
As by his office he was bound to do :  
But times are sadly changed, and much I fear,  
A dreadful ill hangs o'er this wretched land.

(Exit.)

EDITHA (*sola.*)

The Danish foe! alas I cannot cast  
A veil before my eyes; a foe it is,  
And sought by me; and ages yet to come,  
Will curse the hated name of her who call'd  
Her Country's foe, to venge her private wrongs.  
The stars begin to fade—a streak of grey  
Tinges the eastern border of the sea;  
I feel the breeze of morning on my cheeks,  
With chilly touch—I'll try awhile to drown  
Those racking thoughts in sleep; the mornings sun  
New cares will bring—but who shall see their end?

## SCENE II.

*A Terrace on the battlement of the Castle, overlooking  
the sea.*

AGATHA—BERTHA.

AGATHA.

How lovely is this summer morning, Bertha,  
How balmy is the air—each soften'd sound  
That on the zephyr's breath is borne along,  
Brings gladness to the heart; the tingling note  
Of sheep-bell from the hills, the murmuring surge,  
The frequent falling oar that moves the bark  
Of yonder fisher; each a charm affords  
To soothe the soul and banish the sad gloom  
That night's dark visions leave upon the mind.

BERTHA.

Have visions, then, disturb'd your rest, my child?  
To minds oppress'd by ills and gloomy cares  
Such phantoms are familiar; but to thine,  
Which knows no guilt nor thought of ill, I deem  
They should be strangers all, thy only dreams  
Should be of peace and joy.

AGATHA.

But those I dreamt

Last night were different far,—I thought I stray'd  
Along a stream's green banks, whose chrystal wave  
Stole murmuring by beneath the verdant hills  
That rose above; along whose sunny sides,  
Rich with their summer pasture, there appear'd  
A peaceful flock led by its guardian herd;  
His face and form were those of our good king,  
The valliant Ella; (him you know I've seen;—  
'Twas when he stopt to take refreshment here,  
As to the south he journey'd, to attack  
The Brigands of East Anglia, whom the strife  
That vexes still our land, had tempted o'er  
The boundary stream, and ravag'd then our plains;)—  
Sudden o'er the hill appear'd another flock  
Of black and rugged sheep—the shepherdess  
Was clad in sable weeds, and o'er her head  
Was cast a veil—of more than mortal height  
She seem'd—but who can paint the panic *fear*  
Fear that seiz'd upon my mind, when I perceiv'd  
Her flock was all of wolves, that, grinning wild,  
Seem'd waiting for the signal of attack!  
The shepherdess then slowly rais'd her veil;  
But Bertha, with what horror was I seiz'd,  
When as I gaz'd, with fear and wonder mix'd,  
Upon her face, her features seem'd my mother's!—

In the same moment from the hill rush'd down  
The rav'nous wolves, and springing on the flock,  
Tore down each sheep—the blood that stream'd around  
Appear'd to swell the brook, which rag'd and roar'd  
In crimson waves along.—Ella seem'd bound,  
By some dark hand unseen, with fetters round—  
Convuls'd with rage he look'd thus shackled down,  
And as I wept to see his helpless state,  
A wolf of largest size, from forth the troop,  
Rush'd out and seiz'd upon the king—I shriek'd,  
With frantic horror struck, and mad despair,  
And rushing to my mother's knees, I claim'd,  
With cries and tears, her aid to free the king—  
Sudden I heard the roar of rushing floods,  
And then felt borne along with rapid course,  
Upon a red and troubled stream.—Around  
There floated many a corse—and then I lost  
All recollection for a time—at length,  
As slowly on my senses mem'ry stole,  
Methought around I saw the spiral wreaths  
Of many an arch, and fretted roofs, and tombs ;  
All habited in white I seem'd—in doubt  
I gaz'd around—and then I judged within  
A convent's holy walls I stood—the peal,  
Deep, loud and solemn, of the convent bell  
Next struck my ear, and ev'ry moment seem'd  
Louder to grow, and from my sleep I woke,  
And heard our castle bell which toll'd to pray'rs—

BERTHA.

Banish these visions from your mind, my child—  
The secret ways of Providence are hid  
From human eyes, and tho' the ills that hang  
O'er this devoted country should be great,  
Nought rests but resignation to its will—  
This fearful vision has disturb'd my mind; (*aside.*)  
It coincides with all the ills, I dread,  
Bucart's return will bring—and this poor child—  
I fear her gentle breast has deeply felt  
The manly charms and the winning grace  
That shine so brightly round the royal Ella.

(*A horn is heard from without, which is answered  
from the Castle.*)

Hark, 'tis thy father's blast that sounds below.

AGATHA.

How welcome is that note unto my ear,—  
The cloud, that for so many days hath hung  
Upon my mother's brow, will now give place  
To smiles and sun-shine, for my sire's return;  
Let's haste and meet him Bertha; since he left  
These Tow'rs three tedious moons have pass'd away,  
And oft' in tears I've mourn'd his lengthen'd stay.

(*BERTHA who has approached the Battlement.*)

What troops are those that march o'er yonder hill?

Above their heads appears a standard vast,  
 Of om'nous import surely, for it bears  
 The figure of a raven black, and huge ;  
 In front a warrior of gigantic size,  
 A sable courser rides ; his coat of mail,  
 Seems deck'd with gold ; for as the morning beams  
 Play on each shining stud, and burnish'd plate ;  
 A flood of splendor is reflected round—  
 His pond'rous helm doth seem surmounted by  
 A royal crown.

AGATHA.

Perhaps 'tis Ella, Bertha—  
 I'll not descend until my father sends  
 My presence to require—perhaps he'll come,  
 To seek me in my chamber when the King  
 Has been received, and all the cares that now  
 No doubt possess his mind, shall leave a space  
 T' indulge a parent's love—'tis fit beside,  
 Before I am presented to the King,  
 That I should change my dress for weeds that suit  
 My Father's rank.

BERTHA (*aside*).

Poor child ! her simple heart  
 Knows no disguisement ; ev'ry thought that strikes  
 Her artless mind, is quickly told—alas ! (*aloud*)  
 I fear it is not Ella, Lady dear—

But yonder host doth plainly hold its course  
For Flamboro's tow'rs.

AGATHA (*sighs*).

Let us then descend,  
And seek my mother's chamber, where perhaps,  
My father we shall find; I long to share  
His kind embrace, and see my mother's smile—

BERTHA (*aside*).

The smile of joy will ne'er again, I fear,  
Appear on that sad cheek—I go my child.

(*Exeunt.*)

---

SCENE III.

EDITHA—BRUEN BUCART (*meeting.*)

EDITHA.

Welcome, my dearest Lord. (*embrace.*)

BRUEN.

How fares my love?



EDITHA.

In pining grief has each sad day been pass'd  
Since thy departure—

BRUEN.

I too have had my griefs, which you shall learn;—  
At present little time is left, my love,  
For a more tender theme, since close at hand  
Is Ivan, Denmark's dreaded king, who comes  
To honor, with his presence, this our tow'r;—  
This morn we landed ere the day was born,  
At Auburn's sandy bay, and straight the king  
Set forth, attended by his guard—he means  
To hold a council here—'tis to decide  
Whether 'twere better to divide his force,  
And send detachments to possess the tow'rs  
That in the East Anglian boundary Ella holds;  
Or march at once towards Stockton, where the king  
Defends the Tees' deep bank 'gainst Osbert's force—  
With him he bears that mystic standard o'er  
Whose fate 'tis said a magic pow'r presides—  
The dreaded Rasen.

EDITHA.

Oh, my Lord!—I fear  
We've been too rash—

BRUEN.

Too late that thought, my love :—

Had Ella still continued to oppose,  
With vig'rous arm, the recreant Osbert's force,  
I still had waited, in the hope that yet  
Some happy day should see the tyrant fall ;  
But when I saw him grant a shameful truce,  
Some three months back, and then a conf'rence hold  
With the vile traitor ; I withdrew my troops,  
And left the army, (which in idle sloth  
And mockery of war now guard the banks  
Of Tees' dark stream)—nay yet perhaps I'd liv'd  
In cool inaction, in the hope that still  
The day of vengeance only was defer'd—  
But when I heard the rumour that was soon  
Confirm'd by the gen'ral voice, that Ella,  
Forgetful of the hands that rais'd his throne,  
And our resolve that Osbert's death alone  
Should end the strife, was to accept the hand  
Of haughty Emma, Osbert's only child,  
Which marriage was to end the war, and thus  
Unite the claims of both ; and Osbert still  
To hold for life the kingdom's northern half,  
From Tees' steep banks to Cheviot's snowy peaks ;  
I listen'd to the voice of rage alone,  
And call'd brave Ivan to avenge my wrongs—  
Enough of this—but how fares Agatha ?

Not yet I've seen my gentle maid—her smile  
 And artless winning manners could almost  
 Chase the foul demon that still gnaws my heart.

EDITHA.

My Lord, she came to welcome your return ;  
 But as 'tis fitting she should still remain  
 Unknowing of the cares that fill our hearts ;  
 She has retir'd——

*(A flourish of trumpets is heard without, and the clashing  
 of swords and shields.)*

BRUEN.

Those are the martial sounds  
 That mark the king's approach—I go to meet  
 The monarch at the gates—my Agatha,  
 When we've received our guest, I'll gladly see ;  
 She will attend you to the hall ; 'tis there  
 I shall conduct the king—'till then farewell.

*(Exeunt.)*

## SCENE IV.

*The Court-yard of the Castle—entry of Ivan, accompanied by his troops—his banner borne by an Esquire.—The "Rasen," or Sacred Standard, exhibiting the form of a Raven, is borne by a Standard Bearer, and guarded by four Officers.—The Guards of BRUEN receive the King with presented arms and a flourish of trumpets and clashing of their swords upon their shields.—BRUEN comes forth from the Castle to receive them, accompanied by two Esquires, having taken off his armour.*

IVAN—EDMUND—GUTHRUM—BRUEN BUCART, &c.

BRUEN.

Welcome to Flamboro's tow'rs, great king; the flag  
That yonder waves denotes that here you're Lord,—

*(He points to the Danish flag that floats upon  
the walls.)*

Soon may our equal wrongs, by Osbert's death,  
Be amply veng'd, and all the tow'rs that stand  
In vast Northumberland with equal joy,  
Receive you as their chief.

IVAN.

I thank thee well ;—  
 Had Regnier, our honour'd father, found  
 An ally such as thee, he had not serv'd  
 To glut the tyrant's vengeance, which found out  
 New modes of torment to content its rage ;—  
 Cast in a fosse by hissing serpent's fill'd,  
 A horrid ling'ring death our father found ;  
 Each time the frightful image fills my mind,  
 A shudd'ring agitates my frame ; new rage  
 Springs in my mind, and makes each hour seem long  
 That still delays my vengeance.

BRUEN.

That my wrongs  
 Are also deeply felt, I need not now  
 Declare great king—for many years they've press'd  
 With unabated force upon my soul.

IVAN.

Thy wrongs I know, Earl Bucart—but e'er now  
 I should have paid my homage to the dame,  
 To 'venge whose outrag'd honour, Denmark's sons  
 To day are here in arms—I pray lead on.

(*Exeunt IVAN, &c.*)

*(The Danish Officers enter with the King; the Guards file off to the right and left, a Guard of Honour (with an Officer of each,) composed of Saxon and Danish Soldiers, is left; the Sacred Standard is borne into the Castle, guarded.)*

*(manent EDMUND and GUTHRUM.)*

GUTHRUM.

Dos't thou not, Edmund, feel compunction's qualms  
At standing here in arms against thy country?  
Thou know'st thou'rt not of Denmark's race, but brought,  
Some eighteen years are pass'd, from Britain's coast—  
I cannot say thou hast much cause to feel  
Great kindness towards thy kindred—they, 'twould seem,  
Left you full early to the Ocean's mercy;—  
I think 'twas said bold Wolfhere (who long since  
Has paid, no doubt, the forfeit of his crime,)  
Found you reposing soundly on a rock,  
Which twice each day, some fathoms deep did lye  
Below the Ocean's surface—the next tide  
Had sent you to the Christian paradise;  
Your claims to which, the cross that round your neck  
With many a knot was tied, did fully prove—  
Therefore I ween you guard it so devoutly.

EDMUND.

That I preserve that cross, arises, Guthrum,  
From no devotion to the faith it marks;

But in the hope that one day by its aid,  
 I may find out the wretch that could expose  
 A helpless infant to the Ocean's rage ;  
 Be sure no tie of kindred should prevent  
 This hand from taking vengeance of the deed !  
 For what regards the cause for which I stand  
 In arms here—ev'n though great Ivan's bounty,  
 Shewn from my tender years, did not engage  
 This hand and heart to aid him, still the wrongs  
 I suffer'd in this land, would well suffice  
 T' inspire eternal hatred to the soil.

GUTHRUM.

I did but jest, dear Edmund ; thou hast now  
 On Denmark ev'ry claim, and nothing owe  
 To your unnatural country but hate—  
 When that bold pirate Wolfhere was exil'd  
 For his wife's murder, he had late return'd  
 From his last voyage to England—(that in which  
 He sav'd you from the waves)—our monarch heard  
 Your hapless story—'twas great Regnier then  
 Who fill'd the throne—(that hapless prince who since  
 Has fall'n the victim of vile Osbert's ire)  
 Touch'd with compassion for your helpless state,  
 He prov'd himself your guardian—brought you up  
 Within his palace—since his death you've found  
 New favor with our Ivan.

EDMUND.

Was there need  
Of a fresh motive for my mortal hate  
Against this country and its tyrant Lord,  
You've urg'd it, Guthrum, when you have recall'd  
Great Regnier's cruel fate—full well I mind  
Th' impression that the horrid story made  
Upon my infant heart—for many months  
I saw, in sleep, the hideous serpents wind  
Their folds around the king—the vision left  
A stamp upon my soul and still whene'er  
The thought occurs, a shudder shakes my frame!—

GUTHRUM.

Pity it is we cannot ascertain  
The spot where Wolfhere found you on the rock;  
Himself no doubt has long since found a grave  
In Ocean's depth or in some foreign land;—  
His brave companions all embark'd with him,  
Resolv'd to share his fortune, when he bade  
His last farewell to Denmark—much I doubt  
That one remains to tell his fate—'twas said,  
I think, upon the northern coast he found you,—  
But Wolfhere's banishment, that follow'd quick  
On his return, and its so fatal cause,  
(The murder of his wife from jealous rage,)  
Distracted men's attention from your fate—



EDMUND.

All trace no doubt long since is lost—but now  
 Let's pass into the hall—I long to see  
 This Saxon Countess, whose bright charms provok'd  
 The tyrant's savage lust, and since have caus'd  
 So many ills to her unhappy land.

## SCENE V.

*The Castle Hall, the King is seated on the Dais in a chair of state, beside him sits the Countess, her daughter at her side—the Warder brings forward the keys upon a silver tray.—The Earl Bruen presents them to the King, kneeling on a velvet cushion placed at his feet—the Hall is filled by the King's attendants and the Earl's retainers.*

EDMUND—GUTHRUM—IVAN—EDITHA—AGATHA—

—BRUEN BUCART—BERTHA, &amp;c.

BRUEN.

As thy liege vassal, I present thee, Ivan,  
 The castle keys, and own thee for my lord.

IVAN.

I but receive it, Bruen, to restore  
 It back to thee again—thinking full well  
 That for my int'rest, it could not be plac'd  
 In better hands than thine—and now, my Lord,  
 This ceremony ended, we'll retire  
 To hold our council; at the which we pray  
 You to attend us—for the present hour  
 Requires dispatch—until we meet again,  
 In your remembrance let me live fair dame.

*(Salutes the Countess.)*

BRUEN.

Grant me, great king, one moment to indulge  
 A parent's feelings.—Agatha, my love,  
 Come to my arms; in my fond heart your place  
 Has never yet been vacant.—

*(Agatha throws herself into her father's arms.)*

My Liege, I'll now attend you to the hall.

IVAN.

My Lords, we shall require you all within—  
 But where's our Edmund?

*(Edmund approaches.)**(To the Countess.)* Let me first present

This youth to your kind notice—he is yet  
 Too young to aid us with his counsel; but,

A much more pleasing office I assign him,  
 In placing him near you and your fair daughter;  
 To whose bright eyes he will feel well dispos'd  
 To pay his court—should it a merit seem  
 In your's to be a Saxon, gentle dame,  
 Edmund can claim that title—to this isle  
 He owes his birth—tho' now to Denmark bound  
 By stronger ties than those this land can claim.

(*Exeunt* IVAN, BRUEN, &c. *manent* EDMUND,  
 GUTHRUM, EDITHA, AGATHA.)

EDITHA (*aside*).

Of Saxon birth! what means this sudden thrill,  
 That shakes my frame? When first I set my eyes  
 Upon this youth, a secret horror crept  
 Upon me—yet the youth is fair to view;  
 His manly port, and his commanding brow,  
 Announce a lofty soul—but his dark eye,  
 That glistens fiercely, marks a headstrong will—  
 T'was that which did repel me at the first,  
 For it recall'd to mem'ry the fierce eye,  
 Which bent its gaze on me, in days long pass'd.

EDMUND.

Permit fair dame—(*Editha starts.*)

EDITHA.

His voice too!—but I must  
 Conquer this foolish weakness that comes o'er me.

EDMUND (*who appears surprized*).

I ne'er before, fair lady, found a source  
Of pleasure in the thought, that to this land  
I ow'd my birth—but as it gives me now,  
Under the title of compatriot,  
Some claims unto your notice—'tis but just,  
I do avow, that on this score at least,  
I'm proud to claim my country.

EDITHA.

'Twould appear  
Your country has not used you kindly, since  
You thus have spurn'd her; and alas! I know  
There may be causes strong enough to damp  
The Patriot's feeling—when the land we love  
Low and degraded 'neath the iron lash  
Of despotism lies, and lost to all  
The efforts that her sons can make to save **her**;  
But that this feeling can be drowned quite  
Within the heart where virtue dwells—Oh no!  
It ne'er can be—the time may come, young man,  
When you'll regret, in bitter tears, the day  
That saw you rang'd in arms against this isle—  
I deem in early infancy you left  
Your native land?

EDMUND.

Fair lady, 'tis a theme  
 On which I do not love to dwell ; suffice  
 To say, my country has but little claim  
 Or to my gratitude or love—can you, (*to AGATHA,*)  
 Fair damsel, grant your pity to the wretch  
 Who owns himself an outcast ?

AGATHA.

If thou art  
 Unhappy, gentle youth, my pity's thine ;—  
 But still me thinks you should not hate your country ;  
 For sure no joy can habit in the soul  
 That feeds that vengeful passion—for myself,  
 I've never hated aught, nor do I think  
 My heart could give a place to ire or hate.

EDMUND.

Then, lovely maiden, with what pow'rful sway  
 Would love exert his empire in your breast ;  
 And how much joy's reserv'd for him that finds  
 The way to gain your heart.

EDITHA.

My Agatha  
 Has always liv'd retir'd, and is not yet  
 Accustom'd to the flatt'ring tales that win

The smiles of courtly dames ; which oftentimes,  
But badly mark the feelings of the heart.

EDMUND.

Believe me, madam, when I said the man  
That gains this gentle maiden's love were bless'd,  
I only spoke the feeling of my soul.

EDITHA.

Young warriors for the present we must part :  
This is an hour when other cares demand  
Each anxious thought, and little time remains  
For idler themes of gallantry—farewell.

*(Exeunt COUNTESS and AGATHA ; manent EDMUND  
and GUTHRUM.)*

EDMUND.

Had Osbert's only crime been that rash act  
Which stain'd the honor of this noble dame,  
One could almost forgive t' offence, when caus'd  
By charms so powerful ;—even now, tho' pass'd  
The bright meridian of her days, how fair  
Her beauty shines, e'en thro' the traces left  
On that fair face, by grief and gnawing care—  
How bright it must have shone in early youth,  
When her fair hand on Bruen she bestow'd ;—  
She, doubtless, then resembled Agatha—  
But the soft smile and gentle heav'nly air

Of calm content and peace, that sheds a charm  
So pow'rful o'er the daughter's angel face,  
In those commanding features never shone.

## GUTHRUM.

You speak in raptures, Edmund; one perceives  
The lover's pencil in this glowing praise;—  
The charms of lovely Agatha, I own,  
Would amply justify a lover's flame;  
But little time you'll find, I ween, t' indulge  
In am'rous transports; in a few short hours,  
We march to find the Saxon foe—beside,  
The Countess seem'd with clouded brow, to hear  
You speak the maiden's praise; a sudden gleam  
Of haughty passion shot from her dark eye;  
Which soon again she check'd—it may be mere  
Imagination, or that of't I've seen  
Your features with the same emotion glow;  
But the fair visage of the Saxon dame  
To me appeared the counterpart of your's.

## EDMUND.

Mere fancy, Guthrum—as to what regards  
The lovely Agatha; I own, I feel  
A warm interest, for that gentle maid—  
But 'tis too calm a feeling to be love—  
'Tis tender friendship rather; such as well  
To a dear sister might a brother feel—

Why should the Countess knit her haughty brow  
And throw the icy glance of cold disdain  
Upon me thus?—the place that I do hold  
In Ivan's love, might justify my choice  
Of any maiden in this Saxon land—  
And, Guthrum, to this maiden I'll impart  
The int'rest she inspires—for I shall find  
Some means to see her ere we leave these tow'rs;—  
Meanwhile the council soon will end, the king  
Perchance may need me; let's go towards the hall.

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SCENE VI.

EDITHA—AGATHA.

EDITHA.

Perhaps my Agatha, we soon may leave  
These tow'rs, where hitherto, your peaceful youth  
In calm content has pass'd, unshaken yet  
By baneful passion's stormy gusts—and soon,  
The world's wild giddy torrent may disturb  
The soft repose that happy breast has known.—  
To follow in the train of glitt'ring war,



My Agatha must be prepar'd—the Prince  
 That late you've seen, tomorrow's dawn will view  
 Leading his force to crush the rebel bands  
 That bow beneath the tyrant Osbert's rule—  
 It were unsafe, when war, with all the rage  
 That rival factions shew, disturbs the land,  
 To hold this castle ; we must safety seek  
 Beneath the banner of the stranger king—  
 Thy father, 'gainst whose life, with equal hate,  
 Each rival faction's arm will now be rais'd,  
 A high command will hold in Denmark's force ;  
 And soon, I hope, a happier day will dawn  
 On this unhappy land.

AGATHA.

It is to aid  
 Our Ella, that this stranger King is come ?  
 Is it not so my mother ?

EDITHA.

No my love ;  
 Ella has broke the bonds that did unite  
 His fortunes with our house, and means to wed  
 Emma, the tyrant Osbert's daughter, whom  
 He long, it seems, has lov'd—his fate  
 Is now with Osbert's join'd.

(AGATHA appears much agitated, and sinks, at length,  
 upon a chair.)

But you grow pale  
My Agatha; what ails my dearest child?

AGATHA.

My mother—must the hapless Ella too  
Abide the rage of this fierce foe? Alas!  
And can he have deserv'd to share the fate  
Of Osbert, whom a tyrant oft' you've nam'd?  
Ella, I thought, was valiant, mild, and good,—  
I oft' have heard my father speak his praise—  
His looks methinks, bespeak a gen'rous soul.

EDITHA (*muses*).

What means this strange emotion Agatha?  
I ne'er before, have seen you thus disturb'd—  
Can Ella's fate thus deeply int'rest you,  
Who scarce have seen him once—I see there is  
A deeper int'rest by these tears betray'd  
Than aught a subject's love demands—my child,  
I fear a new distraction is prepar'd  
For this sad heart—if Ella has your love—  
From me this passion you've 'till now conceal'd?

AGATHA.

This breast no feeling ever yet has known,  
Which from my mother I have wish'd to hide—  
The royal Ella's virtues I have heard  
For many years, the theme of ev'ry tongue;

And felt an int'rest in the hero's fate—  
 Long ere these eyes beheld him, had his form  
 Been trac'd in fancy's mirror, and I found  
 That ev'ry manly grace I pictur'd there,  
 Was far surpass'd, when I the hero saw.

EDITHA.

You may retire, my child—my mind's disturb'd  
 By heavy cares—each hour a new one brings.

(Exit AGATHA.)

EDITHA (*sola*).

In love with Ella! 'twere indeed a weight  
 The heaviest far for this sad heart to bear;—  
 For soon that hapless prince must share the lot  
 Of Osbert—he deserves a better fate—  
 If virtue, valour, loftiness of soul,  
 Could give a claim to empire, he might rule  
 O'er the sev'n kingdoms that now own the sway  
 Of Ethelred. Why did he seek the love  
 Of haughty Emma, and desert the cause  
 That plac'd Northumbria's crown upon his head?  
 And why, forgetful of the ancient wrongs  
 His house sustain'd from Osbert's race, (when Oswin,  
 Last hapless prince of royal Deir's line,  
 Receiv'd his death from cruel Osway's hand,  
 Who on his brow the crown of Deiria set,  
 Does Ella stoop to form a league with him

Whose fathers crush'd the fortunes of his house?  
Oh! had I seen the tyrant Osbert fall'n  
By Ella's arm—the passion that now fills  
My Agatha's soft bosom, had not pierc'd  
This soul with anguish; for no lot had been  
With happier prospects grac'd for that dear child,  
Than to have been the royal Ella's bride—  
But that's now o'er—far other fate perhaps  
Is for my Agatha reserv'd—my thoughts  
Recur, I know not why, to that strange youth  
Whom Ivan did present to me to-day;—  
I know not why—that youth I dread—he seems  
Impetuous, headstrong, violent of will;—  
But each new object is a cause of fear  
To me of late. An effort I must make  
To calm this transport of the soul, and shew  
That cool decision which the time requires.

## SCENE VII.

*A Garden of the Castle—Moonlight—AGATHA, BERTHA—  
(AGATHA is seated in a pensive posture, leaning on her  
arm, which she supports on the balcony, BERTHA stands  
beside her.)*

BERTHA.

Cease to indulge this useless grief, my child :—  
The royal Ella's fate is in the hands  
Of him who changes empires as he wills ;—  
Beside, 'twere far unworthy of a maid  
Of noble Saxon blood, t' indulge her love  
For one, whose heart another maiden claims.

AGATHA.

Bertha, the love I bear to royal Ella  
Is founded on his virtues, and in nought  
Affected by his passion for fair Emma—  
I love in him the warrior and hero ;  
And were he glory or renown to gain  
By wedding Emma, I should gladly hear  
Those nuptials were accomplish'd.

BERTHA.

Oh, my child,  
Your spotless soul as yet a stranger is  
To passion's force—Oh! may you never know  
The pangs that wait on unrequited love.—  
But hark! I hear the sound of feet, and see  
Two Danish lords approach—but they should not  
Have broke, unask'd, on your retirement thus.

(*Enter EDMUND and GUTHRUM.*)

EDMUND.

Pardon this rude intrusion, gentle maid,  
On your repose—within the hour we part,  
And I have snatch'd a moment, ere I go,  
To say farewell, and ask if you will grant  
A place in your esteem to one that feels  
A brother's int'rest towards thee.

AGATHA.

Gentle youth,  
I thank thy courtesy—my heart's dispos'd  
To offer thee its friendship: thy quick speech

I deem the index of a noble soul,  
That hates disguise and gives its thoughts to read,  
To all the world.

EDMUND.

Fairest of Saxon maids,  
With joy I hail the happy boon you grant ;  
And let me hope that time may closer knit  
Our kindred feelings—still I would request  
Some gage to mark the friendship you've bestow'd,—  
The precious gift upon my helm I'd bear,  
Amidst the battle strife—'twould nerve my arm  
To deeds should make me worthy your esteem.

AGATHA.

Edmund, you've rous'd a thought that wounds my soul !—  
No gift of mine shall e'er adorn the brow  
That stands oppos'd to royal Ella, whom  
With all a subject's love I do revere ;—  
Alas ! I wish another cause had arm'd  
Each friend of mine, than that which ev'ry thought  
My infant mind has known, (and which till now  
Each friend approv'd,) would lead me to oppose.

EDMUND.

For Ella, then your vows arise, fair maid ?—  
His valour and his nobleness of soul

Have often been the theme in Denmark's court ;—  
Much I lament that now his cause is join'd  
With the vile traitor Osbert's, whom to crush,  
Has Ivan sought this land—but should the chance  
Of doubtful war give me to ward the blow  
Of foeman struck at royal Ella's life,  
Be sure a friendly arm he'll find in mine.

AGATHA.

Spoke like the youth I'm proud to call my friend !  
Accept this bracelet—it is friendship's gage ;  
In ev'ry prayer I breathe for Ella's cause,  
The name of Edmund shall be join'd to his.

*(A trumpet is heard.)*

GUTHRUM.

Edmund, the trumpet sounds that calls us hence,—  
Let us away—Ivan must not await us.

EDMUND.

Farewell then, gentlest maiden of this Isle ;  
May all the guardian spirits that protect  
Beauty and worth, watch o'er thy daily path.

*(Kisses her hand, and exit.)*



AGATHA.

'Tis strange the interest this youth inspires!—  
I felt, when first I saw him, as though long  
We'd been acquainted; yet no passion marks  
Th' affection he inspires; and if I had  
A brother, I should love him thus, I think.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT THE SECOND.

## SCENE I.

*The Garden of Rokeby Castle—EMMA—ELLA—ELFRIDA.  
—(ELLA and EMMA are seated.—ELFRIDA sits at some  
distance from them.*

ELLA.

What cause for sadness can my princess have?  
Fierce war will soon give o'er, and gentle peace  
Pour calm content o'er many a troubled breast,  
Which late a lover or a husband's fate  
Has fill'd with anxious fears—to none more bright  
Than to your Ella, seems this prospect fair.—  
Since that bless'd day when fav'ring fortune made  
Me master of fair Richmond's tow'r, (which then  
Contain'd the treasure of my Emma's form ;)

E 3

Each day that saw the war prolong'd, has seem'd  
An age of pain to me—my Emma learnt  
Full soon the secret of my heart, and deign'd  
To hear her lover's vows without a frown—  
Since to your father's court restor'd, how oft'  
My steps have sought, through night's dark path, the way  
That led me to your feet ; what happy hours  
Have witness'd Rokeby's woods and Raby's tow'rs ;  
To which my secret path and this disguise  
New charms have lent—soon will disguise give place,  
And soon, I trust, my Emma's hand reward  
Her Ella's passion—I have now agreed  
To yield to Osbert Richmond's fertile vale,  
And ev'ry tow'r I've won since Rippon's field ;  
Reserving to myself the lands alone,  
Which form'd the ancient kingdom of the Deiri,  
The old possession of my race—the truce  
Which late we have concluded, hail'd with joy  
Thro' vast Northumberland, is blam'd alone  
By Bruen Bucart ; his mad rage for blood  
Is fed by gloomy Editha, his spouse,  
Whose unrelenting heart has nurs'd for years  
The fires of dark revenge and gloomy hate—  
He must be watch'd—the rumour of the peace  
Has drawn him from my camp—in Flambro's tow'r  
I deem'd he fed his ire ; but late I've learnt  
That two months back he did pretext a voyage

Into East Anglia, since when no news  
Has of his steps been heard—but soon I'll learn  
What project he has form'd—I little dread  
Aught that from Bruen Bucart's rage can rise.

## EMMA.

Ella, I know not why my soul rejects  
The pleasing hopes the time would seem to shew ;—  
I feel a weight upon my heart, in vain  
I try to shake it off ; each night in dreams  
The saddest scenes are present to my view ;  
Deep streams across my path that seem to glide ;  
Wide spreading heaths, on which lies many a corse  
Of warrior slain, and garments stain'd with blood ;  
The flight of this dark man alarms me too ;  
I fear you underrate his pow'r—from him  
The troubles of this land did take their rise,  
And though he plac'd the sceptre in your hand,  
Beware, my Ella, lest he find the means  
To snatch it thence again—Osbert I've heard  
Speak of him as a man of gloomy mind,  
Desp'rate of purpose, little recking though  
The blow that sinks his foe should crush himself ;  
His wife, the haughty Editha, has claims  
You know, to royal blood and nothing yields  
In daring purpose to the Earl, her mate—  
Nay by her desp'rate counsels it is said,

Was Bruen first determin'd to revolt—

*(a whistle is heard.)*

Hark! did you hear yon sound? Elfrida haste

And see what step approaches—oh, my Ella!

When aught occurs to tear the ties that bind

*(throws herself into his arms.)*

Thy Emma's heart to thine, her life shall end—

I know the world esteems me proud and deems

That soft affection's throb I ne'er have known;

'Tis true until my Ella's winning grace

First mov'd this heart to love—I still had felt

Alike indifferent to all his sex.

ELLA.

My charming Princess, could the heart that beats

Within this breast be open'd to your view,

Each thought that habits there you'd find was yours—

Meanwhile dismiss these fears, the sound you've heard

Is Wilfrid's signal, who keeps watch without.

*(re-enter ELFRIDA.)*

ELFRIDA.

My Lord, a warrior is without who seeks

To speak with you—he bears, he says, some news

Of deepest import; at his side a knight

Who seems but late arriv'd—his steed with foam

Is cover'd quite and seems to have perform'd  
A long and rapid course.

ELLA.

I go my love  
To learn what tidings have been brought; full soon  
I shall return—calm your fears, my Emma.

EMMA.

Ella, if any love you bear me, stay;  
My fate is join'd with yours and I *must* know  
What new event has happen'd—Elfrida,  
Conduct Lord Wilfrid here—Ella, as yet  
The temper of my mind you know not; when  
The hour demands my firmness, I can hide  
A woman's fears—a maid of royal blood  
Plac'd by her rank above the crowd, should be  
Also superior to her sex's weakness—

*(enter Wilfrid who appears to hesitate.)*

My Lord, your news you may impart; I guess  
Some sad event has happen'd—we're prepar'd  
To know the worst—declare it then at once.

ELLA.

Obeys the Princess, Wilfrid—what's your news?

WILFRID.

My Lord, a courier is arriv'd from York,  
He does announce the landing of the Danes,  
In number far beyond all past attempts  
They yet have made—their fleet now rides secure  
Within the Humber—Yesternorn their troops  
Were disembark'd, and 'tis suppos'd began  
Their march last night towards York—  
Join'd by a reinforcement of East Anglians,  
Who cross'd the river yesterday at Barton ;  
Protected by the Danish force—'tis said,  
The dreaded Ivan leads those troops in person ;  
With him the traitor Bruen Bucart's join'd,  
Who late has sought the Danish court, whilst we  
Suppos'd him in East Anglia ; where indeed  
He first fomented the revolt that caus'd  
That People to assist the Danes—I fear  
That York can make but small resistance to  
This unforeseen attack—the Garrison  
Has lately been much weaken'd by the drafts  
That joined our camp at Allerton.

EMMA.

Alas !

This is sad news, my Ella ; see the fruits  
Of civil strife—a land that madly sees

Her children's blood stream forth for faction's cause,  
And thus her vital strength drain'd off, becomes  
The fierce invader's prey—ye kings of earth !  
Be your first care to gain your subjects' love ;  
Be sure that if ye reign not in their hearts,  
Your empire's most unstaple.

ELLA.

Wilfrid, straight

Demand an audience of the King—from me  
Impart those tidings to him—I shall hope  
To see his troops at Allerton forthwith—  
Where I shall wait their coming—say the hour  
Demands despatch, our civil strife *must* cease,  
The cause of both requires that we oppose  
Th' invader's further progress—You'll proceed  
Next to the Army on the Tees, and cause  
The troops that guard the river, with all speed,  
To march towards Allerton—already day  
Begins to break—I hope tomorrow's dawn  
Will see our march against the Danish foe ;  
York may as yet be saved—we part my love  
But for a season—when this haughty foe,  
That now our country's soil profanes, we've chas'd  
Forth from the land, your Ella will return  
To lay his proudest laurels at your feet.



EMMA (*sobbing*).

Farewell, my Ella—'tis our country's cause  
That calls you now—your glory and your fame  
Are far too dear to Emma, to permit  
That she should press your stay—my father straight  
I'll see and urge him to lead forth his troops;  
Adieu once more—(*embrace*)

Should our last happy hour  
Have shone, my Ella; let us prove at least,  
That souls like ours, unaw'd by fortune's frowns,  
Can rise superior to the ills around them.

ELLA.

Farewell, my Princess, death alone shall tear  
Your image from a heart that's wholly yours.

(*Exeunt.*)

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SCENE II.

OSBERT—UFFA.

OSBERT.

This is indeed a blow unlook'd for, Uffa;  
That villain Bucart! who could e'er suspect

This dreadful trait of vengeance at his hands ?  
What course shall we pursue ? to let the foe  
Advance into the land, were to betray  
Our proper cause and madly run the risk  
To lose both crown and life—you know the hate  
Ferocious Ivan bears us, since the hour  
That saw that curs'd old pirate, Regnier, pay  
The forfeit of his crimes—and to unite  
Our troops with Ella's force, and thus afford  
Another triumph to that hated chief,  
Whom to destroy has long been the sole aim  
And object of my actions—'twere a course  
Pregnant with ills more cutting to my soul ;  
Thy fertile mind already did suggest  
The means to draw advantage from the ills  
That lately threaten'd us—Can'st thou not find  
A remedy for this ?

UFFA.

Such may be found my Liege ;  
Ella's impetuous valour will afford  
Some fair occasion, which we shall not miss,  
To sell him to the foe—be it our care  
To watch the fitting time—the chance of war  
May such afford ere long—one bar there is  
Which may oppose our project quite.

OSBERT.

A bar!

Where doth it lie?

UFFA (*hesitatingly*).

My Liege, I fear to touch

Upon this matter; it is one that doth  
Concern the honour of your house and ill  
Becomes a subject's tongue to speak of.

OSBERT.

How!

The honor of my house! thy words would seem  
T' involve the Princess Emma! what of her?  
I've ever found her duteous and discreet;  
Full well I know her heart, and can be sworn  
No thought of treason ever enter'd there—  
Declare then briefly what impediment  
My daughter can produce, or what concern  
She claims in this affair.

UFFA.

Far be't from me

To glance at aught like treason, or infuse  
Suspicion in your mind against the fame  
Or honor of the Princess—I should fail  
However in the duty that I owe

Unto your Majesty, did I conceal  
My knowledge of the love that she doth bear  
To Ella.

OSBERT.

Love to Ella! art thou then  
Assur'd that she in fact doth bear him love?  
I did suppose her heart had never known  
That passion; but that Ella! whom she's heard  
Nam'd as my bitterest foe, e'en from her years  
Of infancy, should have inspir'd it first,  
Is what I little dreamt of—when I nam'd  
His suit to her, I deem'd it fit to urge  
Reasons of state, as motives to induce  
Compliance to my will—what proof have you  
That she doth love him?

UFFA.

I possess, my Leige,  
Of that the fullest proofs; nay, I'm afraid  
That they do correspond in secret, since  
She did return from Richmond, where she was  
The traitor's pris'ner—but to put the fact  
Beyond the reach of doubt, does but require  
That from herself your Majesty should gain  
Th' avowal of her passion; I mistake  
The Princess much if she doth try to hide  
The flame she glories in.

OSBERT.

Should it be so,

It were most fitting that we do provide  
 Against the evils that her love produce ;—  
 Her active mind full soon would penetrate  
 Our secret purpose, and (forewarn'd by her,)  
 Ella would shun the snare we do design  
 To lay for his destruction—it behoves  
 Meanwhile that we determine, or to join  
 Our troops with his t' oppose the common foe,  
 Or that we leave him singly to sustain  
 Their first attack, and act as the event  
 Shall then decide us.

UFFA.

I do hold it best

Your Majesty at present do avoid  
 T' excite suspicion in the rebel's mind ;  
 It might be fatal to you and would mar  
 The project we have form'd ; for what regards  
 The Princess, 'tis more difficult to find (*musings*)  
 A fitting council—'tis a case that calls  
 For much deliberation—true her heart  
 Is giv'n to Ella, and 'tis said that love  
 Subdues within the breast he rules, each thought  
 That's foreign to the object lov'd—yet still  
 As father and as king, your int'rests claim  
 A right superior—would 'twere given to know

The secret workings of the human heart !  
Or to anticipate the march of time  
And in the future's dark perspective, catch  
A transient view to guide our steps ; and now !  
I do bethink me of a seer, that once  
I did encounter in this province ; 'tis  
I think some five years back—I chanc'd to lose  
My way in hunting, and a shelter sought  
Within a peasant's hut—in rustic phrase,  
Of a lone hermit's praise he did discourse,  
That in the forest dwelt—he said his skill  
Did reach beyond the ken of other men,  
And that to him was giv'n to read th' events  
Hid in the womb of time—I did engage  
The peasant to conduct me to the spot  
Where dwelt this seer, with whom some speech I held—  
Could I induce the king to seek this man, (*aside*)  
In his wild wandering words, perchance I'd find  
Some motive to alarm his fears, and bring  
His mind unto the purpose that I wish.

OSBERT (*musings*).

Where dwells this seer ?

UFFA.

Not far from hence, my Liege,  
On Cumberland's wild frontier, is a wood,  
Within whose oaken shades, it is believ'd,

In times long pass'd, (ere yet our ancestors  
Possess'd this land,) the Druids held their rites ;  
Deep in its sombre woody depths, a stream,  
That winds in rocky mazes thro' a glen,  
Falls o'er a clifly height with sullen roar,  
And deep beneath, its waters are receiv'd  
Within a basin, form'd by natures hand—  
Amongst the dripping rocks that rise around,  
Cover'd with moss and creeping water plants,  
That hang in verdant festoons down, appears  
A yawning cave ; in which, for many years,  
The solitary man has dwelt remote  
From human footsteps—with mankind he holds  
But little commerce—the rude rock his couch,  
The stream his only drink : this rugged life  
And unremitted penance have induc'd  
The shepherds to esteem him as a saint,  
And to his cave they bring, from time to time,  
The offerings of food, which he accepts  
With humble gratitude, and in return,  
Gives them his counsel in the ills that fall  
On body or on mind, and oft' they've prov'd  
The good his skill and prudent counsel bring—  
His speech denotes that to a foreign land  
He owes his birth—around his furrow'd brow  
The hand of time and gnawing cares have set  
Their snowy marks ; but in his eagle eye  
And lofty port, one still may see the chief

That once the battle led, or counsel gave  
At boards where kings have sat.

OSBERT.

I'll seek this man ;—

Uffa, prepare t' attend me ; in an hour  
We shall depart—seek a sufficient guide  
To lead us thro' the mazes of the wood ;  
We'll go in garb of hunters, to avoid  
The curious gaze—I wish, beside, to try  
If the seer's skill can pierce through my disguise ;  
Meanwhile, inform the Princess that I wish  
To see her here ;—(*exit* UFFA.)

This will at least break off  
Her marriage with bold Ella for a time ;  
Perhaps it may afford the means to crush  
That haughty rebel, whom my soul abhors—  
His late success has forc'd me to give ear  
To his proposals—but when Emma's hand  
Shall grace that rival of my pow'r, the gift  
To him shall be most deadly ! for I mean  
To use it as my means of vengeance ;—yet,  
I'd gladly spare the deed to Emma, whose  
Fair soul as yet is spotless—it would seem (*musings*)  
Uffa is well inform'd ; for I've observ'd  
That since she was his pris'ner, she appears  
To hear his praise with pleasure—not as yet  
Does she suspect my hidden purpose ; but



I now shall sound her secret feelings, and  
If she should cherish towards her father's foe  
Aught that's to love allied—'twould give me cause  
To watch her closely ; for I know her soul,  
'Tis lofty and unyielding, and whene'er  
Passion shall there take root, 'twill be in vain  
To strive to pluck it forth.

*(Enter EMMA, preceded by an attendant, who retires.)*

OSBERT.

Emma, you've learnt  
No doubt, the tidings that have spread alarm  
Throughout this wretched land, so long the scene  
Of fierce contention and of civil strife—  
Had bold rebellion ne'er its impious hand  
Rais'd 'gainst the sovereign, and drain'd the blood  
Of my best subjects, we had been prepar'd  
With better prospect of success, to face  
The foe that now invades our land—the pomp  
Of idle nuptials must be now defer'd—  
E'en from misfortune's self some good may rise ;  
Perhaps we'll find in this event the means  
To break this forc'd alliance off for ever.

EMMA *(starts)*.

A forc'd alliance ! I had ne'er suppos'd,  
It had been thus displeasing to my sire ;—

I look'd upon it as the harbinger  
Of lasting peace to this unhappy land,  
And felt most happy that my destiny  
Had made me thus the bond of harmony  
And seal of love between your rival claims.

OSBERT.

Say rather, Emma, you felt happy thus  
To give your hand to him that had your heart;—  
Unnatural daughter ! could'st thou e'er suppose  
That to the rebel Ella I could owe  
Aught else but hate, or entertain a thought  
To treat him on the footing of a peer—  
Restore my daughter to me—say that ne'er  
This traitor had your heart !

EMMA.

Did I say so,  
I should belie that heart most vilely, sire—  
No heart, uncallous to the pow'r that worth,  
That dignity of soul and valour own,  
To spread a glorious lustre o'er the man  
In whom they shine conspicuous as in him,  
Could e'er deny that hero its esteem—  
I listen'd only to the voice of fame,  
That loudly spoke his praise, and I admir'd  
The glorious warrior ere I saw the man ;—  
But when the fate of war had made your child

His captive, and his courteous cares had spread  
 A thousand charms o'er my short detention,  
 Which did enable me to see more near  
 The royal Ella's virtues; when restor'd  
 Again unto your arms, without a thought  
 Of the advantage which he might have claim'd,  
 By holding me his pris'ner; then I felt  
 Esteem had ripen'd into love—the truce  
 Soon follow'd this event, and Ella's suit  
 I need not now recal—by you, my Liege,  
 I was inform'd that he had claim'd my hand;  
 (Nor did you speak of hatred *then* towards Ella,  
 Nor e'er demand the secret of my heart)—  
 I were unworthy of the rank I hold  
 And of the blood that fills my veins, did I  
 Conceal the feeling that I bear him now;  
 You know my heart, my father; no event  
 That time can bring shall tear my love from him—

OSBERT.

I know it well, proud Princess, and shall guard  
 Against that fiery spirit—thou would'st tear  
 The crown from off thy father's head to deck  
 Thy minion's brow.

EMMA (*falls at his feet*).

Oh! speak not thus, my father;  
 Th' impetuous feelings of my heart perhaps

Have caus'd me to express myself with warmth ;  
My mother's temper's mine, when passion's spark  
Inflames my breast, my thoughts rush forth at once,  
Nor wait 'till prudence fashion them in words,  
More fitting to the time—I ne'er have shown  
A thought could lead my father to suspect  
The love I bear him.

OSBERT.

To another time  
We will refer this matter—to consult  
A seer, whose prophecies have spread his fame  
Throughout the land, to-day I go—'tis said,  
That to some mortals it is giv'n to read  
The dark decrees of fate—'twere well to know  
The evils that hang o'er us ; thus forewarn'd,  
We may perchance avert the evil blow,  
Or mitigate, at least, its force.

EMMA.

My sire,  
Far be't from me (that own the feeble force  
Of my weak judgment, when compar'd to your's,)  
T' oppose in aught your sage resolves—permit  
That I remind you only that the hour  
Which passes, sees the enemy advance,  
With rapid foot, and that the time employ'd

To seek this seer, is all to action lost—  
I own, I doubt it is to mortals giv'n  
To pierce the veil that the dark future screens ;  
Nor would such knowledge profit aught, I ween—  
Were the glad visions that fair hope displays  
Deck'd in her own bright hues, thus torn away,  
And in their place, the soul appalling view  
Of dark adversity, to fill the scene ;  
The spring of human actions would be rent ;  
The soul, oppress'd beneath the dreadful weight  
Of overbearing ills, would lose her force,  
And all the varying movements, hopes and fears  
Now give to human actions, cease at once ;  
A never varying sullen torpor then  
Would press the minds of men, and each estrang'd  
From warm affection's throb, from friendship's ties,  
And all the passions that give life to life,  
In gloomy sadness plung'd, would wait the hour  
To suffer and to die—why should'st thou seek  
Such knowledge, then, my father ? rather lead  
With hope to gild the scene, your troops to join  
The heroes valiant Ella heads, who now  
Awaits your coming—in the glorious cause  
Of our dear country, drown a rival's hate !  
And let your name be handed down with his  
To after ages, deck'd with the renown  
That waits the saviour of the land he rules !

OSBERT.

Thy thoughts are still but Ella's, I shall choose  
The time most fitting to lead forth my troops,  
And though *thy* wisdom makes thee thus despise  
The gifted knowledge of the seer, 'twill not  
Divert me from my purpose—'till we meet  
Again, farewell—she must be strictly watch'd. (*aside.*)

EMMA (*sola*).

Is it then so? and can a rival's hate  
Thus lead my father to neglect the cause  
On which his fate depends? the cause that claims  
Each Saxon sword and heart—the cause of Ella;—  
I fear that this delay will fatal prove—  
A messenger I will despatch, t' apprise  
My Ella of the cause which thus retards  
The succours he expects; his gen'rous soul,  
The seat of ev'ry frank and loyal feeling,  
Will ne'er suspect that in a time like this,  
A selfish narrow passion could find place  
Within a monarch's breast, and make him weigh  
His private spleen against his country's good.  
(*exit* EMMA.)

## SCENE III.

*A Wood—a rocky wild Glen and Waterfall—the remains of a Druid's Temple on the height above. Enter WOLF-HERE, who has descended from his cave.*

## WOLFHERE.

How many summers have I listen'd thus  
To the hoarse sullen roar of thy dark flood,  
And watch'd the curling eddies as they wheel'd  
In yon deep pool—how many summers' suns  
I've seen from yonder cliff descend below  
The distant western hills, whilst the calm breeze  
Of ev'ning sigh'd with rustling sound amongst  
The lofty oaks—awak'ning many a thought  
Allied to former days, when life was young ;  
When the cold heart that slumbers in this breast  
Felt the wild throbs of glory and of love—  
Both gone for ever ! Now in life's decline,  
Far from a world where I have play'd my part,  
Perhaps with some renown, far from the land  
That saw my happy days, each tie dissolv'd  
That form'd the charm of life ; on this wild rock  
I sit, and pass the few remaining days  
Ere this poor faded form shall find a grave,

In thinking o'er the past. Is this the form  
That once could please *her* eye whom mem'ry still  
Presents with ev'ry blooming youthful grace  
That deck'd her then ; when candour had its seat  
In that soft heart, ere life had taught her guile ?  
Those happy days are gone long since—to love  
Wild fury has succeeded—this mad hand  
Cut short *thy* life—and at my feet I've seen  
Bath'd in her blood, the being that I lov'd ;  
And from the heart that lov'd me *once*, I've seen  
Stream forth the tide of life—unhappy wretch ! (*sobs*)  
I said this heart was cold to feeling's touch—  
Nor age nor misery will ever blunt  
The bitter pang this thought calls forth—

*(throws himself upon the ground)*

Alas !

Why didst thou then betray me ? thou who knew'st  
This wretched heart, alike the stormy seat  
Of fierceness and of weakness—of wild rage  
And melting softness—that had never lov'd  
Aught else but thee ? how could'st thou then expect  
That I could see my only earthly good  
And source of joy, thy love, thus snatch'd from me ?

*(after a pause.)*

And art thou gone, my Acca ? could'st thou be  
Again restored to me, I'd try to drown  
The mem'ry of the past, and once again  
We might be happy.



*(Enter OSBERT and UFFA, from the wood.)*

UFFA.

'Tis the seer, my Liege ;  
 See where he lies entranc'd, whilst visions rise  
 Before his soul, thus sever'd for a time  
 From objects visible—the airy forms  
 That time as yet conceals, are shadow'd there,  
 In colours indistinct—the fleeting shades  
 Scarcely defin'd, a glimpse alone afford ;  
 And thus a doubtful and ambiguous phrase  
 Always involves the prophet's speech, and leaves  
 The sense uncertain—a faint gleam to guide  
 The wand'rer's steps, that throws its feeble light  
 On objects vast, but many a yawning chasm  
 Leaves 'neath his feet, within whose sombre depths  
 Its ray wants force to penetrate—but see !  
 He wakens from his trance—

OSBERT.

Let us approach—

WOLFHHERE.

What can have led these strangers here to break  
 On my soul's sorrow? by their garb 'twould seem  
 That they were hunters—but the haughty mien  
 And scowling eye that mark the elder, show

His breast the seat of angry passions, such  
As tear the soul of him that's daily vers'd  
Within the world's mad vortex—I had hop'd  
Such men I ne'er again should see—to me  
Their cares or joys alike are strangers now—  
I own no kindred feeling, and I wish  
To shun all commerce with them.

OSBERT.

We have come,  
Led by the fame your wisdom has acquir'd,  
Among the rustic tenants of these wilds,  
To seek your counsel and demand if aught  
Your skill can aid us to foresee th' event  
Of a great peril that hangs o'er us—say  
If human efforts can avail to stem  
The tide of ills that threatens us around.

WOLFHERE (*after a pause*).

Our passions are the cause of all our ills;  
In them you'll find the cause of the mishaps  
That now oppress thee.

OSBERT (*aside*).

He has well devin'd—  
It little boots howe'er to know the cause  
Of my misfortunes; teach me to avoid  
The blow that threatens me.

WOLFHERE (*abstractedly*).

Hast thou a wife?

OSBERT.

The tomb long since has clos'd upon her.

WOLFHERE.

Then

'Tis from thy offspring doubtless that the blow  
Will come that's meant to crush thee—for the thing  
That best we love is baneful to us!

OSBERT.

Ha!

'Tis as I thought—I must secure her then  
Until the crisis of my fate be pass'd—  
But yet thou hast not any counsel giv'n—  
Know then within my kingdom the fierce Danes  
Approach with hostile steps, by Ivan led,  
And he that now addresses thee is Osbert.

WOLFHERE (*starts—then speaks aside*).

The Danes by Ivan led!—how these few words  
Rouse my long dormant feelings!—can it be  
That in this heart a spark of ancient fire  
Lies hidden still? yes, I would Ivan see;  
His early youth gave promise of renown

In Regnier's days, who has, no doubt, long since  
The debt of nature paid—there still perhaps  
Exist some ancient friends who yet retain  
The memory of Wolfhere and his deeds  
Within this Saxon land—'twere glorious too  
To end this life with honor and to drown  
The mem'ry of the act that drove me forth  
An exile from my country with disgrace,  
In some bold act worthy my former fame.

OSBERT.

His mind appears disturb'd—what can have caus'd  
This prompt emotion? still I do attend  
Thy answer, seer—say, therefore, cans't thou see  
The issue of this strife?

WOLFHERE (*exultingly*).

Th' event depends  
Upon the God of battles—but the fates  
Favour the Danes—Oh! King, they are not us'd  
To turn the back upon the foe they seek—  
My counsel to thee is, to arm thy troops,  
And lead them to the foe—'tis valour's part  
To turn the doubtful scale of victory—  
No further can my counsel profit thee.

OSBERT.

Farewell then—let us haste to join our guide ;  
We'll scarcely reach old Rokeby's tow'rs before  
The sun descends—the shadows do begin  
Eastward to point.

*Exeunt OSBERT and UFFA.*WOLFHERE (*solus*).

Yes, I will go—farewell, ye moss grown rocks,  
Ye ancient oaks, companions of the days  
I've linger'd here !—and you, fair stream, whose wave  
Has oft' receiv'd my tears, as on thy bank  
I've lean't, and watch'd the summer flies disport  
Upon thy sunny surface—yet once more,  
My ancient haunt let me revisit, whence  
Seated beneath those old grey stones, that mark  
The worship of an earlier time, I've seen  
The close of each sad day—'tis strange the pow'r  
That habit gains upon us—I do feel  
A pang at leaving this sad spot, which time  
Has made familiar to me—objects seen  
From day to day without regard, acquire  
An interest when seen by him that counts  
Ne'er to behold them more—the world has pow'r  
To blunt this nicer feeling—it exists,  
In all its force, in him that is cut off  
From human ties ; whose eye no longer meets

The smile of love, nor hears the friendly voice  
 To soothe his broken heart, and bid him hope  
 A brighter day to see—long have I known  
 The chilling void such life leaves in the heart.

(*exit WOLFHERE.*)

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 SCENE IV.

*The Princess Emma's apartments at Rokeby—*

EMMA—ELFRIDA.

*Enter THEODORE.*

EMMA.

Has the King as yet return'd?

THEODORE.

I saw him

Enter the western portal, please your grace,  
 Some half hour since, with Uffa—Olger, straight,  
 And Leof have been summon'd to attend—  
 And in the council-chamber now they hold  
 Their conference.

EMMA (*aside*).

I like not this—'twould seem  
Some doubts the seer's response has rais'd—such guides  
Are far more likely to mislead, than point  
The road to safety.

THEODORE.

Some one doth approach.

*Enter UFFA.*

UFFA.

May't please your highness, 'tis the king's command  
That you depart forthwith for Whitby—there  
To rest within the convent's holy bounds,  
Whilst war's wild scourge affrights the land—a train  
Is order'd to attend you, such as fits  
Your royal state—it is the king's desire  
That you do leave these tow'rs to night.

EMMA.

To night!

May I not see my father first?

UFFA.

The king

Desir'd me tell your grace he deems it best

You do not seek an interview, which must  
Be painful to you both—'twere best to show  
Submission to his will.

EMMA.

Vile slave! that know'st  
No rule of action but a master's will;  
Do'st thou then dare thy counsel to intrude  
In the affairs of Princes thus unask'd?  
Conduct me to my father's presence straight;  
I do begin to think thy forward zeal  
Does but belie the king.

UFFA (*aside*).

I did expect  
A storm like this; but soon she'll find in me  
The master of her fate—she may, perchance,  
Repent her of her late disdain to me—  
Her Ella too I'll find the means to strike,  
When least he doth expect the blow—t' oppose (*aloud*)  
Your highness' will, ne'er enter'd in my thoughts,  
And willingly I'll lead you to the King,  
Since you desire to seek his presence.

EMMA.

Now

Thy speech is better fitted to thy state.

*Exeunt* EMMA and UFFA.



## SCENE V.

EMMA—OSBERT.

EMMA.

My Liege, in what have I deserv'd to meet  
Your harsh displeasure? have I fail'd in aught  
A subject or a daughter owes in love  
Or in obedience to a king and father?—  
Bred up amidst alarms, since the age  
Of tender infancy, I've liv'd beside you;  
In camps I have accompanied you still;  
And midst the rage of war, I've ever thought  
My place of safety was a father's arms—  
Why must I leave you now? the barb'rous foe  
That ravages our land, feels no respect  
For sacred altars or for holy shrines;  
Where'er their bloody steps have mark'd the isle,  
In smoking ruins many a convent tells  
That 'gainst the objects of our holy faith,  
Their fiercest rage is shewn—in blood, they deem,  
Woden their savage idol to delight,  
And their wild course is ever mark'd by scenes  
Of cruel slaughter—the unsparing sword  
Falls on each sex, and ev'ry rank alike:

Of such a foe thou wilt not then expose  
Thy Emma to become the prey?—my Sire,  
Where can my honor or my life be plac'd  
With better hopes of safety, than behind  
The shields of those brave warriors that march  
Against our savage foe—should vict'ry crown  
(Which heav'n avert!) their bold attempt; 'twere vain  
To hope in aught but death, to find the means  
T' avoid dishonour and disgrace, and where  
Would death shew less of terror, than when found  
Beside the friends we love? allow me, then,  
Still, as before, to share your fate, my Sire,  
Nor drive me from you thus.

OSBERT.

Emma, in vain  
You strive to shake my purpose—I've resolv'd,  
For reasons most important, that you rest  
At Whitby's shrine, until the strife is o'er—  
A dreadful fate hangs o'er thy father's head;—  
This measure may prevent it—to oppose  
My will, I deem, were ill to shew your love.

EMMA.

Dismiss those terrors from your soul, my Liege,  
Unworthy of a King!—shall meddling seers  
Have pow'r to break the union of your house?  
And when the time demands that each firm friend

Should rally round you, and support your cause,  
 Or by his counsel or his arm—to force  
 Your best and dearest friend, your daughter, hence?  
 Beware how you attend such counsel, Sire,  
 I fear you are beset by those that seek  
 Their private ends, and little reck although  
 The means they use, should your destruction prove.  
 Once more, my father, let me thus entreat (*kneeling*)  
 You do not force me from you.—Straight dismiss  
 The wicked counsellors that do suggest  
 Your violating nature's ties—dismiss  
 The hate you bear to Ella; in his arm,  
 You'll find your best reliance in this hour—  
 Should you (still urg'd by fate,) refuse to hear  
 The counsel reason gives and nature prompts,  
 A secret voice doth bid me warn you now,  
 You seek your own destruction and prepare  
 T' involve in one sad ruin, all that share  
 The fortunes of your house.

OSBERT.

Enough! I'll hear  
 No more of this—too well I see the cause  
 That prompts this zeal—but ne'er in Ella's friends  
 Will I see mine—you must from hence to night.

EMMA.—(*rising*).

And I will go—since thus my father tears  
The ties that bind him to his child—farewell.

(*Exit EMMA.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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ACT THE THIRD.

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SCENE I.

*Ella's Camp at North Allerton—the Camp is on the vestiges of the old Roman Camp there—the tent of Ella in the centre, on a rising ground, (the ancient Pretorium)—the Troops are ranged, in order of review, on each side of the stage.*

*Enter WILFRID and EDRIC—WILFRID speaking to an OFFICER that follows him.*

WILFRID.

Have the scouts yet return'd, that were dispatch'd  
To look for Osbert's troops?

OFFICER.

Not yet my Lord.

WILFRID.

It is most strange that he doth thus neglect  
His own and Ella's cause—'twill be in vain  
To think of saving York; it hath, perhaps  
Already, fall'n beneath the Danish sword.

EDRIC.

Osbert I do mistrust, for well I know  
His dark and gloomy temper—I do fear  
That Ella's cause will gain but little strength  
By such an Ally.

WILFRID.

Would to heav'n! that ne'er  
Such Ally had been ours—had we pursued  
The glorious course that fortune open'd us  
After the day of Richmond; we had seen  
An end to faction's self-enfeebling strife;  
And vast Northumberland united then  
Under her Ella's banner, had advanc'd  
To meet the bold invader, ere he thus  
Had gain'd a footing in our land—then York  
The seat of royal splendour, had beheld  
The best of all our northern strength march forth,  
Led by the hero (whose own arm had plac'd  
The crown upon his brow,) to meet the foe  
Upon the threshold of our land—Alas!

The flatt'ring vision has dissolv'd—the pride  
 That did elate the victor's heart has sunk  
 Beneath the greater victor love, and he,  
 Whose soul was *all* his country's once—who saw  
 The bright reward his virtue had deserv'd,  
 Already in his grasp; has now resign'd  
 The splendid prize and disappointed all  
 That country's hopes, to gain a woman's smile!

EDRIC.

'Tis much to be lamented, but we see  
 In ev'ry country and in every age,  
 That woman has been still the secret cause  
 Of empires overthrown, of kingdoms lost;  
 How oft' the hero and the warrior's fame  
 Have been dissolved in a woman's tears,  
 Or barter'd for her smile!

(*Enter AN OFFICER.*)

OFFICER.

My Lords, the scouts  
 Have just come in and do announce th' approach  
 Of Osbert's troops—the hour will see them here.

WILFRID.

Edric, announce these tidings to the King.

(*Exit* EDRIC.)

Alas! I fear the star that did preside

O'er Ella's glorious days, will soon decline ;  
Whether he conquer in the bloody strife  
That opens now before us, or oppress'd  
Beneath the number of the foe, he falls,  
Or ends in slavery his wretched days,  
Alike misfortunes wait him ; blind from love,  
He will not hear the counsel of his friends,  
Nor doubt the faith of Osbert, who but hides  
His dark designs, until he find the hour,  
To sting an hated rival to the heart ;  
To royal Emma's virtues I allow  
The praise they merit—but I fear they'll serve,  
Only to link her to the hapless fate,  
That hovers darkly o'er her lover's head—  
Alas ! poor Ella ! as thy friend, I mourn  
The ills that threaten thee ; for thou wer't form'd  
To kindle in the hearts that wait on thee,  
A warmer int'rest far than that which binds  
A subject to his King.

(EDRIC enters from the tent.)

EDRIC.

'Tis Ella's wish

My Wilfrid, that you cause the troops to form  
In circle round his tent—he means t' address  
Some words to his companions ere we march—

(Exit WILFRID.)



EDRIC—*solus.*

Could the last drop that warms this heart, in aught  
The noble Ella serve, it should be shed  
With pleasure, in his cause—did Kings but know  
How easily the hearts of men are won  
E'en by a smile or by a friendly word  
From him that holds the sceptre, they would ne'er,  
Neglect so easy and so sure a means,  
To gain their subject's love!—'tis in the hour  
Of peril only, they can know its price.

*(The Troops advance and form a circle around the tent of  
ELLA—ELLA advances and is received by the clashing of  
shields and martial music, accompanied by the shouts of  
the soldiers; He addresses them from the height which  
the Pretorium forms above the rest of the ground.)*

ELLA.

My friends, the hour approaches which will see  
Those savage Danes before us, who have dar'd  
To violate our land with hostile foot—  
It is your Ella that will lead you on,  
Whose cause you have sustain'd in many fields,  
Against a rival's arms—you will not shew  
Less zeal and valour when your country's cause  
Is join'd to his—the cause that now draws forth  
This sword, is far more grateful to my heart

Than that which long, unhappily, has serv'd  
To desolate our fields and stain the land  
With its own offspring's blood—I shall not see  
A brother's face confront me in the field,  
Nor mourn in bitter tears, the day I've won,  
Bought by my children's blood—this war will prove  
The end of all our troubles—Osbert's cause  
Henceforth is join'd with mine; a happy peace  
Will now unite us in the bonds of love—  
To you that love your Ella, well I know,  
It will be grateful to be told, that he,  
Will find his private happiness in that,  
Which ends our civil wars—my friends, we march  
From forth the camp that held in former days,  
The eagles of imperial Rome—her sons  
Subdued the savage Britons; shall not we,  
Whom stronger motives animate, repel  
The barb'rous Danes from forth our native land?—  
The Romans fought for conquest, but our swords  
Are drawn to save our homes, our wives, our babes,  
From rapine and from death; the cause that gave  
The Roman arms success, to day is ours,  
Superior discipline in war—the zeal  
That animates the christian's breast who fights  
Against the infidel, (a sacred flame  
That never burnt within a Roman breast,)  
Is wholly yours my friends—

*(martial music is heard at a distance.)*

You hear the notes  
That do proclaim our ally's near approach;—  
Let every hostile feeling be expell'd  
From forth your hearts—as brothers, let's receive  
The warriors that now advance to join  
Their patriot arms with ours—my friends, I swear  
(*knéeing down.*)

Upon this sword, that it shall ne'er again  
Be drawn in civil strife—let heav'n dispose  
Of Ella as it may, no Saxon blood  
Again shall stain his guiltless blade, and oh!  
May heav'n forgive me that which has been shed  
Already in my cause!—this solemn oath (*rising.*)  
Has eas'd my heart already, and I feel  
Fresh vigour animate my Soul.

(*OSBERT enters at the head of his Troops which are received with military honours by those of ELLA, who advances and embraces OSBERT.—Military music and clashing of arms.*)

ELLA.

Receive

Great King, the cordial homage of a breast  
That's wholly yours, and henceforth, may our souls  
No jarring int'rests e'er divide—the tie,  
Which soon I hope will join me to your house,  
Will only be an emblem of the link  
That binds my heart already.

OSBERT.

'Tis a tie (*aside.*)

Will bind thee to thy fate!—Ella, thy love (*aloud.*)  
I prize as it deserves—and do return  
Thy friendly greeting with a heart that owns  
A feeling *strong* as thine—hast thou receiv'd  
Aught tidings of the foe?

ELLA.

I do expect,  
Each hour, to see the scouts I have dispatch'd  
Towards York, to learn his motions—this must not,  
Howe'er, retard our march—we shall, I trust,  
Still save the city from their rage.

OSBERT (*aside.*)

I'd leave  
Rebellious York full gladly to her fate,  
That did shake off my yoke so lightly, when,  
This haughty rebel at her gates appear'd!

ELLA.

Soon as your troops shall be refresh'd, we'll march,  
With your good will, my brother—we shall meet  
Our scouts upon the way, and their report  
Shall regulate our plan of action—

OSBERT.

'Twere  
 In vain to hope we should reach York before  
 Tomorrow e'en ; a six hours rest, I deem,  
 My troops require.

ELLA.

Already we have lost  
 Much precious time, my brother—the fierce foe  
 Will gain fresh confidence, from each new hour,  
 That sees him unoppos'd—permit, howe'er,  
 That I conduct you to my tent—we'll there,  
 Confer upon this matter.—

*(Exeunt OSBERT and ELLA.)*

WILFRID.

Edric, dismiss the Troops—

*(EDRIC gives orders to an officer who causes the  
 men to march off.)*

How chang'd Alas !

From that *great* Ella, whose firm mind ne'er bow'd,  
 Beneath a weaker Soul—he now submits  
 To this black tyrant's will, and loses thus,  
 The hour on which, perhaps, his fate depends—  
 I do suspect some dark design lies hid  
 Beneath that scowling brow—I see approach  
 The tyrant's minister, whose callous heart

Is fitted to his office—nay, 'tis said,  
That his dark counsels oft' have prompted deeds,  
That Osbert ne'er had dreamt on else.

*Enter UFFA.*

UFFA.

My Lord,  
I greet you well—which way's the King I pray?

WILFRID.

If thou mean'st Osbert; he doth now confer  
With Ella, in his tent.

UFFA.

'Twere best, perhaps,  
To leave them undisturb'd—the hour requires  
Each aid that wisdom prompts.

WILFRID.

The hour requires  
That we advance to meet the foe—the man  
Who doth advise aught other course, I deem  
A traitor to his country and his King!

UFFA (*aside*).

I must contrive to rid me of this Wilfrid—  
He doth possess a penetrating mind,  
Which soon would pierce thro' our designs; I see  
He doth already eye me with distrust.

*Enter an OFFICER.*

OFFICER (*to WILFRID*).

My Lord, a courier is arriv'd, who brings  
Intelligence that yestere'en the Danes  
Did make a *new* descent within the Tees ;  
Already they have spread their ravage round,  
For many miles.

UFFA (*aside*).

The Danes within the Tees !

This is a vile mishap—Emma, I fear,  
Will scarce escape them—I must straight dispatch  
A courier to apprize her of her risk—  
There may be yet a chance of saving her:  
That which concerns her exile, must at least,  
Be kept from Ella's knowledge—'twould relax  
The tie by which we hold him.

*Exit UFFA.*

WILFRID (*musings*).

Would I knew  
What dark design is hatching in the brain  
Of yonder traitor !—I must watch his steps—  
He seem'd disturb'd when he did hear the news  
Of this descent—he cannot, sure, have form'd  
The project to unite him with the foe,  
And forward their designs—it is a task  
Most painful to the candid mind, to watch

The crooked ways of guilt—but 'tis oftimes,  
The only means of safety.

(Exit WILFRID.)

## SCENE II.

*Bivouac on the borders of Sutton Forest—Moonlight.*

ELLA—WILFRID.

ELLA.

Exil'd to Whitby! could I e'er have thought,  
Such lot had been my Emma's fate?—what fiend  
Could thus have prompted Osbert, who, I know,  
Doth love her fondly, to expose her thus?—  
How hast thou learnt this strange event?

WILFRID.

My Lord,

I did employ a spy to watch the steps  
Of Uffa, whom I did suspect—to-night  
He heard, conceal'd, the speech that he did hold  
With Leof, and he learnt, from their discourse,  
The Princess' banishment—something was said  
About a prophecy, which late a seer



To Osbert had reveal'd, which did foretell  
"That from his offspring he should meet his fate"—  
To me it doth appear, that Uffa hath  
Possess'd with terrors vain, his master's mind,  
And hence the Princess' exile—he doth fear,  
That her high soul and lofty virtues should  
Inspire a temper in her father's mind,  
That would oppose the dark and crooked ends  
At which, I think, he labours.

ELLA.

I did learn  
From my poor Emma, that her father had  
Set forth to seek a seer—but little dreamt  
The issue that hath follow'd.

WILFRID.

Much I fear  
The worst is yet to come—the Danes, just now,  
Ravage the country round the Tees—the route  
The Princess doth pursue——

ELLA (*interrupting him*).

Thou'st rais'd a thought  
That stabs me to the soul!—it is too plain—  
She will become their prey—fly, Wilfrid, straight,  
Command two hundred of my guard—I go  
To snatch my Emma from their hands.

WILFRID.

My Lord,

Already I've dispatch'd a chosen troop,  
By Edric led, of twice two hundred men,  
With orders to attempt to get between  
Th' invaders and their ships—should Edric reach  
The coast ere they embark, be sure, he'll give  
A good account of them—I have dispatch'd,  
Likewise, five sep'rate couriers to advise  
The Princess of her danger; should she not  
As yet, (which heav'n accord!) have met the Danes—  
You cannot mean, in such a time as this,  
To leave your army—you would thus ensure  
The ruin of our cause—we've now advanc'd  
Almost beneath the walls of York—the foe  
Would profit by your absence, to attack  
Your troops, no longer by their King sustain'd—  
Should heav'n suffer that the Princess fall  
Into the hands of the invaders, they  
Will straight endeavour to embark, and seek  
To gain the Humber with their prize, and thence  
To York convey her, now become the prey  
Of the fierce foe—for they will scarce attempt,  
With such a feeble force, to cross the land  
Now cover'd by our troops—we must attempt  
To intercept them, when they do essay  
To bring the Princess to the city.

ELLA.

Thanks,

Dear Wilfrid, for this counsel—thy kind zeal  
I've always found most active—in this heart,  
Thou'lt ever hold the nearest place to that  
My Emma fills. In the first tumult rais'd  
By my love's danger, I but thought of her—  
But you've recall'd me to the cares that claim  
My brave companions' and my country's cause—  
A few short hours will bring us to the foe—  
If we can draw them forth from the strong holds  
Which now protect them, I have little doubt  
But that the day is ours ; and Ivan's head  
Shall answer for my Emma's safety then !—  
I only fear, that we shall not succeed  
To make them quit the shelter of the tow'rs—  
We must cut off the chain of posts, that now,  
Connects them with their fleet and with East Anglia,  
From whence they draw supplies—famine will then  
Compel them forth, to meet us in the field.

WILFRID.

Twere good, my Lord, you took a short repose,  
To fit you to sustain to-morrow's toils—  
The vigour of the mind doth much depend  
Upon the body's force—for three night's back,  
You have not slept.

ELLA.

Sleep visits not, my friend,  
The brain which cares and grief oppress like mine—  
Short time, beside, is now for rest—we'll wait  
The trumpet's call, beneath this spreading oak.

*(He throws himself beneath a tree.)*

## SCENE III.

*Another part of the Bivouac—OSBERT (solus).*

OSBERT.

My soldiers seem  
To speak of nought but Ella! as I pass'd,  
Unseen, amongst the groups that lie around  
Each forest oak, his name, on ev'ry side,  
I heard repeated with applause—one said,  
" 'Tis well he fights upon our side to-day,  
Our luck would else be bad"—another prais'd  
The love he bore his soldiers, whom he call'd  
His brothers, his companions; each appear'd  
To have his tale to eke his flatt'ry out—  
It is too plain, the hearts of all incline  
To own him for their King—should vict'ry crown

Our struggle 'gainst the foe : to him they'll give  
 All honour and renown, and I shall be  
 But counted as a cipher, who but fills  
 A pageant chair of state by his good will—  
 This shall not be, by heav'n!—but then, my child!—  
 Should she have fall'n into their hands, I'll need  
 His aid to draw her thence—her life, perhaps!  
 Or honour!—I must still defer the hour  
 Of promis'd vengeance on this rebel's head.

*(Enter UFFA, accompanied by KENRIC.)*

UFFA.

My Liege, 'tis as we fear'd, the Princess' train  
 Has been encounter'd by the Danes—this man  
 Alone has 'scap'd the slaughter of her guards—  
 They have embark'd them in their ships, and borne  
 Her Highness with them.

OSBERT.

Villain! 'tis to thee  
 I owe her loss!—thy councils did prevail,  
 To cause this luckless journey—I'd resolv'd  
 To keep her still at Rokeby.

UFFA.

Good, my Liege,  
 I did esteem it the most prudent course;

I could not have foreseen this new descent—  
But, trust me, we shall find the means to draw  
The Princess from their hands—I'll bear in mind  
The insult I've receiv'd! (*aside.*)

OSBERT.

Ella must learn  
The Princess' capture—from *his* arm alone,  
I can expect her freedom—for too oft',  
Thy shallow, futile projects I have found  
Exasperate the ills they would have cur'd.

UFFA (*aside.*)

Trust to thy Ella, then!—'twill be my care  
To blast thy hopes and his—my Liege, I bow (*aloud*)  
In due submission, to your will—I've aim'd,  
In all my projects, but to gain the ends  
My master had in view—if I have fail'd,  
My judgment may have err'd, but ever yet  
The inclination has been there.

OSBERT (*to* KENRIC).

Relate  
Each circumstance of this event.

KENRIC.

My Liege,  
We had already reach'd the Tees' dark side,

And journey'd on its banks—the Princess clad  
(So it did please her Highness,) in the weeds  
That pilgrims wont to wear—her female train  
The same sad habit wore—her Grace did seem  
In sombre sadness plung'd—she did discourse  
Of matters that regard a future state—  
She said, she would be well content to pass  
The rest of life within a convent's bounds,  
(So much distaste had grown of late to all  
The pomps of a vain world)—she felt, she said,  
A dark presentiment of ills, which did  
Hang heavy on her mind—whilst thus she spoke,  
Sudden, from forth the covert of a wood,  
Appear'd an armed troop—at first we thought  
They were your Highness' soldiers, that did march  
To join the army—but their nearer view  
Gave us to know the savage Danes, who rush'd,  
With cries of fury, on our train—in vain  
We did oppose us to their numbers—all  
Soon lay upon the plan—a javelin  
Which pierc'd my shoulder, struck me to the earth,  
As I did bar the passage to the foe—  
The noble lady, meanwhile, seiz'd a sword  
That did belong to Theodore, her page,  
Who lay upon the field, bath'd in his blood,  
And bravely stood upon her own defence ;—  
The first that did approach her, she laid low,  
But, when a crowd of ruffians did advance,

And seiz'd upon her arms—"villains!" she cried,  
"Respect the daughter of a King, nor dare  
To lay your hands upon me!—let your chief  
Advance—to him I will deliver me"—  
The savage group were struck with awe, nor dar'd  
To offer further insult—then advanc'd  
Their chief, to whom she gave her sword; who straight  
Gave orders to retreat upon the ships,  
And to embark with speed,—a peasant gave  
The care my wounds requir'd, and I have sped  
T' apprise your Highness of the sad event—  
I did encounter on my way, the troops  
Sent by King Ella 'gainst the foe—their chief  
Did learn of me the route they took, and urg'd  
His men to follow on their track with speed;—  
But 'tis in vain to hope that they'll o'ertake  
The savage foe, that swiftly urg'd his flight,  
Whose vessels, doubtless, did already plough  
The foaming ocean, e're *they* saw the Tees.

OSBERT.

You may retire—attend me to the place (to UFFA.)  
Where Ella doth repose—I must regain  
My daughter, should I owe the gift to him!



## SCENE IV.

*The Saxon Camp before York.*

ELLA—OSBERT—WILFRID—UFFA.

ELLA.

The foe is well entrench'd, no means I see  
To force him forth, unless we can succeed  
To cut off his supplies, and hem him in  
Within the walls of York—could we assure  
The Princess' safety, we could then pursue  
The war with vigour; but whilst she remains  
An hostage in their hands, without the bounds  
Of this our Isle, we must attack the foe  
With slaken'd arm, (lest, as he threatens now,)  
He do redeem upon his pris'ner's head,  
The loss our arms may cause him.

*(Enter THEODORE, in the disguise of a hunter.)*

ELLA.

Ha! 'tis he;  
Thou hast escap'd with life, then, too, poor youth!

I thought that thou hadst perish'd in the field,  
In the defence of thy dear mistress—where  
Hast thou sojourn'd since, my gallant boy?

## THEODORE.

My Lords, I bring ye tidings of her Grace,  
Of later date than ye suspect—she is  
At Flambro' Castle now—last night, the Danes  
That captur'd us, did land beneath its walls—  
I owe my freedom to a noble hand,  
That op'd my prison doors, and bid me fly,  
Thus to acquaint you with the Princess' fate—  
I've also learnt, that on this night, they mean  
To send her Grace towards York—escorted by  
A strong and trusty band—with her will come  
Earl Bucart's wife and daughter—for 'tis deem'd  
Right fitting, they should refuge them within  
The Danish lines—lest Flamborough should fall  
Into your Grace's hands.

## ELLA.

Now heav'n be prais'd  
For this event! my Princess soon we'll free,  
From her fierce ravishers—my Wilfrid, haste,  
Collect a trusty band, which I will lead—  
In ambush plac'd, we'll wait the happy hour  
To break her chains.

(Exit WILFRID.)

OSBERT.

Ella, thy friendly zeal  
Demands my thanks—may no unseen event  
Defeat thy gen'rous purpose.

UFFA (*aside*).

I must find  
The means to frustrate this attempt; 'twere vain,  
To hope in Osbert's mind to keep alive  
The flame of hate, were Emma thus restor'd—  
Beside—this hated rival thus would gain  
New int'rest in her heart.

ELLA.

Fear not, my Lord,  
Our treasure soon I'll place within your arms :  
Within the wood, at Sledmere, we'll await  
The coming of the escort—were the force  
Of Denmark all united to oppose,  
It should not hold my Emma!—it were fit,  
A strong patrol should watch the eastern gate ;  
The foe will, doubtless, send some succours forth  
To meet the escort—soon as night shall close,  
Your care must be (*to OSBERT*) to intercept this band,  
And cut it off.

(OSBERT and ELLA retire towards the bottom of the stage.)

UFFA (*musings*).

No course is left but one—  
 'Tis to expose to Ivan their design—  
 It is a shameful office!—but what then?—  
 I have already done such things as men  
 Do call disgraceful—'tis not now the hour  
 To be too scrupulous—but thus I tear  
 My master's daughter from him, whom he loves,  
 Spite of his harden'd soul—but Osbert late  
 Has offer'd me an insult, and reproach'd  
 My pow'rless counsels—and I've sworn to bear  
 In mind the harsh reproof—it is resolv'd—

(*As he goes out, enter WILFRID, who looks after him.*)

WILFRID.

Curse on yon villain! ev'ry time I view  
 His vile portentous visage, I do feel  
 A secret horror creep thro' all my veins!—  
 What cause has forc'd him so abruptly hence?  
 A smile of malice seem'd to lurk beneath  
 His fawning salutation, as I pass'd—  
 'Twere vain to hope to fathom all the depths  
 Of that dark crooked soul.

(*to ELLA who has advanced.*)

My Lord, I've warn'd  
 A chosen troop to hold itself prepar'd  
 To march, at the first watch from sunset, hence,

Your Grace cannot begin your march before  
The night shall close.

*(ELLA and WILFRID retire towards the bottom of the stage.)*

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SCENE V.

*(The ambush in Sledmere wood—the soldiers of ELLA appear through the trees resting on their arms.)*

*(Enter ELLA and EDRIC)*

ELLA.

Edric how wears the night?

EDRIC.

My Liege, it is the second hour of morning;  
Within an hour, we may expect to see  
The first grey streaks of day.

ELLA.

It is most strange,  
The Escort hath not yet approach'd—it scarce  
Could reach the city gate ere day, although  
It had already pass'd this wood—I fear  
The flight of Theodore has made them change

Their first design, and my fair Emma still  
Doth rest in Flamboro's tow'r—Edric go forth,  
And see that the Videttes who watch the road,  
Are on th' alert. *(Exit EDRIC.)*

How sadly creep the hours,  
To him whose hope's deferr'd !—I fondly thought  
I should, ere now, have broke my Emma's chains,  
And led her back in triumph to the camp—  
Spite of the spring that has upheld my mind,  
Thro' years of trouble, and mid scenes of death,  
(Most uncongenial to my soul,) I feel  
That the desponding presage that did press  
So heavy on my Emma's heart, when last  
I parted from her, hath begun to weigh  
With leaden hand, on mine—my thoughts but teem  
With images of death—in dreams, I see  
Dark, soul-appalling visions, hands that grasp  
Blood-stained daggers, and around me strewn,  
Pale ghastly forms appear ; my ears receive  
Faint dying groans, by which awak'd, I start,  
And the distemper'd brain can scarce shake off  
Those images of sleep, which hang upon  
My waking thoughts, and with their chilly touch,  
Damp the mind's wonted fire—but who comes here ?

*(Enter EDRIC, leading in a Peasant Boy.)*

EDRIC.

My Lord, this Peasant did present himself

As I went round the posts—when question'd why  
He wander'd thro' the forest at this hour;  
He said, he sought for Ella.

ELLA.

You behold  
Him whom you seek for, youth—what cause could bring  
A boy so young, and of so frail a form,  
Thro' night's dark path, to seek for Ella here?

BOY.

My Lord, a troop of warriors did pass  
My father's cottage, yestere'en—they stopp'd  
A space to feed their horses, and to give  
Repose to some fair dames they did escort—  
A youthful warrior did write some lines  
Upon this tablet, as he stood apart,  
And calling me unto him, bade me seek  
For Ella, whom this writing did regard.

(*ELLA takes the tablet, and reads.*)

“ A friend unknown, this needful caution gives,  
“ To him that doth sojourn within the wood—  
“ The wily stags have learnt the hunter's tracks,  
“ And do avoid the dang'rous path,”—again—  
“ Waste not the precious hours—the wolves design  
“ To spring upon the flock, whilst the wise herd  
“ Is absent from his charge—may prudence guide,

“ And wisdom, join'd with valour, point the way,  
“ To safety.”—

It is most strange!—this is a woman's hand—  
Was it a warrior then, good youth, that gave  
This writing to you?

BOY.

Good, my Lord—the knight  
That gave the tablet, bid me say, if urg'd  
Too closely on this matter, “ that the wise  
“ Know how to pluck the means of safety forth,  
“ Whene'er they offer them ; nor seek to know  
“ The friend that doth afford his timely aid,  
“ But would remain concealed.”

ELLA.

It is enough !

Edric appoint an escort to convey  
This gentle youth unto his friends—it is,  
I plainly see, a maiden in disguise—(*aside*)  
We must to horse, and quickly gain the camp,  
They've given us the slip, and are long since  
Arrived at the city gate—perchance  
Osbert hath intercepted them, and sav'd  
My Emma from their hands.

END OF THIRD ACT.



## ACT THE FOURTH.

## SCENE I.

*The Hall of York Castle—IVAN, EDMUND, GUTHRUM, and Attendants—Enter BRUEN BUCART, leading in the PRINCESS EMMA, the COUNTESS EDITHA, and AGATHA.*

IVAN.

Spirits of my fathers! what transcendent charms!  
Such are the fair immortal maids, that sit  
By warriors, in Valhalla's hall—her mien  
Although a captive) would almost compel  
E'en Kings to kneel before her—

*(advances towards the Princess.)*

Royal maid,  
Welcome unto these tow'rs—here you shall rule,  
As tho' in Osbert's court; for Ivan owns  
That he already is your slave.

EMMA.

Ivan ; these taunts but add a cruel pang  
To my unhappy state—but 'tis the lot  
Of captives, to submit to ev'ry scorn—  
And I'm prepar'd to drink the bitter cup,  
That heav'n hath pour'd forth in its wrath—perhaps,  
The pride that once did swell this heart, deserv'd  
The chastisement that it hath sent.

IVAN.

I swear

By Odin's spear, that I most truly mean,  
That you are mistress here.

EMMA.

Might I presume

T' accept thy courtesy, I would retire ;  
For mind and body are alike fatigu'd,  
By the long course I have perform'd to-night,  
And the alarms I have essay'd of late.

IVAN.

Thy will's a law to Ivan—Chamberlain,  
Attend the Princess to her chamber—you, (*to Editha*)  
Fair Countess, also will require repose ;  
And you, (*to Agatha*) fair maid, who have been little us'd  
To these rough midnight journeys—I commit

To the Earl Bucart your protection—'till  
We meet again, farewell.

*Exeunt* IVAN, EDMUND, &c.

(BUCART *embraces* EDITHA and AGATHA.)

BUCART.

In a distracted hour, you have arriv'd,  
My Editha, within the walls of York—  
How chang'd since those bright days when here we met,  
In the fair spring of life!

EDITHA.

Bruen, such thoughts  
We must no more indulge—they only serve  
To make the gloomy horrors of the hour  
Appear more sombre—we must now pursue  
The path we've enter'd on—how stands the foe?

BUCART.

Ella invests us closely—but we still  
Hold our communication with the fleet—  
I wonder much that he hath not attack'd  
Our chain of posts—but the fair Emma doth  
Engross his thoughts at present—whilst her fate  
Is plac'd in Ivans hands, we do possess  
A pow'rful check on Ella.

EDITHA.

Thou didst see,  
That lofty Ivan hath himself bent low  
Beneath th' all conquering Emma's eyes; perchance,  
The Danish King will now become her slave—  
And barter for a smile, (as Ella hath,)  
His chance of crown and empire.

BUCART.

She will find  
That Ivan's heart is form'd of sterner mould  
Than that of love-sick Ella—he'll assert  
The rights a conqu'ror owns—we do expect  
Each coming hour, th' arrival of a fleet  
With a new force from Denmark—we shall then,  
Attack the combin'd army with a host  
Will make our vict'ry certain—we possess,  
Besides, intelligence amongst their troops—  
It hath, of late, enabled us to shun  
The ambush Ella had contriv'd, to gain  
Possession of the Princess, and perchance,  
May do us further service. Now, my Love,  
Retire to your repose; my Agatha  
Seems sad and heavy, and her tender frame  
Hath suffer'd sorely by this midnight flight.

(*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE II.

(*Camp before York—Ella's Tent.*)

ELLA—WILFRID.

ELLA.

I am resolv'd, my Wilfred.—What, shall I  
Who have so often led my heroes on  
To the rough breach, or in the foremost line,  
The rage of battle fac'd ; when I but fought  
To gain a crown ?—Shall I now hold me back,  
When she that's dearer far than crown, than life,  
Now groans in bondage ? when to break *her* chains  
Is now the glorious object, and when *she*,  
My Emma's *self's* the rich reward that waits  
To crown my daring ? Did'st thou know the days  
And nights more wretched far that I have pass'd,  
Since I did learn the tale of her sad fate !  
From that sad hour, my troubled brain has known  
No interval of rest—the thoughts alone  
Of my fair Princess and her hapless lot  
Have occupied my mind ; and when, by force,  
Some other matters have been *thrust* upon me,  
They've seem'd as vile intruders that did strive

To occupy a seat that did by right,  
Belong to her alone—a thousand schemes  
To snatch her from the ruthless hands that now  
Do hold her from me, I've conceiv'd, and each  
In turn has been rejected. Sleep has fled  
From these sad lids; each tedious night I've pass'd  
In feverish impatience, pacing oft  
The same dull round, and if, as morning dawn'd,  
Tir'd nature in a drowsy stupor drown'd  
My racking sense; 'twas but to feel in dreams,  
A torture stronger far—from such a state,  
Thou canst not wonder that I wish to fly.  
Besides, what danger do I risque? The plan  
That we've arrang'd, *ensures* success—the foe  
Will only learn his peril, when surpriz'd  
By the attack of those our friends within,  
Which we but second—we can scarcely fail  
In this design.

WILFRID.

My Lord, our late attempt  
Upon the escort hath miscarried, though  
We reckon'd on success with hopes as fair.

ELLA.

The flight of Theodore, no doubt, did rouse  
The Dane's suspicions; thence he chang'd his route,  
And did escape us—how he hath contriv'd  
T' elude the strong patrol that Osbert led,

I wonder much, and still more strange it seems,  
That they could gain the city, whilst the troops  
Did watch the eastern gate.

WILFRID.

My Liege, the Danes  
Did make a sortie and attack'd our lines ;  
When straightway, Uffa hasten'd to the King,  
(I being, meantime, engag'd with the foe,)  
And drew him, from his station at the gate,  
Unto our aid—for some half hour or more,  
The fight did last—at length, a trumpet's blast  
Sounded within the town—on which, the Danes  
Did make an orderly retreat—'twould seem,  
In this unlucky interval, arrived  
The escort which conveyed the Princess here,  
And thus made good their entrance, unopposed,  
Into the city—little doubt remains  
Upon *my* mind, that this abrupt attack  
Was only made to second that design,  
And that the *whole* was treason's work, of which  
I do suspect false Uffa ! He, I deem,  
Hath given the foe intelligence, which caus'd  
Our late miscarriage.

ELLA.

No ; I cannot think  
He'd thus betray his country and his King ;

I do believe him selfish, mean, and base—  
But in this matter, I cannot perceive  
What interest could prompt him, thus to sell,  
The Princess to the foe.

WILFRID.

Yon do not know,  
My Liege, the springs that influ'nce this man's mind—  
I've heard, that he once dar'd to raise his eyes,  
Unto his master's daughter—jealousy,  
And rival hate, would well conspire to urge  
A mind like his unto the act.

ELLA.

I think,  
That here, my Wilfrid, you, perhaps, extend  
Your prejudice too far.

WILFRID.

Grant me but this,  
That you will not essay this new attempt,  
My Liege, in person—let your Wilfrid try  
This perilous adventure—you were wont  
To place reliance on this sword.

ELLA.

Oh! when  
Did I misdoubt my Wilfrid's heart or arm?

*(embraces him.)*



But I now burn, *myself* to break her bonds—  
Let us seek Osbert's tent, we'll there discuss  
This matter further.

WILFRID.

Let our plan, at least,  
Be hid from Uffa—and 'twere well, to put  
Osbert upon his guard against this man ;  
In this, I trust, you'll take my counsel, Sire.

ELLA (*abstractedly*).

In that respect, dear Wilfrid, I will act  
As you advise—let us then haste, my friend,  
To take our further measures, and arrange  
The plan of this attack. (*goes out.*)

WILFRID (*following*).

It were in vain  
To strive to change his purpose—he nor hears  
Nor sees but as his passion points the way—  
Oh! Ella, thou art lost—no more appears  
The cautious leader, and the prudent King.

(*Exit WILFRID.*)

## SCENE III.

*Tent of UFFA—Midnight.*UFFA (*solus*).

It is a frightful gulph, that seems to yawn  
Beneath my feet!—would I were safely o'er—  
I tread a slip'ry path—I fain would plunge  
My hated rival in the darksome depths—  
But can I be assured, that his fall  
Will not entrain my own?—my country too!—  
An interest which men do hold, exceeds  
The tie of kindred!—the last act that bound  
Proud Emma's chains, did but avenge me of  
That haughty beauty's scorn, and but depriv'd  
My rival of the prize—but that which now  
Revolves within my brain, doth strike a blow  
Will sink that hated rival, ne'er again  
To cross my path—Osbert must also fall—  
For that weak tyrant vainly would oppose  
His feeble strength to Ivan, when the tomb  
Hath clos'd on Ella—but he now doth hide  
His councils from me; and I ne'er had learnt  
This new design, but that I found the means  
To overhear his conference with Ella,

From which he did exclude me—I've secur'd  
A pow'ful int'rest with the Danish King,  
Which this great service will confirm—he knows  
Already of my love, and hath agreed  
To favor it, if he succeed—but then,  
He may evade his promise, when possess'd  
Of the rich prize he aims at, and reserve  
The Princess to himself—*Ella*, at least, (*bitterly*)  
Will not possess her—in the silent grave,  
That hated rival will be rotting then ;  
With whose idea she doth, doubtless, feed  
Nightly, her love-sick brain—the Danish King  
Hath profer'd me the Lordship of fair Richmond,  
If I place *Ella* in his hands—no chance  
Can e'er occur more fitting to my views—  
'Tis time to doff this servile state—I'll live,  
No more, the subject of a tyrant's whims !—  
Away the qualmish scruples, that would bar  
The road to fame and fortune !—

(*Enter EDGAR, wrapped in a cloak.*)

He is come,  
To prove my last resolve—art thou prepar'd  
For thy commission ?

EDGAR.

I but wait, my Lord,  
Your further orders, on the matter which  
You broke to me this morning.

UFFA.

I have found  
Thee faithful and discreet—you know the sign  
That will admit thee at the city gate.

EDGAR.

My Lord, you have instructed me.

UFFA.

'Tis well—  
Give me thy cloak—this billet I must place  
Beneath the doubles of the cape—  
*(He opens the cape of the cloak with his dagger, and  
places the paper within it.)*

Remit

That paper to the Danish Lord, who will  
Receive you at the gate ; it doth concern  
The liberation of the Princess, which,  
I labour to effect—take heed t' observe  
The same precaution, to avoid the gaze  
Of prying eyes, that thou hast us'd before—  
Should'st thou be question'd aught ; thou know'st thy tale.

*(Exit EDGAR.)*UFFA *(follows him to the entrance).*

He is dispatch'd—to-morrow night is fix'd  
For their attempt ; and 'tis, I hope, decreed,  
To-morrow's sun should shine the last for Ella !

## SCENE IV.

*Night—before the walls of York—ELLA's Troops are posted under cover of some wood.*

ELLA—WILFRID.

ELLA.

'Tis near the hour, when we may hope our friends  
Will fall upon the foe—the waning moon  
Already doth begin to sink behind  
The grove that covers yonder western hill—  
The hollow midnight bell will sound, anon—  
It's brazen note will be their signal—hark!  
It now doth chime.

*(The town clock strikes twelve.)*

That sound will be the knell  
Of some brave men, that now do rest secure,  
Nor dream the hour of peril is so near—

*(A shout is heard from within, and the clashing of Arms.)*

Hark! to those sounds of combat!—let's advance,  
Our friends will raise yon frowning barrier soon—

(*ELLA and his men advance to the gate; the Portcullis is raised and the gate opened—when ELLA and a part of them have entered, they are surrounded by the Danish Troops and the Portcullis suddenly falls—WILFRID and the remainder of the Troops remain on the outside.*)

WILFRID.

'Tis as I fear'd! and treachery has wrought  
It's villain purpose!—let us strive to force  
This pass, my friends; perhaps we may succeed  
To break this barrier.

(*They assail the gate; the Soldiers within, pour down stones, darts, &c.—WILFRID is wounded, and carried off by the men, who retire.—The scene changes to the interior of the town—the fight continues—the Troops of ELLA are surrounded, and beaten—ELLA is taken prisoner.—Scene changes to the Hall of the Castle, and ELLA is led before IVAN, who is attended by EDMUND, BUCART, GUTHRUM, &c.*)

IVAN.

Ella; the chance of war has plac'd thy fate  
In Ivan's hands; but thou shalt find in him,  
A gen'rous victor, that esteems thy worth—  
Thy fame for valour, and thy deeds of arms,  
Have often been the theme in Denmark's court—  
I feel, beside, an int'rest in the man

That hath so long withstood fell Osbert's pow'r—  
 To crush that tyrant, we have sought this land ;  
 Should Ella feel dispos'd to hear the voice  
 That wisdom utters, he may yet shine forth  
 In fame and honor, and his late defeat  
 Prove but a passing cloud, that did obscure  
 His brightness for a moment.

ELLA.

My defeat  
 Will shed but little glory on thy arms ;—  
 I've yet to learn the voice that *wisdom* speaks,  
 To hear her dictates from a *victor's* lips,  
 Is somewhat new to Ella !

IVAN.

'Tis to join  
 Thy fate to Ivan's !—yon weak tyrant soon  
 Will fall beneath my arms—you do possess  
 Extensive influ'nce in this land—I wish  
 To heal her long-felt troubles, and unite  
 The two contending factions 'neath my rule,  
 In bonds of love—'tis my design to wed  
 The Princess Emma—aid me to effect  
 The objects that I aim at ; thus you'll serve  
 Your country best, and tho' you cease to reign,  
 You shall enjoy extensive pow'r, and rank,  
 Next to my own.

BUCART.

Ella; I've serv'd you long;  
And I still feel a warm int'rest for you—  
Accept the offer of the King—you'll thus  
Appease your country's troubles, and assure  
Your present safety.

ELLA.

Grant me patience Heav'n!  
To listen to yon traitor's words!—to you,  
Oh! Ivan, I have only thus to say:  
You know not Ella—or you scarce had now  
Address'd such speech to him—e'en tho' thus fall'n,  
He stands before you—as to you, vile wretch!  
Who have betray'd your country and your friends!  
(to BUCART.)

The King you did desert, and now insult,  
Leaves you unto the stings that will, at length,  
Assail your grov'ling soul, in your last hour—  
Now lead me to my dungeon, or to death!  
What fate you may award him, naught concerns  
Fall'n Ella, now.

BUCART.

His words have struck a damp  
Unto my soul!—I can't endure his looks.  
(Exit BUCART.)



IVAN.

Ella; since you've refus'd my offer, 'twere  
My safety to neglect, did I not take  
The means the time requires—guards, lead him forth,  
Unto the prison in the northern tow'r!—  
There keep strict watch, and see that none do hold  
Or speech, or converse, with your prisoner.

## SCENE V.

*The PRINCESS EMMA's apartment.*

EMMA—AGATHA.

EMMA.

Thus ev'ry hope is lost, and Ella's fate  
Has seal'd his country's doom!—Unhappy Prince!  
Luckless to thee has been that fatal hour,  
When we first met, and Emma hath been since,  
Thy evil genius—had thy restless love  
But spar'd this last attempt, thou might'st have been  
Thy country's saviour—in thy valour, still,  
Thy Emma would have built her firmest hope—  
Now all is o'er!—My father hath decamp'd,

During the night, and nor'ward leads his troops ;  
Ivan prepares to follow on his steps,  
And a few hours will now suffice to end  
The fortunes of our house, and place our land  
In the proud victor's pow'r—he hath, it seems,  
Declar'd his pleasure, as to Emma's fate—(*scornfully.*)  
But Emma sets his pow'r at naught!—her soul  
Is yet unconquer'd! and but waits the hour,  
(When to delay were base!) to spurn the chains,  
That rude barbarian would impose on her,  
And free herself, at once, from Ivan's pow'r.

AGATHA.

My Princess ; there, perchance, doth still remain,  
A gleam of hope—if he could break his chains,  
And join again his comrades in the field ?

EMMA.

Ha! thy last words have rous'd me from despair—  
There *is* a hope, and couldst't *thou* find a heart,  
Fair Agatha, to do a noble deed ;  
Ages to come would bless thy happy name.

AGATHA.

If I could buy his freedom with my *life*,  
I'd think it cheaply purchas'd !

EMMA (*eagerly*).

Bucart keeps

The keys of his sad dungeon—he departs,  
With Ivan's troops, to day, and then, the care  
Of Ella's person doth devolve, I hear,  
Unto the Countess—she will keep the keys  
Within her chamber—and thou hast the means  
To gain possession of them, in the dark  
And drowsy hour of night: his prison lies  
Within this very tow'r—the postern gate  
Opens unto the country—wilt thou now  
Attempt his freedom, Agatha?—

AGATHA.

To night

I will attempt it—and may heaven smile  
Upon my purpose!—but the guard that's plac'd  
Before his prison gate?

EMMA.

To Roderic,

My page, who is at large, I will assign  
The task to warn Ella's staunch friends (who do  
Abound within the city,) of our plan,  
And cause them raise a tumult at the gate,  
When the first hour of morning sounds—this will  
Divert the guard's attention from his charge;

Be it your care, to choose this interval  
For your attempt ; and now, 'twere best to part,  
Lest longer conference should cause distrust—  
We'll meet again at even and impart  
Our furthur hopes—until that hour, farewell.

AGATHA.

Adieu my Princess ; I will count the hours,  
Until again we meet—should I succeed,  
To break our Ella's chains, and thus restore  
The hero to thy love ; your Agatha (*with exultation.*)  
Would think this happy day were cheaply bought,  
Although 'twere follow'd by an age of sorrow.

*Exit* AGATHA.

SCENE VI.

*The Castle Hall*—IVAN, BUCART, EDMUND, &c. armed.

*Enter* EDITHA and AGATHA.

IVAN (*to* EDITHA.)

We march, fair Countess, to attack the foe,  
Who, struck with panic fear, now seeks to gain  
The rugged mountain passes of the north—

Earl Bucart means to share our glorious toils—  
And to your care, we do commit the charge  
Of Ella's person—when we'll have achiev'd  
Our present enterprize, we shall decide  
Upon his future fate—the Princess, too,  
We do commit unto your care—we leave  
A garison sufficient to ensure  
The safety of the town—a few short days,  
Will finish our campaign, and leisure give,  
For a more pleasing care—I need not say,  
That at our hands, the Earl shall then receive  
The high rewards, his zeal deserves of us. (BUCART bows.)

(EDMUND *apart to AGATHA.*)

Fair Agatha, I still preserve the gage  
Which you confer'd—I only can regret,  
That fate has rendered vain the promise, which  
I then did make you—but still let me be  
Remember'd in your prayers.

AGATHA (*in a low voice.*)

I hold thee bound  
Unto thy promise, still.

EDITHA.

Ill it becomes  
A maiden, to hold private converse thus,  
With a young warrior, Agatha.

EDMUND.

In sooth,  
Fair Countess, there is here no cause to chide—  
I did but ask of lovely Agatha,  
To be remember'd in her pray'rs, to night.

*(Enter a MESSENGER.)*

MESSENGER.

My Liege, a stranger much advanc'd in years,  
Requests an audience—on his brow he bears  
The furrowed marks of care.

IVAN.

A stranger—ha!  
Whence comes he? hast thou learnt his name, or aught  
That doth concern his story; hath he not  
Declar'd his rank, his country?

MESSENGER.

He, my Liege,  
Appears a Dane, and of no vulgar rank,  
It is conjectur'd—but he doth conceal  
His name and story—from himself, no doubt,  
Your Majesty will learn his former life—  
A pensive melancholy seems to hang  
Upon his noble brow; grief, more than time,

Seems to have blanch'd his locks, and furrow'd o'er  
His ample forehead—he arriv'd but now,  
And did present him at the northern gate ;  
From whence I did conduct him.

IVAN.

Lead him in—  
I marvel what this Dane can be !

*(Enter WOLFHERE, who throws himself at the feet of the King.)*

WOLFHERE.

Permit,  
Great Ivan, that a banish'd man should kneel,  
T' implore his sov'reign's pardon, for a crime  
Which from his native land hath exil'd him—  
Long years in exile pass'd, these blanch'd locks  
And deep repentance, now, he hopes, may plead  
His cause with royal Regnier's son, whose sire  
Did once hold Wolfhere dear. *(EDMUND starts.)*

IVAN.

Great god of war !  
Can it be so? and do I, then, behold  
The friend and guardian of my youth? Arise,  
Rever'd and hapless Wolfhere—let thy King  
Press to his heart, the hero that first taught

His boyish arm to bend the stubborn bow,  
And throw the well pois'd jav'lin—who inspir'd  
Unto his infant mind the love of fame,  
And taught his soul to pant for glorious fields—  
How sweet the mem'ry of those early days  
Arises in my soul, as I recal  
Thy long forgotten features—the sad cause  
That drove thee forth from Denmark, (if, indeed,  
It e'er deserv'd the name of crime,)

(WOLFHERE *shudders.*)

Long since  
Hath been aton'd for—it shall be our care,  
With present honors, to repay thy age,  
The debt our youth doth owe thee.

WOLFHERE.

Noble Prince,  
Thanks to thy gen'rous heart—would'st thou permit  
That this old arm should, in th' approaching field,  
Near thy own person, wield a sword that once  
Did service in thy father's cause, 'twould be  
The best reward that Wolf here could receive.

IVAN.

Thy wish is granted, noble Wolfhere; thou  
By Ivan's side shall combat.



EDMUND.

Since that name  
First struck my ear, what busy crowding thoughts  
And mix'd emotions, have assail'd my soul—  
With hopes and fears, with tenderness and rage,  
My heart in turn hath trembled—I must end  
This tumult of the mind, and find, at once,  
The clue on which my fate depends—my Liege,  
Forgive my keen impatience, to disclose  
To the brave Wolfhere, that he now beholds  
The youth, whose life he rescued from the waves.

(EDITHA starts.)

And since propitious heaven hath preserv'd  
His life, to see this happy hour—to beg  
He would inform him, (if his mem'ry still  
Can that event recal,) upon what spot  
Along this sea-girt land, it was his hap  
To find my helpless infancy expos'd.

WOLFHERE.

Can it be thus? and wert thou, then, the babe  
Whom from the wat'ry grave, I snatch'd so young?

IVAN.

He is, brave Wolfhere, and a nobler youth,  
Denmark ne'er saw amongst her *native* sons—  
Our father did his infancy protect,

And he hath ever near our person been—  
And now, brave Wolfhere, I would gladly know,  
The spot on which you found him—it might lead  
To the discov'ry of his birth; I ween  
He is of noble Saxon blood, and may  
A kindred claim to some proud Saxon Thane.

EDITHA.

*(Who has listened with intense anxiety to the foregoing dialogue.)*

An icy bolt hath shot into my heart,  
Cold tremors shake my limbs, and bathe my brow  
With drops of anguish—to what horrid fate  
Am I reserv'd, Oh heav'n!

WOLFHERE.

'Twas on a rock  
That breasts the roaring surge, by Flambro's head,  
I found the smiling babe—his infant neck,  
A cord of silk encircled, from which hung  
A silver cross.

*(EDITHA faints—AGATHA shrieks and runs to support her.)*

BUCART *(aside)*.

It is too plain! the youth  
Is Osbert's son, that pledge of shame and guilt!

IVAN.

Bucart, what hath thy dame affected thus?

BUCART.

My Liege, she hath of late, been subject much,  
To such attacks—th' alarms she hath essay'd,  
Have been too much for her weak frame, I deem.

GUTHRUM, (*aside to IVAN*).

I have observed, sire; that from the time  
That Wolfhere spoke of finding on the rock,  
Our Edmund, she hath shewn the strongest marks  
Of agitation, and when he did name  
The spot on which he found him, she hath straight  
Fainted away.

(BUCART and attendants carry off EDITHA.)

IVAN.

Some mystery lies hid  
Beneath all this—the time does not allow  
Of sifting it at present; but we shall,  
At our first leisure, cause a strict research  
Into this matter; for 'tis plain, at least,  
The Countess hath some knowledge of thy birth.

(to EDMUND.)

EDMUND.

Great Heav'n! what strange surmises fill my brain!  
The brotherly affection I conceiv'd  
At once towards Agatha—the harsh dislike  
The Countess hath shewn towards me, from the first—

Did I pursue such thoughts, they would unnerve,  
And much unfit me for the coming hour,  
That doth demand my firmness—it were best  
To leave this myst'ry to a future day.

*(Enter an OFFICER.)*

OFFICER.

My Liege; the troops are now drawn up beneath  
The northern walls, and there await, with joy,  
Your Majesty's approach.

IVAN.

Come then, my Lords,  
'Tis time we tread the path that leads to fame.

*(Exeunt.)*

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SCENE VII.

*The Danish troops drawn out in order of battle, under the  
walls of York—IVAN (on horseback,) addresses them.*

IVAN.

Sons of the north! fierce Odin from above,  
Smiles on your path—proud Ella, who alone,

Might hope to check our course, within those walls  
Our prisoner now lies, and waits his doom—  
Shrouded by night, hath feeble Osbert fled,  
And nor'ward leads his troops; whom panic fear  
Already hath subdued—it but remains,  
To follow quickly, and arrest the rout,  
Before they reach the mountains which divide  
This northern land from Scotland, where the King  
Might hope to find a refuge—they must fall  
An easy prey to our victorious arms—  
The Princess Emma, we already hold  
Within our pow'r; her hand shall ratify  
Our Empire in this Isle—march forth, my sons.

*(The Soldiers shout "long live IVAN," and march off, to  
the sound of military music.)*

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT THE FIFTH.

## SCENE I.

*Night—the Saxon position at North Allerton; on the scite of the ancient Roman Camp—OSBERT walks forth clad in a long mantle—the Soldiers in bivouac, are sleeping around.*

OSBERT.

The hour of fate approaches—'twere in vain  
To urge our further flight—I'll here await  
The coming of the foe—those ramparts green,  
Which heave their verdant forms beneath the beam  
Of yon bright moon, were rais'd in days long pass'd,  
By Rome's victorious sons—they have outliv'd  
The days of Roman glory; they have seen  
The Saxon's triumph; they will now, perchance,  
Witness our fall, and see the iron rule  
Of the fierce Danes, oppress our hapless land—  
Till other days shall other conq'rors bring,  
And they, in turn, shall sink—in this lone hour,

My deeds of former days, in dark array,  
 Arise before me, and a vengeful voice  
 In thund'ring accents sounds upon mine ear,  
 "The hour is come that with thy crimes thou'st bought!"  
 Fair Editha appears such as I view'd  
 That lovely woman, when my ruffian force  
 Had triumph'd o'er her honor—bath'd in tears,  
 With hair dishevel'd and uplifted hands,  
 Her streaming eyes she casts towards heav'n, and claims  
 It's venging arm to crush me!—Regnier seems  
 To rise from forth his fosse—his fiery eye  
 Scowls dreadful on me, and the hissing snakes,  
 That round his form entwine their spiry folds,  
 Glare with red eyes upon me!—

*(The Ghost of REGNIER appears.)*

Gracious Heav'n!

What phantom hath my fancy conjur'd up?—  
 Or can it be, that yon dark form, in sooth,  
 Be not a creature of my heated brain?

GHOST (*advances and speaks*).

We soon shall meet—the fates decree,  
 A meet avenger of my doom—  
 The fruit of crime shall quickly be  
 Thy passport to a bloody tomb—  
 The guiltless, too, shall share thy fate;  
 No remnant of thy race remain;  
 Thy crooked paths and rival hate,  
 Have giv'n thy Kingdom to the Dane.

*(Ghost vanishes.—OSBERT drops in a swoon.)*

(Enter UFFA.)

UFFA.

My triumph now draws near—the Dane's appris'd  
Where he should post his men in ambush hid—  
The better part of Osbert's troops is plac'd  
In my command, and I shall lead them on  
Soon as the battle's join'd, into the toils—  
His small remaining force will scarcely dare  
To keep the field—but should he still make head,  
By desperation urg'd, I'll find a way (*points to his dagger.*)  
To rid me of him—Wilfrid may, perchance,  
Still keep his ground with Ella's force—but then  
The absence of their chief, and the report  
Which I shall spread around, of the defeat  
And flight of Osbert's troops, with panic fear,  
Will fill their ranks, and in disorder thrown,  
They will, no doubt, take flight, and fall a prey  
To the victorious Danes—(*sees the King.*)

What have we here?

It is the King! what hath befall'n my Liege?

(OSBERT begins to recover from his swoon.)

OSBERT.

It were in vain to struggle with my fate—  
The hand of heav'n's against me—Uffa, lend  
Thy aid to bear me hence—methinks I see



The horrid phantom still—that hollow voice,  
Still sounds sepulchral in my ear !

UFFA (*aside*).

'Twould seem,  
Some vision hath disturb'd his brain—my Liege,  
Permit your faithful Uffa to demand,  
What phantom of the night hath thus had pow'r  
To shake the firmness of your soul ?

OSBERT.

I've seen  
The shade of Regnier, that murder'd King—  
It hath forewarn'd me of approaching fate ;  
The loss of life and empire.

UFFA (*aside*).

This will serve  
To further my design—his trembling nerves  
Which the distorted fiction of his brain  
Hath shaken thus, will ill sustain his force,  
In the approaching fight.

(*Exit, leading OSBERT.*)

## SCENE II.

*Night—a Dungeon in York Castle—the moonbeams shine in through a high grated window—ELLA appears sitting in a pensive posture—an iron lamp burns before him.*

ELLA.

These ling'ring hours of sad suspense convey  
 More torment to the soul, than all the pangs  
 I've felt through years of active life—could I  
 But learn some tidings from without, (e'en tho'  
 They did announce the worst of ills my mind  
 Doth sadly presage,) 'twould be bliss—the rough  
 And savage Dane, that brought me food to-day,  
 Seem'd born to his office, and repel'd  
 Th' attempts I made to hold some converse with him—  
 Some one approaches, and the outer door  
 Of this dark cave, but now did, surely, groan  
 Upon its massive hinge—what cause can bring  
 A human footstep here, at this dark hour?—  
 Again! a light!—can I believe my eyes!—  
 A female form! that seems so fair, so slight,

(Enter AGATHA.)

It scarce appears a creature of this world—

Fair vision, say, art thou, in pity, come  
To sooth a wretch, whom ev'ry hope has fled?

(AGATHA *throws herself on her knees*—ELLA *endeavours  
to raise her up.*)

AGATHA.

Oh! royal Ella, suffer that I pay  
This homage to my king—propitious heav'n  
Has giv'n me pow'r to open this, the gate  
Of thy dark prison—fly from these sad walls—  
The Danish force hath march'd from hence to-day,  
T' attack the Saxons, who last night retir'd,  
By Osbert led, towards Allerton.

ELLA.

Fair maid,  
Whose steps by heav'n are favor'd, dost thou know  
Aught that concerns the Princess Emma's fate?

AGATHA.

She's still a pris'ner here.

ELLA.

Oh! would to heav'n,  
That I could hold some converse with her—nay,  
You do, perchance, possess the pow'r, fair maid,  
To free the Princess?

AGATHA.

Oh! that I did, my Liege!—

She had been free, already—but, alas!  
The Countess Editha hath her in charge;  
The outer chamber she doth occupy,  
And a strong guard is station'd at the door  
Of her apartment, in this northern tow'r;  
My mother, too—but there, a pang I feel,  
Shoots thro' my heart—it is a theme that I  
Dare not, my Liege, pursue.

ELLA.

Ye heav'nly pow'rs!

It must be so!—how could she else procure  
The keys of this, my prison? thou art then,  
Fair guardian angel, Bruen Bucart's child;  
And thou dost feel this int'rest in the fate  
Of thy poor fallen King—Almighty Heav'n!  
Show'r down thy choicest blessings on her head;  
May she be happy here, (if the sad state  
Of this distracted land, shall e'er permit  
A soul so pure and soft to feel content;)  
Amidst the clash of faction, may she 'scape  
The horrors of the time, and find repose  
Beneath the fostering arm of that pow'r,  
Which still protects the virtuous and kind.

*(A tumult is heard without, and shouts.)*

AGATHA.

My royal Liege, pardon me, if I urge  
Your speedy flight from hence—the hours of night  
Wear speedily away, and you should be  
Far from these tow'rs before the morning dawns—  
We may be soon surprized—allow me, then,  
To lead thee to the postern—I've secur'd  
The key that doth unlock it—you will find,  
Nor'ward from hence, about a mile, a horse,  
Held by a peasant boy; (the same that did  
Convey a billet to you, when you lay  
Conceal'd within the wood at Sledmere, late;)  
May Heaven grant that you escape the foe,  
And reach your troops in safety.

ELLA.

'Twas to thee,  
I then did owe that billet, fairest maid;  
How shall fall'n Ella thank thee?

AGATHA.

Good, my Lord;  
I pray you follow me.

ELLA.

Fair Agatha,  
Say to my lovely Princess, that this heart

Still lives in her last accents ; that I fly  
To strike again for freedom, and for her—  
That I still hope to break her chains, and see  
A day of peace and glory, beam for us ;  
'Tis our last stake, and I must win, or fall—  
And should the latter be my fate ; oh ! say,  
That my last sigh shall breathe her name—and now,  
I follow you, fair gentle maid.

(*Exeunt.*)

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SCENE III.

*The Court Yard of Richmond Castle—the troops of IVAN enter in triumph—OSBERT is brought in, carried on a litter, and wounded—the Troops crown IVAN with acclamations—EDMUND places the Crown upon his head.*

IVAN, EDMUND, GUTHRUM, &c.

IVAN.

This hard fought day, at length is gain'd, my sons—  
Your labours now are pass'd ; this northern land,  
Henceforth, is ours—but were this fruitful Isle  
Already won, throughout its whole extent ;  
'Twould scarce suffice to give to each of you  
The meed his valour claims ; meanwhile 'tis fit,

I first distinguish him, whose valiant arm  
Has done the proudest deed in this fair field;  
Edmund approach—kneel down; we do create  
You, Earl of Allerton, and you shall hold  
The lands we shall annex unto that fief,  
By this proud tenure—that from henceforth, thou  
And thy descendants, shall present the crown  
To our successors in this kingdom, as  
Thou hast now done for us—it was thy hand  
Laid yon proud tyrant low, and from his brow,  
Pluck'd forth the royal diadem, which thou  
Hast lately set on ours.—

EDMUND (*kneeling*).

My gracious Lord,  
I do receive, with gratitude, this meed,  
So far beyond my merits; may thy race,  
Thro' long, unnumber'd years, still wear the crown,  
My happy hand this day hath plac'd upon  
My honor'd Master's head.

IVAN.

Amongst you all  
We shall divide the lands that we have won;  
To hold by feudal tenure under us,  
As speedily as may be—there remains  
Another claimant for our favour still,  
Who, by the spear of Odin! well may claim

An equal meed with Edmund—him I mean,  
Whose arm laid Ella low—but for that arm,  
The day had scarce been ours—(what hand did loose  
The bonds that held that dreaded chief, remains  
A mystery, as yet, which I do hope,  
Right speedily to pierce)—the day was ours—  
Already had the Saxon ranks begun  
To break beneath our fierce assaults—the fall  
Of Osbert, had already caus'd his guards  
To seek in flight, their safety—Wilfrid still  
Maintain'd a desp'rate fight—when, like a bolt  
Of winged lightening, before the ranks  
Of the sad hearted troops, this Ella flash'd—  
(Cover'd with foam, and travel-stain'd, his steed  
Seem'd almost spent—) one gen'ral shout proclaim'd  
His joy-inspiring presence—at the head  
Of his elated troops, on a fresh horse,  
He made a desp'rate charge upon our force,  
Crying, “ your Ella leads you on my sons ;  
“ We'll drive those bloody wolves from forth the land”—  
Our firm battalions bent before the shock ;  
And many a warrior, whom we now lament,  
Lay bloody on the field—I hasten'd up  
With a fresh troop—and did already deem  
Th' event was truly doubtful ; when I saw  
Their efforts suddenly relax, and learn'd  
Of Ella's fall—now would I gladly know,  
To what bold hand he owes his fate ?



EDMUND.

My Liege,  
The hand that Ella slew, has struck its last—  
Nor do I fear that I shall meet reproach,  
From royal Ivan, when I here avow,  
That the base slave, who, from behind, did strike  
That coward stroke, was by this arm laid low.

IVAN.

What mean'st thou, Edmund?

EDMUND.

In the strife, my Liege,  
I did encounter Ella—we exchange'd  
Some blows together—it was my intent  
To capture that proud chieftain, and I stood  
On the defensive, nor essay'd to give  
A mortal stroke—I shortly did perceive  
That he appear'd to have the same design—  
He cry'd at length :—" Edmund thou bear'st a charm  
" Which must protect thee from this sword—the gift  
" That now adorns thy helmet, doth forbid  
" This hand to harm thy life—it were in vain  
" We should contend together"—as he spoke,  
The villain Uffa, from behind, approach'd  
The person of the King, (for the rough tide  
Of battle had rag'd on and for a space  
Did from the troops divide us ;) and he plung'd

His dagger in the Prince's side, ere I  
Could e'en divine his purpose!—Ella fell,  
For mortal was the stroke; but the base fiend  
Soon paid the forfeit of his crime!

IVAN.

'Tis well—

His treason serv'd us; but I do rejoice  
To learn the traitor's fate—it but forestals  
The guerdon, he had else, receiv'd from me—  
A villain who so basely could betray  
His country's cause, had scarce been true to us—  
But where is Bruen Bucart?—can'st thou tell  
Aught of the Earl?

GUTHRUM.

My Liege, he did receive  
A desp'rate wound at the first onset, and  
Now lies within this castle.

IVAN.

I regret  
To hear of his mishap; he serv'd us well—  
And how fares Wolfhere, that so nobly shar'd  
Our perils in the field?—twice, when unhors'd,  
He help'd us to our steed—with watchful zeal,  
He fought beside us, and his nervous arm  
Full many a blow did ward, which the fierce foe

o

Had aim'd against our life—He did receive  
 A pike wound in the side—but still he kept  
 His station near our person—'till compel'd,  
 Fainting from loss of blood, to leave the field.

## EDMUND.

The wound, brave Wolfhere hath receiv'd, my Liege,  
 Will long confine that hero to his couch ;  
 'Tis even doubtful, (so the Leech reports,)  
 That he shall ever rise—he hath just learnt  
 The news of our success, and hath declar'd,  
 That he has long desir'd to end his days  
 With glory, in the field—that longer life  
 For him no joy could bring, since he hath lost  
 All that did make life pleasant.

## IVAN.

Still, I hope  
 Brave Wolfhere may recover—we should deem,  
 That victory was dearly bought, which cost  
 Our ancient master, and our friend, his life—  
 We'll now retire my friends, and seek repose—  
 To night a hall we'll hold, where Odin's praise  
 In songs of triumph shall be sung—the bowls,  
 With the inspiring mead shall overflow ;  
 The harps shall sing the deeds of other days,  
 And we shall emulate that festive board,  
 Which our brave comrades, that have fall'n to day,

In Odin's hall will hold, and with red lips,  
 From Saxon skulls, shall drink the purple draught—  
 The Princess Emma we expect to night—  
 Her *Hero* is no more, and that proud dame,  
 With less reluctance, now perchance, will yield  
 Submission to our will—yon tyrant's life  
 Is hast'ning to a close—a few short hours  
 Will end his days, (and, tho' our father's fate  
 Would call for ample vengeance;) to our love  
 For his fair daughter, we do sacrifice  
 Our just revenge, and do remit the pains  
 Which else had clos'd his vile career—bear in  
 The dying tyrant, to the Castle Hall.

## SCENE IV.

*Night; the Hall in Richmond Castle—OSBERT lies on a  
 Couch, dying—IVAN, EDMUND, and attendants—enter  
 GUTHRUM.*

IVAN.

How fareth the Earl Bucart, Guthrum?

GUTHRUM.

He

Approaches his last hour, my Liege; he lies  
 In a most pitiable state—his mind

Seems torn with sharp remorse ; betimes he calls  
 On Ella, whom he names, his injur'd King ;  
 Sometimes, against his Countess Editha,  
 He doth exclaim, and calls her, the sad cause  
 Of all his misery—just now he hath  
 Declar'd that yonder King hath fallen by  
 The hand of his own son ; that Edmund is  
 The child of Osbert and of Editha ;  
 Born of his fatal crime—but this I deem,  
 Is but the raving of a phrenzied brain.

EDMUND.

Ha ! Were it possible that this should be !—

*(OSBERT raises his head slowly from his Couch and looks  
 eagerly towards EDMUND.)*

OSBERT.

The will of Heav'n is then accomplish'd, and  
 I fall by my own offspring !—youth approach,  
 And let me gaze on thee—thou hast indeed,  
 The features of our race—I once did hear,  
 That from my commerce with the Countess, did  
 Proceed a child—but I did also learn,  
 It was exposed on a rock, and died  
 In the o'erflowing wave.

EDMUND.

Almighty pow'r !  
 It is too plain—I am that wretched child—

OSBERT.

Great God! I do receive thy judgments—youth,  
I do forgive thee; thou wert but the means  
That Providence chose out, to venge my crime.

*(Enter an OFFICER.)*

OFFICER.

My Liege, the Countess Editha's arrived,  
And now approaches, from Earl Bucart's chamber.

EDMUND.

Then let me fly from hence—a thousand worlds  
Would, now, not bribe me to endure her looks!

*(EDMUND rushes out.)*

IVAN.

Unhappy Edmund! from my heart, I feel  
Deep pity for thee.

*(Enter the COUNTESS, supported by an attendant.)*

Welcome, fairest dame;

Our royal promise we did give, that soon,  
On the unworthy tyrant, that had dar'd  
Your person to outrage, we should avenge  
Your wounded honour—lo! on yonder couch,  
The dying recreant lies.

EDITHA.

—Alas! my Liege,  
No thoughts of vengeance now possess my heart—  
Too long I've nurs'd that baneful passion, which  
Will hand my name to future days, with all  
The ignominy that attends the wretch,  
That hath betray'd her country to its foe—  
I've left my husband's couch, who dying lies,  
And vents deep curses with his parting breath,  
Against me—Oh! may heav'n forgive the wrongs  
I've caus'd unto my country and my house!—  
If still a thought of vengeance did possess  
This breast against the author of my woes,  
Heav'n hath aveng'd me amply, and I feel,  
That I almost could pity the last hour  
Of him, 'gainst whom my heart hath nourish'd long,  
Fell hatred—now, bereav'd of every hope,  
Fall'n from his proud estate, at once, depriv'd  
Of crown, of friends, of empire, he awaits  
The stroke of fate; but there remains a pang  
More potent still to rend his heart, than aught  
Avenging heav'n hath heap'd upon his head—  
In this last grief, yourself, my Liege, I deem  
Will bear a part—the Princess Emma's dead!

IVAN.

The Princess Emma, said'st thou?

EDITHA.

'Tis too true,  
My Liege, she is no more.

OSBERT.

Unpitying heav'n !  
Thy harsh decree is then accomplish'd—now,  
The measure of my ills is full—and oh !  
May thy last judgments wipe away the crimes  
That have so foully stain'd my soul—approach,  
Much injur'd lady—may a dying man  
Claim thy forgiveness?—call to mind that he  
That died for us, hath taught us to forgive.

EDITHA.

I pardon thee, as I do hope to find  
Pardon, hereafter.

(OSBERT *sinks back and expires.*)

GUTHRUM.

He hath breath'd his last.

IVAN (*after a deep pause*).

I've yet to learn, to what unhappy cause,  
The Princess owes her death.



## EDITHA.

'Twas her own hand,  
My Lord, that dealt the fatal blow—I deem,  
That her high soul had long resolv'd upon  
This desp'rate act—for she did bear conceal'd  
A dagger, on her person—when she heard  
Of Ella's fall, and of her father's fate,  
She shed no tear—it seem'd, as tho' th' events  
Had been familiar to her thoughts—but when  
She heard it was your royal will, that she  
Should wait on you at Richmond, she did seem,  
Sudden, to gain a feeling of her state,  
And fallen fortunes—one impetuous gush  
Of tears bedew'd her cheeks—but soon again,  
She gather'd up the forces of her soul—  
“ Let these suffice,” she said, “ to consecrate  
“ A father and a lover's fate—it ill becomes  
“ A daughter of my house, in such an hour,  
“ T' indulge in fruitless tears—in the short space  
“ Of a few days, each ill that can oppress  
“ The human heart, in turn, I've felt—there now  
“ Remains a short and rugged path to tread—  
“ And shall I shrink from it? no, happy shade  
“ Of my lost valiant Ella !”——here, her voice  
Sunk into whispers, and she seem'd t' address  
The airy vision that her fancy form'd—  
Sudden, she drew a dagger from beneath

The foldings of her robe, and in her breast  
She plung'd the deadly steel, as swift as thought !  
Ere her attendant maidens, or myself,  
Could e'en suspect her purpose—we essay'd,  
With unavailing care, to staunch the wound  
That her rash hand had made—too well, alas !  
The fatal stroke was aim'd—the ebbing life  
Flow'd quickly through the wound—she grasp'd my hand,  
Turning her dying looks on me, and said,  
In falt'ring accents—" thou, whose noble soul  
" Could never brook dishonour, will not blame  
" An act that saves me from so vile a fate."  
She then sunk back, and breath'd her soul away.

IVAN.

*(After having mused for some time in silence.)*

Unhappy Princess !—thy untimely fall,  
Weighs heavy on my heart—would, I had spar'd  
Thy hand this dreadful deed !—had I foreseen,  
That thy despair had conquer'd thus the fear  
And weakness of thy sex, I had not press'd  
My suit thus far—let ev'ry honor due,  
Be paid to her remains—in the same tomb,  
Her royal lover's corse shall rest—his birth,  
His valour, and his love, e'en from his foe,  
May claim so proud a grave—let Osbert's corse  
Be privately inter'd.

EDITHA.

And now, my Lord,  
Permit, that I retire—'tis my design,  
(When the sad office that detains me here,  
Shall be performed,) to seclude this form,  
And breaking heart, within a convent—there,  
I'll pass the sad remainder of my days,  
In penitence and sorrow—'tis the wish  
Of my poor Agatha, to share my fate ;  
Her gentle bosom has receiv'd a wound,  
That will unfit her, e'er to mix again,  
In the sad tumult of a sinful world.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

## EPILOGUE,

BY THE AUTHOR.

---

In ancient days, when Grecian Sophocles  
Charm'd the Athenian audience with his lays ;  
Between each act, the Chorus did advance,  
Reprov'd the Tyrant's crimes, or did enhance  
The Hero's virtues ; it was then, *its* part,  
T' impress the moral on each hearer's heart—  
Unfitted to the taste of this our age,  
The formal Chorus long hath left the stage ;  
And to the Epilogue, is now assign'd,  
T' enforce th' instructive lesson on the mind—  
In Osbert's fate, we see the fatal end  
That on ungovern'd passion doth attend ;  
That Heav'n, oft' in his very crime, doth find  
The means to crush the guilty wretch, that blind  
From stubborn passion, urges on his course,  
Deaf to the voice of virtue and remorse—  
In Emma and in Ella's hapless fate,  
We find, misfortunes in this fleeting state,  
The virtuous and good do oft' await ;

In which the moralist this inf'rence sees,  
" There is a future state," (since heav'n decrees  
Such dispensation here;) " in which, we trust,  
Their meet rewards, hereafter, wait the just"—  
Behold Earl Bucart's dying hour, and see  
Pale Editha's remorse—on bended knee,  
Upon his couch she doth attend, and hears  
His deep reproaches thunder in her ears ;  
See the dark convent's gloom—that faded form  
That creeps along its cloisters, to perform  
The sad monastic penance, or to keep  
The midnight vigil—in the hour of sleep,  
Her country's ruin and her bleeding spouse  
Will float before her mind, and oft' arouse  
Her soul from slumber—at her side, in tears,  
Array'd in white, a lovely maid appears ;  
The fair and gentle Agatha ; thus doom'd,  
In all the pride of youth, to be entomb'd—  
Here, contemplate the fatal ills that rise,  
When, to fell, dark revenge, we sacrifice  
The nobler feelings that exalt the mind ;  
'Mongst which, our country's love the foremost place  
should find.

FINIS.

## ERRATA,

- Page 11, line 14, for "boundary," read "bound'ry."  
..... 11, ..... 19, after "panic," read "fear," and omit "Fear," in  
the following line.  
..... 14, ..... 24, for "disguisement," read "disguise and."  
..... 16, ..... 15, for "the East Anglians," read "th' East Anglians."  
..... 16, ..... 15, for "boundary," read "bound'ry."  
..... 19, ..... 13, for "Flamboro's," read "Flamb'ro's."  
..... 27, ..... 17, dele "her," at the end of the line.  
..... 29, ..... 17, for "t' offence," read "th' offence."  
..... 29, ..... 18, for "powerful," read "pow'rful."  
..... 53, ..... 18, for "wandering," read "wand'ring."  
..... 101, ..... 2, for "Flamboro's," read "Flamb'ro's."  
..... 108, ..... 21, for "upon," read "on."  
..... 110, ..... 8, for "engag'd," read "engaged."  
..... 123, ..... 10, for "thy," read "your."  
..... 137, ..... 13, after "his," insert "hard."

☞ Some of the above errata have occurred from the errors of the transcriber who copied the MS. for the press. I state this in justice to the Printer.

J. M.

